

FOG Darley

John C. McRae

"ROGER AND I"

"Five years we've tramped through wind and weather"

*The Vagabonds
J. L. Treadwell*



GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR JULY 1880.



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Fig. 1.

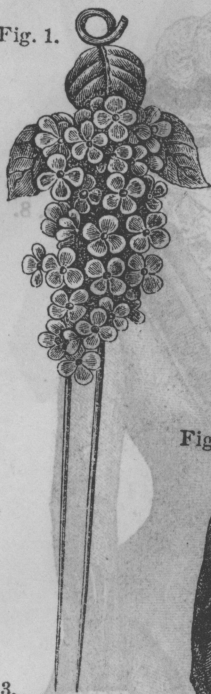


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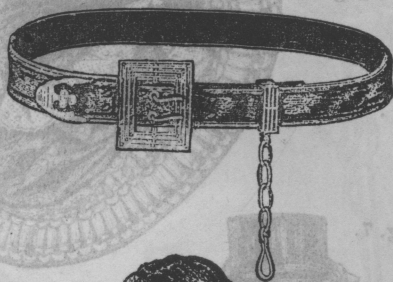


Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 3.



Fig. 6.

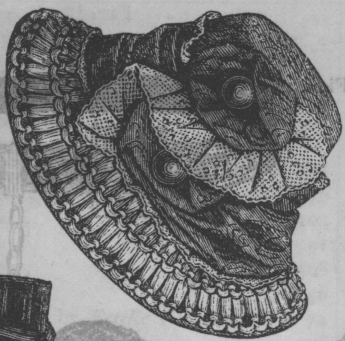


Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.

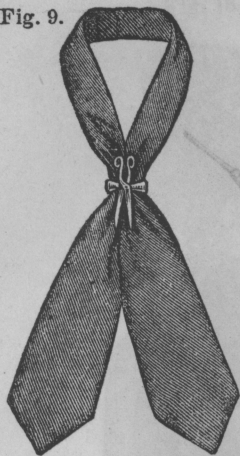


Fig. 11.



Fig. 13.



Fig. 12.

Fig. 10.



Fig. 15.

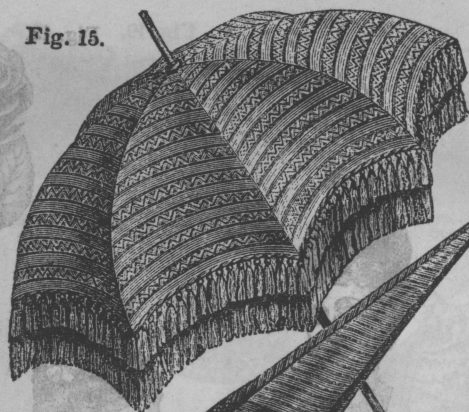


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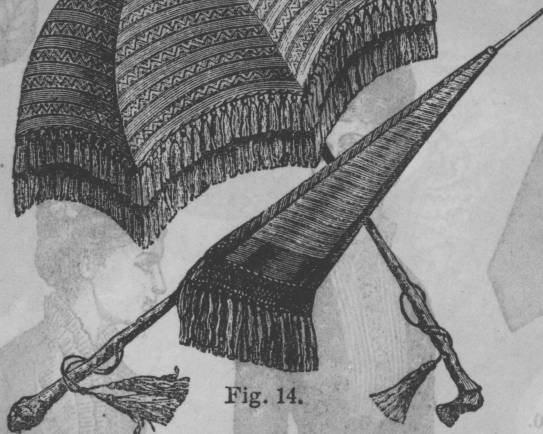


Fig. 16.



Fig. 17.



Fig. 18.



Fig. 19.



Fig. 20.



Fig. 21.



Fig. 22.



Fig. 23.



Fig. 24.



Fig. 25.



Fig. 26.



Fig. 27.

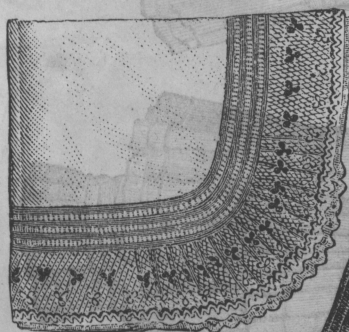


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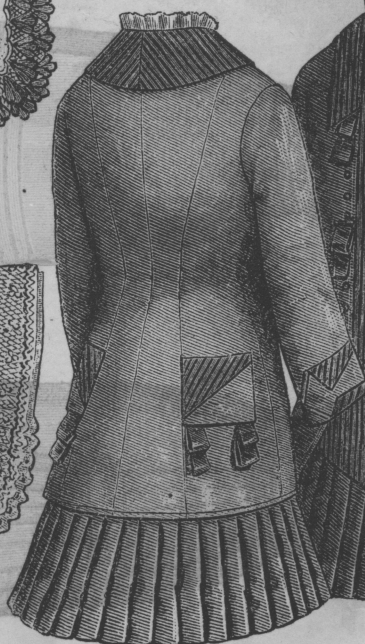


Fig. 29.



Fig. 30.

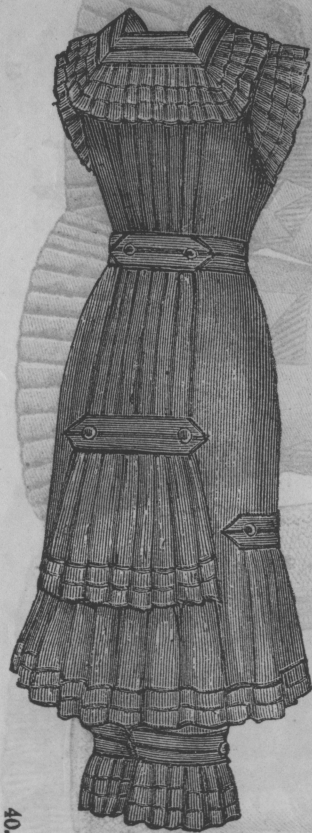


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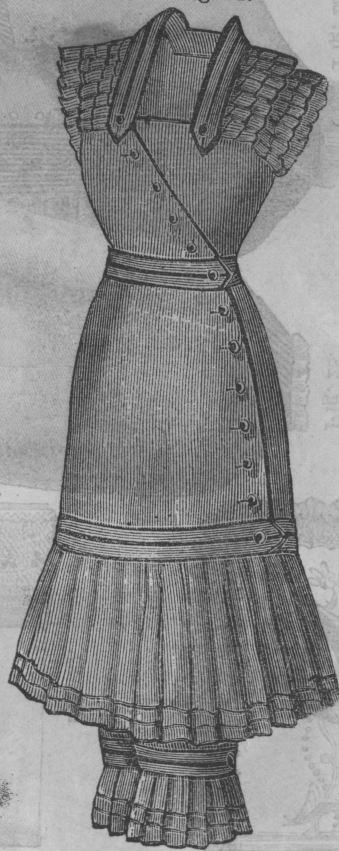


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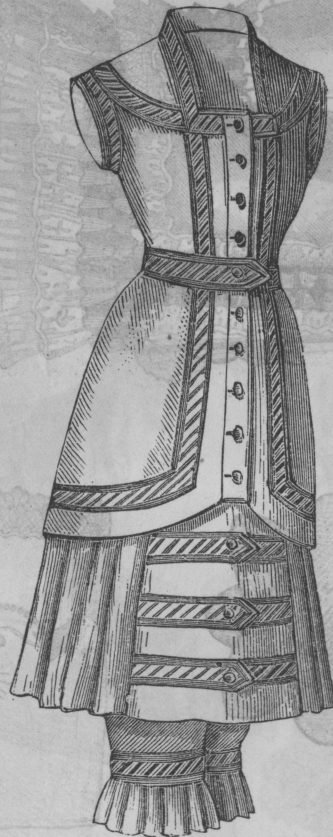
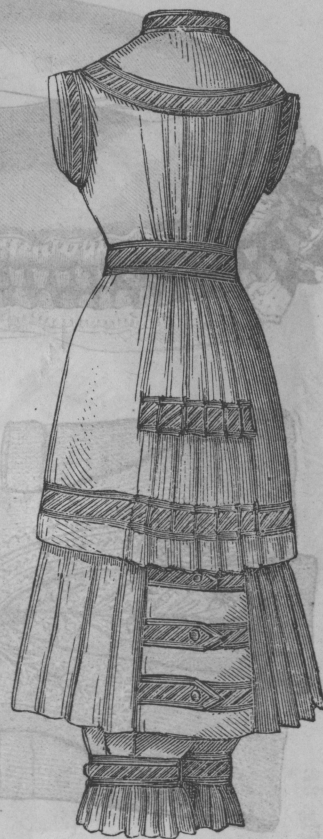


Fig. 33.



H. RUSSELL.
Fig. 34.

Fig. 35.

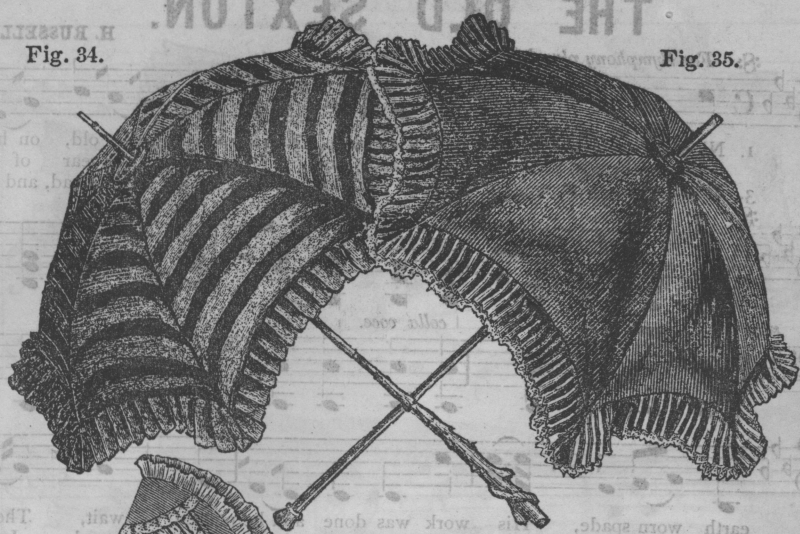


Fig. 36.

Fig. 37.



THE OLD SEXTON.

H. RUSSELL.

♩: For Symphony play last four bars from *.

1. Nigh to a grave that was new - ly made, Leaned a sex - ton old, on his
gath - er them in! for man and boy, Year aft - er year of
3. Man - y are with me, but still I'm alone, I'm king of the dead, and I

staccato. *colla voce.*

earth worn spade, His work was done and he paused to wait, The
grief and joy; I've builded the houses that lie a - round, In
make my throne, On a monument slab of mar - ble cold, And my

fun - 'ral train through the o - pen gate: A rel - ic of by - gone
ev - ry nook of this bur - ial ground, Mother and daugh - ter,
scep - tre of rule is the spade I hold; Come they from cottage or

days was he, And his locks were white as the foam y sea; And
fath - er and son, Come to my sol - i - tude, one by one, But
come they from hall, Man - kind are my sub - jects - all, all, all! Let them

days was he, And his locks were white as the foam y sea; And
fath - er and son, Come to my sol - i - tude, one by one, But
come they from hall, Man - kind are my sub - jects - all, all, all! Let them

THE OLD SEXTON.

these words came from his lips so thin, "I gather them in, I
 come they stran-gers, or come they kin,
 loi-ter in pleasure or toil-ful-ly spin,

gather them in, gather, gather.

8va.....

8va.....

8va..... 2. "I

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ROSLYN'S FORTUNE.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Author of "A Gentle Belle," "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," "Nina's Atonement," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

"You have not asked for the first dance, Geoff," she says, "but I suppose you want it, don't you?" "I should think so indeed!" he answers quickly. "There has been a set or two danced already—we are rather late, you know—and there is a waltz just commenced. Come!"

The next moment they are in the room, his arm is round her lissome waist, and they are circling over the polished floor to the delicious strains of *The Thousand and One Nights*.

They have waltzed together so often, they know each other's step so well, and the delight of both is so great in the exercise, that fatigue is impossible to either; and so when Lovelace arrives some time later, the first sight which meets his eye is Roslyn's flushed, radiant face over Geoffrey's shoulder, as she is borne round and round in the swift, intoxicating whirl.

What a shock that sight conveys to his self-love, it is difficult to express. "She thinks that I have gone—gone, too, without a word of farewell—and this is how much she cares!" he thinks. "Is it possible that I have been the sport of a heartless flirt? What a fool, what a consummate fool I have been! Why, from present appearances, she may very likely marry Duncan to-morrow—and I will have gained nothing at all! By Jove, she has a steady head!"

This tribute of admiration is involuntarily wrung from him by the recollection of how many women in the course of his extensive experience have proved to have had the reverse of steady heads where he has been concerned. And this girl could be subjected to all the dangerous fascination of his society, could hear his declaration of

passion, and then, with blooming cheeks and laughing eyes, can dance on the night of his departure! As he watches her, as his gaze follows the graceful figure, the flower-decked head, he is torn by so many conflicting feelings that he can scarcely reply to the remarks of his hostess. Mortified vanity, anger, admiration, love stimulated to resolve, all these emotions occupy his mind, and distract his attention from everything but the observation of the brilliant creature who flashes past him again and again, all unconscious, seemingly, of his presence. It is with him the old, old story of his sex—that which is given loses its value; while that which is beyond reach seems priceless. Had Roslyn shown any sign of returning his passion, he would scarcely have lingered for further unpleasant complications; but her apparent indifference stings him to the keenest determination to win the avowal he desires to hear. Everything else is now subordinate to this. It is the supreme need of the moment, and, therefore, the one to which the epicurean element in his nature will sacrifice all else.

What Geoffrey's sentiments are when, having at last placed Roslyn in a seat, he stands fanning her, and chancing to glance across the room suddenly perceives the well-known face of the man whom he fancied to be many leagues away by this time, it would be vain to say. A cloud comes over the whole gay scene to him, and with a change of voice which would in itself tell Roslyn what is the matter, he says:

"Why, yonder is Lovelace! Did you expect to see him here?"

"Is it probable that I did?" she asks, quietly, "when you told me this afternoon that he was gone."

"I told you what he said—that he was going, that is."

"And I had no reason to doubt it. I was quite surprised when Rose told me as she went up to

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the dressing-room with me, that she met him this afternoon and persuaded him to remain for the evening."

"He was not hard to be persuaded, I imagine," says Geoffrey, with intense bitterness of feeling, and not a little bitterness of tone. "I don't believe he ever meant to go!"

"He may have meant to go, and changed his mind," says Roslyn, carelessly, feeling impatient at his manner of speaking; while Geoffrey, in turn, who now knows—or thinks he knows—the meaning of the brightness which has been shining on him, feels much aggrieved at her excusing Lovelace. All his ideas are again thrown into confusion, and the green-eyed monster is rampant in his breast. As he sees Lovelace advance across the floor, he puts Roslyn's fan abruptly into her hand.

"I had better go," he says. "You won't need me any more."

She glances up quickly, with something like a flash in her eyes.

"You are foolish, and utterly unreasonable," she says. "Whose fault is it that I am here? But go, by all means, if you like. I confess I am tired of jealousy and ill-nature."

Permission thus given him to go, Geoffrey naturally does not take advantage of it; and he is still holding his place, looking irresolute and lowering, when Lovelace approaches.

"How glad I am to meet you here to-night, Miss Vardray," says the last-named gentleman, with his easy grace. "I was on my way to bid you farewell this afternoon, when Miss Gilray stopped me and induced me to defer my departure until to-morrow by holding out the hope that I should see you to-night."

His tranquil, unruffled manner, his conventional words, may veil anything or nothing, Geoffrey feels—but to Roslyn, his eyes are sufficiently intelligible in their message when she meets them. If her own express anything, however, it is the same careless indifference which fills her voice when she says, putting her slender hand into the one he extends:

"I am a little surprised to see you. Geoffrey told me this afternoon that you had gone."

"A very natural conclusion on Mr. Thorne's part," says Lovelace, looking at Geoffrey with a slightly amused expression. "I made my adieu at Verdevale, expecting to leave; but since I was so unfortunate as not to find you there, I certainly could not have been so neglectful as to leave Kirton without seeing you; so I deferred my departure to a later train, and Miss Gilray prevailed on me to postpone it until to-morrow. Now, may I beg for a dance?"

Again Geoffrey, unknowingly and certainly unintentionally, has served his rival's interest well. Were he not standing by, it is probable that Roslyn would refuse this request, although it is

accompanied by an entreating glance from eyes that well know how to entreat; but to refuse it is to acknowledge that something exists between Lovelace and herself beyond the pale of conventional intercourse. She hesitates an instant, then rises, not able to tell whether she most regrets the necessity for doing so, or whether she is most glad that circumstances force upon her this last taste of love's bitter-sweetness. * * *

Half an hour later the dance is over, and Lovelace's opportunity has come. In the dusk dimness of a summer night, at the remote end of a vine-shaded piazza, with fragrance and music both filling the air—what fitter place or more suggestive surroundings could be found for a lovers' passionate pleading? And his pleading is very passionate, for everything unites to make the thrill of (which can never be mistaken for simulated) earnestness in his voice. It seems to him that the summer starlight never shone upon a fairer woman than she who sits beside him, so near that he sees the trembling motion of her hand as she listens.

For she does listen—and as Lovelace grows more eloquent, more urgent, he remembers that the woman who listens, generally yields. Does he wish this woman to yield to his suit? At this moment he certainly does. All other considerations have faded from his thoughts, forced into the background by the strength of a passion which, whether or not destined to be lasting, assuredly now deserves the name of love.

And Roslyn, conscious of the traitor within the fortress of her heart, feels that the struggle is too great for her, that the temptation is beyond her power of resistance. Even the talisman "honor," seems to have failed. She sits and listens as one under a spell, and it will be many a long day before summer starlight and summer fragrance will fail to bring back the words and tones she hears.

"You do not deny that you care for me," says Lovelace at last, exultantly, "and what is not denied, is partly owned. My beloved, will you not own it in words? Will you not tell me that I have won your heart, and trust me that I will find the means to claim it?—and this!"

He takes her hand as he utters the last word, and she does not withdraw it—but although it remains in his clasp, it is not with the yielding softness with which some hands surrender themselves, but it is instinct, as he feels, with nervous energy that, like electricity, thrills the slight fingers to their tips. Lovelace, who has held many hands, acknowledges to himself that he has never held one like this before, one that by the mere sensation of touch makes him so conscious of its spirit and individuality.

"I should despise myself if I told you that," says the girl at last. "You have no right to ask it of me—you should not press me in such a

manner as this! If I am weak, if I imply a great deal by merely listening, you ought to be content with that. You ought to go—and only ask the rest when you can ask it with honor. And if that time never comes, why then—”

“What then?” he asks, as her voice pauses abruptly.

“Then,” she says, gathering self-control again by an effort, “do not fancy that I shall break my heart. It may be well for both of us that time and absence should test what we feel. I have a suspicion that it may prove only a Midsummer Night’s Dream,” she ends, with a smile that fires the young man’s heart afresh.

“A Midsummer Night’s Dream, my fairest,” he says. “Ah, wait and see. But for the pain of leaving you, I should be glad to be tested, for then you might trust me more than you do now. Now I am conscious, very conscious, that you are holding back, that you will not even let yourself love me; but if I come back free—”

“Free with honor,” she interrupts, “Do you think I could be free otherwise?” he asks, with a touch of wounded pride. “You judge me too hardly because I could not prevent my love for you from bursting all bounds of control. You fail to realize the peculiar circumstances of my engagement—”

“I have just heard you dwell on them all,” she says, “but it seems to me that if it is merely a family arrangement *de convenance*, you are none the less bound in honor to fulfill it.”

“Pardon me,” he says. “I grant that I am to a degree bound in honor to fulfill it; but surely you cannot think so much bound as if my cousin’s affections were involved? I am sure she cares no more for me than for any other eligible man who will look after her fortune.”

“But if you were about to marry her for her fortune,” says Roslyn, “you must need a fortune: and pray remember that I have none.”

“You are worth a thousand fortunes in yourself!” he says, with (for the moment) passionate sincerity. “How could money add to your surpassing sweetness?”

She is not old enough, or cold enough, to suggest that although it could not add to her sweetness, it might add very materially to his comfort. Indeed what young, fair woman, with a pleading lover and a heart treacherously inclined toward him, would be likely to remember how midsummer nights end, and the solid things of life return with the daylight? Roslyn is no wiser than her age and sex would warrant. She listens, and listening, forgives and trusts.

“If I am worth so much,” she says, “you must heed me. It is not right for you to talk of love, or for me to hear you, now. But I will hear you when you return—if you will go away to-morrow, and only come back when you can come with freedom and honor.”

This decision is not at all what Lovelace desires. He has no mind to tear himself away from the “roses and rapture” of love’s dalliance in the fair summer hours that open before him like a vista, to face the most practical and most disagreeable difficulties of his position. But he is intuitively conscious that although he has gained much from Roslyn, he will gain no more—and that to hesitate now will be to forfeit all that he has gained.

“You do not know how hard, how more than hard, it is to leave you!” he says with unfeigned reluctance. “How do I do know that you may not shut the door of Paradise in my face when I return?”

“I have never broken my word yet,” she replies, “and you have it—I will hear and I will answer when you return.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

“I DISTRUST HIM.”

Summer nights pass, with all their flowers and stars and poetry, and the mingled glory and decay of autumn is upon the earth, when Roslyn, on a day of late September, stands on the piazza at Verdevale, and looks out at the soft beauty of the scene before her.

She is not exactly the same Roslyn who parted with Lovelace on that night, now two months gone by. She looks older and a little more grave; she has less of piquant girlishness in her appearance, and more of the self-poise of one who has tested herself, and learned her own powers. Indeed, so far as her power to attract is concerned, she has lately had good opportunity to learn its full extent, for immediately following Lovelace’s departure, Mrs. Parnell carried her away on a round of summer travel, going from one fashionable watering-place to another in what at last became a veritable triumphal progress. At more than one of these gay resorts, the new belle—the girl with her flower-like face and her passionate eyes—was the sensation of the season; and Mrs. Parnell rejoiced in all the homage and incense as if it had been offered to herself. Nor was Roslyn at all indifferent to the admiration which she excited. The diversion had been well and wisely planned on her aunt’s part, and its success was all that the foresight of that lady desired. Had the girl remained at home, there was every probability that by the mere concentration of thought upon her absent lover she would have drifted into the deep waters of a *grande passion*; but Mrs. Parnell, with a profound distrust of that gentleman, determined that he should be “put out of her head”—and in a certain measure she succeeded in this desirable end. Scanty time for thought of the absent had

Roslyn had for two months; and now that she is at home again, it remains to be seen how far the impression of her summer romance has been effaced, or yet survives.

It is likely that she is asking herself this question, as she stands thoughtfully looking over the lawn and garden, which in the level sunshine of afternoon, seem blazing with the richness of autumn colors. Only yesterday she returned home: to-day she has begun to gather up the scattered threads of daily existence, and with these are intertwined many associations that carry her thoughts back to the weeks preceding her departure. While she is thus occupied,

"Telling her memories over,

"As you tell your beads,"

her attention is caught by the appearance of a horseman entering the gate, and a moment later Colonel Duncan rides up to where she stands.

They meet with the cordial ease of old friends, for there is too much simplicity and sincerity in both for their regard to be diminished or constrained by the recollection of what has passed between them. The gentleman smiles as he takes the slender hand, and looks in the frank, sweet face uplifted to him.

"I have come to bid you welcome," he says. "If you had known how much we missed you, you would hardly have stayed so long. Yet we were not so selfish but that we were glad to hear of your pleasure—and no one was more glad than I."

"I am sure of that," she answers, with a grateful, eager accent. "No one has ever been more kind than you. And I have had a great deal of pleasure—so much, that I felt as if I ought to divide with some other girl. It is not fair that one should have so much."

He laughs. "Is it not? Well, there are many things more unfair than that in the world. I confess I am quite satisfied for you to have the share of several other girls. But tell me about your triumphs and dissipations. Have they spoiled you? Are you able to take up the old life and be content?"

"I think I can," she answers. "It seems to me I should be a very poor sort of person if I could not."

"I am not sure of that," he says. "It is natural that at your age, and with your—capabilities, we will say"—he smiles here—"It is very natural that you should love pleasure, excitement, admiration. Don't imagine from my saying this that I think you vain," he adds, speaking more quickly than usual, as he sees a slight flush spreading over her cheeks and brow. "I never knew any woman whom I considered less so. All I mean is, that it would not be strange if you should find your quiet home life a little dull after such a brilliant round of gayety. In fact, it will be very strange, indeed, if you do not find it so."

"I have a better opinion of myself than to fear I shall," she answers, laughing. "I am fond of confections sometimes, but I should not like to live on them entirely; and one might as well do that as to lead a life of dissipation all the time."

"Yet that is what many people do," he says. "Yes, but they are the spoiled children of fortune, who have been fed on bonbons until they have lost all taste for solid food. I hope I shall never become so unhealthy in appetite as to prefer champagne to tea, and coffee—for breakfast."

"Tea and coffee are safer for the head, certainly," says Colonel Duncan, "but I heard a young lady say, the other day, that champagne and the german make everything else in life seem stale, flat, and unprofitable."

"The german! oh, it is delicious!" cries the girl, impulsively, her eyes sparkling, and her slender form becoming instinct, as it were, with the poetry of motion, looking as if the next moment it would float away on the melodious tide of *The Beautiful Blue Danube*. She begins involuntarily to hum that entrancing strain, while the slipped foot that peeps from under the flounce of her fleecy white dress beats soft time to the measure.

Duncan's eyes are fastened on her with a gaze half-amused, half-sad. "What a radiant creature!" he is thinking. "How could I ever have dreamed, for a moment, that she could be mine?" "Don't you like the german, Colonel Duncan?" she says, suddenly recalling her thoughts from the reminiscences to which they were straying. "I do not remember ever to have seen you dance; and yet you are so fond of music that I am sure you would dance well."

"My dancing days were over long ago," he answers.

"How much pleasure you miss!" she exclaims, with such genuine commiseration that he laughs and says:

"It by no means follows, does it? that because I don't care for waltzing, I may not have as much pleasure as you, who are what you young ladies would call 'devoted' to it. There is a law of compensation in all things, believe me."

"Yes; of course, everybody has different tastes, and so their pleasures are different. But there is *nothing* so exhilarating as the waltz, I am sure. Is there any physical exertion which gives as much pleasure to others as waltzing does to those who are passionately fond of it? O, I can't think so!"

"That is because you have not tried all kinds of exhilarating physical exertion," he replies. "Shooting, for instance. Now, to me, even in my earliest youth, the pleasure and excitement of dancing—though I was fond of it—was tame and tasteless beside that of taking a bird on the wing."

I think that a good canter on a fine horse will compare favorably with a galop in a ball room; or, better still, the bound of a staunch sailing-vessel as she flies before the wind in a stiff gale."

"I grant that a good canter is delightful; I never tried the sailing-vessel; but still—"

She does not finish her sentence, for at this moment Mr. Vardray appears in the hall-door and comes forward to shake hands with Colonel Duncan; while having just caught a glimpse of a figure in white advancing through the garden, she turns, and with a little nod of apology to the Colonel, runs lightly down the piazza steps, and saunters across the lawn to welcome Lettice.

It is the first time that the two girls have met since Roslyn's return, and their greeting is warm, even affectionate.

"How glad I am that you are back at last, Roslyn," says Lettice, with unusual light in her quiet gray eyes. "I have missed you so much!"

"And I have wished all the time that you were with us," says Roslyn, holding her hand and looking at her with an odd meditative expression. "You and I are not much alike, Lettice, yet somehow we suit each other. I never saw any other girl that I liked as I do you."

Lettice smiles her demure smile. "I think you might have written to me, then," she says.

"I did try. I commenced three or four letters to you—but never managed to finish them. I was in such a whirl all the time," answers Roslyn.

"So I supposed from what Mrs. Vardray told me," says Lettice. "I am surprised to see how much you have changed," she goes on, surveying the other with a regard both critical and admiring. "You were always so pretty that I did not think you could have improved in appearance—but you have."

"Thanks!" says Roslyn, with a light laugh.

They have turned aside from their path to the house, and are now resting on a turf seat which Geoffrey had constructed when they were all children. Over them waves the foliage of a venerable gnarled dogwood in all the glory of its autumn color. Nothing could be prettier than the contrast the two present, as they half sit, half recline on the green bank, looking at each other thoughtfully, for Roslyn sees a change in Lettice, too, though it is so slight and subtle that she cannot characterize it even in her own mind. Always pale, quiet, self-contained, Lettice has acquired since they parted, an added shade of—what is it? Roslyn asks herself, and cannot answer the question. Composure? no. Lethargy? no, again.

"What is the matter with you, Lettice?" she asks, abruptly. "You do not look badly, you do not look unhappy; and yet there is an unfamiliar expression in your face. What is it?"

"How can I tell?" asks the girl, in return—though a faint flush comes and goes as she speaks

—a flush so faint that when it is gone Roslyn almost doubts whether it had not been in her own imagination, instead of on Lettice's cheek.

"How is it with you at home, Lettice?" she says, after a moment's pause, involuntarily sinking her voice, which takes a tone indescribably soft and sympathetic. "No better?"

Lettice shakes her head. "No better," she answers. "I have given up all hope that it ever can be better; and perhaps that is the reason why you notice a change in my face. I have not suffered so much since I parted with hope."

"But you ought not to part with it!" cries Roslyn. "You may marry, and so escape this terrible life. You should look forward to that."

Lettice shakes her head again, more decidedly than before. "I shall never marry," she says, in a tone of conviction.

"Do you know," says Roslyn, slowly, extending her foot a little and describing the segment of a circle on the grass with the point of her slipper; "do you know I have always thought that you and Geoffrey will end by marrying each other?"

She looks up as she utters the last word, half fearing, half hoping to see some sign of consciousness in Lettice's face—instead of which she finds an expression of amusement, which changes to a laugh as their eyes meet.

"That is," says Lettice, "you have always thought that when you married, you would turn Geoffrey over to me—or that he would turn to me for consolation. Yes, I know, I have always known that this was your obliging intention; and once or twice it has made me feel a little conscious, and blush a little; and these blushes you construed as an indication that I entertained a secret passion for the poor fellow whom you treat so badly. I have several times been on the point of correcting your mistake, but"—the small, pale face retains its usual expression of gravity—"it made no difference, and so I let it alone."

"What a strange person you are!" says Roslyn, gazing at her almost wondering. "I am constantly discovering that you have observed things which you seemed totally unconscious of at the time they were passing. I can't imagine how it is that you can read faces and fathom motives as you do—nor how you manage to keep your countenance under such control! Now, he who runs may read whatever I am thinking or feeling."

"You have never known the need of acquiring control of countenance," says Lettice. "But don't talk of me any more, please. It is your turn to be questioned now. What have you done with Mr. Lovelace?"

"Nothing," answers Roslyn, flushing quickly, but meeting the inquisitorial gaze bent upon her with out any other sign of embarrassment.

"You have not seen him in all your journeyings?"

"No."

"That is strange," says Lettice musingly, with her eyes fastened on the ground. "You were at the Greenbriar White Sulphur about the middle of August, weren't you?"

"Yes, certain."

"I remember Mrs. Vardray telling me one day that she had just received a letter from you, and that you were there. Well, I happened to know that Mr. Lovelace was there just about that time, and I thought that of course you would meet him."

"He left the week before we arrived," says Roslyn. "I heard a good many people speaking of him, and of his mother, who was with him."

"I am glad you missed him," says Lettice: "and," she continues slowly, watching Roslyn's face attentively as she speaks—"I am very glad to see how lightly you wear the chain of fancy he threw over you. I told you all the time it was only a fancy, not love, that you felt for him. Are you entirely disenchanted? I hope so."

Roslyn's color deepens again, and she laughs as she answers in a tone of mingled amusement and vexation, "I might as well tell you the little there is to tell. You know how we parted?"—Lettice nods—"Well, he wrote once—a fencing sort of letter, it seemed to me. He began by expressing despair that he could not tell me he had dissolved his engagement: he had expected to find his cousin with his mother, and to speak to her at once—instead of which, she had gone to Europe before he joined Mrs. Lovelace, and unfortunately she does not propose to return for several months. He would have followed her at once, as he could not broach so delicate a subject as this in writing; but his mother's health was so uncertain that she was unwilling for him to leave her—indeed would not hear of his doing so. This was the substance of his apology for not having yet moved in the matter of breaking his engagement—told in almost as few words as I have given to it. The rest of his letter, which was a long one—was filled with protestations and raptures. As I had no idea of a mere sentimental or flirting correspondence with him, I answered rather curtly, that while accepting his excuse for the present postponement of any movement about his engagement, I must request him not to write to me again: that if he could free himself honorably from what he had assured me was simply an arrangement *de convenance*, I would then listen to what he had to say to me. Until then, I must decline further communication with him."

Lettice does not make any comment for a moment—but her face clears perceptibly, and she says then, with more impulsiveness than Roslyn ever remembers to have heard from her before:

"I am very, very glad that you answered his letter in that way—and I hope that you will never hear of him again!"

"You almost startle me!" says Roslyn, who is indeed very much surprised. "Lettice, what do you know of Mr. Lovelace that you should dislike him so?"

"I don't dislike him," Lettice replies, "not at all. There is no reason why I should. But I distrust him. And so does Mrs. Vardray, I am sure," she adds, after a little pause.

"Mamma! Why, I never heard her say a word against him."

"Whether she says so or not, I am convinced that, like myself, she considers him an unprincipled man."

"O, Lettice, what an expression!" exclaims Roslyn, really shocked—the more so, that such a mode of speaking is so opposed to Lettice's usual habit of reticence.

"It is the expression which best conveys my meaning," says Lettice tersely. "But don't you think we ought to go to the house now? I know Colonel Duncan is blessing me in his heart for keeping you away from him so long."

"Nonsense!" says Roslyn. Nevertheless, she follows the example of her companion, who has risen, and is shaking out her dress, crushed by sitting on the grass.

As they walk slowly toward the house, Lettice's glance again turns admiringly on her friend. "How picturesque the costume of the present day is," she remarks, "and how becoming it is to you, Roslyn! I shall be sorry for poor Geoffrey when he sees you as you are looking now—fairly brilliant in beauty."

"Lettice, if you were a man and dared to make that speech to me, I should—"

"Do what?" asks Lettice with a smile.

"Make you feel my displeasure, I assure you. As it is you, I don't mind. But as to dear old Geoff, I hope he has gotten over his foolish fancy by this time. He promised me when we parted, that he would not let it worry him."

"He will never get over it—for he will never give up hope—until he sees you married to another man. His sense of honor will conquer his love then. But, Roslyn, why can't you marry him? He is so infinitely more worthy of you in every way, than the man whose mere surface attractions have dazzled you into fancying yourself half in love with him."

"Lettice," says Roslyn emphatically, almost impatiently, "I am surprised that you don't and *won't* understand, often as I have told you so, that no other man has anything to do with my not loving Geoffrey as he wants me to love him—as one loves the man one marries. He has always occupied the place of a brother to me, and I love him just as well as if he *was* my brother."

"But you have always known that he was not your brother, and that he—"

"There is no use talking," interrupts Roslyn, "I shall never marry him."

"Poor fellow!" says Lettice. Then she goes on in a lighter tone, "You must let me hear all about your summer campaign. Rose Gilray came to see me a week or two ago, to tell me what a grand success you have made."

"And pray how did she know anything about it?" asks Roslyn.

"From some friends of hers who met you, I believe."

"Who were they, I wonder? Did she mention their names?"

There is no time for reply: Colonel Duncan comes to meet the two girls as they approach the house; and as all three ascend the piazza steps together, the tea-bell sounds.

Lettice is unusually talkative—for her—this evening, and quite surprises the circle around the tea-table by the lively and amusing manner in which she details a list of Roslyn's conquests, as reported by Miss Gilray. The fact is, that as she sits down with the genial and congenial people around her, she feels it so pleasant to be among them once more, that her spirits rise to a state of extraordinary elation. She has few acquaintances, and no familiar associates save the inmates of Verdevale. It is true, this is entirely her own fault, for nobody shuns her, or shows an inclination to visit the sins of her father on her head; but the knowledge of what he is, and how he is considered, has always made her shrink from contact with the world. Since her home is a most unhappy one, all the brightness that her life has known—and that is not much—she has found at Verdevale; and Verdevale means Roslyn, so far as she is concerned. A dreary two months those just passed have been to her. She came sometimes to see Mrs. Vardray—but she has too keen a power of observation, and too quick intuition of the feelings of others, not to be conscious of the feeling of half-distrust with which that lady regards her, and struggles against vainly. She knows, too, better than Mrs. Vardray herself does, the secret of this feeling—a dread unacknowledged even to her own heart, but which is nevertheless an uneasy apprehension with her always, that "Geoffrey and Lettice may end by marrying each other," as Roslyn expressed it. Lettice smiles to herself sometimes, and thinks with a curve of scorn on her lip, "If she really knew me, she would not be afraid of it! I have some sense of pride and honor, notwithstanding my parentage. Nobody will ever be called upon to object to their son or their brother marrying 'the daughter of Randolph Stanhope!'" But Mrs. Vardray does *not* know her, and hence her vague distrust, which Lettice is so well aware of. As she sits at the tea-table now, however, with words and laugh almost as gay as Roslyn's, Mrs. Vardray smiles approvingly, and thinks, "After all, it is not so much her nature as her unfortunate life, that makes the poor child what she is."

"I can't conceive," said Roslyn meditatively, "who it was that could have told Rose all the nonsense you have been repeating, Lettice—if it really was told to her. I don't suspect *her* of inventing it, because I know she has not imagination enough—but *you* might have done so. I think you must certainly have elaborated, if you did not invent more than half of it."

"No, I assure you, I neither invented nor elaborated," answers Lettice. "So far from that, I have not yet told the best of your adventures—your flood and field adventures."

The last words are spoken with such significance that Roslyn first looks at her keenly, and then laughs and blushes.

"Let us hear them by all means, Miss Lettice," says Colonel Duncan smiling. "I see by Miss Roslyn's face that you have made a point there—as a lawyer would say."

"I have done more than that," says Lettice, "I have proved that I am an honest *réconteur*, not a romancist. You must admit that, Roslyn."

Roslyn admits it—but then, as she does not care for the adventures in question—the exploits of two foolish admirers, a Mr. Flood and a Mr. Field—to come on the *tapis* of conversation, she manages to make a diversion from the subject; only, however, to bring forward a much more embarrassing topic. Something which she is saying to Colonel Duncan about several fine Kentucky horses she saw, suddenly reminds Mr. Vardray of Lovelace, whose riding he had admired; and he inquires of his daughter whether she met that young gentleman during the summer.

At this unexpected question, no effort of will can keep back the crimson tide that suffuses her face; but she replies briefly that she did not meet him, and goes on with her description of the horses to her attentive listener.

"Sing me one song, Roslyn, and then I must go," says Lettice, as they pass into the hall.

"What shall it be?" asks Roslyn, turning toward the drawing-room door. Not *The Three Fishers*, I know—nor *The Wanderer*," she continues, opening the piano and taking her seat before it.

"No—nor those other two cheerful wails over drowned lovers that you are so fond of," says Lettice, smiling. "Have you learned nothing new?"

"Not anything at all," is the reply. "But here is *Strangers Yet*—which used to be a favorite of yours."

"Yes, I like it," Lettice says; and as Roslyn strikes the first chords of the music, she flings herself into a large chair near by, and leaning back with closed eyes, listens with a feeling of ineffable sadness to the song—every word of which is to her so painfully true.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SUMMER'S TALE IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY ELISABETH OLMIS.

CHAPTER I.

They were sitting on the broad, stone step at the west door, and Katie was hulling strawberries for tea. At any other time John would have been helping her, very likely, with one of her white aprons tied around his neck; and they would have been chattering away like a couple of happy children. Or, rather, Katie would have done the laughing and chattering, while John watched her pretty movements and listened to her merry nonsense with a light heart.

This afternoon he did not offer to help her, but sat at a little distance, and looked steadily across the meadow, apparently intent upon the beauties of the landscape. It was a pretty scene which lay stretched out before them—as pretty a valley as one could ask to see—but usually he saw only a picture nearer by. There had been unbroken silence for some time, when he suddenly turned and said,

“So you are really going, Katie?”

Katie started nervously, and dropped the berry she had that moment taken up; while the rose tint on her cheeks deepened to a flush which rivaled that of her rosy finger-tips.

“How you startled me!” she exclaimed. Then, after a little pause—

“Yes; we are going to-morrow morning—and I am to stay six weeks at least, and as much longer as I am contented, Aunt Richmond says. We are going to her house in New York, to do some shopping first, and then to Lake George and Montreal, and perhaps to Newport, where Auntie knows so many nice people. Oh! John, isn't it lovely? It is a shame for one to always stay moped up at home—Aunt Richmond says—where they can never see any one—well—that is, any one, you know,” and Katie hesitated—“any one that is traveled and cultivated, and—” somehow Katie's sentence would not come to an end properly.

“Yes, I understand,” said John, quietly, as she paused; and she flushed a deeper crimson, and felt very awkward and uncomfortable under the keen gaze which she felt was bent upon her. Some way, John was very disagreeable to-day. She would not tell him another thing; and she kept industriously on with her work in silence, with the very least bit of a frown on her fair forehead.

The young man, looking at his companion now, for almost the first time that afternoon, noticed several things. First, her pretty brown hair, that was usually brushed into the loose curls which so well suited her girlish face, and tied back low in her neck, was piled high on her

head, in braids and twists, and soft little curls hung over her forehead; and up on the left side was a single white rose. Next, instead of her velvet ribbon and locket around her throat, was a shining chain, which held a slender gold cross.

Then her dress was no longer of muslin, but some silky stuff, blue, with broad bands of darker velvet; now and then, he could not have told what it was, but it made her look like the ladies he had seen in his brief visits to the city. He looked at her long and earnestly; and his heart grew sick and heavy as he saw how she was changed. Very fair and sweet still, but suddenly transformed into something too dainty and fine for his life; something very different from the little girl he had always hoped to call his own.

Just then a rustling of silk was heard, and some one came down stairs, through the hall and stopped in the open doorway. A small, fashionably dressed lady, with gray hair, arranged like Katie's, dark eyes whose glance could be very keen, and slender hands covered with glittering rings.

“Not done yet, Kitten?” she exclaimed. “I wanted you to try on your dress. Thérèse has it nearly ready.”

“Yes, Auntie. See! I am nearly through. This is my—friend, John Stedman—Aunt Richmond—John.” She could scarcely have told why she hurried through this introduction so, nor why she wished that he had not been there.

John arose and bowed, somewhat stiffly, perhaps, for in his heart he was thinking hard things of this fine lady; and he could not be his usual gracious, if not always graceful self.

Aunt Richmond honored the young man with a well-bred stare, bade him a cool “Good evening,” and left them.

Katie was finishing the few remaining berries—her little hands hovering daintily over the heaping dish—when her companion remarked that that was no work for such a fine lady; she should let Margery do it. He was always afterward ashamed of his sarcasm—but Katie did not notice it. She thought only of the allusion to her new dress. The flush this time was of gratified vanity, as she went on to tell him that it was one of Aunt Richmond's, fixed over for her; didn't he think it pretty? and hadn't she a lovely new chain and cross? Aunt Richmond brought them to her—she said velvet was not worn any more—and Thérèse, Auntie's French maid, was making her such a stylish traveling dress—and she was going to have ever so many more new dresses in New York—and some such “elegant people” were going with them to Lake George. The spell of silence was broken now, and the excited girl chatted on, delighted with so attentive a listener, and eager to tell some one of the great joys so soon to be hers.

Poor John heard her with a heart which grew heavier each moment: how far away she seemed already, and who could tell what might happen during this momentous visit. To be sure, he had never asked her to be his wife, some day; but they had grown up together from children, he had always been her devoted knight and chosen attendant, and it was quite an understood thing that when he had earned a little more money and built the pretty cottage over on the North Road, he and his mother should not live in it alone. Katie was to him the sweetest, dearest girl in the whole world, and the future held no aim or charm apart from her; while to Katie he had always seemed the very embodiment of every manly grace and virtue, and their greatest happiness had been in each other.

Three weeks before this, John had gone with his mother to attend the funeral of his grandfather, some fifty miles away, and they had only returned the night before. The first news that greeted his ears was this of Katie's going away.—how her wealthy aunt, having recently returned from Europe, had come there to pay her sister a visit, and had taken such a great fancy to Katie; how she declared her a perfect little beauty, who would make such a sensation in society, and had begged her mamma to let her spend the summer in traveling. "It will be such an advantage to the dear child," she had said; "she is fairly buried alive here. Then, next winter she shall come to the city and see something of society, and who knows"—and she had nodded wisely to the gentle little mother, who would have sacrificed everything for her darling Katie. So her consent was gladly given, and all was bustle and preparation, till Katie's head was fairly turned. She was so dazzled by this sudden change in her quiet life, and the prospect of so much gayety, that she could see and think of nothing else.

So when John came back, expecting to find his own little girl again, with all her innocent winsomeness, there was, instead, an elegant young lady, whose head and heart seemed full of everything but himself, and whose watchword seemed to be "Aunt Richmond says."

No wonder, then, that his honest heart was sore, and his thoughts sad and bitter. He had meant this to be such a happy evening, when he should see her again, after the, to him, long separation, and should tell her of the unexpected legacy given him by his grandfather, which would enable him to begin the long-thought-of cottage at once; when he should be able to speak freely and definitely of what had hitherto seemed only a bright dream of the future. And now, her only thought was of going away, and never one regret! He had heard women called fickle, and even false, but that his little Katie could be so—it could not be! But there she sat, fair and lovely to look upon, but utterly changed—within

and without, he bitterly thought; and here was Aunt Richmond again, calling her to come in. It was all too sadly real.

You see, this hero of mine was no paragon of magnanimity and unselfishness, to rejoice in the thought of Katie's happiness and the benefit all this change and seeing of the world was to be to her. He was only an honest-hearted young fellow, shrewd and sensible withal, who loved her and believed in her with all the strength of his manly heart, and who felt somehow defrauded and set aside by all these new plans. His own sense of loss and pain blinded him to all else for the time; but he was proud, too, in his way.

So when he arose and said that he would go now, as he saw that she was very busy, you would have noticed nothing different from his usual quiet manner. But he could not conceal the paleness of his face, nor the tense look in his eyes, and Katie, as she raised hers, was, for a moment, startled. A sudden fear filled her heart and swept from it all other thoughts. Was John sick? He *had* seemed different to-day, and—but Aunt Richmond was heard approaching. John held the little strawberry-stained hands in a tight clasp for an instant, and was gone without a word. Katie looked after him in mingled dismay and amazement; but the new dress must be tried on, and from that hour until they were fairly off the next morning, there was no time for thought of anything but departure.

Poor John! when it was all over he thought of a thousand things he might have said or done, and tormented himself with vain wishes and regrets. He had gone off in such a rude, abrupt way, without even a "good-bye;" but somehow the words would not come, and he could not bear to see the hated Aunt Richmond again.

After a little, these feelings wore away; and during the long, lonely weeks of the summer, he learned to view it all in a less selfish light. Katie would see and learn so much; it would be such a fine chance for her, and perhaps, when she came home again, and the dazzle of the new life had faded a little, she would be the same old Katie again. No—never *quite* the same; never quite so wholly his as before she had gone away—but still "*perhaps*"—and he fed his aching, hungry heart on dreams of what "might be" when Katie came back again. He had read and studied much during his spare hours this summer, that he might know more of the world beyond the quiet village where he seemed anchored—might be better fitted for companionship with one who had met people "traveled and cultivated;" and his lip curled with righteous scorn, as he recalled these words and their source. His love for Aunt Richmond was dealt out homoeopathically!

There were frequent letters from Katie, which her mother gave him to read; long accounts of

sight-seeing, driving, bathing, calling and descriptions of people and places; long, gay, gossiping letters, every word of which was eagerly devoured.

So the summer was gone, and one bright day in September they told him that she was coming home the next week, for a little visit and rest, before the winter gayety should begin.

To his infinite delight, Aunt Richmond was not coming; she was to put Katie on the train in New York, and some one from home was to meet her at Midlane—the station—some three miles from her mother's house. John begged this privilege, overjoyed at the thought of being the first to welcome her back, and determined to make the best of this opportunity of seeing her alone. He wrote to her; he had written once before, but had received no answer—she had no time, she asked her mother to tell him, with her love—asking when he should come for her. He received in reply a little note, saying that she should leave New York Thursday morning on the 10 o'clock express, and reach Midlane at half-past five in the afternoon, when she should be delighted to see her old friend John again. A graceful little note, with dainty monogram and faint perfume.

All past loneliness, sorrow and regret, were at an end now; Katie was coming home—and everything was merged into that crowning thought. It was with a happy heart and smiling face that John drove along that shady road that afternoon. He had grown more manly since the early summer; he held himself more erect; his mouth, still tender, closed in firmer curves; and his eyes—frank and sunshiny always—looked out upon the world more resolutely. He had been learning some of the priceless lessons of suffering.

To-day, though, he gave little thought to that. His mind had gone back to the days long past, and a flood of happiness filled his heart. Katie was coming home, and he would meet her—would look once more into her dark, shy eyes—hold again the soft little hands, and watch the dimples come and go in her rosy cheeks. Better than all, he would hear her speak—tell of all the beautiful things she had seen; he could even have endured to hear her eulogize Aunt Richmond!

Five o'clock, and he was yet a mile away! He roused from his dreaming, touched the horses—they had nearly stood still in astonishment at their master's strange driving—and drew rein at the station, in a cloud of dust, full fifteen minutes before the train was due. Would the time never come? Yes. There was the whistle of the train down at the bridge—nearer it came and nearer—he could see it turning the curve—here it was at last! Katie had come!

He walked quickly along the platform, looking

in vain for the familiar face and form. It was a longer train than usual, and there were many getting out and in—he must have missed her somewhere; so he hurried into the waiting room: surely she must be there! But no.

He went outside again, to make doubly sure. The train had gone; a few people were claiming their baggage; an old lady in a Quaker bonnet, with a bunch of scarlet geraniums in her hand, was talking with the station master—John never forgot the scene—and there, just beyond, was Katie! Yes, without doubt:—but alas, for him!

She was seated in a handsome open carriage, the one elegant establishment that Midlane boasted. Lovelier than ever, he saw even then—graceful and stylish, and very gracious as she gave him her hand daintily gloved, over the side of the carriage, and told him how very sorry she was to have troubled him—she did not then know that Dr. Douglass was coming, and Aunt Richmond thought it so much better that she should have company, and so he had telegraphed for the carriage—and John was such an old friend he wouldn't mind, she knew—and she smiled very sweetly. O, no! he didn't mind; he only stood there looking at her with eyes she never forgot. Then Dr. Douglass, a fine-looking young man, with a slightly foreign air, came up with her shawl and bags, and proceeded to arrange them in the carriage. Katie introduced them, and turned as they were driving away to bid John be sure and come over to see her soon. Another smile, a wave of the slender hand, and John stood there alone. A moment he looked after them as they whirled away, then, replacing his hat, he turned and went around the station to his own carriage. This, then, was the end of it all! He drove quickly down the street, not taking the road by which he had come—it seemed to him that he could never go over that again. Something blinded his eyes; he could not see clearly, but he surely heard something coming rapidly behind him. A horse's quick gallop and a strange rattling noise were close upon him. He turned his own horses instantly, but it was too late. A crash—a struggle—the three horses rushed wildly down the street, and only a wreck remained.

CHAPTER II.

With a luxurious carriage, spirited horses, a handsome, devoted cavalier, and a delightful, well-shaded road, it would seem that one might enjoy a three-mile drive on a perfect September afternoon. But Katie, with all of these, was not happy. A white face, with blazing, indignant eyes, seemed to come between her and happiness. Why should it haunt her so? She had done nothing wrong. John was foolish to mind—but did he mind? He had not said so; he only

looked—well, Katie couldn't exactly tell how; she did not like to think how he looked. It made her feel very flimsy and uncomfortable. No one else ever made her feel so, and she wished—well—it would be positively disagreeable to have him so near by, all the time. She remembered it, afterward, this half-wish that something might call him away, and shuddered to think how nearly it had come to pass.

Later that evening, Katie and her mother sat out on the stone step at the west door, and watched the radiant sunset fade away, while she told of her summer's pleasures. Dr. Douglass had left almost immediately to catch the next up train—he had an engagement for the next day. In a few days he would do himself the pleasure of seeing her again, with her permission. This was granted graciously—Katie had queened it right royally these summer months; Aunt Richmond could scarcely have found a more apt pupil than our little Katie had shown herself—so the doctor had departed.

Katie's long story had come to an end, and they had been for some minutes silent. To the mother, it was happiness enough to have her child again; and to the girl herself, it seemed good to be at home once more. Suddenly she remembered the last time she sat there, and with the memory came the vague feeling of uneasiness now associated with any thought of John. Impatient with herself, and determined to be rid of such folly, she arose quickly.

Just then a boy ran breathlessly into the yard, and told them that John Stedman had been thrown from his carriage and brought home insensible; that the doctor said he would lose his arm and he was injured internally. Mrs. Stedman wanted Mrs. Deane to come right over, and bring wine and linen bandages.

With white faces the two women prepared the little basket, and silently Katie gathered together the things her mother would need for the night.

"You'll not be afraid, darling, if I don't come back? Jane, is here, you know, and James."

"No, mother," she said, and kissed her goodbye, and watched her out of sight. Then, wrapping herself in a shawl, she sat down alone on the broad old step.

Just at dawn the next morning, a gentle knock was heard at the door of Mrs. Stedman's cottage. She herself answered the summons, and started back in surprise as she saw Katie Deane, pale and trembling. She quickly recovered herself, and waited for her visitor to speak. The girl hesitated a moment, then spoke hurriedly:

"I came to see how John is. Can I not do something?"

"Yes; you can keep yourself out of his sight and hearing. A pretty time to come here, now, when you've broken his heart with your fickleness, and going off after the foolishness of the

world; when you've treated him meaner than he'd treat his worst enemy; when you've been the very death of him—my blessed boy. May God forgive you, girl, for I cannot; and may you some day know the agony you've brought to us. And now, go—and leave my boy in peace the few days he has to live."

She closed the door, and Katie was alone.

Slowly she made her way back up the hill again. Her steps faltered, and she moaned in her anguish of spirit. Was it for this that she had descended to the very depths of humiliation and self-reproach; that she had spent the long hours of that night in torturing remembrance of all her vanity and selfishness and miserable worldliness—that her heart had been wrung with remorse and softened with repentance? She had seen, as by a sudden illumination, the hollowness and mockery of her Aunt Richmond's world—though even there were some true hearts, and she thought, with an added pang, of the noble young man she had so lately encouraged. A great gulf seemed to yawn between this Katie, who sat shivering in the morning twilight, and the gay and careless girl of twenty-four hours before. Years seemed to have passed—strange, sorrowful years, which had shown her the true and false—and now, when she was ready to beg John's forgiveness on her knees, and work for him to her latest day, if possibly she might atone for the wrong she had done—she was driven in scorn from his door as his murderer! It seemed almost more than she could bear, but she would have resented nothing just then. She did not spare herself, nor seek to excuse, in the least, what might well have been pardoned to her youth and thoughtlessness. The scathing words which the stricken and well-nigh distracted mother had spoken in the depth of her despair, seemed to the remorseful girl only a just due.

Slowly the days and weeks passed by. John would live, they told her—would in time be well and strong again; but his right arm was gone. Katie had never ventured there since her strange day-dawn visit; but her mother was there every day, and Katie's wistful looks when she came and went, told how gladly she too would have gone. She did not go back to the city. Aunt Richmond had written for her, but she cried, "Let me stay with you, mother"—and her Aunt's little circle missed the summer's bright star.

One day John's mother came up the hill. Katie was alone, and waited, trembling, to hear what she might say.

"Don't be afraid of me, my child," she began gently. "I have come to take back all I said that night. My heart was broken, and I spoke wildly. John has told me the whole story, and you were not so much to blame. You were both

wrong—he says that too—that he was too hasty, and you were so young. He don't want you to blame yourself—but, oh, Katie, he loves you still, and he will never tell you so now. He says he cannot offer you his crippled life, when you as good as refused it in its strength. He is proud, Katie; but I, I would beg in the very dust for my boy's happiness. You used to love him, and I thought—I—I—" She broke down here, and tears flowed over her wrinkled cheeks. Katie had listened with a wildly beating heart. She grew very pale at the last words, but her voice was clear and sweet, as she took Mrs. Stedman's hand in both of hers.

"I understand. You are a brave, true woman, and I thank you for it. I am not ashamed to tell John that I love him, now."

The next day John was sitting in his Sleepy Hollow chair, by a cheerful little fire. It was November—indeed it would soon be Thanksgiving Day—and a fire was not unwelcome. The trees were brilliant in their autumn coloring; he had been watching the leaves as they fell thickly, and a little verse came into his mind—

"The vine still clings to the mouldering wall
But at every gust, the dead leaves fall."

It suggested other thoughts, and closing his eyes somewhat wearily, he leaned back in his chair. The door opened softly, and some one came in; some one in a charming gray dress with a bunch of scarlet flowers in her belt, with soft brown curls brushed from a fair, sweet face—a face more womanly and noble than of old—with dark eyes, dewy now with mingled emotions, but brave and tender; some one who stood before his chair with her hands clasped loosely before her, her whole air full of penitence and love.

Her heart ached to see how thin and worn he was; and her eyes filled with tears at the sight of his empty sleeve. Poor John! he had need of her now, indeed! She stood silently; and presently he stirred and opened his eyes, and saw the gentle vision.

A flush of irrepressible delight illuminated his face for an instant, then faded quickly and left him paler than before. But he held out his thin left hand, and said, gently,

"I am glad to see you again, Katie"—and she answered—

"Yes, John. Forgive me, and let me stay!"

The pretty cottage on the North Road is now finished, and our little Katie is its beloved and happy mistress. Only yesterday I saw her run out to meet her husband as he came home from town. It was a chilly winter afternoon, and the trees were bare and brown—now and then a snow-flake floated quietly through the air, and the sky was gray; but as I saw them walk up the little path together, and caught a glimpse of the brightness and cheer of the modest home, I knew

that in their hearts blossomed the sunshine of happy content.

WOOD FALL.

(Imitated from the "Bugle Song.")

The breeze creeps still from plain and hill
Within the forest black and hoary;
The sunlight gleams in rounded streams,
And floods the woodland maze in glory.
Fall, torrent, fall, and let thy thunders flying
Fill the far glens, the echoes faint replying.

From mosses deep on ruined steep
Slow drops descend in sullen plashing;
From rocky brim, with eddying swim,
The waters leap in foam-wreaths flashing.
Fall, torrent, fall, and let thy thunders flying
Fill the far glens, the echoes faint replying.

It rolls away—the river gray,
But columned mists to sky are driven;
So flows our life—a tumbling strife,
So mount our better thoughts to heaven.
Fall, torrent, fall, and let thy thunders flying
Fill the far glens, the echoes faint replying.

DISCRIMINATING CHARITY.—Careless, unreasoning, uninvestigating, indiscriminate giving, by an almoner or society, is not charity; it is mere impulse. Charity is a principle, and seeks not only the relief of the individual, but the welfare of society. There should be the utmost discrimination, which consists neither in wholesale pity and lavish giving, nor in wholesale condemnation and refusal to give; but in the exercise of a duty, under the instruction of experience, and under the inspiration of a sincere love for God and man. We believe that the most beneficent charity to the destitute poor is to find and secure work for them, and help them to be self-supporting; that in the dispensation of public charities nothing should be given as simple alms where another way of assisting can be practiced consistently with the dictates of humanity and Christian duty; that able-bodied, habitual, and professional beggars, whether located in our midst or tramping through the country, should receive nothing which they do not earn; that the needy should be discouraged from crowding into the city; and that, so far as possible, those applying for assistance should be provided with work in the country, and, as between the city and the country, always in the country, and that simple alms should be given in a single instance only, after full and exhaustive investigation, and continuously only upon repeated observation and inquiry.—*Hartford City Missionary's Report.*

ONE must live intimately with people to know them; and it is not much for the honor of human nature to say that friendship subsists longer than love, because the intercourse is not so frequent.—*Sterne.*

CAT AND DOG.

BY CLARA F. GUERNSEY.

"Oh, brother! Do you know Elsie Dutton is engaged to Mr. Swan?" said Mrs. Langham, coming into her brother's study, in a flurry.

"Well! she isn't the only one whose swan is a goose," said the doctor, sharply.

"Oh, brother! How can you say so? Such a—now really, you know—such an intellectual young man."

"Intellect be hanged!" said the doctor. "He's a stuck-up, shallow-minded prig of a donkey."

"My dear sir," put in a rather deep, very quiet voice from the window. "Don't be so unjust."

"Rubbish," retorted the doctor. "I'm not unjust to him."

"But, sir, you should consider what the donkey might feel on the subject."

"I tell you, Kitty Mouse, it's quite impossible that a girl like Elsie Dutton should be anything but miserable with such a fellow."

"Oh, brother!" said Mrs. Langham, with an apprehensive glance at Kitty Mouse. "Now really—we do not all see alike, and—you know a girl has a right to choose—and oh, Kitty Mouse, you—you won't do anything rash?—my own boy;" and Mrs. Langham clung to her nephew's arm, and began to cry with effusive sympathy.

Kitty Mouse's face was, however, quite inscrutable in its quiet.

"My dear aunt," he said calmly, "Mr. Swan has not hair enough to make his scalp of any avail for decorative purposes, even if I were a collector. Do you you take me for a wild Apache? What does it matter to me?"

"Don't it really?" said Mrs. Langham, wistfully; half relieved on her nephew's account, half sorry to be deprived of a romance. "Well now to be sure—"

There was the sound of something falling in the room above; a sudden wild squealing from a child, half laughter, half fear; a long, remonstrative yelping from a dog.

"Oh! it's little Delia," cried Mrs. Langham, and sped up stairs.

She found that Miss Delia had piled four chairs together to form "The Alps." She had then climbed to the top of the pile, and induced the house dog, who was her abject slave, to follow her; and she, the chairs and the dog, had all tumbled down together.

Happily, the child was not hurt, but the commotion she had occasioned diverted Mrs. Langham's attention from her nephew. But the doctor, as they went back into the study, turned around with a look of inquiry, "My son," he said, "you will not let this interfere with your work? It's a hard thing, but a man can live through it. I've had the complaint myself."

"My dear uncle," said the young man, calmly; "I read in a book that the American Indian has no idea whatever of the passion of love. Now, I am half an American Indian, therefore, even supposing my aunt's idea to be true, I can only have been half in love! *Ergo*, I shall only have half as much trouble to get over it as if I were all white."

"Umph," said the doctor, "I wonder what made your father, Starlight, run away with my sister Emma the very day after he graduated?"

"Some sudden impulse, probably. You said you wanted something over in Briggsville. Shall I ride over for it?"

"Yes, the test-tubes; I can't get the size I want here; they promised to have some made at the glass factory."

"Yes, sir."

"And, Kitty Mouse, I want you to help me with the experiments this evening. Swan offered; but the fact is I hate the sight of him, and your hands are worth ten of his."

"Certainly, sir; but will you go on with your lectures to the workmen, when you have been assured on Mr. Swan's authority that popular lectures which can give but a smattering of facts are worthless to the hearers, and that unless you can 'fathom a subject to its utmost height'—I hope I preserve the beautiful turn of speech—it is not worth while to learn anything about it."

"Rubbish! You might as well say that unless you can own all the land as far as you can see you should have no windows but those opening on your own cabbages. The man is a fool."

"My dear sir, how very vehement you are."

"And you—do you admire him?" said the doctor, sharply.

"My grandfather says, sir, that a man should never show that he is mad unless he means to strike; but as to Mr. Swan, consider all the courses of education he has gone through."

"A few more would have made him a positive idiot. The more education he had, the greater fool he would be. Run along with you."

Kitty Mouse departed, and in a few minutes he sped past the window on the fiery brown horse he had brought from home with him—a lithe, wiry little creature, whose eyes glowed like live coals under a mass of black hair like a Skye terrier's forelock.

The doctor looked after his nephew with a sigh and a smile.

"Well, if I were a woman—" he said; "but I dare say I should be as great a fool as I was, being a man," and the doctor's mental vision glanced back through the mist of years, upon a picture which was not that of Delia's mother. The original of that picture had been a shallow, heartless, handsome female creature, who had never loved anything on earth but herself and her own way.

The doctor had not an atom of delusive sentiment remaining about her, but for years she had had power to embitter his heart and his life. He had not married till he was over forty. A few years of love and peace had followed, and then his wife had left him with little Delia, and his widowed sister, Mrs. Langham, had come to keep house for him.

The doctor had had another sister, whom every one had called "a very superior young lady;" a serious-minded, studious, thoughtful girl whom her aunt, Mrs. Fleming, had brought up under her own eye to be a model.

Emma Elmore had never been allowed to read a novel in her life. In poetry, "selections from Pope," Cowper, Milton, and Pollock, constituted her library. Mrs. Fleming put even Thompson's Seasons under the ban, because "the book had love stories in it." She seemed to have the idea that if there were no love stories there would be no love.

She planned a model match for this model girl, —a distinguished missionary divine, a widower with four children, whom Emma was to bring up on the same system which had made her perfection. Good Dr. McMartin, who had proposed for Emma by a letter to her aunt, had not the least idea of the worry, the reproaches, the nagging persecution, which had won the dutiful girl to say reluctantly, and with many tears, that she would "consider the matter."

Mrs. Fleming was not a very sharp-sighted woman. She was at a loss to imagine why Emma, so interested as she was in missions, and with such a respect as she had always professed for Dr. McMartin's heroic labors, should be so loath to enter on such a career of Christian usefulness as the doctor's proposal held out.

A friend, whom she consulted, ventured to hint that the reason for Miss Elmore's hesitation, might perhaps be found embodied in her brother's intimate and classmate, Mr. Charles de Meilleray, otherwise Starlight, a handsome, soft-voiced, lazy, Cherokee gentleman, just then strolling through his course of education at Menango University.

Starlight had been a good deal at Mrs. Fleming's house, for he had brought a letter to her from a missionary in his part of the world; and had become much attached to young Elmore. Mrs. Fleming approved of Starlight, he was such an excellent listener; and she would have patronized him extensively had it been possible to patronize a man who had no idea that he had a superior on earth.

Mrs. Fleming's suspicions once roused became certainties; and she did the most foolish thing possible under the circumstances.

She sent for the young chief and told him that her niece was engaged to Dr. McMartin, in which she certainly stretched a point; and she

more than hinted that, to avoid troubling Miss Emma's peace, Starlight's visits at her house had better cease, though as a Christian friend she wished him well.

Starlight looked at her, tossed up his head like a colt, and declared to Mrs. Fleming's august face, that she did not "speak straight words," and that he did not believe her. Moreover, he vowed that if Emma's way were also his way, no "old squaw" on earth should prevent their union.

As soon as she could gather breath, Mrs. Fleming expressed a firm conviction that Indians were incapable of civilization, and ordered the young barbarian out of the house, though the old haunting terror of Indians came over her as she looked into his face.

Starlight, however, did nothing worse than to pass swiftly into the hall, and call his love's name in a voice that rang through the house like a clarion.

Poor Emma, wretched to the bottom of her soul, was crying in her own room when this voice reached her ears. "Emma! Emma! Come and speak to me."

It also reached the servants, who came to look on just in time to see Miss Emma run down stairs, her pretty hair falling over her shoulders, her eyes red with tears.

"Tell me," said Starlight, paying no more attention to Mrs. Fleming than if she had been a chair, "Are you engaged to that old minister?"

"No. Oh, no!" sobbed poor Emma, "never. Oh, Aunt, how could you say so?"

Starlight made one step forward and held out his arms, and if Miss Elmore had read a thousand novels she could not have sped to him more swiftly, or clung to him with a closer clasp.

"Oh!" screamed the cook and chamber-maid, holding up both hands.

"Laws—a—massy!" said the old black coachman.

"Miss Elmore!" cried Mrs. Fleming, "either leave him or leave my house this moment, and never speak to me again."

"Oh, aunt!" sobbed Emma, hiding her face on her lover's shoulder. "I didn't mean to, but I couldn't help it."

"Then go," cried Mrs. Fleming, in a white heat of passion at this outrageous result of her educational system.

Emma's hat and shawl hung near by; without a word, Starlight put them on for her, and carried away the frightened, trembling girl to her sister, Mrs. Langham, the minister's wife.

National affairs of importance called the young man home, and he was resolved that his bride should go with him.

Emma would not consent until she had sent her brother and her brother-in-law, the minister, to try to conciliate her aunt; but a whole synod

could not have conciliated Mrs. Fleming. She lost her temper, her dignity, forgot herself utterly, and scolded like a fish-wife.

The minister, who had a spirit of his own, took his stand upon his office, and gravely admonished Mrs. Fleming that her behavior and frame of mind was not Christian, and that in pressing poor Emma into an engagement against her will, she had been guilty of a grave sin.

"She never was engaged," cried Mrs. Fleming.

"Then why, madam, did you say she was?" said Mr. Langham, with dignity.

Mrs. Fleming responded by ordering him out of the house, and going into hysterics for the first and only time in her life.

In a day or two, Emma became Mrs. de Meilleraye, and went out to the Indian Territory.

As for Dr. McMartin, in spite of Mrs. Fleming's efforts to procure him a substitute for the ungrateful Emma, he married, on a three weeks' acquaintance, a little, laughing, dancing, dressy creature of eighteen; and to put the climax to Mrs. Fleming's outraged feelings, this unsuitable bride proved an excellent wife, step-mother, and helper in the doctor's work in Southern India. Nothing could have been more aggravating than the whole business, from beginning to end. Mrs. Fleming had not even the comfort of hearing that her niece was miserable. Emma's husband was rich in flocks and herds, and there was plenty in the house. He loved his wife dearly, and the husband of the wise woman in the book of Proverbs did not leave his wife to take her own way in his affairs more completely than did Starlight. His people, though they had thought their boy had rather lowered himself by the alliance, were kind to the bride, and learned to like and respect her.

The minister who had been the means of sending the young man to college, wrote to Mrs. Fleming with enthusiasm about the pair. He spoke of Starlight, who was a member of his own church, in the highest terms, and supposed that it was through her aunt's influence and advice that Mrs. de Meilleraye had been led to embrace a career of usefulness for which she was so eminently fitted.

On the receipt of this letter, Mrs. Fleming, who was rich, tore up her will and made a new one, in which she disinherited not only her nieces and nephew, but the Board of Missions; for she felt that if the Cherokee had never been converted and sent to school and to college, he would never have walked off with Emma. She left all her property to found a library in Menango, from which fiction of all sorts was to be rigidly excluded.

All these things had happened years before the opening of my story.

Since then Master Kitty Mouse had made his

appearance, had grown up into his teens, and when scarcely more than a child in years had gone with his father to the war, to the great satisfaction of his grandfather, an old gentleman nearly ninety, who held to "the old religion," lived as his fathers had done, and considered that life was worth living only so far as a man could fight and be fought.

Father and son had passed through the tempest unharmed, and now that peace had come, the latter was in his Junior year at Menango University, and boarding with his uncle, Dr. Elmore, who filled the chair of chemistry, and whose microscopic researches had attracted some attention in scientific circles.

The young man's real name was Christopher, but little Delia having chosen to call her cousin by the absurd name of "Kitty Mouse," the fashion was followed in the family. Even the servants addressed him as "Mr. Kitty Mouse." Mrs. Fleming had removed from Menango to Briggsville, a town about ten miles away. She took no sort of notice of Kitty Mouse, whose mother she had never forgiven; but after a few weeks, she saw him by accident once when she drove into Menango on business, as he was helping an old woman round an icy, windy corner. Mrs. Fleming knew who he was at a glance, for he was too like his father for her not to recognize him; and for a moment all the old anger rose in her heart, for she had never pardoned the Cherokee for calling her "an old squaw," though no particular disrespect had been intended by the epithet. Kitty Mouse had no idea that the white-haired, feeble old lady who watched him from her carriage was his great-aunt.

A few weeks afterward Mrs. Fleming died, and, to the wonder of all, it was found that she had left her whole large property to her grand-nephew, Christopher de Meilleraye.

The young man was of age, and could do what he chose with his wealth, and he chose to make an equal division with his mother, his uncle and aunt.

Mrs. Fleming had not sold her old home in Menango. It was a handsome, solid, square mansion; and it was rented by Mrs. Dutton, a widow, with two daughters and a son, which son she had come to Menango to educate, and who was in college at the very bottom of the Sophomore class, to the great annoyance of his sister, Elsie, who would fain have seen him take honors.

Elsie Dutton was not a young woman whom every one liked. People who did like her, liked her very much; and she reckoned among her friends, many old ladies and gentlemen, children, dogs and cats. She had a passion for animals. She did not merely pet dumb creatures, she made friends of them.

Elsie was a girl who read a good deal of what is called solid reading. She had decided opinions

concerning the higher education of women, a subject just then rising into notice. She could talk on the suffrage question, though she did not profess to have made up her mind entirely. She had a microscope, and used it not wholly in vain. She was the very first to attend Dr. Elmore's classes, when they were opened to ladies. She professed to adore Intellect—spelled with a capital I; and being a person of out-spoken disposition, with an active mind and ready tongue, she talked a good deal of nonsense and some sense, and got herself called “strong minded.”

For the rest, she was a pretty girl, rather small and slight, with a quantity of brown hair, gray eyes, and a very delicate, creamy complexion. Mrs. Dutton had, in her youth, been one of the very few young people who were allowed to know Emma Elmore. She had been bridesmaid at that hurried wedding; and for her old friend's sake, she was interested in her son. Master Kitty Mouse had visited at the old home very often, and there was little doubt that he had been a good deal taken with Elsie, and good reason to suppose that she had not quite disliked him.

The doctor's nephew was certainly a fine young fellow. The Elmores were all handsome, and Kitty Mouse, though he resembled his father's people, had much of the Elmore look. Moreover, he had an air and carriage and dignity which was an inheritance from his father's side of the house—the result of his campaigns, and of having, young as he was, been a man in authority. A certain romance attached to him in virtue of his race and history, and the way in which he had behaved about his aunt's inheritance. The young man had a good deal of New England energy and perseverance, and maintained a good rank in his class. He would have stood higher, had it not been that every now and then he would begin to droop and grow thin and languid, and could find no cure but to throw aside his books, take to his gun, and set off for a long ramble somewhere into the woods, beyond the river on which Menango lay.

These excursions put him back a little in his studies, but Kitty Mouse did not seem to care. He used to say that when a man had all eternity before him, it was foolish to fret about waiting. He despised hurry and worry and fussiness; and for the rest, he was a sweet-tempered, unselfish young fellow, who made no pretensions, and was sincerely religious in a quiet, simple way.

His uncle had grown fond of him; little Delia thought that he was made for her special use, and he was never tired of playing with the child. His aunt, Mrs. Langham, though she had been a little afraid of him at first, as not knowing the nature of the animal, now firmly believed that there was not such another perfect young man in the world.

Now it happened that when Kitty Mouse came back after vacation, he found that Miss Dutton had picked up a new friend, in the person of Mr. J. Jackson Swan, who had come to act as tutor in Menango College.

Mr. J. Jackson Swan had graduated with some distinction, with a shoal of young men, from a great University. He had passed endless examinations; he had heard endless lectures; he had taken reams upon reams of notes. He had been to Germany and studied there, and brought back heaps of testimonials that he had heard an immense quantity more lectures. He talked, or rather he harangued, indifferently ill upon all subjects; and there was no department of knowledge in which he did not feel qualified to instruct his inferiors, his equals, and his betters. He entertained, of course, the most advanced views; and as he could repeat at second-hand opinions with which most people were disgusted, he set up for originality of mind.

His manners were dictatorial and overbearing; he spread himself and advertised himself, and gave it to be generally understood that he was very intellectual, indeed.

The world, such a threatening monster to those who merely try to do something worth doing, is very meek for the most part to those who brag prodigiously of what they can or could do; and the majority of the little world of Menango took Mr. Swan at his own valuation.

He had procured his place as tutor through a wealthy connection, who had done a good deal for the college; and to whom the institution was grateful, with a lively sense of favors to come.

Mr. Swan had made Miss Dutton's acquaintance, and when Mr. de Meilleraye came back, he found that his relations with Elsie could not be taken up exactly where he had left them, for she had become very intimate with Mr. Swan. Mr. Swan lent her books, Mr. Swan assisted her with the microscope, though her sister declared that he was so clumsy with the instrument that she hated to see him touch it; he prescribed for her a course of study, and began to assume airs of authority over her. It was wonderful to all on-lookers how a girl of Elsie's spirit could endure him.

To Mrs. Dutton Mr. Swan was not at all congenial, and she wondered at her daughter's infatuation. She had had some apprehension about young de Meilleraye, but now she went so far, as to say in private to Ada, that she would rather have the last of the Mohegans for a son-in-law than the tutor.

However, when her sanction was asked, formally to the engagement, she did not refuse. Perhaps she thought her refusal would have been useless. Elsie was of age, and had a pretty little fortune of her own; and Mr. Swan, who had only his salary, said that he was so totally indif-

ferent to money, that he did not care whether it was on his side or Elsie's.

Mrs. Dutton, however, stipulated that her daughter should not marry under two years. Elsie, with all her independence, was a dutiful girl, and she willingly agreed to the condition. It would, she said, give her more time for a course of mental training, which would make her, in some degree, worthy of Mr. Swan.

"Oh, mother! mother!" cried Ada, in a torrent of passionate tears, when she heard the news. "How could you say our Elsie might marry that horrible man?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Dutton, quietly, as she shut the door. "You had better compose yourself; I have not said she might marry him."

"But, mother, she told me so," said Ada, astonished.

"No, my dear," said her mother, "I have simply consented to a two years' engagement."

Elsie had got her own way with much less opposition than she had feared. Having chosen her own way, and having full liberty to walk therein, was she satisfied? Strange to say, instances have been known where one's own way has failed to content the human soul. Let us hope that Miss Dutton's was not such a case.

If Master Kitty Mouse had been disappointed in love, he kept it to himself, and troubled no one with his lamentations. His uncle thought him rather more silent than formerly; he took to long rides alone. He went off into the woods by himself and was gone two weeks. His aunt was cruelly anxious about him; recalling a story she had heard about a young Shawnee who poisoned himself for love by eating wild turnips; but either because Kitty Mouse was not a Shawnee, or because he had no taste for wild turnips, he returned in perfect health, went to a party, and danced till two o'clock in the morning.

He did not visit as much as he had formerly at Mrs. Dutton's; but he called there occasionally. Mrs. Dutton and Ada liked him; and Elsie, who had perhaps some stings of conscience when she thought of the young man, took pains at first to be as friendly as she dared.

By and by, however, her manner suffered a certain change; she was apt to be a little cross with Kitty Mouse, for whenever he and her chosen lover were in company together, she was conscious of a deep inward feeling of disturbance and vexation, to which she would not give a name, and which she credited to the Cherokee; though if questioned, she could not have told what he had done to offend her. A hideous suspicion would force itself into her mind that it was not what the one man was, but what the other was not, that had vexed her. She closed her mental ears to this voice, and went deeper and deeper into the course of reading which had been laid out for her; but the fate was laid on

the girl to have a mind of her own, and she could not adopt all her lover's opinions, though she tried.

Mr. Swan, as an engaged man, was not very gallant or deferential. He was above such folly, and possessed "a soaring soul."

He was always making an effort to seem the first in company; he lectured, dictated, contradicted; he found pleasure in annoying people, and making himself disagreeable. He took no sort of pains to conciliate Mrs. Dutton; he was so sneering and insulting to Tom, that they had a violent quarrel, and the youth was, with some difficulty, kept from laying violent hands on his sister's betrothed by Kitty Mouse, who had led him away and lectured him into sulky tranquility.

The gray parrot, Mrs. Dutton's special pet, entertained an extreme objection to Mr. Swan; and the moment his voice was heard, would begin to shriek violently, dance up and down, and wildly demand that he should "get out."

As for Miss Ada, she hated Mr. Swan with all the vehemence of fifteen. She had, like her sister, a mind of her own; and as she was an outspoken, precocious little creature, of elfish sharpness of perception and ready speech, Mr. Swan did not always have the best of it in their encounters.

Then Elsie would be vexed with Ada. "How can you be so rude and disrespectful to Mr. Swan?" said Elsie, after one of these scenes. "You know how it annoys me."

"You'd better talk to him," said Ada, flashing out. "It's not my fault if you have chosen an underbred prig instead of a gentleman," and off went Ada.

Elsie colored high, and the tears came into her eyes.

"Mother," she said, with a quivering voice, "I do think—" and there she stopped. She did not know what she did think.

"I am sorry, Elsie," said Mrs. Dutton, gently. "Ada is like all young people. She judges harshly. She does not know how to make allowances for a man who has not had the advantage of good society early in life. Mr. Swan's manners are so different from those she has been accustomed to see in gentlemen."

Poor Elsie! The reflection was not much consolation.

The next evening Mr. Swan and Mr. de Meilleraye, happened to meet at Mrs. Dutton's. Now, Mr. Swan, if he was not scientific, was nothing. For the last six or eight weeks his mind had been occupied with drainage and sewerage, subjects which, though doubtless of importance, are not always pleasing when largely expatiated upon in general society. To this aspect of the matter, however, Mr. Swan was blind, and he harangued at his ease; deaf to all endeavors made by Mrs. Dutton and Elsie to change the conversation.

Apropos to "typhoid germs," came up certain microscopic atoms mysteriously present everywhere. Were they animal or vegetable? Mr. Swan espoused the former theory; and he quoted various authorities, ending with the great name of Professor B——, a French scientist of high standing.

Kitty Mouse quietly ventured to differ with Mr. Swan, who sneered superior, and replied that he had better write to Professor B., and give that gentleman the benefit of his learning and experience.

"Thank you," said the young man calmly, "Among our people it is counted ill-bred to instruct one's elders. It is my uncle's opinion I advance, not my own. I know little of such matters, except as I have been his assistant."

"Oh, your uncle!" said Mr. Swan, slightly. "Of course he is well enough in his way; but you don't put a Professor in a little country college on a level with a first-class man like B."

Mrs. Dutton looked disgusted; Ada bit her lip; Elsie, who was fond of Dr. Elmore, colored high. She gave an imploring glance at Kitty Mouse, but the young man had his temper well in hand, and maintained his usual calmly courteous manner.

"Of course, B's. opinion is decisive," said Mr. Swan.

"Are you sure that it is his opinion?" said Kitty Mouse, quietly.

"Do you suppose, that after all the study I've bestowed on the matter, I am likely to be mistaken?" said Mr. Swan, rudely.

"Seeing that you are engaged in teaching others," said Kitty Mouse, with a smile, "and have had so many opportunities to inform yourself, I should hardly have supposed it; but in regard on this very subject, my uncle, who has long been in correspondence with Monsieur B——, had a letter from him yesterday, concerning this matter, on which they are perfectly agreed. I have it with me. Since Miss Dutton is interested in these things, I thought she might like to see it." And with that he put the letter in Elsie's hand. It was undoubtedly from the Frenchman; it contained some very fine compliments and expressions of ardent gratitude for facts sent in a former letter, which had been of the greatest use to Monsieur B. in his own peculiar department. Monsieur B. begged to publish Dr. Elmore's observations in his forthcoming work; and would do himself the honor to send one of the earliest copies.

"So it seems," said Mrs. Dutton, secretly delighted, "that the French gentleman does not think these little things are bugs after all."

Mr. Swan deigned no reply. What was to be said to a person who spoke of a diatom as "a bug?"

Kitty Mouse did not press his little victory.

He chatted awhile with Mrs. Dutton and Ada, and took his leave, shortly followed by Mr. Swan, who was very sulky, and would hardly say good-night.

"I tell you what it is, Elsie," he said, as they parted on the piazza; "if your mother is going to have that Indian fellow hanging about the place and talking to Ada, she'd better look out he don't play his father's game over again, that is all; I don't think I'm called on to put up with his impudence," and he stalked away, leaving Elsie in a sort of maze.

Talking to Ada! Why, oh why, did these words ring through her head and heart over and over again? Why did she cry herself to sleep?

In the meantime Mr. Swan's popularity in the University was not on the increase. The President, Dr. Lyon, a rapid, decided old gentleman, said to his wife in a moment of exasperation that either Mr. Swan must leave or he must. Even Mr. Beaucour, who filled the chair of Greek and Latin, mildest and gentlest of men, turned smoothly sarcastic where Mr. Swan was concerned. Among the students, of course, he was considered as their natural enemy, and generally detested, and by no one more than Elsie's brother Tom. The principal objection to Mr. Swan seemed to be that no one could endure the sight of him, and this is an obstacle so hard to overcome.

Of course, the more unpopular Mr. Swan was, the more did Elsie cling to him, and try to believe in him; but even she herself was now conscious that an effort was needed to maintain her faith.

One way in which her lover annoyed her was his love of teasing and tormenting. The various pets which she and Ada loved to tend and fondle were to him merely so many subjects on which to exercise his liking for giving pain. He delighted to scare the canary, plague the parrot, and torment the cat and dog. Ada scolded, and Elsie remonstrated in vain. The more the girls were vexed, the more did he persist. Mrs. Dutton looked on in silence, but with a growing satisfaction, which was not lessened, I fear, when the gray parrot nipped his intruding finger to the bone. Ada was at a loss to imagine how her mother could be so placid, with Mr. Swan in prospect as a son-in-law.

On the first of July, Mrs. Dutton's mother, Mrs. Payne, came to visit her daughter. She was a very charming, pretty old lady, and her grandchildren were greatly attached to her.

She had with her a little Maltese terrier, who went with her everywhere, and of whom she was extremely fond, as it had belonged to a dead grandson, who with his last breath had committed his dog to "grandma's to take care of."

Grip was a mild, inoffensive little dog, fond of offering his paw to people, and was a great favorite with all the Dutton family. Even Elsie's

tortoise-shell cat, a haughty, reserved piece of feline gentility, unbent to Grip, and would let him drink out of her saucer.

On the fourth of July, Mrs. Dutton asked Mr. de Meilleraye to come to tea and meet her mother, who had known Emma Elmore as a girl, and wished to see her son. On his arrival the young man found Mr. Swan, Elsie, Mrs. Payne, and the little dog, on the smooth grass plat at the back of the house, which was shut in by high cedar hedges.

The old lady, in her white shawl and lace cap, was sitting under a tree; at a little distance from her were Elsie and Mr. Swan, and little Grip, a mass of white fluff, was skipping hither and thither.

Kitty Mouse was most cordially welcomed by Mrs. Payne, and he entered into talk with the old lady, who had a hundred questions to ask him about his father and mother.

The summer air had a slight scent of gunpowder, and there was heard a scattering fire of crackers and the shouts of small boys. The house, however, was at some distance from the centre of the town, and the noise was not near enough to be disagreeable.

"Poor little Grip!" said Elsie; "it is well the noise is no nearer. Fire-crackers scare him into fits."

She had hardly spoken the words, when she saw that Mr. Swan had taken out a match and a cracker, and was evidently meaning to throw the latter at Grip.

"Oh, pray don't," she said; "grandma does not like them."

She spoke either too late or unheeded. The cracker was thrown, and went off directly under Grip's feet, singeing his white coat. He uttered a dismal howl, and spun round and round, wild with terror. Mrs. Payne started and looked distressed.

"Oh, pray don't tease my little dog," she said, gently.

"Pray don't," said Elsie. "Poor little fellow! See how scared he is."

But Mr. Swan paid no attention to her request. He liked to show his independence, his power over Elsie, before the other man. A set, ugly smile came over his face. He threw a second missile at the little frightened creature, as he screamed and crouched in terror and misery.

"Mr. Swan—I beg of you," said Mrs. Payne, rising with tears in her eyes.

Elsie colored high.

"I beg you to stop," she said, with some dignity. "Please, for my sake," she added in a lower tone.

Mr. Swan's look never changed. It pleased him that a girl like Elsie should humble herself before him and ask so small a favor in vain. The little dog's distress and terror, the old lady's an-

noyance, gratified him, and made him feel his consequence. Before he could throw another cracker, young de Meilleraye sprang across the grass plat like a panther, caught his wrist with a grip like steel, and wrenching from him the packet of crackers, threw them over the hedge.

"What do you mean, sir?" blustered Mr. Swan—

"What I have done," said the other; and for an instant, all the Indian looked out of his eyes.

Then he dropped Mr. Swan's wrist and turned back to Mrs. Payne, who had gathered poor Grip into her arms, and was trembling almost as much as the dog.

"Let me take you into the house," he said, in his usual gentle fashion; and he gave the old lady his arm, and led her past Mr. Swan and Elsie, with a slight bow to the latter. He left Mr. Swan in no very agreeable state of temper. He had been scared with the suddenness and savageness of the attack; and his wrist felt as if it had been squeezed in a vice, and was impressed in five very plain characters, with the sign manual of Master Kitty Mouse.

"I tell you what, Miss Dutton," he said, viciously; "you must either give up that fellow's acquaintance, or give up me."

Elsie drew back and looked him in the face. Her eyes shone like flame; she grew white to the lips. The next moment she drew off her engagement ring, tossed it on the grass at his feet, turned and walked away.

Mr. Swan gazed after her, his mouth open in amazement. Then he took heart of grace and followed her.

"Elsie," he cried, "What do you mean?"

"Just what I have done," returned Elsie, unconsciously quoting Kitty Mouse, and speaking in a very clear, steady tone.

"So," said Mr. Swan with bitterness; for the man really loved Elsie after his fashion. "He is the one, is he? You'd better call him and tell him of his good luck."

Elsie grew rose red with anger; but her heart bounded with a wild sense of recovered freedom and joy. She answered him in the same steady voice.

"You are quite mistaken, Mr. Swan; if you and I were alone on earth, I would not marry you, since you are mean enough to find pleasure in tormenting a little helpless dog, and insulting an old lady. Good evening."

She passed swiftly on into the house and ran up stairs.

In the upper hall she met Mrs. Dutton, who had watched the scene from her window, and was very angry at the disrespect shown to her mother.

"Elsie," she said; "either Mr. Swan must learn to behave in some degree like a gentleman, or his visits here must end."

"I never want to see him again as long as I live," said Elsie. "Oh, mother, mother!" and Elsie began to cry.

"Thank heaven," said Mrs. Dutton, fervently.

Poor Mr. Swan, left to himself, picked up his discarded ring. He had half a mind to go into the house and quarrel with "that Indian fellow;" but the memory of that fell glance and grip was fresh upon him. There was no telling what such a half barbarian might do. He discreetly went off by the side gate; and Ada and Tom, when they heard what had happened, sang a paean over his departure.

The next morning he came to the house, but Elsie would not see him. She sent her mother in her stead. Considering her long-repressed dislike of the young man, Mrs. Dutton did her spiring gently. It was very hard to convince Mr. Swan that any woman could be so blinded as to give him up of her own free will; but he was convinced finally, and went away greatly cast down; the gray parrot, who had got out of his cage, hopping after the poor young man all the way down the hall, and making vicious digs at his ankles.

* * * * *

It was a year after Elsie had thrown away her engagement ring. The Fourth of July had come in a pouring rain, and many homes were made miserable by small boys, who sulked or fretted according to temper.

Ada and Elsie were in trouble on account of their tortoise-shell cat, Zenobia—Zenobia had become the happy mother of a little yellow kitten, which kitten had lived just long enough to open its eyes upon this world, and had then died suddenly and unaccountably, and gone wherever good kittens go.

The poor mother mourned and mourned, and would not be comforted, and went wailing all over the house looking for her offspring. Convinced at last that it was not to be found, she would be still nowhere but in Elsie's lap, from time to time looking up with imploring eyes, and not understanding why no help came.

Elsie had walked all over town in the rain to find a kitten, and not finding one, she and Zenobia were unhappy together.

Elsie was still nursing the poor cat, when Mr. de Meilleraye rode up to the door in all the rain, bringing a message from his aunt for Mrs. Dutton; and he had scarcely sat down, when Zenobia got up and paraded all over him, mewing wistfully.

"Poor thing!" said Elsie, with tears in her eyes. "She does mourn so it makes me wretched to see her. If I could find another kitten for her I suppose she'd be contented, but I can't hear of one anywhere."

Kitty Mouse had news to tell. His father had

come to be at the commencement, and be present, for the first time, at the meeting of the alumni. The colonel, as he was now called, was to make the oration, and he had brought his wife with him. Mrs. Langham was bent on having a little company for her sister and her brother-in-law the next evening, and had sent her nephew with the invitation and a confidential note relating to some spoons.

He stayed but a few minutes, and when he went away the girls wondered to see him turn his horse down the Briggsville road.

Mrs. Payne was still with her daughter, and as Kitty Mouse disappeared, little Grip came patting into the room. The sight of the dog carried Elsie's thoughts back a year, and brought a painful color to her cheek.

She could never think of Mr. Swan without vexation. Her only comfort was, that he had gone to Australia.

At dinner that day, Kitty Mouse was missing. His aunt was a little uneasy; his mother, used for so many years to the erratic comings and goings of her adopted people, had ceased to feel that punctuality at meals was one of the virtues. As for the colonel, he simply supposed that his son had "gone off somewhere."

An hour or two after dinner the colonel, who minded the rain no more than a duck, went out to renew his acquaintance with Menango; and, walking up the street, took the turn which led to the old Fleming place, thinking of all that had come and gone since he had led Emma Elmore down that road to the parsonage. The colonel was a good Christian, and a gentleman of education; but, though he had not been in the least afraid of Mrs. Fleming when she was alive, in the bottom of his soul he was not quite sure that now that she was dead she might not be able to set in motion some harmful and mysterious power of "medicine."

He had just reached the turn which led to Briggsville, when happening to glance up, he recognized his son and his son's horse, approaching at a gentle canter. The Colonel was struck with wonder, for apparently the young man, as he rode, was mewing violently at the top of his voice.

As he drew nearer, however, his father perceived that the sounds were not made by the young man himself, but by a very small, yellow kitten, which he had got buttoned up inside his coat; and which, having just got its little head out, was uttering a wild succession of squalls, without one moment's pause. It seemed wonderful that so small a creature could make so much noise.

"What have you there?" asked the Colonel, in his own tongue, as they met.

Kitty Mouse looked a little embarrassed, and avoided his father's eye as he answered meekly, that it was a kitten.

The elder laughed slightly; and asked where he was going.

"Only to Mrs. Dutton's—she lives in my aunt's old place," said Kitty Mouse, who could scarcely make himself heard or hold in his horse, on account of the shrieks of his protégé. "The young ladies wanted a kitten for a particular reason. I went over to Briggsville on an errand for my uncle—that is, I knew he wanted something there; and I came across this little beast, and I brought it along. I had no idea it would scream so all the way."

The Colonel glanced at his son from under his eyebrows—

"Who is she?" he asked, coolly.

Kitty Mouse looked very innocent; but he dropped his eyes as he protested that he did not understand what his father meant.

"Like father, like son," returned the other; "a young man must go his own way," and the Colonel stood and looked after his boy as he cantered down the road, the kitten yelling like mad all the way, and attracting much attention from the passers-by.

Ada ran to the door to meet her friend.

"Oh, Elsie!" she cried in delight. "He's got a kitten."

At the sound of the kitten's voice, poor Zenobia came flying into the hall.

The young man silently held out to her the little screaming creature. With a wild cry of joy, the cat snatched it from him and retiring to a corner, began to kiss and cuddle it, purring in an ecstasy—the mother-hunger in the poor little heart appeased. As for the kitten, it partook of refreshment, and was satisfied.

The girls were profuse in their thanks, though they had no idea what the young man had gone through for their sakes; and Kitty Mouse, who was dripping wet, rode home, to the great relief of his horse, who—

"What thing upon his back had got,
Had wondered more and more."

The next evening there was a numerous assembly at Dr. Elmore's. People had wild ideas as to what sort of people the doctor's relations might be. Would Mrs. de Meilleraye appear in paint and feathers? Did her husband make her carry packs on her back and beat her with a pole? and would he know how to behave in a civilized house?

People were surprised to see a handsome, stately matron, beautifully dressed, and looking wonderfully young to be the mother of a grown-up son. As for the Colonel, his manners and appearance were all dignity and graciousness. He was pleased to renew old acquaintances; and he made himself quite charming.

Mrs. Dutton was soon deep in talk with her former friend; and Kitty Mouse took an early opportunity to introduce his father to Miss Dut-

ton. The Colonel hardly looked older than his boy; and father and son were on the most familiar and friendly terms possible.

"I hear you have a taste for natural history, Miss Dutton," said the Colonel, who was as unlike as could be to the solemn and owl-like Indian of romance. "I suppose my son must have caught it from you."

Miss Dutton looked up inquiringly.

"How's the kitten?" asked the Colonel, glancing down from his six feet three of height, with a smile that softened his dark face. "I hope it has not suffered from its ten miles ride in the rain."

Elsie looked astonished. She had no idea that the kitten had come from so far away.

"Quite well and perfectly happy," she said, gayly; and then President Lyon, who wished to make the Colonel known to some grandee or other, came up and carried him away.

"Kitty Mouse," said Elsie, absorbed in the tassel of her fan; "did you really ride ten miles to please my cat, in all that rain, too?"

They stood close by the long window, and stepped out together on the piazza.

"Did you really?" asked Elsie again.

"Elsie," said the young man, "I'd ride a thousand to please you, and you know it. Give me a word."

"How can you say so, when you know how—how silly I was," said Elsie, dropping her words brokenly and turning away.

He caught both her hands.

"Elsie, it was a bad dream. It is over, and you are awake. You were bewitched, for aught I know. Our people say such things are. Look up, Elsie—tell me."

"I don't know—what mother would say—if she don't mind—if you really think so—" said Elsie, softly.

People said Mrs. Dutton had made the match. To be sure, the Colonel was quite a distinguished man now; and the son was half white. Then the Elmores were a good old family; and then there was all Mrs. Fleming's money; and it was natural to suppose that Mrs. Langham would leave her share between her sister's son and little Delia.

The Duttons must live up to their income; and Elsie was such an odd girl, she was not likely to find a lover, except in some such out-of-the-way person. Probably it was Elsie's oddness and Mrs. Fleming's money, which had induced Mrs. Dutton to make the match.

"It was not I who made the match," said Mrs. Dutton, when these remarks were reported to her. "It was the cat and dog."

ONE of the most fatal temptations to the weak is a slight deviation from the truth, for the sake of apparent good.

GLENARCHAN.

CHAPTER VII. (CONTINUED.)

"Thank you, father; I trust I can bear the loss of one night's rest."

She was trembling with pleasure, and thankful for her health and strength.

"How did you know I was up?"

"The house was so still, I thought it must be the millennium, so I walked around to enjoy it; as your door was open, I knew you were not there."

"I wonder what you'll do next? you'll not get me to lie in bed all day!" and the hand came down so heavily on the table, that the flowers were upset.

Ellen took no notice, but made some pleasant answer.

Her father looked at her with evident admiration; suddenly he burst into a loud laugh, exclaiming:

"Hollo, Mary, come here; wipe up this mess."

The summons was answered; the work done. Ellen keeping up a rather one-sided conversation, without noticing Mary.

"Mother will not be down to-day; what did the doctor say of the baby?"

"He said he could tell better to-day; if you want me to do anything to help you, let me know? I'll go down to Juno's, presently."

Then Ellen went to her mother again, who looked heavy and ill; but was so anxious for news of the child that, leaving Mary to watch, she went to see him. He was more comfortable, but Juno gave no hope.

"He'll die sure; don't take on, chile, he'd never be like oder chil'n; his bones ain't got no starch; he ain't like Mas'r Jack was. Oh! deary me! dem book shefs, dey is so lonesome; dey was full ob Shakspers an' histys, all 'bout de resolutions an' de wars, an' de mos' butiful tings; he used to read 'em loud, not 'caus I know'd, but to make him read good; dere was de hymn makers, Byum an' Penny's son; I can't call 'em all; it would do your heart good to hear 'em 'bout a woman called Deres de money; den 'bout a preachin' man, who went to a town where dere was debbils all over the roofs; he ies took a harp an' played to 'em. Laws, honey, if I didn't know Mas'r Jack was in de Lord's hands, I couldn't lib."

But Ellen could not wait, even to talk about Jack; she hastened home and gave the best account she could to her mother, hoping it would brighten her a little. But the mother took little notice; she was already very ill, and several weeks passed before she had strength to ask again for her child. Ellen took the entire charge of her; Mr. May had a morbid dislike of illness; he contented himself with inquiries at the door, and with bringing reports of the baby. The phy-

sician could do nothing for the child; it sank slowly and painlessly away, though watched with tenderest care; and before Mrs. May could leave her bed, the little life candle had flickered out.

CHAPTER VIII.

For two days Mr. May hardly spoke; he made all the arrangements for the funeral; and when the little flower-covered coffin was waiting in the parlor, called Ellen to look at it.

"Father!" exclaimed she; "the name on the plate is *Richard May*; what does it mean?"

"That was his name."

"I thought it was—hem—" in the presence of death, she could not pronounce the word.

"It was not—'hem'—that was Juno's mistake."

"How could it be! She was at the baptism."

"Your mother was very ill, and wished the boy baptized; our rector was just going to Europe, but came the evening before he left; his wife was with him; Jack was in New York; Juno came down to be present; she had vexed me just before, and some demon made me answer the Chaldean's name when Mr. Sellers asked the question. Juno gave a sort of groan, and rushed out of the room; Mr. Sellers said 'Surely not;' I replied, 'Well, Richard will do as well.' I have a comfortable character for eccentricity, so he made no remark; and as they left the next day, it was not spoken of. Juno told your mother and Jack; and he was so amused by it, I let it go for the fun of it; then, as you were expected, thought I'd wait and see how you took it."

"It was a grim and cruel joke," said Ellen.

"So it seems to me, now; a good many things seem different; you have held a mirror to me, my daughter, and perhaps may see me a different man."

In truth, Mr. May never realized that he was cruel; he was a selfish man, and one-sided. He could only see through his own glasses, and had no idea how much he made those suffer, whom he really would have been better pleased to see happy, provided they could be so in the way he wished. Honestly thinking it the best way, he took the Procrustean plan; and had a like success with the Attican robber.

Ellen came home with a happiness in which he had no share; by no sort of self-deception could he take any credit for her unflinching good humor, nor for the unquenchable brightness of her presence. He began to think there might be different needs for different people, and that some might be actually unable to walk unharmed over plowshares. His meditations took the faintest possible form of self-reproach; he actually wanted

a change; it came so gradually in the removing of stones from his path, he thought it was his own work; then death confronted him—its Ithuriel spear penetrated his armor, and "Farmer May" knew himself!

He loved truth; as soon as he was certain that she stood before him, certain to what course of action her finger pointed, he went directly to his wife in penitence and self-accusation. Her days of quiet and peace, with Ellen's care, had brought back traces of the old beauty; and as her face lighted up with the old love, her husband felt transported into another world. Such a reconciliation is too sacred for description; it was the *beginning* of a new life. Self-conquest was not accomplished; there were still to be struggles and needs for mutual forbearance; but the cloud was lifted, and the sunshine of confidence shone warmly into the chilled hearts.

"How came you to believe in me, Nell?" her father asked one day.

"It was your laugh that encouraged me," she replied. "I remember the story of the burglar, who, having hidden under the bed of the old man he meant to rob, was betrayed into a shout of laughter when the unconscious object of his cupidity removed his wig, and put on three night-caps. The old man refused to prosecute him; he never could believe that any one who laughed so heartily could have intended to rob him."

"You were right, Nell; I did not know how to get things straight, but I could see fun in their very crookedness."

Ellen managed to restore, or rather reform, the interior of the house, making a bright and pleasant parlor of the old room, which struck a chill to her heart when she first saw its hard-finished walls and hair-cloth furniture. Every change that she made tended to improve the general atmosphere, and at last she even accomplished the "apartments" for the winter months in New York.

Mr. May was strangely surprised to find himself again in society, his wife almost beautiful, as with woman's wonderful enduring love, wonderful self-abnegation, she entirely ignored the past, and, in the renewed warmth of her husband's affection, was young again; and, according to her old schoolmate's description, "bright as fair."

Their friends gathered around them as if there had been no break; the social oil was poured upon the troubled waters, till all forgot the time when they were tempest-tossed.

Among her many enjoyments, Ellen's greatest was in looking on, or in talking with her aunt, who was careful that there should be no lack of allusions to her hero.

"Perhaps he will forget all about me," said Ellen, one day.

"Perhaps he will; but in case he should not, I am determined you shall remember him."

Ellen laughed; and "in case he should not," did not object to her father's proposal to return home in May.

The spring passed rapidly and pleasantly; the twins came home on a visit, but were improving so visibly that they were, without hesitation, returned to their kindergarten, and their Brooklyn home. Juno was back again, and able to help the faithful Mary in her work, so that Mrs. May and Ellen were relieved of household care.

The story of the change has been quickly told, but each one had lived a lifetime of thought during the year; the habits of discontent and discomfort were not overcome without effort. Selfishness and weakness were still characteristics of Mr. and Mrs. May; but the "two bears of married life," as some one has called them, the *bear and forbear*, were household gods; Nellie's work was done.

The uncertain date of Robert Mackenzie's one letter gave its owner some thought. Whether he would count—if he counted at all—from the day on which it was written, or from the time when she received it, she could not tell; only this helped her to decide:—one bright day in June, she heard his voice in the parlor.

Unmistakably he and her father were in long and deep consultation; she knew she would be called down presently, so she thought over and prepared all her speeches. We all know how useful this little preparation is; hers was remarkably so.

She would go in quietly and say, "Good-morning, Mr. Mackenzie; when did you arrive?" After receiving this information, she would say, "I am very glad to see you again. How is your mother?" After that, if he should make any reference to—what he used to talk about—she would very decidedly say, that she must have time to think it over; he would of course agree that she ought to know her own mind thoroughly—this was too solemn a matter to be concluded hastily.

Just then her mother entered, looking disturbed and anxious.

"Oh, dear! what will happen next! That Mr. Mackenzie is down stairs; I declare Ellen, if he should take a fancy to you, I don't know what would become of us. Your father has asked him to stay to tea, and says you must go down and entertain him, while we go out to drive."

Ellen made no haste. She waited till she was sure her mother and father were gone—no one could guess why. Her mother's last words were, "I can't fancy what keeps Ellen, but she will be down soon, I am sure."

Then quietly and composedly, she went—somehow, she never made her little speeches; never heard when Mr. Mackenzie arrived, nor how he left his mother; and the reason was this:

She suddenly found herself folded in strong and loving arms, and utterly and entirely taken possession of.

"No, Nellie, not a word. I have kept my promise; I have the dreaded father's consent; you are mine, *mine*;" and these words were explained by such a graphic exhibition of their meaning, that Nellie could only say,

"But—Robert—"

"Dear Robert," he corrected.

"But, dear Robert—"

"No 'but.'"

"Dear Robert, then."

"What? my darling."

"I never promised—"

"I know; and that is the reason I promised for you; it is all settled, my own, own precious one; ah! how beautiful you are grown."

"No; I'm quite old, and staid, and *house-keeper*."

"Your cares have added the dearest, loveliest, quaintest little look of satisfaction to you, my wee, wee birdie; my winsome lassie; my precious treasure."

Now I put it to my readers; what could Nellie say? what could she do but just *give up*, and yield to the strong arms that were telling her, according to their own language, of love, and care, and protection? Whether it is conceded that she acted wisely, or not, she certainly did not make any of her prepared speeches; nor any denial of her love; nor any strong-minded effort to put off the marriage, which her lover told her was decreed. He could only be absent one month. Eleven days had been consumed in reaching her—though, as he said, "I have traveled day and night" (in the steamer), eleven more it would take to return; so he grandly, generously and magnificently, gave her the remaining eight to make her arrangements—"As to a trousseau, you will not need anything so supremely absurd," he said. "Don't talk, my darling, I have so much to say; you may talk all the rest of your life, and I will only speak by permission. Mother waits us anxiously; our home is all in order for its queen. Oh, such a pair of ponies for her to drive; such a riding horse; such a collie, waiting for a mistress. We will be there by July; you can keep your declaration of independence under my flag; you can seek for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, in the uniform of the Mackenzie plaid—yes, my darling, the programme is written with a pen of iron. Then, in August, your father and mother are coming to us; and before our cold mists give you the first chill, we will all lie off to Italy, to Bellargio, where Aunt Anne will join us—and from that time you may make plans for us all; I only ask two months' dominion, then my sweet, sweet wifey may guide the life boat."

"Robert—Robert—"

"No, my darling, say yes, yes; you would, I know, if you could have imagined, in your lowering self-possession and iceberg nature, half that I have borne; how I have watched the dear old mother, lest she should slip away before her boy was happy."

"I was *never* iceberg."

"No! then you were not; I take it all back—you adored me all the time."

"You absurd boy—"

"Yes, dear, absurd enough, if it is absurd to grasp what has been withheld so long that my brain reels with looking up."

"Dear Robert—"

"Very good—go on."

"Indeed you do not give me time to think. I can't rush away in this wild fashion. I've nothing ready—"

"How do you mean? Haven't you some dresses, and boots, and a hat? We can buy a shawl in New York."

"Oh, Rob, you are too absurd. I want to get my things in order."

"There's a whole lot of 'things' ordered from Paris, to meet you in Liverpool when the steamer arrives; so you can go over in what you have on."

"I never heard of such an idea; I can't accept things from you, and besides I can get them myself, if you only give me time."

"You can accept them when we have been married ten days; and 'time' is the one thing in life that I cannot give you—not even these eight days. I am staying at the hotel, but I will be with you every day, and all of every day; you are to think only of me. I want you to know me thoroughly, dear; I don't approve of hasty marriages—nor can I trust you a moment out of my sight, lest some stray sense of duty should carry you off. You have conquered here—"

"How do you know?"

Robert hesitated. "Jack told me; I met him one day in Liverpool."

"Oh, my Jack—where is he now?"

"My opinion of that boy is, that he will be found some day; he told me he had an offer of employment, and as I had some influence with his employers, I spoke a good word for him; if we do not find him when we are in Liverpool, I will go on an exploring expedition for him—now, is that tear for Jack, or an overflow of tenderness for me?"

"Nonsense—but listen, Robert. I will *not* be swept away by a tornado in this fashion; I'm old enough to have some decision."

"Far be it from me to gainsay such a fearful truth—has it not been my despair for a year? Then, your great and rapidly increasing age is one reason of my haste. I wouldn't marry any one over twenty for the world. Then—I'm afraid to pause—you can't help being swept away by a

tornado, because it is the nature of tornadoes; for you are not as strong-bodied as strong-minded, I hope."

"Now, do be serious"—Robert sighed, being under the impression that he had been quite so—"tell me quietly why you are in such haste?"

"I'm in haste because I have a world to gain; because my mother is alone; because I don't know whether dingy brown or gorgeous yellow is the best to cover some Egyptian furniture; because a Highland summer is short; because there is a cattle tryst on the moor of Ord in July; because my new superintendent has excelled all previous efforts in short-horns and black-noses; because I want you to have a glimpse of the purple bloom on the heather; because I shall never know peace till you are mine!"

"Robert," she spoke slowly; "I did not know you were this sort of a boy."

"My true nature has never before been revealed. No horse can run with a stone wall confronting him. Nellie, my bonnie, bonnie lassie, will you go with me?"

Here Nellie showed her weakness, for she whispered, "Yes, Rob, yes, to the world's end."

"And marry me on the twentieth?"

"I suppose I must."

"So do I, and I'm ever so sorry for you, but I don't really see, how it is to be avoided! I'm more sorry for your mother, darling. Mr. May promised to tell her this afternoon. By-the-by, I've done a sort of democratic thing lately; will you mind our superintendent living with us?"

"If you think it right, I certainly will not object. Is he a gentleman?"

"He has acted like one since he has been with us, and proposed to leave when he heard of my marriage—"

"Pray by what right did you speak of your—marriage before you knew?"

"Oh, only as a possibility, of course; then you won't mind his being there?"

"No, of course not; what is his name?"

"Try your American tongue at it; he spells it with an *A*, a *y*, and an *m*; now, try."

"Aim; is not that right?"

"It is not exactly the twist he gives it. Try Ay; how do you pronounce that?"

"Air—you have such odd three-lettered words in Scotland."

"And my darling cannot say one of them so that old Donald could guess her meaning. Here they are; what a short drive!"

CHAPTER IX.

Aunt Anne next put forward a claim. She besought Ellen to let her give her a great wedding, to which everybody who was anybody should be invited.

This letter Nellie showed to her lover.

"Do you wish it very much, my darling?"

"I would only like to gratify Aunt Anne."

"How would this plan suit? We will be married on the nineteenth, and pass the twentieth with her; our passage is taken in the steamer of the twenty-first. If we do this, Aunt Anne can show us off as much as she likes—have a breakfast, or a drum, or any sort of festivity she prefers."

"What about the—the—"

"The marriage?"

"Yes; where shall that be?"

"Nellie, dear, there is one part of my nature that has come but little before you, for we have met generally amid a crowd of gay people. Do you remember the first evening of the week you all passed at Glenarchan; your surprise, and the well-bred suppression of amazement on the part of the others, when I took the Ha-Bible, as we call it, and was the leader in family prayers?"

"Yes, Rob; and I remember thinking the servants would never stop filing in; how I loved you that night."

"Did you, my darling? I feared you thought it was only a form; but, Nellie, I am not only one of those who, according to your book, 'profess and call themselves Christians,' but I truly and conscientiously strive to follow the Master whithersoever He leads. You will not love me less for this?"

"No—a thousand times no."

"Then, dear, we are agreed; and whether we can rest in green pastures and beside still waters, or must breast the turmoil of life, we will watch and follow the same unerring Guide. We will not, then, take those solemn vows amid a thoughtless crowd; but we will go quietly to the little ivy-grown church, where the white-haired clergyman reminds me of our pastor at home; we will go in the gloaming, before lights are needed, and with only your father and mother, and Juno and Mary, will 'plight our troth,' each to the other. We will pray together, Nellie, as we kneel at the altar; for we need great help on our life journey."

"Thank you, Robert."

"Then we will drive to the depot for the seventy-third train, and the next day deliver ourselves over to Miss May for a spectacle."

"I wish we could avoid it."

"No, dear; Aunt Anne deserves much at our hands, and it will make her happy to do us honor; more than that, my Nellie is one of the New York world, and it is not well that she should go off in this hurried way; we must trust Miss May to prepare some wonderful dress, all clouds and laces, for the occasion; for my gem is worthy of the richest setting."

"You think of everything, Robert; I'm glad I promised to let you make all our present plans. I will write to Aunt Anne, and give all directions. We must persuade mother and father to go."

"That we will insist upon. Oh, my darling, what a life opens before us! Not all pleasure, dear, for we have duties that sometimes involve care and trouble; the great gift of wealth we must use as stewards for our Master. The large number of dependents on the estate have to be looked after and cared for like children; then the cattle, are His creatures, too; their comfort and well-being is no small charge. I feel that we must answer to Him for each one that He entrusts to us. But work will be easy when 'two are agreed.'"

"How can I help you, dear Robert?"

"Oh, my darling, if I have only your presence I am helped; but I am going to ask more. You will not have household care unless you wish to take it. The guid auld Mammie can do that; but there are a hundred homes where she cannot go, but where you and I will take help and counsel. You will not feel fatigue on the horse I have for you—my superintendent will have him in perfect training; then together we will examine 'the cattle on the thousand hills'; together we will plan their improvement. Can you be interested in the fertility of the old red sandstone belt, and in the working of our new threshing mills, which its richness needs? for I want your help in every department."

"How can we go to Italy if we have so much to do at home?" laughed Ellen.

"I will arrange that; if you work six months, you shall play six."

* * * * *

Swiftly passed the days; many tears from the mother's heart were packed in Nellie's trunks, and only the frequent references to "August, when you will come to us," enabled her to bear this separation. As for Mr. May, having once emancipated himself from the dull routine, he determined never again to fall into such a slough of despond. Life had begun again for him; he had taken the helm with new resolutions, and preferred to steer upon the open sea, rather than run any risk of being stranded on a sand-bar.

The evening before the marriage, Ellen had a long conference with Juno, though she would not admit the thought of its being the last.

"Laws, honey," said the old nurse, "dat Mas'r Kenzie is a rite masserful man; don' you go agin him, honey; jes pull even, pull your own half."

"Suppose he pulls the wrong way," laughed Ellen.

"Taint likely he will; an' you needn't cross a bridge till you come to it anyhow; but if he does go one-sided, an' he may, 'caus 'taint given to all men to see straight, den you ask de Lord to show you de way, an' watever He says to you, do it."

"I will, Juno; I want His help. Do you know I think your telling me the Lord meant me to take care of the baby, helped me more than anything."

"It allers helps to do rite," sententially observed the Christian philosopher.

"Yes; and father respected me more from that time; he told me when he saw me put my 'shoulder to the wheel,' that he believed in me."

"Mas'r May didn't mean to be so awful bad; he couldn't see why my lamb couldn't be happy de way his mar was—it kinder riled him. Den he los' his proud feelin' in hisself; it made him sorter mad all roun'."

"Oh, I cannot bear to think of those dreadful times. Isn't it good to know about Jack? Mr. Mackenzie saw him, and has promised to find him for me."

"Tell him ole Juno neber los' faith in her boy; tell him she'll be a waitin' for him 'fore de Trone ob de hebbenly glory."

The next day was beautiful with soft summer light, and musical with songs of birds and shimmering leaves; all nature paid homage to the coming union of the two hearts.

At last the sun sank behind the hills, and the twilight softened the outlines of the deepening shadows; then the party drove down to the little church, where Robert Mackenzie and Ellen May were made man and wife.

* * * * *

Two weeks passed. The old gate swung heavily on its hinges as the carriage, with its four white horses, approached Glenarchan. Donald drove rapidly through the forest of beeches and firs, for he had orders to reach the grand opening from the woodland, just as the sun was sinking into the Loch. At this season the glassy mirror seemed to take the golden orb to rest beneath its surface, while a long column of glory shone upon it. An opening between the hills gave this effect for only a few days; Robert had planned their arrival on one of them. The carriage stopped at the top of the hill, from which a gentle descent wound among groups of trees and flowers to the house.

"Look, my darling," said the husband; "give one moment to the outside of your home. This is Glenarchan. Its woods, its lawns, its gardens, its brook, its rollicking linn, its peaceful loch, and that great golden pillar, to give a touch of heaven; this is the home of my bonnie bride."

"It is too beautiful, too lovely; my happiness is too great to bear," she answered.

"We can bear anything together," he replied, joyfully; "we can together fulfill our stewardship, while we thank God for our blessing."

On the old porch stood the mother, lovely in her calm old age, lovely in her rejoicing over her children.

"My boy, my boy, blest at last;" then Nellie was pressed to a heart so true, so free, so unselfish, that she knew it as a refuge and a stronghold.

"Come in, my daughter, they are all waiting to speak to you; Robert forbade outside demonstration." Ellen entered and shook hands with the old servants standing in two lines, waiting to

give their greeting to the bride of the young laird. They bowed respectfully as they left, only Malcolm waiting for orders.

"They can do as they like," enigmatically said the Laird, "only no noise." Then they were alone. "Come with me one moment to the library, Nellie, before you take your hat off, I want you to see my superintendent."

The door opened—

"Nellie!"

"Jack! My dear boy; how came *you* here?"

"He spells his name with an *a*, a *y*, and an *M*," laughed her husband.

"Now I know all," exclaimed Ellen; "you are two conspirators"—but the chief conspirator was gone, and the brother and sister were left to tell their happiness to each other.

"I stole your riding-jacket, Nell," said Jack; "did you miss it?"

"Yes; what did you want it for?"

"Why, that fellow Robert—he knows everything—said it fitted perfectly; and he wanted it to send to a French woman to make your dresses by."

"But that was a year ago!"

"Quite a year ago," said her husband, rejoining them; "to reduce my plans to perfection, I was obliged to have time. I had no idea how long a dress-maker wanted to make what Jack calls *traps*; isn't your outfit worthy of my genius?"

There was a good deal of merriment, Jack being in wild spirits; and after supper, entertaining them with a most extraordinary bagpipe performance and Scotch dance. Suddenly the whole sky was illuminated.

"It is a fire!" exclaimed Ellen, as they ran outside to see.

Every hill had its blaze; the whole glen was as bright as day.

"Its the welcome of our people," said Robert Mackenzie; "not for me, but for my winsome lady."

(THE END.)

NANNIE OF THE FORD.

BY ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

He met her in the meadow,

Down 'mid the daisies white,
Plucking the wild red strawberry

That hid in the shadowy light,
Oft had he watched the maiden

As she crossed the village ford,
For she was a rustic lassie,
And he was an English lord.

A grand and stately villa
Over the blue sea's foam,
Among the purple heather,
The English lord calls home.

There were statues and rare old paintings
In that stately home of his,
But never a statue or painting
To compare with face like this,

Like this, upturned to meet him,

So pure, so fair, so bright,
With lips like ripe red strawberries,
And brow like daisies white.

Her bare feet gleamed like marble,

With coming thro' the ford,

But she was a village maiden,

And he was an English lord.

Of all the rare old pictures

That hung upon his wall,

Was none like the broad green meadow

Where slanting moonbeams fall.

Afar the purple mountains,

Like sentinels do stand,

And peace like a benediction

Enviros all the land.

Yet still the noble tarries

Till sunset's slanting ray

Has tipped with red the daisies,

Then turned their gleam to gray.

Until the bells for vespers

Across the waters fall,

And through the woodlands far away

The whip-poor-wills do call.

He watched there in the gloaming,

Till silv'ry moonbeams fell;

And thought of the village maiden,

And knew he loved her well.

He thought of his stately parents

Across the ocean's foam;

Would they love the village maiden?

Bid her welcome to their home?

"Ah!" he thought, "my love can shield her

From all words and feelings cold;

But rather the love of her true heart

Than hoards of yellow gold.

So I'll try and win sweet Nannie,

My fairy of the ford,

"Tho' she's but a village maiden,

While they call me an English lord.

"True, honest toil is no disgrace;

Better a thousand fold

To bravely work for those we love,

Than idle hands to fold."

So he left the daisied meadow;

Went to seek sweet Nannie Gray;

Well he knew the maiden loved him,

And would never say him nay.

And soon to the stately villa,

Over the blue sea's foam,

Went the tidings that banished the English lord

From his stately English home,

His parents were rich and haughty,

And proud of their ancestry;

And they vowed that a village maiden

Their daughter never should be.

So he bought him a little cottage,

Where daisies gleamed so white;

And the robin in the lilacs

Trilled a carol of delight.

And the love of blue-eyed Nannie,

His fairy of the ford,

Was more than crown of richest gems

To the heart of the English lord.

THE NEW HOME.

BY MARIAN GARWOOD.

Well, in order to begin at the beginning, I shall have to begin with Charlie and me. We are one. We are man and wife. We are counterparts—exact opposites—naturally we get along admirably. Charlie always wants to do something that I don't want to do, and then coaxes me over with such irresistible ways, that finally I am completely of his mind. It was just in this way that he bought the place. I liked to board in the summer, and I didn't like to keep house. He took it into his dear stubborn head that he must have "a place out of town!" All the other lawyers had. I must needs be coaxed over, and as usual was finally persuaded.

"Well, then," I proposed, "let us drive over and see the place."

"The place" had formerly been the property of a wealthy family who had never lived on it. It was rather a small farm than a country seat. One son who was fond of aping English ways occasionally spent a few weeks there with some boon companions. He had owned some fine horses in which he took pride, and owing to this, the stables were in order—the only thing in order on the ground. However, that was nothing to Charlie. He was going to buy it on account of its possibilities!

I looked for them. I saw thirty acres of ground without a tree, save a little clump, a sort of copse, about a hundred yards from the house. No more shade than on the desert of Sahara. Imagine living here in July! Charlie said I was far too particular; it was already April, he would give me the balance of the month to have any alterations that I wished made, and we would move in May.

Having had demonstrated to me the possibilities outside, I entered the house to see what their extent might be inside.

It was floored like a barn and ceiled like a smoke-house—the wood-work was of oak, finished with fat oil! "Picture that! It seemed as if the sun which possessed the whole unshaded place, had, in some fierce August, over-heated itself, burned out its brilliance, and settled down into this scorched brownish yellow, for a warning to all new-comers of what it could do.

"Well, Charles," said I, on reaching the porch; "this appears to me an almost hopeless undertaking, and I emphatically will have nothing to do with it, unless you give me my own way, inside the house and for an area of twenty yards around it, without let or hindrance."

"Granted, my love," said the imperturbable fellow. "I wouldn't dare refuse you anything when your eyes snap like that." And then he put his arm around my waist to help me down while James and Thomas stood before us, one at

the horses' heads the other at the carriage-door, as perfectly oblivious as—well—as well-trained servants always are to failings of their masters.

On our way home we talked the matter over, and the result was that the next week saw painters, carpenters, plumbers, etc., diligently working, and me, for an hour of each afternoon, moving among them all. That which distressed me at first, the grand exposure of the place, continued to be my chiefest annoyance, and I determined that if I could not have a cool spot out-of-doors, I would at least have a cool-looking one in the house. To this end, then, I devoted the room that seemed most eligible for the purpose. It was on the ground floor, had a northern and eastern exposure, was about thirty feet long, and twenty wide. It had two windows on the northern end; a mantel and open fire-place on the southern (the chimney ran up here between this and the dining-room), a double door on the west side opening into the main hall, which ran through the middle of the house, and on the other or east side a door and two windows, all opening into the outer air. On this side, about ten feet from the house, I had a wire lattice placed, arched at the top, to reach the house. Two cobeas and two madeira vines, with their rapid growth, soon shielded this side of my room from the sun. Around the northern end was a grass lawn, kept well rolled, running the full extent of my twenty yards. This helped it a little to look cool. In this particular room, I had a white-pine floor laid over the original flooring, and all the oak work well scraped and sanded, bringing to view quite a new surface; then both floor and wood work waxed and polished by hand so that it looked almost like glass. The ceiling was papered with white glazed paper, covered with the faintest blue tracery, and the walls were hung with a pale blue paper figured with loose bunches of flowers and vines in white dusted with mica. They looked for all the world like the pictures Jack Frost draws. A large sea-grass mat was laid in the centre of the room, and a perfect set of bent cane furniture, so light and airy that using it was much like sitting on clouds; better though, for clouds are damp, you know, and there was no dampness on our place—the sun wouldn't allow it. On each of the chairs I hung two or three silver bells; they looked very pretty, hanging in the open designs of the cane. Then, the mantel, a horrid, black affair, with an open fire-place! Doubtless it was delightful in September evenings, but simply dreadful to look upon in July. I feared this would baffle me; but chance, the merry Puck, came to my aid. One day while in town, I saw exhibited in the window of one of our most fashionable mantel stores an article called *bijou* paper, that seemed made for the purpose of carrying out my idea. You may imagine I soon

possessed myself of a package, and had it arranged in my fire-place, where it looked as if some dear, delightful fairy had tumbled a miniature avalanche down my chimney, and transfixed it where it fell; or, better yet, as if a gladsome, capering waterfall, singing of cool and shady glens—alas! so far away—came headlong down my chimney, forming a bed of curling foam, which was there petrified by the spirit of the fall in charity to me. You may fancy it took a vivid imagination to see this; but I assure you when my room was finished one could sit at ease, and, gazing around with the eyes half closed, dream far wilder dreams than this. Above and around this, I placed a hanging of palest, purest, coldest blue Irish poplin. It was long at the sides, in three plaits laid toward the front, and short in the middle in three box-plaits. It was finished by a looped fringe of the warp, the woof having been drawn, and about an inch above the fringe the woof was again drawn, and the warp underlaid with white satin, over which it was wrought into a lace-like pattern, pointed with silver beads. This was made fast to the mantel-board with silver-headed tacks. The tidies were of the same material, finished in the same manner, and, for comfort's sake, were twice as long as they were wide. I would allow no centre table in this room, for I would have nothing to suggest work in the slightest degree. If any one wished to lay anything out of the hand here, the little cane table in the corner was at their service. I almost refused to admit my harp and guitar, as suggestive of exertion, but their blue ribbons saved them.

Between the windows I placed my charming statue of Daphne, so like life, that the blood of the lovely goddess seemed already turning to the cold sap of the leaves springing about her. On a wall bracket was placed an ornament sent me by some Russian friends, met during the Centennial, and which came in as *apropos* as if they were aware of my present undertaking when selecting it. It is a polar bear in silver bronze, captive upon an iceberg of rock-crystal. On a pedestal in one corner stood my aquarium, rather a large name for quite a small affair; a globe of Bohemian glass cut in numerous concave circles, each of an inch and a half diameter, which caused endless glittering reflections, and mounted upon a cone-shaped foot of blue glass; it was an elegant ornament, and the shining silver fish lazily moving about in the sparkling water it contained, accorded perfectly with the general atmosphere of the room. Lace curtains in my windows, soft, gauzy things, run upon silver bars, with little silver rings, which made an icy clicking noise in moving; and back of these rolling shades of blue lawn, subdued the light, and at the same time allowed a clear view of the charitable lattice and vines, which hid the scorching acres on one side, and of the lawn and two conventional beds

of *coleus canna* and *castor bean*, which grew high enough to hide the glaring road on the other. A chandelier of crystal with crystal pendants, that made a sweet tinkling sound like fairy music; this, together with the wee bells on the chairs and hangings, raised faint recollections of the tinnabulations of last winter's sleighbells, faint, 'tis true, but it must be remembered they bridged across some several hot months. We had no gas; and if we had, it should not have invaded this apartment any more than the horrid oil lamps which we did have. So the chandelier was made for candles, the purest and slightly tinted blue. As we must admit lights, this was the best I could do. The little flames these candles made, were 'most as cold as the stars.

On the mantle I have a pair of silver and crystal candleabra, and a vase of glass in the form of three calla-lilies, growing from out a pond of mirror, for cut flowers.

My room is finished. Behold how cool it is—no one enters who does not chatter an instant from the impression. Some of my friends declare, that on coming from an inspection of Charles's acres, where in a scorching sun he has been pointing out their sylvan possibilities, it is like a sight of Polar seas. Of course this gratifies me immensely. One lady, a charming widow, possessing several merry, rosy children, and the place next to ours, admired it particularly. The other evening we called upon her. While we were chatting, her daughter, a pretty blonde of fifteen years, entered, and spoke to her mother in a low voice.

"Certainly, dear," answered Mrs. Burd aloud, and then addressed me.

"Mrs. Wellesly, Nina wishes to show you her room, which mamma and she have been patterning after your fairy spot."

Imagine my astonishment when ushered into an apartment, almost as perfect as my own, the entire outlay upon which had not exceeded a few shillings. The sun was just setting, and the effect of the little lady's furnishing was greatly enhanced by the contrast it formed with the rosy tint without.

The curtains were made of cotton bunting, at five cents a yard, with woven antique lace cat-stitched in between broad hems; the whole lined with blue tarletan; and the effect was almost equal to that produced by my *real* set, imported, as the theatre bills say, at the enormous expense of four hundred dollars. Here and there casts of choicest bits of art, chosen with taste and disposed with judgment, in the subdued light, produced quite as pleasing an impression as did my treasured statuary.

Over her bed was spread a cover that suggested a fall of snow more nearly than anything else I could think of. And this lovely child informed me that she had made it herself.

"Grandma taught me how. It is the easiest thing in the world; its only a sheet tufted with darning cotton."

On a little bracket, which she had silvered over, stood a curiously twisted glass vase.

"A cheap thing," she informed me. "Bridget gave it to me on my birthday," and in it a twig of snow-drop, wax—of her own make—and I, who had a green house in town, was so completely deceived by it, that I cried, "Where did you get snow-drops in July?"

The child had made a chandelier out of an old iron hoop (belonging to her brother), and some wire. The frame, when finished, was a marvel of ingenuity. She covered it with crystalized alum; and behold! sparkling branches, twigs and vines, all apparently frosted in a November's sleet, twining themselves into a support for this maiden's candles. It was suspended from the ceiling in front of her dressing table, by a blue cord; and where the candles were to be placed, it was supplied with crystal drips. Between the curtains hung a hanging basket, made of large white and silver glass beads, the crystal dish within brimming over with a luxurious ice-plant, whose little, round pulpy leaves, of the coolest gray green, probably convey as extreme an idea of coolness as any specimen in vegetation.

The dressing table of the little lady was well suited to the rest of the furnishing; more bunting, more tarlatan, and the dearest little fairy blue bows.

"Where did you get this perfect thing?" I cried in unfeigned admiration. "It is fit for Queen Mab herself."

"Oh!" laughed she. "I made it. I don't believe I could have done it alone; but there was one in 'Godey' two or three months ago, and I went a good deal by that."

The walls had been papered with ugly old paper, she said; so she got her brother to help her, and together they scraped it off. Then Susan, the cook, white-washed it for her with blue white-wash, in which she put some size, to prevent its rubbing off. Against this background, shone numerous little contrivances of silver paper; a *savoir*, a hair-pin holder, a sniff-good, and a scratch-my-back, attracting my attention; and just back of this last, a match holder, that certainly betrayed the genius of adaptation. It was a little wooden platter, worth about two cents, with two clay pipes, crossed and made fast upon its face. The whole was silvered and painted with forget-me-nots; a blue ribbon bow where the pipes were crossed, and a loop to suspend it, completed the whole. The bowl of one pipe served for good matches, the other for burned ones. Wasn't it neat?

Before we had quite viewed the whole, the shadows gathered, and Nina lighted up her chandelier. Then a ringing metallic trill, followed by

a gushing warbling from the throat of her pale canary, swinging in his silver cage, completed the picture.

I cannot tell you, reader, how happy it made me to see the bright, interesting child beside me, so justly pleased with her work; and to know that I had awakened the thought within her, which had flourished and borne such beautiful fruit.

I do not think she will ever say "I can't," while she holds idle hands. May I hope her example will lead some reader to discover latent powers—to make "old things quite as good as new."

WINDS AND ROSES.

BY ESTELLE THOMSON.

The winds and roses quarrelled;

The winds blew from the west,

And scattered far the rose-leaves

Upon the earth's green breast.

'Twas all about a rosebud

Enrolled in mossy green;

The winds, like jealous lovers,

Disdained the emerald screen.

They held a sportive revel

Among the leaves and flowers,

They blew in wild confusion,

And whirled the leaves in showers.

The roses blushed and trembled,

And drooping hung each head;

The morning found them scattered,

Their bloom and beauty fled.

But through the green moss-cover

The rosebud still was seen,

Its fair cheek turned to crimson,

That glowed beneath the green.

The winds had kissed it boldly,

The sun with red had dyed

The delicate young leaflets

That were rosebush's pride.

And that is why the rosebud

With deepened color glows,

While faintly tinged and creamy

Unrolls the opening rose.

Don't worry your children by too constant interferences in their pleasures. They require freedom to a certain extent. Try a little judicious letting alone. The danger is often in your own nervous fancies; the little quarrel will blow over like a summer cloud; the chickens will be chased, but not killed; puss and the dog can take care of themselves; the swing won't break the sooner for not being watched; the tide won't come in with a sudden rush because you are not there to scream warning every ten minutes; a little fall from the tree or rock will teach your boy caution more surely than forty lectures. Let them learn wisdom for themselves.

TWO LOVE STORIES.

BY S. ANNIE SHEILDS.

There had been a long silence in the room Archibald Hamlyn and his brother Cyrus occupied, in one of the most stylish boarding houses in New York. Archie, lying upon a sofa, was smoking lazily and meditatively, apparently absorbed in the contemplation of a very handsome pair of boots, upon aristocratically proportioned feet, at the extremity of his sofa—a handsome man, five and twenty, but with a frank, boyish face, just now rather marred by knitted brows and sombre eyes.

Cyrus, three years older, graver, manlier in many small ways, more striking-looking, being taller and with greater breadth of chest, was sitting in an arm chair. He was not lounging, but rather more erect than usual, and brooding over an open letter.

Suddenly he drew himself together, as it were, and said:

"Archie! Read this!"

"Superfluous," drawled Archie. "If it's from Winchester, I have a duplicate in my pocket."

"And said nothing to me?" said Cyrus, half reproachfully.

"I saw your's going up stairs while I stopped to speak to Mrs. Hollis in the hall. Pleasant, isn't it?"

"Would an earthquake move you?" cried Cyrus, almost impatiently. "Do you understand what Winchester's letters mean?"

"Perfectly! We have each lost a hundred thousand dollars since yesterday."

"We are beggars!"

"Don't draw it too strong, you know, Cy. There are the bonds."

"A miserable six hundred a year apiece!"

"Still we are not absolute paupers! But I feel like the hero of a three-volume novel! What are we to do about the houses?"

"Contracts are not signed."

"True! I am afraid we cannot take our brides to Murray Hill!"

"Brides! It will be a long time before we take brides anywhere."

"I don't think Kate will throw me over!" said Archie, reflectively.

"But, Archie—no honorable man would hold a woman to an engagement after such a change as this."

"I'll not hold her if she wishes to be free. But," and Archie sprang to his feet and drew up his slight, graceful figure, "if she will be my wife, she shall not suffer for her love. God helping me, I'll win fortune yet to lay at my bonny Kate's feet."

"But win it first, Archie. Don't burden yourself with a wife while you toil up the ladder."

"You will not?"

"I will not! I will tell Myra frankly of my loss. If she will wait for me, no man ever worked harder than I will work for her. But she shall be free until I can offer her again the fortune I have just lost!"

Something of a shadow fell upon Archie's face, that had been lighted by his resolution and bravery of purpose.

"You may be right," he said, slowly. "It may be a coward's trick to bind a woman down to the life I must lead now." And yet!—I will ask Kate. She shall decide!"

"I must go out, too," Cyrus said; "but I will not see Myra until evening. I am going now to see Winchester. No," he said, answering an eager look upon his brother's face. "I have no hope! The letter is explicit; the money is gone. But you may remember Winchester has regretted many a time that I was too rich a man to be his partner, and share the drudgery of his business. I am going to see how much of that was blarney."

"I suppose my profession is lost," sighed Archie. "I cannot afford now to wait for practice. I shall ask Uncle Ward to give me something to do."

"Archie! You can never stand it!"

"Can't I? I believe you think I am my mother's baby yet, old man."

There was a mist in his eyes as he said the words, for well had Cyrus kept the vow he had made ten years before at his mother's deathbed; to be father and mother, too, to the bright, loving boy, over whom the mother's heart yearned.

"You will be good to my baby, Cyrus," she whispered, stroking the curly head upon the pillow beside her, where poor Archie sobbed out his grief.

"I know you are not much older, dear, but you have more strength of character, more steadiness. You will take care of Archie?"

"God deal with me as I am true to him," was the solemn answer; and never had Cyrus Hamlyn cause to regret the vow he made.

Only three years older, he was so much graver, seemed so much more a man, that Archie had submitted willingly to his guidance; and together they had passed from boyhood to manhood; sharing one room, studying, one law, the other medicine, but meeting ever after college hours to pore over their books in the same study. No recreation was perfect unless they shared it; and when Cyrus lost his heart to stately Myra Campbell, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that pretty Kate Woolcot, Myra's cousin, and Archie, should confess to a mutual love at almost the same hour.

Mr. Campbell, Myra's father, was not a wealthy man, but he had a handsome salary, a good position, and his family enjoyed every advantage of culture and refinement; his orphan niece, Katie Woolcot, sharing in every study and

pursuit of his daughter's. It was a pleasant, refined home circle, and the Hamlyn's had been made cordially welcome there; while their matrimonial hopes were received in good part.

It would not be fair to state that the fact of their possessing handsome fortunes was without any influence; but yet, both felt when their money was suddenly snatched away, a certain conviction that their love need not go too.

It would be useless to enter upon an explanation of the misfortune that led to such a sudden and overwhelming loss. It is sufficient here to say, that it was both unexpected and irretrievable. The money was gone, and there was no hope of its restoration. All that remained to Cyrus and Archie, was the interest upon some government bonds, their mother's legacy, which would give them each six hundred dollars a year.

To Cyrus, saving his way, with head erect and firm step, to Mr. Winchester's office, it seemed positive pauperism, this six hundred a year. He had thought to give Myra a home in a handsome house, to clothe her in costly raiment, to make life a soft, sweet luxury to her. It seemed to him simply impossible to ask her to share a life of humble means, of privation, of struggle to win fortune's favor, once more. But if she was willing to wait, Cyrus knew that there was no sacrifice too great, no deprivation too severe, for him to bear for her sake. He would work, save, starve, until his hoard was a sufficient offering to lay at Myra's feet! He loved his profession; and he knew that, as Mr. Winchester's partner, his opportunities to spring at once into a lucrative business were very great. And the white-haired old man who had loved his father would, he thought, gladly extend a helping hand to the son.

But Archie, hurrying on in a sort of headlong haste, very different from his brother's stately tread, did not so dream. His uncle, Frank Ward, was a wholesale grocer, and Archie's soul did not yearn over sugar and molasses. He had thrown himself enthusiastically into the study of medicine; plunging in his impetuous way into every new avenue opened to the student; figuring out all sorts of theories; testing drugs upon his own person until his brother's hair rose in horror. Knowing that the attainment of a practice was the work of laborious years, he had put out a shingle on the shutter of his boarding house, hired the back parlor for an office "in case a patient should come," and then thrown himself into a dispensary practice, regardless of expense.

It would be a vain labor to attempt to describe the effect of his sunny face, cordial voice, and open-handed generosity in the poor homes where he brought his medical skill. Not in hurried words, not in careless indifference, did he perform his task of healing.

Grimy men, tortured with rheumatism, suffering from over-strained muscles, or even prostrated by the after-effect of poisonous drink, ceased to growl when the doctor's cheery "Good morning" was heard. Suffering women wondered if his bright, bonnie face, full of encouragement and sympathy, did not help them back to the strength to lift their burdens as much as his medicines.

Children, dirty of face, smutty of finger and ragged in clothing, climbed fearlessly upon his knees, or thrust fevered hands confidingly into his cool clasp, trusting as children trust only those who love them.

To give this all up, revolting as were many of the details, was a heart-wrench to Archie, bitter and painful to bear. But his paying practice was about enough for car fares!

So he shut his teeth hard; resolved to give his visiting list to some "other fellow" who wanted gratuitous practice for the opportunity to study; and wondered how long it would be before his services would be "worth anything" to his uncle.

And Katie, saucy, pretty, brown-eyed Katie! Would she rejoice that he no longer exposed his precious life in small-pox districts, or typhus-tainted alleys? Would she smile as brightly upon the grocer's clerk as upon the young doctor who could afford to wait for practice?

He would test that first! Perhaps his uncle would decline the services of such a useless clerk as Archie feared he would be for a long time! Well, the world was wide, and there must be a place somewhere for "just such a fellow as I am," concluded Archie, as he pulled the bell at Mr. Campbell's.

Katie, in the daintiest of morning dresses, very wide-eyed at a call at such an unusual hour, came into the drawing-room. In one moment she was anxiously asking:

"Oh, Archie; what is it?"

"Is my face such a traitor?" he asked, with a little nervous laugh. "I meant to break it gradually, as they say in novels, and you have routed my advance-guard with one fell swoop."

"But what is it, Archie?"

Then he told her. She drew one long, deep breath of relief.

"Only money!" she said.

"Isn't that enough?"

"Yes; but it might have been so much worse. What are you going to do?"

Her face did fall as Archie unfolded his plans. It grew longer and longer, until he thought, "H'm! the grocer's clerk is too much for her;" and then lashed himself remorsefully, when she said, her brown eyes misty, her lip quivering:

"But Archie, you love your profession so dearly. Couldn't we live on six hundred a year, until——"

And here her lips were closed by the pressure of a pair under a brown mustache, and she found herself folded close, close in tender, loving arms, while Archie fairly sobbed:—"My darling! My brave, true darling! You would be willing, Katie, to marry me soon; to help me win fortune again?"

"You know I would!" she said, never seeing in her frank innocence of heart how this proposal had come from herself. "We will have a flat, Archie! Won't it be fun? And uncle has given me such piles and piles of clothes, that I shan't want a new thing—oh, for years!"

So they planned it all out. The wedding day was to have been in two months. Well, there should be no delay, only instead of a grand house on Murray Hill, Archie was to look for a flat "somewhere;" and, instead of waiting for practice, Katie reluctantly consented to an interview with Uncle Frank Ward.

Was it wonderful that the young man carried a bright face, a strong heart, to that interview, and so won the confidence of the cranky old bachelor that he agreed to give him a stool and a desk in his counting-house, with a fair salary "to begin with."

"I am afraid you will find the work distasteful, Archibald," the old man said, looking at his handsome young relative's dress, which, never loud or foppish, was yet the perfection of gentlemanly finish.

"That may be, Uncle Frank," was the quiet reply; "but never fear, I will do it!"

And while this conversation was going on, impulsive, warm-hearted Katie was communicating to Myra the sudden downfall of their dreams of Murray Hill houses, opera boxes, and diamonds.

"And he expects you to be married in December, just the same?" asked Myra, amazed.

"Well, I don't know that he expected it exactly, until we talked it all over," said Katie; "but we are quite agreed now that it is useless to wait for riches before we begin housekeeping. I'm not afraid, Myra; Archie will take care of me; and think how much I can save him, fixing up his neckties, and mending his stockings, and—and—oh, I know I can help."

"Surely you can," Myra said, kissing her, and resolving that she, too, would stand beside her lover in his trouble, and help him in the struggle before him.

But Myra was not like Katie. The words in her heart would not bubble up to her lips, and be spoken fearlessly and frankly. They had to be thought over, weighed, considered, before she could utter them. Noble thoughts they were, most of them, giving token of deeper reading, more culture, higher paths of study, than Katie ever attempted. They were purely womanly, too, in unselfish devotion, and would have gladdened Cyrus Hamlyn's heart, had those she

pondered over all that long day ever been spoken.

But they remained sealed in her heart. Cyrus gave her no chance to utter them. He told her he had secured the partnership with Mr. Winchester, and spoke hopefully of a future of happiness and fortune; but, while he gladly, gratefully accepted her promise to wait for him, he said nothing of that marriage that was to have been in December.

"I will not hold you bound one hour after you wish to be free," he said; "but if you will wait for me, my queen, my love, I will yet bring you back what I have lost. Never man worked for fortune as I will work for yours, Myra. We will have the house on Murray Hill yet, my own love!"

And Myra, maidenly in her love, could not ask him to reconsider what he had finally settled, and let her be his wife in poverty, as she would have been in prosperity.

She would wait. And perhaps it would be better so. He could work with more freedom of hand and heart, perhaps, if he was not burdened at the outset with family cares. Yet, her heart questioned whether these would be a burden, when Katie was married.

Never was seen a merrier home-coming. The "flat" had four rooms, the most elaborate of pantries, the perfection of coal-boxes; everything that could be desired, if Katie was to be believed. The carpets were ingrain, the curtains Holland shades, the furniture, cottage. Uncle Frank Ward's wedding present consisted of a cooking stove and groceries enough to start a hotel, part of which he considerably allowed to remain in the store for "Archie to take home as they were needed." There were lots of presents, for Katie was dearly loved, and the rooms were made attractive with bric-a-brac, and bright with growing flowers and canary birds.

There was a wedding trip, of only two weeks, and Myra made the home ready, shedding some tears over her work, and wondering, a little drearily, if she would be old and gray before that Murray Hill house opened its doors to receive her.

"I would have shared my love's hard life as cheerfully as Katie will," she thought; "but he will not have it so. I could not ask him, and be refused! I could not!"

And she could not. Sensitive and proud, shutting in her heart the sore pain Cyrus had caused by his resolve to fight his life-battle alone, she knew that the first glad joy of her love was over forever. Cyrus had not doubted her, and it was in all love that he would take her to no home less luxurious than the one she would leave; but they were not bound together by that holy bond of mutual self-sacrifice that Archie and Katie had resolved to share.

Mutual self-sacrifice they soon found was no mere play of words, but a living reality of their lives. It was hard for Archie to bind himself to a stool in a counting-house, and the daily drudgery of clerk in a large, prosperous business. At first he could only keep his mind to his work by strenuous effort, entering hogsheds of molasses and boxes of cheese, with the dollars and cents thereunto appertaining, till he would wake with a start to find his pen idle, while he had been wondering if Randall would know the precise moment when the operation should be performed upon Mr. Murphy O'Brien's shoulder; or, had succeeded in tracing the exact cause of little Dennis Sullivan's complicated disease.

And Katie, after a day spent in her kitchen and dining-room, superintending the labors of her one domestic, would sigh a little when Archie, after dinner, took down a formidable-looking volume, and plunged into "cancers and all sorts of horrid things," as she expressed it, in her half indignant, half laughing protests.

"It is too bad," Archie would say, in keen self-reproach; "but you see, Katie, those fellows at the University have been experimenting upon—" and then would follow a long string of terms utterly bewildering to poor Katie, who would listen, however, and strive to comprehend, her loyal heart sore to think such a splendid doctor as she was sure Archie would have been, was lost to the world in a grocer's counting-house.

Sometimes she timidly suggested taking a few music scholars, and so allowing Archie to desert Uncle Ward; but Archie indignantly demanded if she thought he was the "sort of fellow to let his wife support herself," and she dropped the subject.

In just one year there was a new interest in the flat. Baby Cyrus came! Who may describe the raptures of Katie, the pride of Archie, the congratulations of everybody interested. For, be it understood, there never was such a baby! He cooed as never baby cooed before! He had Archie's crown of curls, and Katie's big brown eyes. Strong of limb and lung, he was what his nurse termed a "stirring child," keeping the flat lively.

Myra worshiped him. Katie thought that was because they called him Cyrus, but did not speculate much about it, because, as she wisely remarked, "Nobody could help loving that baby."

Archie quite agreed with her, and thought it the most delightful accompaniment to his medical studies, to hear Katie crooning over her baby in the long evening hours.

Long before that time Katie had become an intelligent sympathizer in his studies. She had mastered the terms he used with the ease of perfect familiarity, so as to comprehend what he was trying to study; and often by really intelligent

and interested inquiry led him on and on, until he found a long-sought clue, and a triumphant proof of a favorite theory. He could enter into every new avenue opened to the medical student, in his few hours of leisure; and if he still fretted for practice, he was contributing valuable papers to the medical literature of the day.

Sometimes he wondered how Katie used up so much money; but he trusted her utterly, and, having no practical knowledge of housekeeping, concluded that vegetables and meat must cost more than he had imagined. He wore contentedly suits he would have regarded with horror in his bachelor days; ate warmed-up mutton, and thought Katie as pretty in a chintz costume as a silk one. Every hour of his life was sweetened by love. To go home to dinner, meant an hour with Katie's smiles to warm his heart, and baby's last feats of kicking or grasping to keep alive his paternal pride. Sometimes there was a ride, a walk, or even a concert, for Katie was too wise to let her "Jack" have "all work and no play;" but these mild dissipations only resulted in the conclusion that "home was the best place after all!"

And that deceitful Katie was hoarding like a miser! She brought down the house expenses to the lowest point consistent with Archie's comfort; of her own, she was scornfully oblivious. She ate boiled rice for luncheon; though she made Archie's dinner and breakfast a study. She made over her old dresses; she wore house wrappers that were faded and worn, though she always "dressed up" just before Archie came home. If only she could save enough for Archie to try to start a practice, she would be the happiest woman in New York. Every dollar saved became to her a sacred trust toward the end she kept faithfully, though secretly, in view.

"I do not burden you?" she said to him wistfully, when a blue-eyed girl put Baby Cyrus' nose out of joint.

"Burden me!" he cried, in such amazement that she burst into a little rippling laugh of utter joyousness. "Katie, you are the sunshine, the blessing of my life! With you and the baby, I defy fortune to do its worst!"

"I do help you, then?"

"Never doubt that," he answered, earnestly; "not for all the wealth Cyrus hopes to gain, would I lead his life. Understand me! It is not because he is depriving himself almost of comfort—for your sake, I would sleep in an attic and live on a crust; but because he is missing all that makes life's happiness, to gain a splendid home for Myra. He will not ask the woman he loves to share his poverty. Katie, my Katie, are you sorry for taking my cares and troubles for your own, three years ago? Do you regret our marriage, Katie?"

The soft, brown eyes met his own, full of the

tenderest wife-love; then the little white hands dropped upon the wee baby, and curly-headed Cyrus nestling in his father's arms.

"How can I have one regret?" Katie asked. "Can any wealth buy our treasures, Archie? Can any money fill our lives as love fills them? My own love; if you had not let me help you, I think I should have died!"

But Myra could have told her that such regret, bitter as it is, does not kill. As the years passed by her, she grew harder, in a gentle, dignified way; lonely, with a strange aching void at her heart. Cyrus never wavered in his allegiance. He gave her the first, best love of his heart; and in his eyes she was peerless in beauty, in gentle womanly dignity. He was proud of that stately beauty that could win so much of admiration and respect, and yet never stoop to coquetry. Myra was as true to him, as much set apart in her own heart from maidens to be won, as if they were already married; and yet, she felt bitterly, there was none of the sweet sympathy between them that made the perpetual sunshine of Archie's and Katie's lives.

Was he worn and weary, too tired with the day's toil to talk?—he sent her a loving little note telling her he was not "good company" for any one; and paced up and down his small, bare room, pondering upon the intricacies of some puzzling "case," or trying to walk away the aching of the over-taxed brain. Money he hoarded carefully, dressing plainly, living parsimoniously, every dollar carefully invested to swell the sum that was to make Myra one day a rich man's wife.

He starved his heart; but his brain knew no rest. Mr. Winchester was never tired of congratulating himself upon that turn of Fortune's wheel that gave him his partner. No business was too complicated, no work too hard, for Cyrus Hamlyn, if it paid well—if he could put a handsome sum to the carefully secured savings of his toil. But he scrutinized that closely. He knew to a sixpence what was the value of his time and his already recognized talent; and for not one dollar less would he give an hour. Every movement was the result of close calculation of dollars and cents; and every expense was as nicely balanced as if he was compelled to live upon the narrow income he allowed for personal expenditure.

Archie saw the change most clearly. No one knew better than Archie what a broad, generous nature was being banded and confined, against its better promptings. Archie spoke sometimes, hesitatingly—for the old feeling between them of protection on one hand, and respect on the other, never wholly died out; but when Cyrus spoke of Myra, Archie was silenced. How could he argue against that noble self-sacrifice that would spare Myra every deprivation, and stand

alone in poverty and toil; only to ask her to come to share luxury and ease, when the toil was over?

"We look at things differently," Cyrus said. "It would kill me to see Myra cramped up on a flat, with ingrain carpets wearing out, and babies dragging her down. Katie looks older to-day than Myra, and she is nearly five years younger." But Archie could not think Katie any less lovely for the mother-care in her soft brown eyes, or the roughness of her dainty white hands. If his heart smote him sometimes for taking her too soon from girlhood's pleasures, one look into her eyes drove away the remorse. She was happier than Myra, even if the first freshness of her beauty was gone, forever.

For Myra's eyes, radiant, beautiful, full of intellectual fire, had yet in their glorious depths a yearning sadness that few saw save Archie and Katie. When they looked into the eyes of Cyrus, they were love-lighted, tender and soft. To the world they were a little defiant, as if challenging any question of her happiness. But when she brooded over Katie's babies, when she shared the quiet luncheons or dinners of Archie's little household, there was no veil of reserve, no glamour of love-light in her eyes—only a yearning, wistful, sadness.

She studied hard in those years of waiting, burying her grief in her books; conquering languages and searching into fields of science ew women care to explore. She sought society; and being an accomplished musician, able to converse, and converse well, in two or three languages besides her own, possessing a manner at once gracious and dignified, society petted her, and consoled her heavy heart somewhat by its flatteries and adulation. She accepted invitations from her many friends, passing summers at Saratoga and Mount Desert, or wherever the tide of fashion set; winters in Washington or New Orleans; always fêted, always carrying her sore, troubled heart, under a pleasant, smiling face. More than one heart and fortune was laid at her feet; but she never wavered in her love, writing long letters to Cyrus full of her life and experiences, but reticent of her inner self, her heart-struggles.

In six years of such waiting, who can wonder if these hearts drifted imperceptibly apart; not loving less, perhaps, but losing much of that sympathy that had first drawn them together. And in those same six years, Archie and Katie, taking life's joys and sorrows in loving companionship, yet felt every one added something to the fullness of their love. Together they "bowed under the rod" when God took their noble boy Cyrus, their first-born, out of their loving care into the perfect life beyond the grave. Three children still lived; Katie, Frank and baby Myra, when once again fortune's wheel turned for them.

Frank Ward, the bachelor uncle, died, and by his will Cyrus and Archibald Hamlyn became joint heirs to about half a million dollars. In a letter written before his death, the old man gave Archie full permission to sell the business and resume his profession.

"I know your heart is there," he wrote, "and I have tried to release you and give you the means to wait for practice. But I could not summon courage to send you away. There were plenty of clerks to be had, but you thrust yourself into my heart, and I could not get you out. I loved you. It was the one pleasure of my life to hear your cheery voice, and see your sunny face in my gloomy old counting house; and I could not deny myself that pleasure. But you need no longer drudge over ledgers and invoices. May your skill in your profession comfort and gladden others, as your gentle courtesy and kindness to an old man have often comforted me."

"Murray Hill!" Archie cried, as the brothers met after the funeral, and had heard their uncle's will.

"At last!" Cyrus answered, with a heavy sigh. "After all, my savings and hard work have not given me my wife and home. That I owe to Uncle Ward."

And Archie, answering nothing, thought:

"And I owe mine to Katie's love." For wife and home were his; though Murray Hill had remained forever a castle in the air.

Will it be believed that Katie's first sensation was of disappointment. Her grieved face was at first supposed by Archie, to be a tribute to his uncle's memory; but presently he asked:

"What is it, Katie?"

Then she told him of her hope in the years of economy; of the hoard in the Savings Bank, so pitifully small, compared with this legacy of Frank Ward's. Shyly, half crying, she took out her bank book and gave it to him.

"It seems so little now," she said.

"It will never seem so to me," he said. "It is more, far more than the fortune I inherit; and which comes to me with none of the tender associations of this money. Oh, my Katie; how you must have saved and studied to give me this precious little book! You shall have a diamond for every tear shed over it."

"They will be few, then," she said, merrily. "I did not cry, I assure you, when I could take fifty dollars to the bank. I kept the pennies till I had that sum; and when it was mine, took it to deposit for you. But oh, Archie! Archie! shan't I be a proud, glad woman when I see your sign, 'Dr. Archibald Hamlyn,' upon our window. It must be the old sign, Archie, which I have saved all these years."

Such a flitting as followed this wonderful legacy. Myra and Katie took a true feminine delight in the shopping that was necessary to fur-

nish those houses on Murray Hill. But while Myra aimed at artistic effects, at harmonious combinations of color, at the latest elegancies of upholstery, Katie threw her whole soul into Archie's office, Archie's study, Archie's comfort, with scarcely less devotion to Katie's play-house, Frank's sanctum, and baby Myra's nursery.

"They shall have plenty of room," she declared, "to make doll-houses, to play carpenter, to store their books and toys! We have been a little cramped, you know, Myra, in our home nest!"

And Myra, who seemed to have buried her enthusiasm for babies in the grave of Katie's first-born, only wondered a little at the long discussions of Archie and his wife over rocking-horses, dolls, tool-chests and cribs; and turned to Cyrus for his opinion of the proper oil paintings to be selected for the morning rooms, the library, the various guest-rooms already furnished in the new home.

There was a grand wedding at Mr. Campbell's, when Myra became the bride of Cyrus Hamlyn. Two of her younger sisters were already married, but theirs had been quiet ceremonies compared to this one. Great bells and baskets of choice exotics perfumed the air; the music of a band floated softly from behind a floral screen; the bride's dress was an inspiration of Worth's, and certainly there is seldom a handsomer couple seen than were Cyrus and Myra.

And yet, when Archie looked in Katie's face, as he looked ever for sympathy with his inmost thoughts, they both sighed, and their smile was more sad than glad.

It was on Myra's wedding-day that Archie and Katie took possession of their aristocratic home; where Dr. Hamlyn's sign was already upon the window. They were standing in the play room, where the nurse was holding baby Myra upon Frank's new rocking-horse; and the two older children shouted with pleasure at the performance. Archie drew Katie to a window, and took a box from his pocket.

"Did you wonder what I did with your savings?" he asked.

"I never thought of them again."

"But I did! See, darling," and he opened a case disclosing a glittering diamond cross; "not one dollar more or less has been given for this than the dollars you saved for me. Will you wear it for my love's sake? and when I see it, I will remember anew all the happiness you gave me during the time of waiting for Fortune to smile upon us."

And Cyrus, at the same hour, wrote to Myra:

"*My Heart's Love* :—I have invested the savings of the last six years in the set of diamonds accompanying this note. I add nothing of my uncle's money, for I think you will value more the gift purchased with money, every dollar of

which was saved for your sake; and with the hope of one day adding to your happiness."

It was a grand house where Cyrus and Myra Hamlyn "received" every Thursday. Celebrities from all parts of the world were honored by invitations, and society smiled upon the hospitable couple. There was love there—love that had stood the test of a six years' engagement; and yet there was lacking some element of happiness.

Cyrus could not quite resign the fame that he had won as a talented lawyer, and gradually became as much absorbed as ever in his legal duties, while Myra had been too long the centre of a circle in society to resign its adulations and triumphs. There was no sympathy between them. Law was not one of the studies that had absorbed Mrs. Hamlyn's attention, and Mr. Hamlyn had led the life of a recluse too long to enjoy society. They were a model couple, always courteous and considerate of each other, but there was a gap of six years between their hearts that would never close.

But in that other house on Murray Hill there was perfect content. Gradually, for the world takes a new physician very cautiously by the hand, and patients come in but slowly to unknown offices, but gradually Dr. Archibald Hamlyn began to be spoken of as a doctor whose successes were founded upon such skill and devotion to his profession as commanded respect even from older physicians. He had an immense gratuitous list; and where he needed womanly help or charity, Katie followed closely in his footsteps. In every phase of his career he could turn to her. When he was weary, she rested him; when he needed cheering, she was his comforter. Into his inner life she had the free entrance of perfect love and trust; and wherever Dr. Hamlyn was known as a generous physician, who gave time and skill freely, Katie's name was also a household word, as an angel of comfort and charity.

There was love in both hearts when Cyrus and Archibald Hamlyn entered upon their race for fortune; but there was truth in the words Myra spoke after five years of married life, as she opened her heart once to Katie:—"Ah, Katie," she sighed, "Cyrus should have trusted me as Archie trusted you. If we had borne our burdens together, we should never have drifted so far apart!"

EVERY duty brings on peculiar delight, every denial its appropriate compensation, every thought its recompense, every love its elysium, every cross its crown; pay goes with performance, as effect with cause. Meanness overreaches itself; vice vitiates whoever indulges in it; the wicked wrong their own souls; generosity greatens; virtue exalts, charity transfigures, and holiness is the essence of angelhood. God does not require us to live on credit; He pays us what we earn as we earn it, good or evil, heaven or hell, according to our choice.

VOL. CI.—6.

FUN FOR THE FIRESIDE.

A HELP TO MOTHERS.

Playing with Science.—No. 19.

JESSIE E. RINGWALT.

The attention of a child can be readily attracted to the fact that the objects around him possess the quality of weight. This item of knowledge has been made familiar by experience, even in infancy. He has learned to know that the toy which is unsupported will fall to the ground, and that a greater exertion of strength is required in lifting his father's chair than in raising his own little stool. The first firm grasp of these ideas is, however, obtained in the effort to put such facts and impressions into words, and to group them into their fixed relations to the other positive facts of the physical world. The steam from the boiling-kettle has been observed to fly upwards, like the toy kite, or a dead leaf blown from a tree, while the water poured from the same kettle falls downwards with considerable force and weight. All this is knowledge gathered without conscious effort, but is not really held as a useful possession until it can be clearly expressed in words, and so apprehended that the unshaped and vague impression has been solidified into thought.

The effect of the shape of an object may next be examined—thus, anything with a broad base or bottom stands more securely than one with a narrow base. A book lies on its side securely; but is easily tipped over when standing upon its end. A hoop also rests quietly upon its side, but falls readily when balanced upon its rim or edge. The wash-tub will sit securely, and bear considerable pushing when in its correct position, while it will roll away like the hoop if placed upon its side; while a stick that rests motionless while lying length-wise on the ground, falls instantly when set up on end.

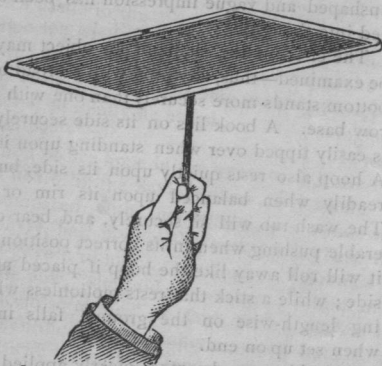
This idea can be most clearly applied to the child's own consciousness by explaining the fact, that in walking and standing his own feet act as the base to his body. If held slightly apart they furnish a firm and sufficiently broad support, but if he places his heels close together, and points his toes outwards until the feet are in a right line, the base will become so narrow that it is almost impossible to stand upright, and he will be apt to fall either forwards or backwards. If on the contrary, the feet are placed close together, toes to toes, and heel to heel, the base is changed in direction, and he will probably fall sideways for want of due support.

The observation of such facts will naturally develop in the child the idea of balance, and it can be demonstrated that the stick, which seems heavy when held by its end in the extended arm,

will seem to grow much lighter when the grasp is shifted to the middle. A book, also, can be held with much more ease when grasped at the middle of the side than if held by the end; while it will be supported with difficulty when caught merely by one corner.

From such a system of observations it may be deduced that there is one invariable rule governing the support of all bodies, and that this is necessarily one of the principal laws of matter. This rule may be plainly stated to be that every object has a centre of weight, and that when this point is supported the object will remain in its position, but when this point is not supported it will fall. As a very familiar illustration, it may be shown that a book, lying securely upon the top of a table, may be shoved gradually over the edge, observing that it will still remain upon the table until one half of the bulk extends beyond the support, when it will immediately fall. In this case, the centre of weight—called in science the centre of gravity—is at the middle of the bulk of the book. This can be also very prettily exhibited with a slate, which can be made to rest upon the end of a pencil, if the centre of gravity, or the balancing point, is supported by it. This experiment is shown in Figure 1.

Fig. 1.

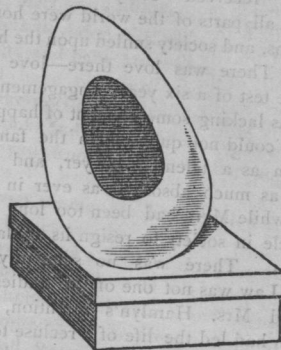


In the case both of the book and slate, the centre of gravity will be found to be also the centre, or middle of the bulk, because both these objects are carefully manufactured in a regular form; but in objects of irregular shape and weight this will not occur. For instance, in the common sweeping broom, the centre of gravity will be found to be near the heavier or broom end of the stick, and in balancing it over the back of a chair it will be found necessary to shift the point of support towards the end nearest the broom.

The often-tried experiment of making an egg stand upon its end can be performed by a trick regulated by this rule of science. In Figure 2, the egg is shown as it usually rests, uncertainly vibrating upon its end, because the centre of gravity, which is within the yolk, is insufficiently supported. To correct this difficulty, it is nec-

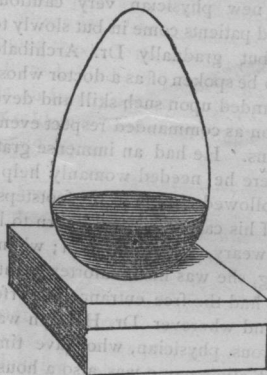
essary to shake the egg with such violence as to break the yolk; this substance will then descend

Fig. 2.



into the end of the egg, making it heavier and carrying the centre of gravity down to a point which is so supported that the egg will stand upright, as in Figure 3.

Fig. 3.



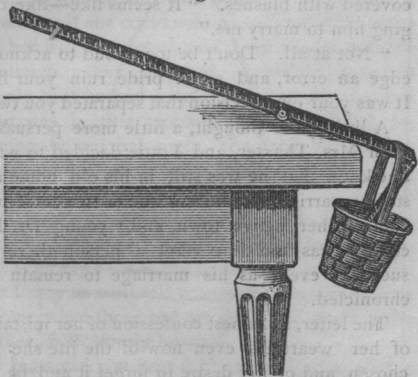
As another experiment, a book, or still better a block of wood, may be shoved over the edge of a table until the centre of gravity can be determined: this point may then be marked. Replace the block upon the table, and place some additional weight upon the end nearest the centre of the table; by pushing the block again over the edge, it will be found that it will remain in place upon the table when more than half of the block protrudes beyond the support. This alteration occurs because the additional weight has changed the centre of gravity from the middle of the block to a point nearer the heavy end, and while this point is supported the block will maintain its position. If, on the contrary, a weight be added to the protruded end of the block, more than half of it must be allowed to remain on the table, for in this case the centre of gravity will again be moved towards the added weight, and the larger portion of the block will be necessary to balance it.

The illustrations of this law are abundant and familiar. For instance, when two heavy persons are seated on the same side in a carriage, the vehicle will roll unevenly and with difficulty, and be much more apt to upset than if they are seated upon the opposite sides, and permit the centre of gravity to fall between them, and near the middle of the carriage.

It is especially important to preserve the centre of gravity in its due place in a light skiff or sail-boat. Resting upon the water, and easily moved, the boat is very readily thrown off its balance. The sudden rise of one of the occupants is often sufficient to cause an accident; for by the mere act of rising, the centre of weight or gravity is lifted, and the balance made more insecure than when the weight of the cargo is more evenly distributed upon the bottom of the boat. The sail must, of course, increase the difficulty of maintaining the balance, and avoiding an upset.

There is a very simple, but rather curious instance of the support of the centre of gravity, which can be made to appear almost as a feat of remarkable dexterity. This experiment is exhibited in Fig. 4. A carpenter's rule may be first

Fig. 4.



extended, and then shown to balance itself about the hinge upon the edge of a table. The handle of a small basket can then be slipped upon the rule beyond the first quarter, which must be so bent that the end of the carpenter's rule will enter the basket; and be fixed firmly against the bottom, so as to hold the basket in a position that inclines towards the table. The carpenter's rule can then be rested upon the table, finding a balancing point between the handle of the basket and the central joint of the rule. The free end of the rule will rise above the table, playing easily upon the point of support, but maintaining its position, and holding the basket, which can be quite heavily weighted without falling.

The science of balancing or, as it is called equilibrium, or equal weight, is carefully studied by the tight-rope dancers, who preserve the centre of gravity by shifting a pole from hand to hand, as they find it necessary for their safety.

STEPHEN LISCOMB'S "DORA."

BY FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

"I am very sorry for you, Stephen, but I am powerless to help you at present."

"I know it, Mrs. Thaxter, I know it! I have implicit confidence in you."

Mrs. Thaxter detected a faint emphasis on the last word. She replied emphatically:

"And in Lottie."

"Certainly. She means no harm; she is dazzled by visions of herself as a successful prima donna. I can not blame her for not being willing to give up the chance of future riches and education; I have nothing to offer her in comparison with that."

Stephen Liscomb was bitter, and did not do himself justice when he said "nothing." To the girl to whom he had been engaged for nearly two years, he could offer an honest heart, an intelligent brain, strong arms and sincere love. Until this summer, Lottie had thought that that was all the world to her.

"I wish Buonarotti had never come near us," exclaimed Mrs. Thaxter. "It was an unlucky day for us when he heard Lottie sing, and convinced her that with a year or two of study under competent masters, she would make a famous singer. I dare say she will be famous—Lottie has a fine voice; but will she be happy? After the novelty has worn off, will she not regret that she has cast you aside?"

"She may; the day may come when she will repent of this morning's decision, for I think she does love me." Stephen hesitated, but Mrs. Thaxter reassured him.

"She does love you, and always will; she is not fickle."

"Then I have something to hope for! If you ever see the hour that finds her disposed to recall me, gave her this message:—tell her I love her with an undying love, and will wait patiently for one word from her which will warrant me in coming to her," said Stephen, earnestly. "I will say no more to her now; I have begged her for my sake to give up the idea of going into public life, and she has refused decidedly, almost contemptuously. I shall never implore her again; she must make the first advances."

Mrs. Thaxter did not attempt to over-rule his decision, for she realized that it was a wise one; he had indeed used every available argument to try to persuade Lottie to renounce her visions of fame and wealth; he had even asked her to marry him before she sailed for Milan, that he might at least be with her to protect her; but no, she was not willing to relinquish "her career." Then he said:

"I do not want a divided heart, Lottie; if you prefer the possibility of fame to the certainty of my love, I will release you from your engagement."

"Very well! Now we are both free," Lottie replied, with a little anger.

She had had no idea of breaking her engagement to Stephen; in her brightest day-dreams there had always been the thought that, when she was a lyric queen, popular and wealthy, she would return to her lover and share all with him. That he was apparently so ready to resign her was, for the moment, a disagreeable surprise; but when her mother related to her the above conversation, she understood his feelings, and her anger vanished.

Stephen had not intended that his message to Lottie should be delivered now; but Mrs. Thaxter could not keep anything from her only child for so much as five minutes; with other people she was reticent enough, but Lottie was her second self.

So Mrs. Thaxter and Lottie bade adieu to their native town, and were soon in Milan, where the latter gave herself up to hard study and unromantic, unceasing scales. Her master praised her voice and encouraged her to persevere; she and her mother had a moderate fortune, therefore she was not forced to hasten her *début* by any pecuniary necessities, and willingly agreed to a three years' course of study.

But after the first year she became weary, discouraged and home-sick; sometimes she mentally echoed her mother's wish, that Buonarrotti had never come near her. The constant jealousies and bickerings of other students disgusted her; the hatred occasionally shown by successful singers to their younger rivals intimidated her; and when she saw the number of American girls under Maestro C——'s tuition, each one confident that she alone was to be the great operatic star of the future, she was dismayed; the majority of these aspirants must of necessity be either only moderately successful, or else must fail entirely. Her future did not seem so assured.

"What becomes of all these would-be *prime donne*?" she asked the *maestro* one day.

He shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands as he replied:

"What becomes of all the pins and needles?"

Instead of visions of crowded audiences, gayly-lit theatres, rapt listeners, her mental eye often saw the pretty cottage that Stephen had bought when he was expecting to marry her; although her bodily gaze fell on fruit and flower-laden orange and lemon trees, sombre leaved olives, fig-tree and vineyard, she beheld instead, the luxuriant young maple and the tall old elm in front of that cottage, the apple, pear and cherry trees just outside the cheery little kitchen. What had once seemed a dull prospect of a humdrum life, now appeared in its true light, the happy home-life, full of domestic duties and pleasant cares, sweetened by a husband's love and perfected by the clinging arms of little children.

In exchange for this, what was the most that she could reasonably expect? Money, fame, hard work, jealousies, and perhaps slander.

"Mother," said Lottie, one day; "do you think it would be very wrong for me to give up and settle down to private life?"

"Wrong? No indeed, my love! Has anything occurred to vex you?"

"No; but I am tired, tired out! What does it all amount to, anyway? I wish I had never come here."

"I do not. If you had not come, you could never have been convinced that it was not a wise thing. If you had never tried this life, you would never have been contented after Buonarrotti had fired your ambition."

"Perhaps not. Do you ever hear from Stephen?"

Mrs. Thaxter looked up in pleased surprise; she understood Lottie's meaning better than the girl had intended she should.

"No, my dear, I write very few letters. Why do you not write to him? Remember his message."

"I don't like to," answered Lottie, her face covered with blushes. "It seems like—like begging him to marry me."

"Not at all. Don't be too proud to acknowledge an error, and so let pride ruin your life! It was your own decision that separated you two."

A little more thought, a little more persuasion from Mrs. Thaxter, and Lottie decided to write. She knew that he was still in his old home and still unmarried, for she had one or two correspondents in her native town, and "young Dr. Liscomb" was too important a person there for such an event as his marriage to remain unchronicled.

The letter, an honest confession of her mistakes, of her weariness even now of the life she had chosen, and of her desire to forget it and be forgiven, was sent the very next day. In about a month she could reasonably expect a reply; but, unreasonably perhaps, she expected to see him instead.

Two months passed, three, four, and no reply came.

"I am sorry you and I, mother, put so much faith in Stephen's professions of undying love," said Lottie, after nearly five months of weary waiting. "But I suppose I must not blame him for inconsistency; it is not only women who are fickle."

"Perhaps he never got the letter," suggested Mrs. Thaxter. "Hadh't you better write again, or let me write?"

"No indeed, no more letters to him! He did get it, for Emily Sargent was at his house visiting his sisters when the letter came; she recognized my writing, so she wrote me, and was surprised that neither Mary nor Ella did; they

laid it on his writing-table, wondering who was his foreign correspondent. Let's go back to New York, I can easily get engagements in choirs and concerts; and I would rather be settled in a home—even if it is only three rooms—in my own land. You and I will be contented there; will we not?"

Mrs. Thaxter was heartily rejoiced at Lottie's decision. She had never been so blinded with bright hopes that she could look forward, without distaste, to the Bohemian life of an opera or concert, two days here, a week there, never a home anywhere.

As soon as Lottie announced her intention of not prosecuting her stage studies further, her teacher, finding that it was not idle talk, gave her such fine letters and recommendations that she immediately got an engagement in an excellent choir, and also, for she could sing as well as she was advertised to do, was in constant demand for concerts, not only in New York city, but in any and every other.

Three months after her return, she one night saw Stephen Liscomb at a concert; he was sitting but a short distance from the stage, and little Blanche Russell was with him. For a second it seemed as if she could not open her mouth to sing; but her will was strong, and there was no evident hesitation. She returned Stephen's gaze as calmly as if he had been a marble statue, but her heart was beating violently. As they were returning home that night, she told her mother whom she had seen, and added:

"I wonder if they will call on us."

"I hope not. I have no desire to see either of them," answered Mrs. Thaxter, spitefully.

"Why not?" was the wondering question.

"I may as well tell you; you'll be sure to hear it some way: those two are engaged," replied the mother, with kindly brevity.

"How did you hear it?" asked Lottie, after a moment's silence.

"I met Blanche on the street this afternoon, and she told me. She is the last person I should have thought he would choose."

Lottie made no reply, and the subject was dropped.

The next day Stephen and Blanche called. While they were in Mrs. Thaxter's parlor other visitors entered, and during the hum of conversation Lottie said, in a low tone:

"I believe, Dr. Liscomb, that you are a subject for congratulations."

"I? Oh, you mean my engagement."

"Yes, Blanche is a sweet, pretty creature," just the words to apply to the little, fair, blue-eyed girl with rosy cheeks and dimpled chin, but not one bit of expression or character in her face "and you will doubtless be perfectly happy with Dora for a wife and helpmeet."

"Dora!" repeated literal Mrs. Thaxter, who

heard only the last words. "Her name isn't Dora; it's Blanche. How forgetful you are, Lottie!"

"No, mamma; I have an excellent memory."

So had Stephen Liscomb. He remembered his own sharp criticisms on the child-wife when he was reading *David Copperfield* aloud to Lottie, just before Buonarrotti came to disturb their peace. But he must not sit in silence and hear his affianced bride derided; he hastened to say:

"Dora had, as Blanche has, a warm, loving heart, a true heart, and that is dearer in a woman than strength of mind or—"

"Pray, are the two incompatible?" answered Lottie, appreciating his allusion.

"They seem to be; at least they are rare as a union."

"As rare as constancy in a man! I hope you will not change your mind about Dora after she is your wife; it would be inconvenient," said Lottie, coldly. Then, addressing Blanche, she added, "Come and see us often while you are here; we are very domestic, and go out just as little as possible, mamma and I."

"I shall love to! I do dote on music; and then it seems so romantic to be friends with a charming singer, and hear all sorts of news about her studies and her successes and her lovers!" cried little Blanche, fervently. "When do you sing again?"

"To-morrow evening, for the benefit of St. Ann's Hospital."

"Stephen, you must take me!"

Stephen did. The next morning Blanche came into Mrs. Thaxter's parlor, unattended. When the usual civilities were over she asked:

"Oh, please tell me who that Mr. Stoner is!"

"The tenor singer at the concert last night?"

"Yes; hasn't he got a magnificent voice?"

"He has a very sweet tenor voice, though not very powerful. He is, however, not only a singer, but a thorough gentleman and very charitable; his purse and his voice are always at the disposal of the sick or poor."

"His purse! Is he rich?"

"Yes, he has something like half a million, I believe."

"Married?"

"No, but very much sought after."

"Oh, do introduce me!"

Lottie could say nothing, as the gentleman in question entered the room at that moment, and Blanche's wish was soon gratified.

Dr. Liscomb could not remain long in New York, but Blanche accepted an invitation to stay five or six weeks there with some friends. About four weeks after his return home, Stephen received a note from Blanche asking him to meet her at Mrs. Thaxter's at noon on the ensuing Thursday, as she wanted to consult him on some very important matters.

"Something about her trousseau!" muttered he.

Lottie was surprised to see him enter her parlor alone when Thursday came, and yet more so when she learned that Blanche was to be there too; her surprise was so evident that he began to apologize for Blanche's conduct in thus making a convenience of her, but Lottie stopped him.

"No apology is necessary, Dr. Liscomb; it is not a matter of any consequence. And you know Dora never did consider any one but herself."

"Blanche is not heartless—"

"No, she is all heart and feeling and enthusiasm," answered Lottie, sarcastically. "She is clinging and impulsive; Doras always are—but here she comes."

And in tripped Blanche, fairer and prettier and more doll-like than ever. All out of breath, she cried:

"Oh, Stephen, I *don't* know what you'll say! But he is *so* nice; and, then, when you know what this is you'll not mind—but I expect you'll never forgive me!"

Genuine tears were in the big blue eyes as she paused, half out of breath and half because she could not find something in one of her pockets.

Lottie laughed as she exclaimed:

"What *do* you mean, Dora? Dr. Liscomb is completely mystified."

"What makes you call me Dora? That isn't my name. Oh, here it is!" shouted Blanche, gleefully as she drew from her pocket a torn, crumpled, dirty, letter. "Now I can tell my story! Do you recognize this?"

"No," replied Lottie, wonderingly.

"It is the letter you sent Stephen last March."

"My letter! Give it to me," cried Stephen and Lottie in a breath.

"Yes, your letter. Don't look so savage, Lottie; Stephen never saw it. You know you left Carlo, your darling little Scotch terrier, with Stephen; well, Carlo was always just wild over any of your things, and the day this came, Ella laid it on your table," she indicating her pronouns by a glance at the person alluded to. "Carlo was alone in the room, and when I went in there, a few minutes afterwards, to get a book, the little darling scamp was worrying it like everything; he must have smelt it and pulled it off the table, you know."

"Why didn't you take it from him?" asked Stephen.

"Mercy! He would have torn me to pieces; he never did like me."

"Sensible dog!" said Lottie to herself.

"And pray why didn't you call some one, or tell me?" continued Stephen.

"I—I—to tell the truth, I was awfully in love with you then, and I suspected you cared more for Lottie's old shoes than for all other women.

I didn't dare to steal it, though I wanted to, and my heart beat like a trip-hammer when you came into the library by and by, and saw the paper. But it was so horrid wet and torn that you just tossed it in the waste basket and never looked at it. After that I didn't mind pocketing it."

Stephen fairly groaned; he glanced at Lottie, but her eyes were cast down, and he could read nothing in her impassive white face.

"But now that I have given it to you, and explained your not answering it—for of course, Lottie, he *couldn't* answer it when he never saw it—and so brought you two together again, you'll help me, there's a dear! For mamma will be *so* angry when she finds that I have married Mr. Stoner, and not you—"

"Married Mr. Stoner!" echoed Stephen.

"What do you mean?"

"Didn't I tell you? I meant to—yes, we were married this morning—not a soul knew it but his aunt and uncle!" cried Blanche gleefully.

"I thought you were 'awfully' in love with Dr. Liscomb," said Lottie dryly.

"So I was! He was *so* kind to me while I was ill with typhoid fever, that I couldn't help it; and then when everybody thought I was dying, I told mamma, and she told him, and somehow—I declare I hardly know what he did say!—we were engaged. Now, Stephen, I should feel *awfully* mean and dishonorable about deserting you for Mr. Stoner, though I love him lots and lots better than I really did you, if I were not sure that you'd give your two ears to marry Lottie. Good-bye."

And before her amazed auditors realized what she was doing, Blanche was out of the room and half way down stairs. Lottie started up as if to go after her, but Stephen caught her hand and cried:

"Oh my darling, you did not forget me after all! Tell me what was in that letter?"

The little elm and maple shaded cottage has a happy mistress, whose day dreams are of more satisfying realities than applauding crowds, gay-lit theatres and rapt listeners; and one of its most constant visitors is little Mrs. Stoner, who has become quite accustomed to being called Dora by both Stephen and Lottie.

THERE is just this difference between the two degrees of praise and flattery; that, whereas the former heartens up to brave and ever braver endeavor, the latter checks self-culture and destroys future progress, by making one believe in attainment. According to the flatterer, the goal has been won and the great plateau of perfection reached; there are no more dreary distances to traverse, no more rugged mountain-sides to climb. All that is needed is to enjoy what one has, and be grateful and glad for what one is.

A SUMMER SCENE.

BY ANNIE SOMERS GILCHRIST.

Within the verdent realms of leafy trees
 The fresh young year smiled 'neath th' arching blue
 Like some fair boy inhaled the fragrant breeze
 That o'er the scented meadows softly flew.
 White, vine-wreathed cottages from farmyards green
 Looked down on children straying through the vale,
 Let loose to greet the vernal hours serene,
 And gather June's sweet trophies, bright and pale.
 Where erst old winter held his icy reign,
 Lilies their petals laved in brooklets free,
 Bowing their stems as if to list the strain
 Rippling from sparkling wavelets full of glee.
 As some sweet soul, drawn gently by the tides
 Of truth that flow through life's enchanting dream,
 And lingers there until she gladly glides
 Upon the crystal, ever-living stream;
 So, charmed with morning lay and serenade
 Low sounding through the still and starry night,
 The lilies drooped till waxen petals laid
 And floated on the brooklet's bosom bright.
 Where erst hoar winter hung his pointed spears,
 And wailed weird anthems through the cold days dun,
 Now dew-drops hung like childhood's smiling tears,
 And flashed their brightness in the golden sun.
 Beneath the coppice green, the partridge blithe,
 Her cosy nest prepared with busy toil;
 The plowman hastened happy, strong, and lithe,
 With willing hands to turn the fallow soil.
 Full many a lordling proud looks down on thee,
 E'en base contempt on thee presumes to lay—
 What would he do, hard-handed Honesty,
 If none should bow to noble Ceres' sway?
 The noisy blackbirds twittered on the sprays,
 The lambkins sporting on the mead were seen,
 The meek-eyed cattle loitered on the ways
 And slowly cropped the tender herbage green.
 Like some gay school-boy, fresh with healthful bloom
 Revelling in happiness while youth's fires burn,
 Nor thinks of coming ages dreary gloom,
 Nor human life with bitter lessons stern,
 So lay the year clothed in his green attire
 Awaiting Autumn's golden footsteps here,
 Waiting her hand once more to sweep time's lyre
 And sound her glorious anthem ever dear!
 Amid this scene of beauty, soft and fair,
 A watcher sat counting each weary hour;
 June blooms breathed sweetness on the opal air
 That wreathed the lonely, rustic southern bower.
 Her country called—her best-loved nobly sprung
 To shield his love from thickly gathering woes;
 Among the first he marched, when loudly rung
 The trumpet blast, heralding a nation's throes.

Oft had she waited in the rustic bower
 For his return—while from the hawthorn spray
 The whip-poor-will his wild, lone, chant would shower,
 While closed the dreary hours of loitering day.
 Joy had long been a stranger in her home,
 Erewhile his roseate robes had circled her,
 He took his flight when civil war's black plume
 Waved o'er the nation once so proud, so dear.
 And now that war had blasted dreams so bright
 To Heaven's stern mandate low she bowed her will,
 And sat there in the setting sun's red light
 And watched the blue height of the distant hill.
 At length, upon its misty brow appeared
 The long-looked form. Peace lit her brow serene;
 Among the odorless blooms greetings were heard,
 While joy crowned all the lovely summer scene.

LEAP YEAR.

BURLESQUE DRAMA.

BY L. H.

Dramatis Personæ.

JAMES LIKELY, a young physician.

KATE DAREALL, a young heiress in love with

JAMES.

JEMIMA GREEN, an old maid.

LAVINIA WHITE, old maid addicted to poetry.

ARETHUSA LARKIN, a dashing young widow.

GRANDMOTHER HAWKINS, alias KATE DARE-ALL.

PATRICK MCCARTHY, JAMES' servant.

BRIDGET MCPHEETERS, housemaid.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—JAMES LIKELY, seated in his office smoking. Has on slippers and dressing-gown.

James (yawns). This is confounded slow work, dragging out one's existence in a poky country village, with nothing going on from one week's end till another. And *this* is the only result of all my fond ambition and ardent expectations. Nothing to do but regret the past, and yawn at the prospective dullness of the future. Nothing more exciting to think of than the forthcoming dinner, or to wonder whether parson Brown will preach on "Foreordination," or "Justification by Faith," next Sunday. Not that I enjoy going to church so much, and encountering all of those women. Next time I settle anywhere it won't be in a place where the female element preponderates to such an extent in the population over the male, hanged if I do. It is most too much for a modest youth like myself to endure patiently. The first thing that I am conscious of, after seating myself, is that dashing widow, Arethusa Larkin, casting glances at me out of the corners of her eyes from across the way. Then, just behind is that near-sighted Jemima Green, whose looks gather intensity

through the medium of her blue glasses, and strike me just about the back of the head. And there is Lavinia White, on the other hand, who rolls her eyes around to such a degree, that I'm really afraid the optic nerves will be injured, and I shall be called upon to attend, from which last I pray to be delivered. There is but one redeeming feature—at church I get to see pretty Kate Dareall. What a witch that girl is! But what is the use of a poor fellow like me thinking of a pretty heiress? I'd better be thinking about my patients, only I'm out of that article at present.

"Patrick?"

Enter PAT.

Pat. Faith, an' is it yerself that called, an' has your long-looked-for patient up and died, an' they're after a subscription, shure?

James. There, that will do, you red-headed blockhead. Go down to the post-office and see if there are any letters for me.

Pat. Bedad, an' I will, sur. An' if there's ony, I'll look at thim sharp so as to be able to say thim shure.

Exit. Curtain falls.

SCENE II.—*Biddy dusting and arranging the furniture in parlor.*

Biddy. Och ohone, but this is a sorra world, shure. Faith, an' it's the color of indigo that ivery thing seems to me now. Oh, Pat, ye are the darlint of me heart, but ye won't say the wurd. I hears the ladies talking about its bein' leap year, an' they could ask the men to marry thim. Shure, an its not the way they do in the ould country, but I wondther if there wud be ony harm in a poor girl like mesilf jist askin' Pat to—
(*Enter KATE, who does not perceive BIDDY.*)

Kate (petulantly). I don't know whether it is so nice to be a prospective heiress or not, and I have all your relatives looking at you with envious eyes, and making malicious remarks about you behind your back. No matter what I do, I can't conciliate them; they won't forgive me, because Grandma Hawkins has made me her heiress. I'm sure it wasn't my fault; I'd a great deal rather that she should leave her money to them, and have peace in the family. If her will wasn't made, I would be afraid of coming out of the house, after all, for my dear cousins and uncles and aunts are continually trying to alienate Grandma from me, and attach her to themselves. But I think that she understands me, and they will not succeed. Anyway, I am an unhappy girl; even Biddy is happier than I, for she feels sure that Pat thinks she is the apple of his eye, while I—I—

Biddy (aside). Faith, I'm not so sure of that as I wud loike; Pat is very tardy wid his regards shure.

Kate. It is plain to be seen that James Likely cares nothing for me, or he would have told me so long ago.

Biddy (eagerly). Beggin' yer pardin, miss, but he does, though; Pat told me so—

Kate. What! Biddy, have you been listening? How dare you; what do you mean?

Biddy. Sure, an' I meant no harm, miss (*humbly*). I was jist fixin' the things when ye came in, an' ye wur so out-spoken wid yer thoughts, and—and—but the young docther does like ye, miss, an' won't say so on account of yer money. He thinks that ye wudn't be after havin' him, widout any dyin' patients to make a livin' fur ye—

Kate. There, there, Biddy, I won't have you repeating Pat's gossip to me.

Biddy (going out). Faith, an' if I was jist as sure of Pat, a happy girl wud I be. He niver looks at me wid the soul a pourin' out of his elegant green eyes, the way the docther does at her, shure.

Kate. I wonder if what that girl says is true; that he won't propose to me on account of his pride. What do I care if he hasn't any money? I have enough for both, or at least will have some day. I know that he has a true and noble heart, which is worth more to me than money. What can I do? Ah—this is leap year—but, oh, I never could summon up courage to propose; reckless as I am, I can't be so unmaidenly. But shall two people be made unhappy and miserable for life? No, never—ah, I have it now—yes, I will do it, as sure as my name is Kate Dareall—*Dare-all* I shall; but what would poor grandma say, if she only knew—

[*Exit. Curtain falls.*]

ACT. II.

SCENE I.—*JAMES LIKELY reading in office. (Throws the book down in disgust.)*

James. What is the use of trying to read, when Kate Dareall's bewitching face looks forth from every page? Here I've been sitting for half an hour, and just discovered that the book was upside down. Why can't I forget her! What does she care for a poor M. D., whose purse is M. T. (*empty*). Nothing, of course. Heigho! How much longer can a fellow keep up this humdrum existence, and not lose his senses? If I were busy, I could perchance drown memory, but as it is, I have only too much time to think of "bonnie Kate." Well, one thing is certain—
(*Enter PAT.*) Well Pat, was there a letter for me?

Pat. (Whirling his hat). Yis, sur.

James. Well, let's have it.

Pat. (In a surprised tone.) Sure, an' I haven't it.

James. What, you numskull; didn't I tell you to bring me my letters?

Pat. Bedad; an' I don't know what ye mane by calling me a drum-skull; but niver a bit did ye tell me to bring ye a letter. Ye says—"Pat, go

down to the office and say if there's any letters for me;" an' I did say the purtiest kind of a one, looking so innocent loike out of yer box. An' did ye wish me to fetch it to ye?

James. Of course I did. Go down this instant and bring it to me. Mind, I say *bring* it to me.

Pat. An' it's meself that will sur, be back before I gets there, (that is if I don't meet Biddy McPheeters on the way; bless her swate sowl!) *Exit.*

James. Oh, dear; that stupid blockhead. I wonder who that letter is from; perhaps Uncle James has relented in his old age, and sent me a draft, as I'm his namesake. No such good luck, however. I came here to please him, and then because I wouldn't marry the girl that he had picked out for me, he flew into a rage and discarded me. But my pride is as stiff as his own; and I determined to stay here and succeed in spite of him. I must say it is up-hill work. (*Knock heard.*) Hello! who can that be? Come in. (*Door opens.*)

(*Enter Femina Green, with cotton umbrella in hand, looking angular and unprepossessing as it is possible to get up.*)

James. (*Aside*) Hang it; what does that old cat want?

Femina. Good-morning, Doctor—fine day this is.

James. Yes, yes, very fine. Have a chair, Miss Green?

Femina. Thanks. I believe that I will sit a little while, as—as—I've something to say to you Hain't been no one here before me, has there?

(*Looks around and sniffs suspiciously.*)

James. No ma'am; I can assure you that you are the only visitor that I have been honored with to-day. Can I do anything for you, madam?

(*Looks at her inquiringly.*)

Femina. Well, I dunno, perhaps you can; lestways I'll give you the chance. Hain't got much to do in your line of business, have you? I spose that won't make any difference, 'though, as I've a purty good sum in the bank.

James. (*Aside.*) Is the woman crazy?

Femina. Howsumever, as I'm a plain spoken woman, I've come here to ask you to marry me. Never mind speaking just yet, young man, wait till I git through. You're a likely looking chap, and I first became interested in you at church. You seemed to be steady-like and devoted; (*James aside.*) Yes, devoted to Kate Dareall, and I confess that I've not been oblivious of the glances you cast at me going out—I assure you that the interest is mutual.

James. But really, madam, you do me too much honor. I wasn't aware that the ladies of this place were in the habit of proposing to the men.

Femina. Law! young fellow, have you for-

gotten that this is Leap year, and the women are privileged to ask whom they please? Men are a scarce article in Dozeyville, and I've waited thirty years—(there, I didn't mean to let that slip, but I'll have to stick to it now) for an offer—and—

James. Is it possible (*sarcastically*)?

Femina. And I've concluded that I have not been understood or appreciated; I feel that I would make a number-one wife to any man. Hence, I have come to offer you my virgin affections. And I can tell you just here, young man, no matter how many offers you may have, you'll never have a better wife or provider than I will be. So there now—(*bringing umbrella down on floor*) what do you say—yes or no?"

James. (*Looking about him wildly.*) But believe me, madam, this is so unexpected—I wasn't prepared—

Femina. Don't hesitate, young man, you may never have a better offer. 'Taint every body as would have a poor fellow with no money—

James. Really, madam, you seem to be pretty well acquainted with my affairs.

Femina. Of course I am; you don't suppose that I was going to risk my life with an utter stranger, do you? Not much. I guess there's not many folks in Dozeyville that I don't know all about their affairs. I'm not a harum scarum child, like that wild Kate Dareall. But come, young man, this is not answering my question. Yes or no?

James. I am afraid that I must say no, madam, as I'm not a marrying man.

Femina. (*Jumping up and pointing umbrella at him.*) What, refuse such a brilliant offer as I've just made you?—you rascal—you young scape-grace you—(*stamps on floor with umbrella*)—discarded—nephew—of a—rich old uncle—you'll never get a cent of his money. We'll see what we shall see. (*Solemnly.*) Farewell, for the present, young man—reject me indeed?—I tell you, that you'll never again have as good an offer. (*Exit.*)

James. (*Loosening cravat, and drawing a long breath.*) Whew! I thought that I was gone for that time. The woman must be crazy to want to marry me. Though I've seen nothing in my textbooks about that peculiar form of lunacy. I tremble yet (from suppressed indignation) (*knock heard*). Good gracious, who is that. I must compose myself. (*Sits himself and tries to look composed.*) Come in. (*Enter ARETHUSA LARKIN, dressed in height of style.*)

Arethusa L. (*Sweetly.*) Good-day, Dr. Likely; I am glad to find you in.

James. Highly honored, I'm sure. Pray be seated, Mrs. Larkin.

Arethusa. Thanks; you seemed to be troubled about something as I came in. (*Inquiringly.*) Confess now, Dr. Likely, don't you feel very

lonely sometimes? (*Drawing chair a little closer to his.*)

James. (*Hitching away.*) Well, I hadn't thought of it, madam.

Arethusa. Well, I can fully sympathize with you, Doctor, since I have been left a poor, unprotected widow. I have sadly felt the need of some one to cheer my lonely hours. (*Sighing and looking down.*)

James. (*Indifferently.*) Have you, indeed?

Arethusa. (*Aside.*) I really am afraid that I shall have to propose after all; I was in hopes that I could make him do it for me. Dr. Likely, did it ever occur to you that you need a wife, to smooth life's thorny pathway for you?

James. (*Laughing sarcastically.*) I'm afraid that she would have a hard task of it, madam.

Arethusa. (*Drawing chair closer to him.*) Dear Doctor, do you know that I would be most willing to undertake that pleasant task. I have considerable property, thanks to dear Mr. Larkin, who kindly left it all to me—and I think that we could be so happy together. Will you not consent to be mine?

James. (*Simpering.*) But, oh! consider my youth, madam—

Arethusa. Oh, that is nothing. I am young myself.

James. But then, my inexperience—

Arethusa. Oh, never mind, I—

James. But, madam, I— (*Violent knock heard. James jumps up, Arethusa arises also.*)

Arethusa. Well, my dear Doctor, you will let me know your decision—do not delay. (*Enter Biddy.*)

Biddy. Good-day to ye's, dear Docther—I've called—Och! murther; I didn't know ye wur sparking—a—

James. No, no, you mistake—it's only a Larkin—however, she is through with her business. Good-day, Mrs. Larkin. (*Bows her out.*)

Arethusa. Farewell—now remember. (*Exit.*)

Biddy. Oh, dear Docther, I heard as ye wuz the mon as is a pain-killer, an I jist come afther some relief, sure.

James. Why, Biddy, what ails you?

Biddy. I'm not meself at all, at all—I've such a murtherin' pain in me heart (*presses her hand to her right side*). Sure I think its no heart at all, sur, only a big lump of lead.

James. Well, Biddy, what can I do for you.

Biddy. Now, Docther, don't ye think that a young man, not much older nor younger than yourself, wud be afther having a nice girl like meself, who would be willing to work her fingers off to plaze him?

James. Oh, Biddy, and you, too! you want to marry me also?

Biddy. (*Indignantly.*) To marry you? The murtherin' baste, to think that I wud be afther wantin' a mon wid no patients to live on, at all,

at all—sorra a bit wud I! Its a dacend mon I want sur, like Pat McCarthy, bedad.

James. Yes, yes—glad to find that you have such good taste—certainly—

Biddy. (*Cooling down.*) And do you think that Pat wud be afther havin' me, sur? (*Humbly.*)

James. Certainly, Biddy, a man must have a heart of stone, to refuse a lady when she offers him her heart and hand.

Biddy. (*Going out.*) Thank ye sur, fur yer kind words; if Pat's only of the same mind, how happy we'll all be, sur. (*Exit. James reseats himself. Another knock.*)

James. Horrible; I won't answer. This is a regular conspiracy. (*Knocks again; he pays no attention. More violent knocks.*) Well, come in then, if you must. (*Enter LAVINIA WHITE. JAMES falls back in his chair helplessly.*)

James. Misfortunes never come singly, nor old maids either, it seems. (*Aside.*)

Lavinia. How d'ye do, Doctor; my heart did not deceive me, when it told me, I should find you in—

James. (*Meekly.*) Indeed!

Lavinia. (*Seating herself.*) I think that some ethereal spirit must have flitted to me, and whispered it gently in my ear.

James. Whispered what, madam? what are you talking about?

Lavinia. It fell like oil upon my troubled spirit and weary mind, and threw me into a beatific state, which produced the following verse: (*Reads.*)

Oh, life is like a misty cloud,
That hovers round us all;
It chooses not the rich or proud,
On all alike 'twill fall.

Then spirit, why be sad or gloomy?
Or spend thy days in witless strife?
For this world is wide and roomy,
There's many a many that wants a wife.

Immediately, there arose within my mind the important question, "Who is the man that wants a wife?" Then it was that my heart informed me that you were the man.

James. (*Languidly.*) Well, you must ask my mother.

Lavinia. Ah, well I know, whoe'er she be,
She can have no objection whatever to me.

James. Well, I don't know but what I had better accept your offer, for my chances may be slipping by me, and I may be doomed to be an old bachelor. In my youthful inexperience I may have let my best offers go by—Jemima Green's, for instance.

Lavinia. Did old Jemima Green want to marry you? The old cat, she must be fifty, if she's a day.

But whatever is, you know must be—
And you'd better end by marrying me.

James. (*Starting up fiercely.*) Yes, madam,

I'll marry you on three conditions: 1st. That you take your departure instantly. 2d. That you will leave all your property to me. 3d. That you will allow me to administer a dose of poison to you immediately after the ceremony is performed. Do you agree, madam?

Lavinia. (Holding up her hands.) Good gracious, the man must be crazy!

(Knock heard—door opens—enter GRANDMA HAWKINS—alias KATE DAREALL.)

Grandma H. How d'do, Doctor, glad to see you. *(Notices Lavinia White.)* Why, how's this, Lavinia White? Pretty conduct for a giddy young person like you, to be talking to the men.

Lavinia. I—I—was suffering severely with an attack of neuralgia, and—and—I had to have some relief.

Grandma H. Yes, neuralgia of the heart, I suspect. Well, the sooner you take yourself and neuralgia off, the better.

Lavinia. (Aside.) Hateful old thing. *(Going out, repeats,)*

"'Twas ever thus—from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay."

Grandma H. Lavinia White and Jemima Green are enough to condemn a town, leaving out Arethusa Larkin, who is well enough, only she is most too anxious to find some one to help her spend Jedediah Larkin's money. But all this is foreign to my purpose in coming here to-day.

James. Be seated, Mrs. Hawkins. What seems to be your complaint?

Grandma H. You'll have to speak a little louder, doctor, as I'm somewhat hard of hearing. My complaint, did you say? I don't know as I have any, in particular, unless you would call a numerous family connection a complaint. If so, I am suffering dreadfully with it.

James. Ha, ha! they are an infliction in some cases.

Grandma H. They certainly are in my case. I have no peace day or night. They are continually praising up their individual selves, and running down all the rest. Even Kate, who was left in my charge when but two years old, by her father, and whom I have loved devotedly, has repaid me with open ingratitude. She has declared that she cares nothing for me, and she is only after my money. Hence, I've concluded to disinherit her, though it nearly breaks my heart to do it. *(Puts up her handkerchief to her eyes)*

James (aside). I wish she would, and then I would ask Kate to be my wife.

Grandma H. I know of but one way to solve the difficulty, if you'll only agree. Things have changed greatly since I was a girl. Folks have queer ways of carrying on, now-a-days, with the women talking about leap year, and asking the men to marry them. Then the girls waited modestly for their chance to come, and if it

never came—perhaps a tear, a heart-ache, and a renouncing of all their hopes, then a quiet settling down into old maidenism. But the world moves on, and the new customs supplant the old, whether good or bad. I must follow along also; hence, to be brief, I've come here to ask you to marry me.

James (blankly). Will wonders never cease? I've heard folks talk about a man marrying his grandmother, but I never thought that I should live to be that man.

Grandma H. Now for my explanation. I am an old woman with money, whose time is short; you are a young man without money, just starting out in life. If you marry me, in a little while you will be at liberty; and, in the meantime, I shall be freed from the persecutions of my dear relations. Do you consent to the bargain? for it is merely a bargain.

James. Madam, I'm afraid that you have not given this matter due consideration, or you would perceive at once the impossibility of what you ask. In any other way but that, my services are entirely at your disposal, and I will protect you to the best of my ability from your avaricious relations. *(Aside.)* Now if it was only Kate, wouldn't I be only too happy to accept?

Kate (throwing off bonnet and shawl, pulling off spectacles and wig). It—it is Kate—

James (starting back indignantly). Miss Dareall—really—I didn't think that you would carry your pranks so far as to make me the subject of a practical joke, and an object of ridicule.

Kate. Oh, Dr. Likely, please don't be offended. I only thought—Biddy said—that is, I understood—that—that—you thought a prospective heiress wouldn't look at a portionless young gentleman like you—and—and—I only wanted to let you know that it didn't make any difference. *(Aside.)* There, it is out now—thank goodness.

James. (Taking her hand.) Kate, if you only would marry—

Enter PAT.

Pat. Here, sur, is yer letter—shure the *(fumbling in his pockets)* devil's in it. Me mind is that distracted with Biddy's swate talk an' promisin' to be hers—that I can't find it at all—at all. Faith! when I did say it, I didn't bring it; an' now that I did bring it, I don't say it. Och! here it is at last, bad luck to it. An' here's a note that a messenger jist handed me, an' he wants ye ter read it at wunce.

James. (Reads the note aloud.)

"DR. JAMES LIKELY—Dear Sir:—I am sorry to inform you of the affliction that has fallen upon you. Your uncle James has just departed this life, and your presence is desired at his late residence immediately. That mischievous old maid, Jemima Green, called upon him, and it seems made him an offer of marriage. He flew into a

high passion (you know his temperament), and the resulting excitement brought on one of his attacks—he has long had the heart disease, as you are aware,) which terminated fatally.

"With much sympathy, I am yours truly,

"JOSHUA H. HEWITT,
"Attorney and Counselor at Law."

James. Poor old uncle James, to think that he should come to his death in that way. Shocking! I would like to have seen him once more in order to have effected a reconciliation, if possible, before his death. Ah well, it is too late now. (*Looks at note again.*) Why, here's a postscript. I didn't notice that. (*Reads.*)

"P. S. By the way, I will just mention that I have the will in my possession. You are the sole heir. Allow me to congratulate you, on the accession of a fine estate. Respectfully,

"J. H. H."

James. Ah, that changes matters considerably. Now Kate, I can ask you to marry me without any compunction. Will you consent, dear?

Kate. (Blushing.) Yes, I suppose so. I hope that old *Jemima Green* will be content now, and satisfied to remain *Green*, which she always was, and always will be. Your poor uncle James!

Pat. Beggin' your pardon, Miss, I think it wuz we that wur green, not to be askin' the darlins of our hearts, instid of makin' thim act the part of the gentlemint. Blissed be Leap-year!

James. (Taking Kate's hand.) I say so too, Pat, blessed be leap-year!—though may I not be called upon to go through another such experience in a hundred years!

(*All bow. Curtain falls.*)

ONE LOST JULY!

BY CAROLINA A. MERIGHI.

One lost July—ah, it seems ages past!

He whom I loved wandered alone with me—

No other nigh—to where the sad sea cast

Its foam upon the beach unceasingly.

One lost July,

Forever lost to me!

And soft he said: "Were all these pebbles gold

That lie so closely on the glittering strand,

All would I give and more, ah! wealth untold

If thou would'st bless me with thy maiden hand,

In this July

Thou makest dear to me!"

But I—as women will—I turned away

And looking off afar from that low beach

Said: "Nay, I shall not wed for many a day

For love will ever lie within my reach.

And so my life's July

Summer shall be to me!"

He said: "Were it not better now to take,

Since now it may be thine, Love's priceless gift?

Some cloud of fate may rise, some storm awake

That ne'er again the hand of Love may lift.

In this July

Dear love, oh, come to me!"

But I—so women will!—my proud lip curled,

And said: "Though Love ne'er spoke nor smiled again.

I would not lose the triumphs of the world

But 'mid its joys and pleasures would I reign.

And life's July

Shall all be bright to me!"

He turned away—methinks I see him yet!"

Pale was his face and all his bearing stern—

Unsmiling said: "All of Love's sad regret

I take with me; thou hast it yet to learn."

Ah, lost July!

Forever lost to me!

We parted! he to toil and I to live

As I had fancied life would brightest shine.

Thus for the husks of folly did I give

Life's fairest gift, its guerdon most divine,

In that July

Forever gone from me!

Yet, yet, perchance, Love would have made all well,

For ah! he loved, he loved me true and fond,

But that fate's hand—alas! the doom to tell!

Bore him in death my yearning arms beyond

Ere came July

Of one more year to me!

And now, a lonely being, pale and drear,

Saddened I wander 'mid the world's despoil,

Forever whispering and with many a tear:

"Oh, lost, dear love! would I had read aright

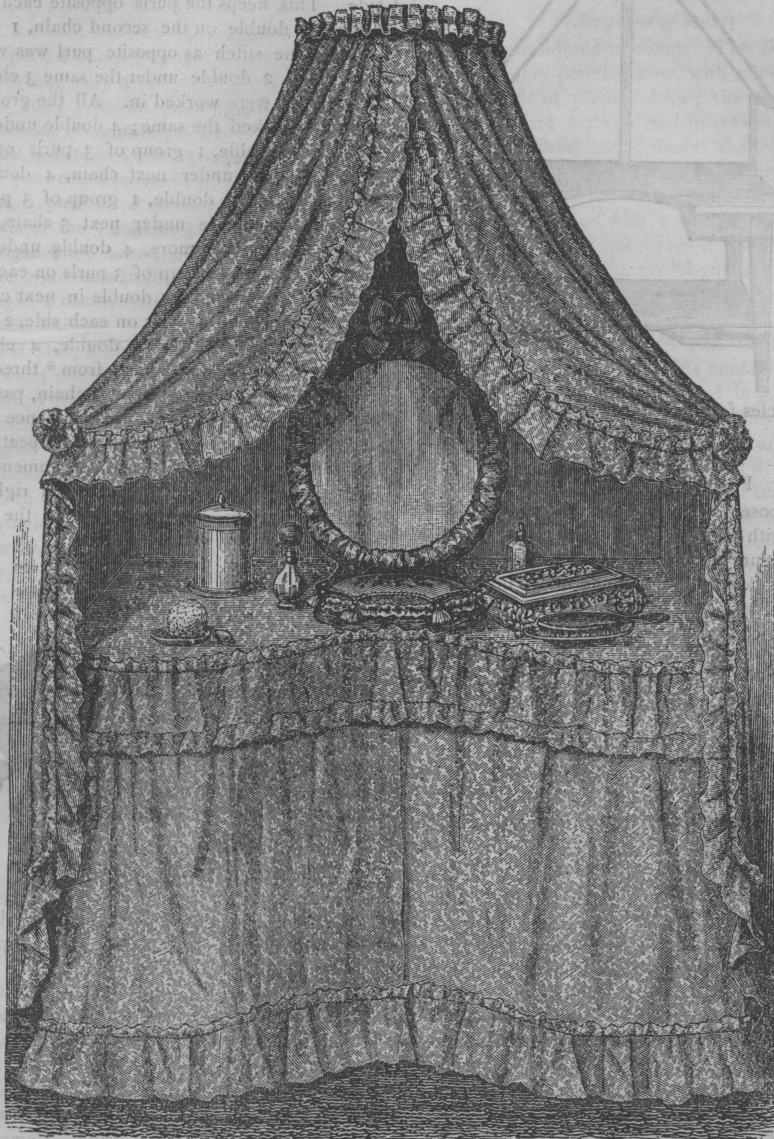
Life's hidden problem in that fair July

Forever gone from me!"

NO TIME.—"I have no time to devote to my children," says the business man, with a sigh; for he really feels the privation of their society keenly. But the excuse is an insufficient one; he should *make* time—let other things go; for no duty is more important than that he owes his offspring. Parents should never fail to give the child such sympathy in its little matters of life as will produce in its confiding mind that trust and faith which is a necessary element in parental influence. Filial affection is a great safeguard against evil influences, as well as a great civilizer to its possessor. Do not forget, too, that the childish mind in process of development absolutely needs the cheerful and happy influences which are produced by amusements, as sure as the plant needs sun and light for its proper growth. And who can be better persons to afford recreation than both parents? Too frequently does the stately father, filled with the cares and responsibilities of life, forget that his little one is yearning for that familiar love which induces a game of romp between them. The father's entrance after the day's labor should be a cause for rejoicing, and the signal for a merry game which would benefit him as well as the little ones.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

Fig. 1.



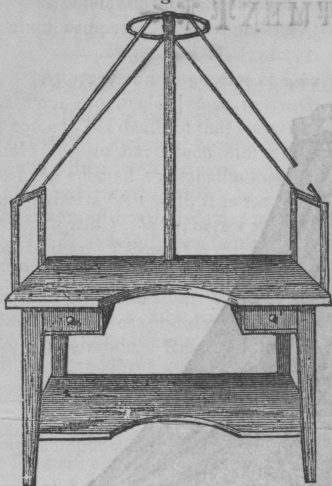
FIGS. 1 AND 2.—TOILET TABLE.

The frame of this table is given in Fig. 2; it is made in ordinary pine wood, and has two drawers in it, and a shelf underneath: although an ordinary packing-box, with frame above it, will answer. The frame is covered in Fig. 1, first

with pink cambric muslin, then with a curtain of spotted muslin, with ruffle trimming it; the top is covered in the same manner, with a ruffle around the edge. The back is covered to correspond, with a round looking-glass framed with a puff of muslin lined with pink, and a pink ribbon bow at the top. Full curtains of muslin

are fastened upon the frame, and looped back with rosettes. A pincushion, and all the requi-

Fig. 2.



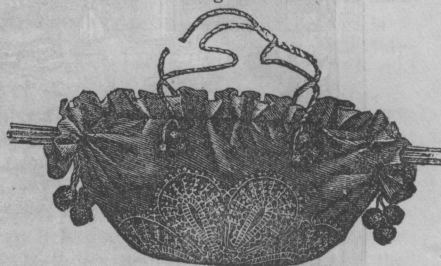
site articles for the toilet, are upon the top of the table.

FIG. 3.—KNITTING BAG.

Composed of satin, silk, merino, or cretonne, lined with quilted Persian silk; the ends draw up to secure the knitting needles, and the handles are of silk cord. For the crochet ornament on the outside, take 4 yards mignardise braid, Arden crochet cotton, steel crochet hook. Commence on fourth loop of braid. Work 55 treble stitches (1 treble in each loop of braid). Turn, 9 double on the treble of last row, 5 chain, miss 2, 1 double, 4 chain, miss 2, 1 double, * 3 chain, miss 1, 1 double, repeat from * three times more. 3 chain, miss 2, 1 double, 2 chain, miss 3, 1 double, 3 chain, miss 2, 1 double, * 3 chain, miss 1, 1 double, repeat from * three times more. 4 chain, miss 2, 1 double, 2 chain, 1 single, in third chain of 5 at the beginning. 2 chain, 1 double on third treble, 4 double fasten to fifth double, on the other side, 4 double on treble fasten to first double at the beginning, 2 chain, draw the loop on the hook through loop of braid on right hand side, do the same on the left, repeat three times more, and fasten off. Commence again on the eighth loop of braid with 55 treble. Six of these divisions are needed for the D'Oyley. First round.—Commence on the loop of braid over the first of the 55 treble, 1 double, working 2 loops of braid together. * 3 chain, 1 double in 2 loops of braid, repeat from * twelve times more. 4 chain, 1 double in 2 loops of braid. * 3 chain, 1 double in 2 loops of braid, repeat from * twelve times more. 3 chain, 1 double, drawing 10 loops of braid into the stitch, 3 chain, 1 double into next, two loops, repeat round each division.

Second round.—Under the second 3 chain work 4 double, * 2 double, 4 chain, 2 double under next 3 chain, repeat from * three times more, 2 double, 6 chain, 1 double on the second of 6 chain, this forms the purl; 6 chain, 1 double, on second chain as before; 1 double on the same stitch the double was worked in on the other side. This keeps the purls opposite each other. 6 chain, 1 double on the second chain, 1 double in the same stitch as opposite purl was worked in, 1 chain, 2 double under the same 3 chain as the first two were worked in. All the groups of purls are worked the same; 4 double under next 3 chain, 2 double, 1 group of 3 purls on each side, 2 double under next chain, 4 double in next 3 chain, * 2 double, 1 group of 3 purls on each side, 2 double under next 3 chain, repeat from * eight times more, 4 double under next chain, 2 double, 1 group of 3 purls on each side, 2 double under chain, 4 double in next chain, 2 double, 1 group of 2 purls on each side, 2 double in next three chain. * 2 double, 4 chain, 2 double in next chain, repeat from * three times more. 4 double under next 3 chain, pass over the next two 3 chains, and commence on the second 3 chain of next division; repeat round each division. Third round.—Commence on * second purl of first group of three on right-hand side of division, work 1 double in the purl, 1

Fig. 3.



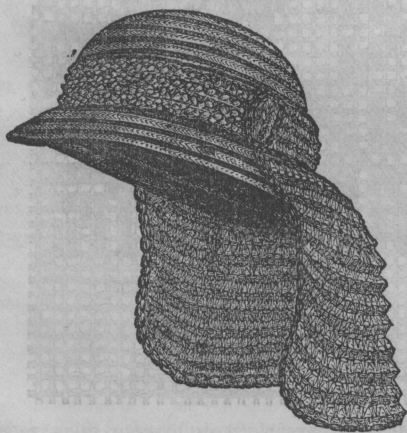
chain, 1 double in next purl, 3 chain, 1 treble between the two purls, 3 chain, 1 double in purl, 1 chain, 1 double in next purl, repeat from * ten times more. 1 double, in second chain in the group of 2 purls on each side in the top purl, 4 chain, 1 treble, between 2 purls, 1 treble connecting the corresponding purl on next division by inserting hook in second chain and drawing the cotton through both stitches, before finishing the treble stitch, 1 treble in next purl, one treble between 2 purls, 4 chain, 1 double in second chain of purl, 1 double in second purl of first three, repeat all round. Fourth round.—Commence in the second group of 3 purls, * 1 double under first 3 chain, 1 purl, consisting of 4 chain, 1 double on first chain, 1 double on treble stitch, 1 purl, 1 double under chain, 5 chain, repeat from * 8 times more. 5 chain, one double under 3 chain, 1 double under 3 chain, other side of treble, 1

chain, 1 double treble in second of first 4 chain of preceding row, 1 double treble in second of last four chain, 1 chain, 1 double, under 3 chain in next group, 1 double in 3 chain other side of treble stitch, 5 chain, repeat from commencement of row. On 3d purl on right-hand side of division, work 1 single, 4 chain, 1 treble in next purl, working towards the left-hand, 1 treble in next purl, 2 chain, 1 treble in next purl, 1 treble in next purl, 4 chain, 1 single in next purl. Turn your work, work 4 double in the 4 chain of previous row, 1 double between the 2 trebles, 3 double in the 2 chain, 1 double between the 2 trebles, 4 double in the 4 chain, 1 single in the purl you commenced in. Turn your work, 2 chain, 1 purl of 4 chain, 3 chain, 1 treble in middle of the 3 double, 3 chain, 1 purl, 2 chain, 1 single purl, fasten off. In space near the centre commence in first purl, in group of 2 with 1 single, 4 chain, 1 single, in second single purl, 2 chain, 1 single, in next purl, 2 chain, 1 single, in next purl, 1 chain, 1 double treble between the two, 4 doubles, 1 chain, 1 single, in first purl, 2 chain, 1 single, in next purl, 2 chain, 1 single, in next purl, 4 chain, 1 double, in first purl of group of 2 purl, 3 chain, 1 single, in single you commenced with. In the centre work 1 double treble in each loop of braid, fasten round. Work one single in every alternate stitch of treble, and fasten off.

FIG. 4.—STRAW HAT, WITH KNITTED SHADE FOR THE NECK.

This knitted shade will be found very comfortable to be worn by gentlemen when riding or driving in the sun. It is worked with white

Fig. 4.



cotton braid, and two knitting-pins, No. 10 (Walker's gauge). Cast on eighty-eight stitches, and work backwards and forwards sixty-six rows in plain knitting, decreasing one at the beginning of every other row. For the band by which it is

fixed to the hat, cast on eight stitches and knit the length required; sew the band to the sunshade with a needle and thread; work a row of single-stitches in crochet round the shade and band with scarlet braid or cord.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PAGE.

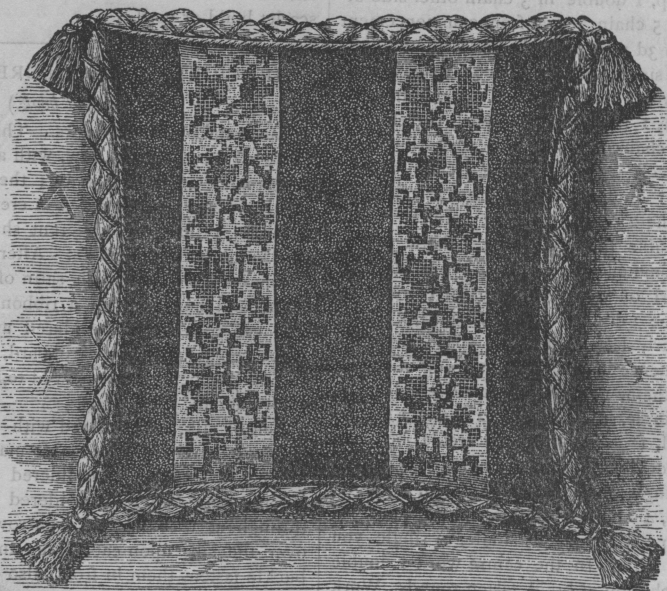
(See front of book.)

Fan embroidered in colors. This fan is of the shape so very popular now, with a long handle, and is made of plaited straw; the field flowers and leaves are embroidered in crewels and silk, in white, yellow, and different shades of green. The butterfly in gay colors. After the fan is embroidered it is lined with satin of a contrasting color, and finished with a ribbon bow. These fans can also be embroidered upon satin, the shape being cut out in cardboard, and the lining and outside being neatly sewed together after it is embroidered.

Belt of silk, embroidered with colors. These belts are extremely fashionable made of both silk and canvas, and are embroidered in gay or plain colors; after being embroidered they are lined throughout with leather, a narrow band coming over the silk upon each side; and a very pretty buckle fastens them in front, also of leather. Our model is embroidered upon a silk foundation, with pansies also in silks, and the design is both beautiful and chaste; it can be made in gay colors, or for light mourning, or for a subdued toilet, black silk, with the pansies in shades of purple, makes a very exquisitely beautiful and stylish belt, the same as the one ours was modeled from.

A TASTEFUL ARRANGEMENT.—A description of the window garden of a friend may give a hint to flower lovers: A bay window with an easterly and south-easterly exposure constitutes her conservatory. A large box, supported on iron brackets at the centre window of the bay, is filled with geraniums. Shelves, also on iron brackets, are at the two side windows, upon which pots of plants stand. A firm bracket on each side of the arch of the window holds a pot with a trailing vine. Four-armed bronze pot-brackets are screwed into the wall just above these, and can be turned to or from the light at pleasure. A rustic basket is to hang from the centre of the arch; while a wire flower-stand, on rollers, will find its position in the window, or can be moved away at convenience. She says: "I sometimes put different varieties of the same species of plant in the same pot, mingling more varieties in a hanging basket than elsewhere; but I do not mix the species in this manner. If that is done, the stronger plant absorbs part of the life of the weaker one; but neither thrives as well as when kept separate."

Fig. 5.

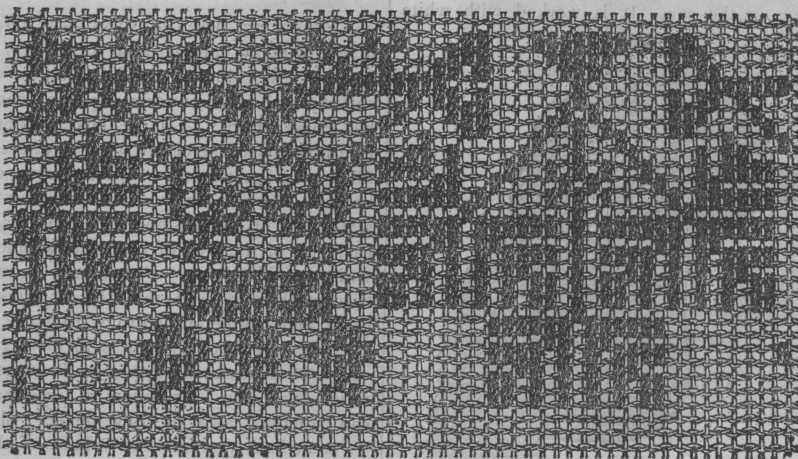


FIGS. 5 AND 6.—SOFA CUSHION (PLUSH AND CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY.)

This cushion is first made and stuffed with feathers or horsehair, and a band of gathered

(see Fig. 6) is executed with several shades of the same color. The foundation may be satin or satin sheeting, and the threads are drawn away from the canvas when the work is terminated.

Fig. 6.



satin of any preferred color is sewn round it. The back is covered with satin, and the front with plush, the filled satin all round being laced over with silk chenille. The band in cross-stitch

FIGS. 7 AND 8.—CIGAR CASE (APPLIQUÉ).

Shallow oblong cigar case of thick white paper, with appliqué design of perforated cardboard

and crewels. The lid and bottom of the case are covered on each side with a double sheet of brown perforated cardboard larger by 2 rows of holes every way than the paper. The four layers of cardboard are then sewn together with buttonhole stitches of brown silk, having the paper between the centre sheets. Each buttonhole stitch takes in 2 holes of cardboard. The sides are covered in the same way with sheets of cardboard, out of which oblong pieces, 20 holes by 18, are cut as shown in Illustration; 5 on the long sides and 2 at each end. Between these oblong spaces, and below them, are appliqué of perforated cardboard. These appliqué consist

of cardboard of the necessary size, and cut them out as shown in Figs. 7 and 8. The latter shows the three squares over which the upper layer of canvas forms a cross. They are worked as follows: Each centre figure on the square requires two triple layers of cardboard, the upper 11, the lower 13 holes square; out of the form cut a centre square 5 holes wide, and having cut the corners of each piece of cardboard, as shown in the Illustration, sew the triple layers together with overcast stitches on the wrong side. Each appliqué is fastened to the ground with a Smyrna stitch of brown crewel. Long, graduated stitches join the appliqué designs at each corner of the

Fig. 7.

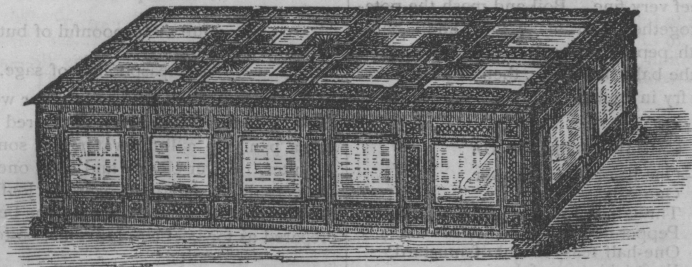
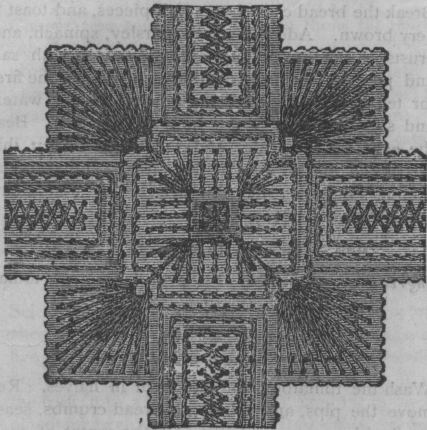


Fig. 8.



of two triple layers of cardboard, the upper one 16 by 3 holes, the lower one 18 by 5 holes. The upper triple layer is placed on the lower one with long cross stitches, and they are then sewn on to the ground with cross-stitches, so as to edge the relief pattern at the same time (see Illustration). • The little square appliqué between the

square. Illustration 7 shows the arrangement of the appliqué as a whole. When they have all been sewn on to the ground, insert the paper lid between the layers, sew them together with buttonhole stitches, and fasten the lid to the box in the same manner. Each of the four feet underneath the case consists of six-fold and eight-fold layers of canvas, the six-fold 10 holes square, and the eight-fold 12 holes square; they are cut out at the corners, as shown in the Illustration, and then sewn underneath the box so as to project a little.

THE FISHERMAN'S KNOT.—To use the knot for joining a fresh thread, proceed thus: Bend the end of the working thread into a loop, retaining the join in the left hand between the thumb and fore-finger. Hold the open loop in front of you, top downwards, and, taking the new thread in the right hand form the intertwining loop in this wise. Introduce the end from behind into the centre of the first loop, pass it over the right side and round the back to the left, which brings it to the starting point, where it slides underneath the first branch of the newly-formed loop. Bring the end out above the foundation loop on the right side, and pull tightly. This knot is also called the "bend knot," as it consists of two reversed interlaced loops.

CRASH "tidies," with butterflies cut out of cretonne, and appliqué on, look well, and are easy to make.

long ones also consist of two triple layers, one 5 the other 3 holes square. They are sewn together with cross-stitches of brown crewels, and then fastened on to the ground with overcast stitches. Then for the cover of the lid, cut out two sheets

RECIPES.

BREAKFAST ROLLS.

Ingredients.—Two eggs,
One and a-half cups of milk,
Salt,
Flour to make a stiff batter.

Mix thoroughly, but quickly, and bake in a gem pan in a hot oven.

BEEF CROQUETTES.

Ingredients.—One pound of rare roast beef,
Two large white potatoes,
One egg,
Pepper and salt to taste,
One ounce of cracker crumbs.

Mince the beef very fine. Boil and mash the potatoes. Mix together, and make into small balls, seasoning with pepper and salt. Beat the egg till light. Roll the balls in the egg, then in the cracker crumbs, and fry in boiling lard till brown. Serve very hot.

CAULIFLOWER SALAD.

Ingredients.—One head of cauliflower,
One egg,
Three tablespoonfuls of olive oil,
Pepper and salt to taste,
One-half teaspoonful of mustard,
Four tablespoonfuls vinegar.

Boil the cauliflower till tender, and when cold cut it into small pieces. Beat the egg till light, add the oil, pepper, salt and mustard. Beat well together. Add the vinegar, stir till thoroughly mixed, and pour all over the cauliflower.

SHORT CAKE.

Ingredients.—One pound of sifted flour,
Salt,
One-half pound of butter,
One-quarter pound of leaf lard,
One teaspoonful of vinegar, with a small pinch of soda dissolved in it.

Work all to a stiff dough with ice-cold water. Roll out in paste, half an inch thick, cut into round cakes; prick each with a fork, and bake in a quick oven. These cakes are very delicious split open while hot, buttered, and fresh fruit or marmalade laid between top and bottom.

POTTED MACKEREL.

Ingredients.—Mackerel,
Salt,
Peppercorns,
Whole cloves,
Whole allspice,
Mace,
Cinnamon,
Vinegar.

To each pound of fish, allow half an ounce of mixed spices. Wash the mackerel; cut off heads and tails, take out the backbone and cut each fish in four pieces. Lay these in a deep stone dish, putting over each layer a sprinkling of salt and spices. Cover all with cold vinegar. Cover the dish very closely, and set in a cool oven for twenty-four hours, watching that the vinegar does not boil, or the fish is spoiled.

VEAL SAUSAGES.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of slices of veal,
Two pounds of salt pork (fat),
One ounce of sage,
Pepper and salt to taste.

Stew the veal till tender. Chop it very fine with the pork. Mix in the seasoning, and make into balls with the hands well floured. Fry in boiling lard to a delicate brown.

BEEF OMELET.

Ingredients.—Three pounds of beef chopped very fine,
One teaspoonful each of pepper and salt,
One tablespoonful of butter,
Two eggs,
One teaspoonful of sage.

Mix the beef, seasoning and butter well together, and make into a loaf with well-floured hands. Put into a pan with a little water, and some small bits of butter. Cover closely and bake one hour. Beat the eggs light, and pour over the loaf. Bake five minutes longer, and serve hot. The beef should be prepared as for beef tea, but must be tender.

SOUP MAIGRE.

Ingredients.—One-quarter pound of butter.
Six onions,
Two heads of celery,
Parsley,
One-quarter pint of spinach,
Salt and pepper to taste,
One pint of bread crust,
Three eggs,
Three tablespoonfuls of vinegar.

Put the butter into a stew pan, and slice the onions very thin into it. Stew gently for ten minutes. Break the bread crust into small pieces, and toast it very brown. Add the celery, parsley, spinach, and crusts, to the butter and onions; season with salt and pepper. Stir all together gently, over the fire, for ten minutes. Add two quarts of cold water, and simmer slowly for an hour and a half. Beat the eggs till light, and add the vinegar. Put this mixture at the bottom of the tureen, and pour the boiling soup over it. Stir briskly for a moment, and serve very hot.

BAKED TOMATOES.

Ingredients.—One-half dozen of large ripe tomatoes,
Bread crumbs,
Salt and pepper,
Two ounces of butter.

Wash the tomatoes, and cut them in halves. Remove the pips, and stuff with bread crumbs, seasoned with pepper and salt. In the centre of each half put a small piece of butter. Put in a shallow pan close together. Cover the bottom of the pan with water to prevent scorching. Bake in a slow oven half an hour. The halves may be baked separately, or the tomato covered again after stuffing, and baked whole.

LEMON JELLY CREAM.

Ingredients.—Two lemons,
One-fourth pound of white sugar,
Three eggs,
One-half ounce of gelatine,

Have half pint of water boiling briskly, and into it shred the peel of the lemons, in very fine, thin shreds. Simmer it for fifteen minutes; add the sugar; simmer ten minutes more, and strain. Beat the eggs till they are light and thick; add to them the juice of the lemons. Put all together, and simmer till thick as good cream. Have the gelatine already soaked in a little ice-cold water. Pour the mixture out of the saucepan and put in the gelatine in its place; stir it until it is thoroughly dissolved, over the fire. Then pour both mixtures together and beat briskly till well mixed. Put into a mold and cool on ice.

TOMATO SALAD.

Ingredients.—Six eggs,
Three teaspoonfuls of mixed mustard,
Three tablespoonfuls of olive oil,
Five tablespoonfuls of vinegar,
Salt and cayenne pepper to taste,
One-half peck of firm ripe tomatoes.

Scald the tomatoes, remove the skin, cut in thin slices, and set on ice to cool. When cold, drain, and spread in a deep dish. Boil four of the eggs hard. Mix the yolks, mustard, oil, salt, pepper and vinegar to a smooth paste. Beat the two remaining eggs till light, add the seasoning, and beat all well together. Pour over the tomatoes, and serve. A delicious supper dish.

TOMATO SAUCE, TO KEEP.

Ingredients.—One quart of ripe tomato pulp,
Salt,
One pint of cayenne vinegar tomato catsup,
Three-fourth ounce of shalots,
Three-fourth ounce of garlic.

Choose ripe tomatoes and bake them till tender; rub through a sieve, and to every quart allow the proportions given of other ingredients. Boil all together till the shalots and garlic are tender, rub again through a sieve, and put into a stewpan. To every six quarts, add one pint of tomato catsup. Boil together twenty minutes. When cold, bottle and seal the corks carefully.

PRESERVED MORELLO CHERRIES.

Ingredients.—One pound of cherries,
One pound of loaf sugar,
One gill of water.

Select ripe fruit, pick off the stalks, and use only cherries without blemish. Boil the sugar and water five minutes. Skim carefully, and add the cherries; boil ten minutes, removing scum as it rises. Turn the fruit into a china dish, and stand it in a cool place for twenty-four hours. Boil again ten minutes, skimming carefully. Put when cold, into small jars or tumblers, cover with brandied paper and set away. Plums, grapes, currants, and other kinds of cherries, are all excellent prepared in this way. Currants may be preserved so, in perfect bunches on the stalks, and are very ornamental.

STEWED MUSHROOMS.

Ingredients.—One quart of button mushrooms,
One egg,
Salt and pepper to taste,
One tablespoonful of butter,
Three tablespoonfuls of cream.

Wipe the mushrooms with a wet cloth, and cut off the stalks. Put these into a porcelain stewpan; cover with cold water, and stew gently for fifteen minutes. Divide the butter into small bits, and roll each in sifted flour; add pepper and salt. Boil these with the mushrooms till the water thickens. Beat the cream and egg together. Take the stewpan from the fire; stir in the cream and egg briskly, and serve.

INDIAN PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One pint of milk,
Three eggs,
One tablespoonful of molasses,
One tablespoonful of butter,
One-half cup of flour,
One tablespoonful of baking powder.
One tablespoonful of mixed spices.
Indian meal to make a batter.

Scald the milk, and when boiling hot stir in Indian meal till the spoon moves stiffly. When cold add the eggs well beaten, and all the other ingredients. Bake in a buttered dish two hours, in a very slow oven. Serve with hot, sweet sauce.

COCONUT DROPS.

Ingredients.—One pound of grated cocoanut,
One-half pound of sifted white sugar,
Whites only of six eggs,
Juice of one lemon.

Beat the white of eggs to a stiff froth; add the sugar gradually, beating all the time; add lemon, and lastly cocoanut, still beating the mixture. Heat sheets of tin, grease well with butter. Drop the mixture on in little cakes, hill shaped, and bake in a quick oven to a delicate brown.

SWEET OMELETS.

Ingredients.—Two eggs,
Two tablespoonfuls of cream,
Two ounces of sifted sugar,
Preserves.

Beat the yolks of the eggs and cream together. The whites must be whisked separately. Have a well buttered pan on the fire. Mix the eggs together, beat a moment and turn into pan. When brown underneath, slip into a hot dish, spread half with any preserve preferred, turn over the other half, sprinkle with sugar and serve hot.

BAKED SHAD.

Ingredients.—One large shad,
One-fourth pound of salt pork,
One tablespoonful of butter,
One egg,
Dressing of bread crumbs, well seasoned.

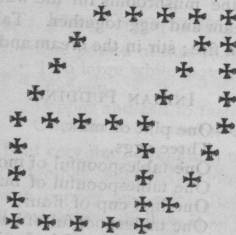
Clean the fish, wash and fill with the dressing, bound together with the egg. Sew up and put in a dripping pan with half a teacup of hot water. Melt the butter and pour over the fish, and lay on it the pork, cut in very thin slices. Bake in a quick oven, and baste often while cooking. When served, pour the gravy in the pan over the fish.

HOME AMUSEMENTS AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

PUZZLES, ETC.

BOX PUZZLE.

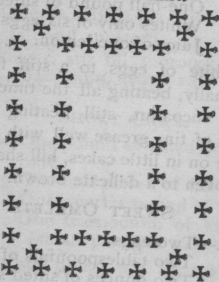
The box is composed of nine words, each of which contains five letters. Each corner, the beginning and end of each word, is formed by the same letter, which is a vowel.



The first calls out, and the second draws out; the third runs away, and the fourth follows; the fifth lifts itself very high, the sixth considers itself to be very high, and the seventh is lifted up; while the eighth and the ninth both strive to escape.

PICTURE FRAME PUZZLE.

The outer corners are all formed by the same letter, which is a consonant, while the inner corners are formed by another consonant.



The outer side lines are composed of words of nine letters each, and express the motion of certain animals. The outer lines of the top and bottom are each formed of seven letters, and express the manner in which certain animals feed.

The inner lines of the sides consist of seven letters each, and express to give up and to scatter.

The inner lines of the top and bottom are composed of five letters each, and mean bewildered and deceived.

The same vowel forms the centre of each of the mitre-joints, making them express the act, which is both the curse and blessing of the human race.

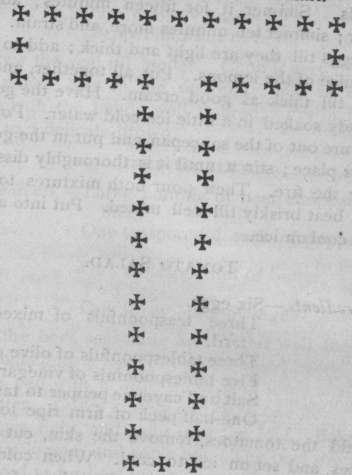
RIDDLE.

Twice ten are six of us,
Yet six are but three of us,
While nine are four of us,
What, then, can we be?

Would you hear more of us?
Twelve, then, are but six of us,
While five are yet four of us.
Now then, do you see?

EGYPTIAN CROSS PUZZLE.

All the words composing this cross begin and end with the same letter, which is a consonant.



The top of the cross will give the name of a town found in both New York and Pennsylvania.

The ends of the arms repeat the name of a town of Morocco.

The lower sides of the arms express a town in Scotland, and one in Ireland.

The longest lines give the names of towns in Ohio and Indiana.

The foot of the cross expresses a river of Africa.

ENIGMAS.

No. 1.

Those who take me improve, do what they may,
Yet those who have me sorrow all day.
I am hated alike by the foolish and wise,
Though without me none to eminence rise.

No. 2.

Though but a matter of opinion,
I hold a broad dominion
Over all whose dearest aim
Is to bear a lofty name.
Men of state and dignity
In every act are ruled by me.

Yet I have a poor relation,
Who holds a rural station;
A vexing fellow in his way,
He stops you, yet has naught to say.

BURIED PRESIDENTS.

1. No infidel dared face Amadis on his fiery steed.
2. Parry, Kane, Buchan, and Franklin, were Arctic explorers.
3. A favorite of the nursery is Jack, son of a poor woman, and hero of the bean-stalk.
4. Bridget says there shall be no washing to-night.
5. The laws of natural philosophy make it impossible to fill more full an already full bucket.

GAMES.

PRISONER'S BARS.

This good, old-fashioned game must ever maintain its popularity wherever hearty exercise is wanted in the open air. A line is drawn across one end of the play-ground, and divided into two equal parts. The players must also be divided into two parties, one of which takes its station in one of these divisions, while the other party occupies the remaining one. Midway along the end is then marked off a space known as the Bars. The corners are also marked off and each named as a Refuge or Harbor—the corner or Harbor on the left of the line being considered as the property of the party which holds the division on the right side, while the right corner belongs to the party on the left side. When these preliminaries are settled, it becomes the object of each player to reach the corner belonging to his party. Thus, when a member from the left starts to run, an enemy from the right rushes forward to intercept him, and, if possible, "tag" him, when he must retire to the central space, or the Bars, to remain there as a prisoner until the end of the game, unless one of his own party can succeed in touching him without being caught by an opponent. In this case the Prisoner must take advantage of the rescue, and strive to run back to the place where he first started from, and begin his game anew. The party taking the largest number of prisoners always wins the game. In a large park or orchard, where the Harbors and Bars can be marked by trees or large shrubs, the game is very amusing, as the runners can make lucky escapes and dexterous detours by hiding or dodging around the trees.

THE KANGAROO.

One child stands in the middle of the play-ground, while the others run, in Indian file, around her, shouting as they run—"Kangaroo! Kangaroo!" as if to taunt her into activity. At every fitting opportunity the player standing in the centre may make one leap, endeavoring to catch one of her comrades. She is entitled to make only one jump, and if by so doing she can "tag" one of her play-mates, that person must become the Kangaroo in turn.

HOT BROAD BEANS.

This is a game of hide and seek, wherein one player hides some small thing about the room, the others of course hiding their eyes. When the hider is ready for them to seek it, she calls out: "Hot broad beans and very good butter; ladies and gentlemen, come to supper"—upon which they all begin to search. When they are near the place where it is, the hider calls out: "You are getting hot!" If they are far away she says: "You are cold!" The one who finds it takes the turn to hide.

FLY AWAY.

This game is a very simple one. The children are all to lay their forefingers on the table, then one says: "Fly away, dove!" when she says this, the children all lift up their fingers; but if she names anything that cannot fly, such as, "Fly away dog," the children then keep their hands still. If any one forgets, and puts their finger up when they ought not, they must pay a forfeit.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER.

Answer to Papal Cross Puzzle.

EXE
R S
N N
ESTE ERIE
Y K
EURE ELBE
P B
E O
EUROPE EUXINE
V R
ENGINE EXCISE
A D
S G
ENTRANCE ELSINORE
T W
ELONGATE EMACIATE
P L
I E
S C
C T
O O
P R
A A
T T
EVE

Riddle.

The letter *s*, as it changes ix. into six.

Answer to Star Puzzle.

T T T
E I L
L F U
T T C
U U C
T C E J B O B V E R T
U R R
T R G
W I E
I E A
T N T

Answer to Sweet Sixteen, or The New Magic Square.

The sum of thirty-four can be produced ten times in rows—that is, in the four perpendicular, the four horizontal, and the two diagonal rows. Also in five other combinations: namely by each of the four corner groups of numbers, and by the central group of four figures—making in all fifteen repetitions as according to the question. The same number is also produced as the sum of the four corner numbers.

Buried Presidents.

1. Lincoln,
2. Adams,
3. Pierce,
4. Polk,
5. Hayes,
6. Jefferson,
7. Grant.

LITERARY NOTICES.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York :—

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE, by N. T. Lupton, LL. D., Professor of Chemistry in Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee.

A small hand book containing much valuable information for those who follow agricultural pursuits, and intended for the use of schools. It is written in answer to a demand for the introduction of "Elementary Principles of Agriculture" into the regular course of study in public schools, and presents the subject in clear, easily comprehended language. The principles discussed are of universal application, and intended for guidance wherever agriculture is taught or practised as a science. Intelligent farmers will find it a useful guide book, full of information upon their work, and practically valuable for reference and study.

From JOHN E. POTTER & Co., Philadelphia :—
REV. MR. DASHWELL, THE NEW MINISTER AT HAMPTON, by E. P. B.

A cleverly written satirical little novel, showing up the vices of modern pulpit oratory, and the vanities of young ministers who aspire to popularity and fortune much more than to following the footsteps and preaching the gospel of the Master they profess to honor.

From G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York :—
THE AMAZON, by Franz Dingelstedt ; translated from the German by J. M. Hart.

A novel of German society, especially in the artistic and dramatic circles, in which two heroines and two heroes alternately claim the interest of the reader. With some of the objectionable features of all foreign fictitious literature, it is a clever, well written work, the story and characters possessing much of originality and merit.

From ADAMS & BISHOP, New York :—
ARTISTIC EMBROIDERY: containing practical instructions in the ornamental branches of needlework, with nearly two hundred illustrations and explanatory diagrams, by Ella Rodman Church.

An exceedingly useful and attractive little volume, containing information upon all the branches of artistic work, and showing an artist's eye and taste in the clear directions and valuable hints given. We commend the book heartily to all lovers of really artistic needlework.

From T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia :—
THE ROMAN TRAITOR, or The Days of Cicero Cato and Catiline. A true tale of the Republic, by Henry William Herbert.

MUSIC RECEIVED :—

From F. W. HELMICK, Cincinnati, O :—
UNITED WE STAND AND DIVIDED WE FALL ; or, the Blue and the Gray.

Patriotic song and chorus. Words by J. S. Winner ; Music by Charlie Stewart.

From GEO. D. NEWHALL & Co., Cincinnati, O :
REMEMBER, I'M YOUR FRIEND ; Song and chorus, by Will S. Hays.

LA VIVANDIÈRE, Marche Militaire ; by H. J. Schomacker.

From C. J. WHITNEY & Co., Detroit :—
WHEN MEMORY BRINGS THE ABSENT NEAR ; Song and Chorus. Words by S. N. Mitchell. Music by Spencer Lane.

THE SEA OF HUMAN LIFE ; or a Hundred Years from Now. Song and Quartette. Melody by W. O. Adams.

MERRY SLEIGH BELLS ; Song and Chorus. Words by Harriet D. Hyde. Music by F. H. Pease.

LITTLE JOHN BOTTLEJOHN ; ballad. Words by Laura E. Richards. Music by G. L. Elliott.
THE MOCKING BIRD ; Solo and Duet, by Frederick H. Pease.

HE IS THERE ; Sacred Song, by Frederick H. Pease.

FLOAT AWAY, FAIRY BOAT ; Quartette Barcarolle, by S. Mazurette.

OUR ARM CHAIR.

MAY, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not answer correspondents through the BOOK. All communications requiring an answer must give name and address, and have a return stamp enclosed.

OUR FIFTY-FIRST YEAR.

The present issue of the GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is the first to herald our entering upon, not only a new volume, but a new half century of publication ; and with pardonable pride, we ask the judgment of our readers, whether any of the preceding numbers of the LADY'S BOOK excelled it in artistic embellishment or literary contributions ? It is impossible to compute the amount of pleasure and profit the subscribers have received through its six hundred uninterrupted monthly visits ; but the determination of the present owners and editors of the GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is steadfast to strive to keep that pleasure and profit undiminished while they shall control its publication.

To the thousands of warm friends who greet our monthly visits, we make our best acknowledgments for the support they have given us ; and trust as the years wind on we shall continue the happy acquaintanceship. And to the hosts of new friends whose names are daily added to our lists, we hope to prove as welcome as to the old ; and enjoy with each and all, pleasant relations through the coming years.

"It is so delightful," one of our subscribers writes us, "to see the LADY'S BOOK coming from the post office while I am taking my summer vacation, when I have full time to enjoy all its beauty, to study its fashions, to try all the fancy work, to

thoroughly enjoy the stories. All the rest of the year I have to scramble through the pages as I get a chance, but I can take my ease in the reading of the summer GODEY."

How many will echo this sentiment as they cut the pages of this number, swinging in hammocks on country-house porches, sniffing sea air by the grand ocean waves, listening to the murmur of trees amidst the mountains! To each and all, we offer our best wishes for happiness and health to follow the summer vacation.

Darley's picture will suggest to them the contrast between summer pleasures and the miseries of that class we call "tramps," too often forgetting what might have sent the "vagabonds" forth into the cold dreary world. The poem, one of Trowbridge's best, is most happily illustrated in the scene before us, of the vagabond and his faithful companion, "Roger."

For hints as to what the fashionable world are wearing, we refer our readers to the large colored plate, which gives the newest and most tasteful dresses now in vogue, while there are ample suggestions for the entire summer wardrobe in the pages of fashion matter following this.

The diagram pattern is for a blouse dress for a little girl, combining beauty with comfort. It can be made simply or elaborately trimmed, and any of the summer fabrics make suitable materials. It is loose and very cool, a most desirable pattern for the hot weather.

In the Work Department are several entirely novel patterns, and the "Novelty" is of unusual attraction. The fan is something entirely new, an after-dinner fan of straw, embroidered in silk, and of great beauty. With the present rage for belts, our readers will appreciate the beauty of the one of which we give the pattern, and which can be made to match any dress, or of colors that will make it suitable for more than one. Embroidered in high colors, these belts are very effective with black, white, or neutral-tinted dresses.

Our literary department is varied and interesting. "Roslyn's Fortune" increases in interest with every new chapter. Mrs. E. B. Benjamin's serial "Glenarchan," is concluded in this number, and we part with regret from the charming heroine. Marian Garwood gives us a most valuable little story for those who love pretty things, and yet have slender purses. Her hints on making cool rooms must be appreciated when offered in July weather. Other authors of note add attractive stories to aid in making this midsummer number one of the best we have ever issued.

One Dollar.—Send us the name of one of your friends, and one dollar, and we will send GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for the six months, from July to December, of this year. This will put them in love with the magazine, and they will not do without it next year. The Steel Plates, the Fashion Plates, the Novelties, the Stories, the Diagrams, the Pictures, the Puzzles, the Recipes, and the bright array of miscellaneous contents, will be the best dollar's worth of usefulness you ever gave a friend. Only a dollar for six numbers.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate for Dyspepsia, Mental Exhaustion, etc. I have used Horsford's Acid Phosphate in a number of cases in which it is recommended, with good effect.

Noblesville, Ind. J. I. ROOKER, M. D.

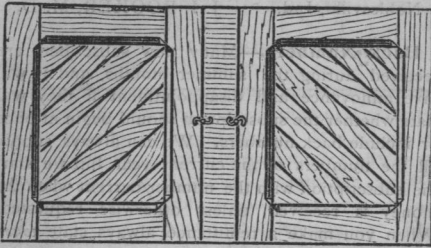
Back Numbers.—Many new subscribers are received during the summer months, and it will save annoyance and disappointment if they will state whether the subscription should begin at once or include back numbers. We can always supply all the numbers of the current year, but we start the subscription with the number current when the money is received, unless otherwise requested. When you make a remittance, always state when the subscription is to begin.

HINTS ON HOME ADORNMENT.

There is much poorly-made furniture now in the market, which is palmed off on purchasers as "Eastlake" and the "latest styles;" but it is totally unlike what Sir Charles Eastlake advocated, and would cause him to shudder with aversion and raise his hands and eyes in horror if he could behold it. The true Eastlake furniture should more properly be called Modern Gothic; as the writer of "Hints on Household Taste," and the pioneer of the movement for cultivation of art in the household, (in this country as well as England,) desired to see honest work and careful construction, rather than an absolute revival of old forms. In such furniture, the mouldings, carvings, etc., should form part of the frame itself, and not be glued or nailed on after the skeleton is built up. Sound, well-seasoned wood must be used, and it must be most carefully joined, as the workmen of a century ago used to do their work. Solidity and compactness characterize this style of furniture, which is "made in upright and downright fashion"—no pretence or sham being permitted—and if these rules are followed, it should last as many years as the quaint bureaus, etc., of our great-grandmothers, and be handed down from generation to generation. French polishing and varnish are not admissible in finishing such articles,—they must show the natural color of the wood with all its veins, shades and knots. Could anything be more absurd than the fashion—which has so long prevailed—of coating wooden articles with paint, which tries to imitate the veins and tints of maple, ash, oak, and mahogany, when the real wood—left without paint, and oiled or "shellacked"—is infinitely more elegant, artistic, and less expensive? The Gothic style adapts itself to the cheapest wood; but Gothic furniture does not look well with other styles. Much of the effect in Gothic cabinet work is produced by chamfering, and diagonal panelling. Fig. 1 shows this; the lines in the sketch indicating the direction in which the "grain" of the wood should run. This style of double door is handsome, and suitable for the sideboard described in this article. Brass hinges and keyhole ornaments also are used; and much expense is often added by these little items, which are not essential (as Fig. 1 shows), though very effective.

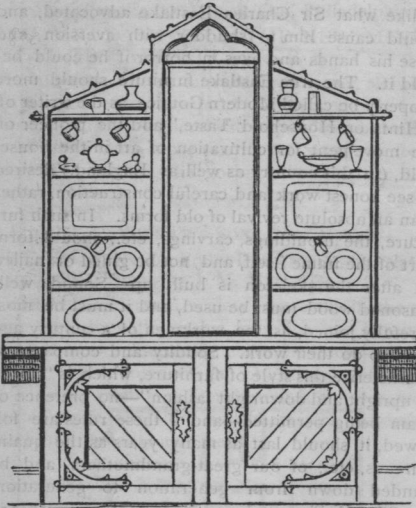
When glass is used with Gothic furniture—as in doors of cabinets, sideboards, etc.—it should always be bevelled plate; and in selecting mater-

Fig. 1.



ials for covering the chairs and sofas, it is important to remember that violet and blue stuffs contrast best with yellow woods; and greens harmonize best with red woods, like mahogany and rose woods. Fig. 2 represents a sideboard in this peculiar style,

Fig. 2.



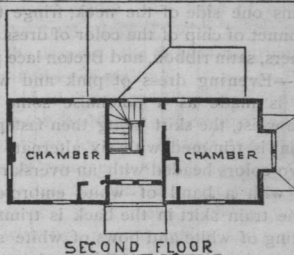
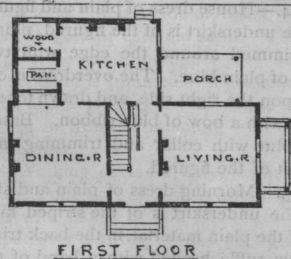
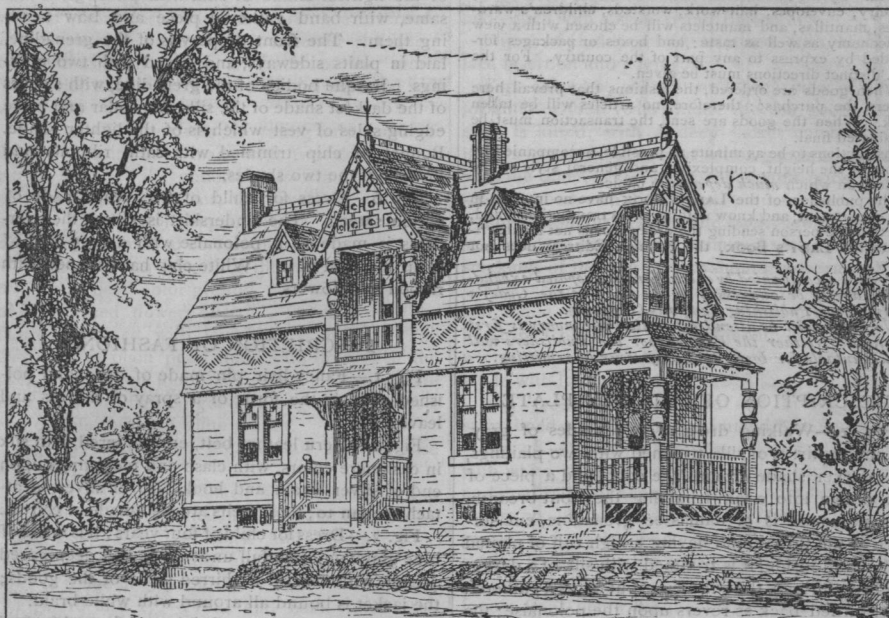
which can be easily constructed, and at moderate expense. The long central division is a cupboard with glass doors, while at each side of this are open shelves. It is intended that the most delicate china shall be kept in this central closet; the ornamental pieces, and that for general use, in the side compartments; and in the lower part are drawers and shelves for cutlery and table linen. Of course the height, width, and depth of this piece of furniture, must be proportioned to the size of the dining-room in which it is to be used. The lower closet extends out beyond the upper portion of the sideboard (like the old "dresser,") and on this rests a shelf on which articles in constant use—such as water-pitcher and goblets—are placed. A long, narrow Russian towel is used to spread upon this shelf. It is made of crash with threads drawn at the ends to make "open work" border, and above this a vine (in English crewels) or an appropriate motto is embroidered. The material is also raveled to make fringe for the finish of the edges. Tea cups look well when hung from hooks fastened in the

under side of the shelves of the three upper compartments of this sideboard. The old style corner-cupboards have become popular within a few years, and in a small room are convenient and ornamental; and a corner beaufet can also be made in the style shown by Fig. 2, for a room where there is not much space to spare. E. B. C.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria, because it is sweet and stops their stomach-ache. Mothers like **Castoria** because it gives **health to the Child** and **rest to themselves**, and Physicians use **Castoria** because it contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

USE OF FLOWERS.—Many persons fancy they love flowers; they certainly like their effective use. They like bouquets, and baskets of hot-house bloom; they like flowers to adorn the person and the table, to decorate the altar and the tomb, but have no pleasure in their growth. The student of nature, on the other hand, who loves flowers, not only delights in their decorative use, but also in his own achievements. He sees the beautiful blossom in the tiny seed when he commits it to the earth, exults in its germination, watches with tender interest the development of leaf and stem, bud and flower, is more than happy in fulfilling the conditions of growth, studies its habits and peculiarities, the delicate organization of all its tissues, the subtle web of leaf and petal, and at last when it stands before him with its crowning glory, he can truly say it has been to him a joy at every stage of its advance. Such a person is privileged to sit at royal banquets of which the former class have scarcely heard. Nature is ever true to us, as well as to herself, and those who love her much cannot well be false. The story of Picciola is only a strongly-drawn picture of the pleasure experienced by those who have a genuine regard for her work. Fondness for flowers is not given to professional gardeners alone, nor yet to women, or poets, but cheers the heart regardless of condition. It often throws a bit of bright color into the poorest and narrowest life, and sometimes, like garlands wreathing a stately column, it adorns the highest ambitions and noblest purposes.

ORGANS AND PIANOS.—The Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington New Jersey, comes to the front with what we consider the greatest offer ever made on first-class Pianos and Organs. The celebrated instruments of his manufacture have attained a world-wide celebrity for purity of tone, excellency of workmanship, and every quality that can make instruments *desirable and durable*. A fairer or more liberal offer was never made, for, in any particular the description of instrument differs from the advertisement, Mayor Beatty will take it back and pay all freight charges both ways. As an evidence of his immense popularity among those who know him best, we mention the fact of his re-election recently as Mayor of his city by an overwhelming majority. Any one contemplating the purchase of an Organ or Piano should send for his latest illustrated circular, which is complete in every detail. Read his advertisement.



H. HOBBS & SON ARCHTS. 520 WALNUT ST. PHILA.

GOTHIC COTTAGE.

DRAWN expressly for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, by Isaac H. Hobbs & Son, Architects,
520 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

This design is intended for a cheap residence; quaint and beautiful. It can be erected for \$1200. Roof of slate, large kind. The lower part is weatherboarded to the 2d floor; above to be of ornamental slate. It contains a dining-room 12x13; living-room 12x13 feet. The two chambers above are 12x13, and the kitchen 12x10

feet. It can be well built for price named, with Eastlake finish inside, in imitation of natural wood. A cellar is underneath main building. It is fully supplied with closets and porches, etc., all plain and simple in construction. We will send the unaltered plans and specifications for ten dollars.

FASHIONS.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent application for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice.

The publishers of the *LADY'S BOOK* have no interest in this department, and know nothing of its transactions; and, whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the Fashion Editress does not know.

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No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editors nor the Publishers will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of two shades of gray, the underskirt is of silk, trimmed with two plaitings, of a darker shade around the edge, and a piece of silk, drawn into a fan, trimming the front breadth. The polonaise is of damasée grenadine, cut surplice at the throat, and having a high ruff of plaited India mull inside, it is trimmed with silk of a darker shade and fringe, the silk being put on as a gathered scarf turned back as revers upon the polonaise; the same trims one side of the neck, fringe the other side. Bonnet of chip of the color of dress trimmed with feathers, satin ribbon, and Breton lace plaitings.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of pink and white silk gauze, it is made as a polonaise some distance below the waist, the skirt being then fastened upon it, the front is trimmed with six alternate plaitings of the two colors headed with an overskirt of pink trimmed with a band of white embroidered with pearls; the train skirt in the back is trimmed with one plaiting of white and bows of white satin ribbon, loops of white satin ribbon also trims the sides. The bodice is cut surplice, trimmed with embroidered band like that on overdress; there is also a band around each arm hole and lace sleeves. Hair arranged in puffs, with large bunch of small pink flowers at the back.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of Louise silk in two shades of blue, and plain blue. The dress waist is made of the figured for some distance down upon the skirt, where the rest of the skirt joins it of plain blue, upon this plain blue are two scarfs of the figured cut in turrets, bound with satin, and edged with fringe, two plaitings trim the edge of the skirt; the back of skirt is entirely of blue. Cape of blue damasée of the same shade as the underskirt. Blue gauze bonnet trimmed with satin ribbon and pink flowers. Blue parasol lined with white, and trimmed with fringe.

Fig. 4.—Walking dress of brown satin, the underskirt is trimmed with plaitings. Over this is a

redingote of India silk pongee of a deep écu shade, with collar, vest, cuffs, and bow of satin. Tuscan straw bonnet trimmed with the two shades of dress, feather and satin ribbon. Parasol of pongee lined with brown satin.

Fig. 5.—Carriage dress of heliotrope silk, grenadine, and silk of a darker shade. The skirt is made of the lightest shade of silk, with plaitings of the same, with band gathered piece and bow heading them. The front drapery is of the grenadine, laid in plaits sideways, and edged with two plaitings. Basque bodice of the grenadine, with sleeves of the darkest shade of the silk, also collar and piece edging sides of vest which is of the lighter shade. Bonnet of chip trimmed with satin ribbons and flowers of the two shades.

Fig. 6.—Dress for child of five years made of cotton sateen. The underskirt is kilted, the overdress is made as a polonaise with a long vest of plain material in it. White chip hat trimmed with ribbon and flowers.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Fancy hair pin made of dead and polished gold, in the form of a spray of flowers and leaves.

Fig. 2.—Écu leather belt, embroidered with silk in cashmere colors, with clasp and mountings upon end of silver, chain and hook also of silver to attach the fan to; these belts are also made of canvas.

Fig. 3.—Dress for child of four years; it is made of blue gingham, with full underskirt, and deep-gored jacket, with vest of a shirred piece of the goods; the jacket is bound all around with white braid.

Fig. 4.—House dress of plain and figured foulard silk; the underskirt is of the figured, plum and pale blue, trimmed around the edge with two narrow ruffles, of plain blue. The overdress is of the blue, open upon the right side, and drawn together at the bottom with a bow of blue ribbon. Basque bodice of the blue with collar and trimming in bands up the front of the figured.

Fig. 5.—Morning dress of plain and striped percale; the underskirt is of the striped kilted in the front of the plain material, in the back trimmed with a narrow ruffle headed with a band of the striped. The front drapery is of the plain, fastened with a bow of ribbon in front. Jacket bodice with a kilt plaiting trimming the edge of it, also around the neck down the front and the sleeves.

Fig. 6.—Sun hat of white embroidered muslin trimmed with lace, straw edge, and pearl pins.

Fig. 7.—Riding habit of navy blue cloth, made with short jacket waist with rolling collar. Straw hat the same shape as the silk ones, with scarf of blue gauze trimming it.

Fig. 8.—Walking dress of black silk, and grenadine; the underskirt is of silk trimmed with narrow ruffles, the overdress of the damasée grenadine trimmed with fringe, gathered up in front and fastened with satin bows. Coat bodice cut surplice in the neck trimmed with silk, the opening at the neck filled in with Duchess lace. Small mantle of lace and silk, trimmed with fringe. Bonnet of black chip, trimmed with old gold satin and feath-

ers. Parasol of black satin lined with old gold, and trimmed with fringe.

Fig. 9.—Gentleman's scarf fastened with a gold ring, with a pair of scissors ornamenting it.

Fig. 10.—Dress for little girl of five years, made of white pique; the dress is made gored with a box plaited ruffle edging the skirt with a piece of insertion, upon the front of each plait, the ruffle is trimmed with an embroidered band to match the insertion. Above this ruffle are three folds fastened with insertion bands; the collar is made of the same. White chip hat trimmed with white feathers and soft white silk.

Fig. 11.—House dress for young lady, made of figured muslin; it is made with two skirts and a panier basque; the underskirt is trimmed with a plaiting edged with lace, the overskirt with the same. The panier basque, sleeves, and neck of dress, are trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 12.—Dress for girl of thirteen, made of cotton goods, pearl color ground, with small bouquets of gay colored flowers over it. The skirt is of the figured trimmed with four plaited ruffles. The basque is of plain pearl color, with drapery at the back, and ribbon loops and ends; it is cut square neck, with the figured goods filling up the square, and double ruffles of white muslin.

Fig. 13.—Fancy pin for the hair, a silver rose with gold leaves.

Fig. 14.—Parasol of black striped satin with a border lined with cardinal, and trimmed with fringe.

Fig. 15.—Parasol of black and chintz colors, lined with colored satin, and trimmed with two rows of fringe in gay colors.

Figs. 16 and 17.—Front and back view of the Frederico mantelet; it is made of black silk, and the lining is old gold or cardinal satin. The form is that of a pelerine; and the upper part describes a fichu; the mantelet is trimmed with passementerie, a lace ruche, and a jet fringe. Two ends of gathered satin fall in front, terminating with a jetted passementerie tassel.

Fig. 18.—Walking dress for lady, made of écu albatross; the front part of skirt is kilted and fastened across with bands of silk and buckles; the back is draped over a kilting around the edge of the skirt. Short redingote with vest of gray silk. Gray chip hat trimmed with satin ribbon.

Fig. 19.—Bonnet of Tuscan straw, trimmed with old gold satin ribbon, with old gold and cardinal feathers.

Fig. 20.—Ladies' cap, made of Duchess lace and trimmed with loops, bows, and ends of violet satin ribbon.

Fig. 21.—Bonnet of white chip, run with cashmere colors, and trimmed with cashmere-colored ribbon, silk, and flowers.

Fig. 22.—Bonnet of gray chip with crown embroidered in cashmere colors, scarf wound around of the same colors, and bird at the back.

Fig. 23.—Bonnet of heliotrope colored straw, trimmed with satin ribbon, feather, and flowers.

Fig. 24.—Three fashionable styles of ladies' stockings; the first pair have open-work embroidery in different colors. The second pair are of pearl color silk embroidered with pale pink silk. The third

pair are of lisle thread open-work and embroidered between.

Fig. 25.—Lady's dressing sacque, made of white muslin, trimmed with ruffles of muslin, edged with lace, and rows of lace divided by a ruche of ribbon; the same trims the sleeves, up the front and neck.

Fig. 26.—Handkerchief embroidered in colors and edged with a scallop and Breton lace.

Fig. 27.—Handkerchief, trimmed with Mechlin lace insertion and edging.

Figs. 28 and 29.—Front and back view of dress for child of four years; made of wash goods; the skirt is kilted, with a deep jacket coming over it; this has a vest of striped cotton goods to contrast with the other. The cuffs, collar, and pockets are also trimmed with the same.

Figs. 30 and 31.—Front and back view of bathing suit, made of gray flannel, trimmed with navy blue; stockings of the same colors should be worn with it.

Figs. 32 and 33.—Front and back view of bathing suit, made of white serge and trimmed with bands of striped blue and white flannel. Stockings of white, striped with blue; both these suits can be made with long sleeves.

Fig. 34.—Parasol of écu and brown striped satin, lined with écu, and trimmed with écu lace.

Fig. 35.—Parasol of lavender-colored silk, spotted with white, lined with white satin, and trimmed with a plaited ruffle of plain silk, edged with lace.

Fig. 36.—House dress for lady, made of striped grenadine in cashmere colors. The edge of underskirt is trimmed with a kilt plaiting, made of grenadine in a solid color; the revers on sides, pieces across front below basque bodice, and collar, are all of the solid color. The front of overskirt is shirred, the back draped, with bows of ribbon fastening the drapery; the sleeves are trimmed with bows also, and knife plaiting.

Fig. 37.—Lady's cap, made of black Spanish lace, and trimmed with old gold and cardinal satin ribbon.

Fig. 38.—Suit for boy of four years, made of white flannel, trimmed with silk braid.

Fig. 39.—Suit for girl of seven years, made of blue albatross; it is made with an underskirt, trimmed with two plaited ruffles, and a polonaise, trimmed with a silk ruche; vest of white pique.

Fig. 40.—Suit for girl of six years, made of Scotch gingham, blue and pink plaid. The underskirt is trimmed with a plaited ruffle; the polonaise with three folds, and a ruffle to match underskirt. White straw hat trimmed with pink and blue silk, and feathers.

Fig. 41.—Suit for child of three years; the dress is made gored, trimmed with two plaited ruffles, and a sash of plaid ribbon with bow in back. Hat of chip, trimmed with silk and wing.

Fig. 42.—Suit for girl of eight years; the dress is made of summer camel's hair, trimmed with plaited ruffles; the redingote is of the same material, lined with silk. Chip hat, trimmed with silk and feathers.

Fig. 43.—Suit for boy of four years, made of navy blue flannel, pants, vest, and jacket.

The diagram pattern is for a blouse dress for child of five years. These dresses are extremely fashionable for children this summer, and are made

in wash goods; the sleeves are cut in one piece, the lines showing where they are gathered. The pattern consists of five pieces—half of front, half of back, sleeve, half of yoke, and half of collar.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

In bonnets, as the season advances, we are pleasantly surprised to find that instead of having to wear the large shapes with which we have been so often threatened, and which were so popular at the spring openings, that the neat, charming, and pretty capotes are the most popular shapes now worn. Indeed simplicity seems to be really coming into fashion again, wonder of wonders! as far at least as coiffures are considered. Frizzles and tangled fringes, the last remnant of folly in modern hair dressing, are, it is said, to be entirely done away with this summer, and we are to come back to the neatest, smoothest of bandeaux. The hair is to be parted quite simply down the middle, and only the lightest shreds of hair allowed to flutter over the brow, while the bandeaux are brushed quite plain. The back hair to be arranged rather low in the neck in drooping bows on plaits, and fastened with a comb.

Very many things have to be taken into consideration before choosing the arrangement of the coiffure. A lady's figure, style of face, age, and position; the occasion upon which the coiffure is to be worn; and many other detail of minor importance, should not be lost sight of. It is a mistake, in this matter more than any other to follow fashion blindly. Some ladies look best with smooth bandeaux, others with frizzled curls; a plaited coronet suits one, and a loose chignon or braid another.

The bonnet to suit this sweet simplicity in coiffure is the Renaissance capote, with border just raised a little at the top, rounded off close above the ear, and with moderately high crown. Another model has a border which fits close to the head, like a cap, and then slopes up to the crown, which is oval shaped. In either case the trimming is put on very much at the top, and consists of bows and ruches of ribbon, and clusters of leaves and flowers, with occasionally a small bird or tuft of feathers. Strings are made of very wide ribbon.

A pretty model is a Renaissance capote of gray fancy straw, with a thick wreath of red China astors on the top, and drooping loops of crimson satin ribbon at the back. The strings of similar ribbon commence on the outside from under the wreath. Hats are as eccentric, jaunty, and flaring, as bonnets are neat and simple. But then, in contrast to them are the pretty and becoming Russian caps, and toquets of black or colored straw, trimmed around with a feather border, or pinked out silk ruche.

The fancy for spotted dress goods has rapidly increased as the season has advanced; spots are the rage now, walking dresses are made of bright-colored foulard silk with white spots, and cream and other light colored ones, with spots of red and blue. Plain thin woolen materials form others, and have for their adornment scarfs and vests of gay-colored silks.

A very pretty walking dress is made of very dark blue foulard with white dots, made simply with a deep kilting and a wide scarf lined with pale blue, draped so as to show the lining behind. The bodice was a deep jacket, with gold band trimming sleeves, and collar. The crown of the hat was of spotted foulard, and the brim straw, with an ornament on one side at the top of the crown, made of dark blue chenille fastened with a gold buckle.

For evening wear, flowers are generally worn in the hair by young people; but for dinner toilets, caps and bows are usually adopted. The former we have seen entirely composed of marabout feathers, white or colored, fastened upon the head by pins of various kinds. Others are of silk, covered with pearls, gold beads, or sequins; and others again of lace with summer flowers for their adornment.

We give for example, one of pale lilac silk, made of a half handkerchief; the corners tied in front, embroidered in pearls, and the fullness of the crown drawn in with the same; while round the edge is a band composed of a treble row with a fringe below.

Another, of a square piece of silk of a pale shade of old gold; has two corners lined with pale blue, and ornamented with gold lace tied and turned; and is completed by gold lace at the edges.

Foulard handkerchiefs of certain patterns, are chosen for breakfast caps. These have cream white centres with cashmere borders. They are so folded that the white part forms the crown, and the gay figures surround it, two of the ends being gathered in pointed leaf shape to make the loops of a bow in the back. Two narrow pleated frills of Breton lace then edge this border. The polka dotted handkerchiefs are also made up in such caps.

Very pretty little morning aprons are made of the cloth usually employed for working in crewels for tidies; in fact tidies themselves are frequently used for this purpose when they are worked with irregular sprays of flowers, and trimmed with yellow antique lace.

Crewel work and embroidery play an important part in the morning dresses; and the now fashionable tea gowns (so called as they are worn for afternoon teas,) which are made in the same style and shape as the morning dresses.

Hand painting is also fashionable for buttons and lace; many ladies exercising their ingenuity and taste in making designs for the former; and skirts of white flannel, to be worn under lawn tennis costumes, are beautifully embroidered with very pretty flowers.

Evening dresses are mostly made with square bodices and collars, high at the back, or pointed back and front, and high over the shoulders; with some of these latter, under bodices of finely pleated Indian muslin are worn. Apropos of India muslin, many pretty dresses are made of it, trimmed with coffee or cream-colored lace, with gathered ruffles edged with lace, and scarfs crossing the front and looped behind with bows of ribbon or flowers to form a puffing over a plain train; a silk skirt and bodice being worn beneath.

Bridal dresses are more trimmed than heretofore

with lace, and also with broche silk; and many of them are embroidered in silks and pearls, and have rich fringes to correspond. Orange flowers are no longer the essential flowers; lilies of the valley, white moss roses, and stephanotis taking their place.

The fine gold lace with threads as fine as linen is combined with other laces in fichus, breakfast caps, etc. It is warranted not to tarnish, and is so light and delicate that it brightens up the white fabric, yet does not look like theatrical tinsel. Thus there are collarettes of Languedoc lace, made in full frills and with fichu fronts, on which a row of narrower gold lace is laid without gathers around the neck and down the front. The Languedoc and Raguse point laces come in such large figures that they do not pleat effectively; hence, they are only slightly gathered when forming frills.

Irish point lace in heavy rich designs is imported in Directorie collars, and in straight, square, or long collar bands, with deep square cuffs to be attached like permanent trimming to the waist of dark dresses of handsome materials. There are also cuirasses of this lace, made without sleeves.

Foulard handkerchiefs instead of cambric ones are made into cravat bows. The new fancy is to fold the kerchief through the middle each way making a square, and then turn over in a point the corner which is made for the middle of the handkerchief. A gay little brooch is stuck on this turned-over-revers, and the cravat is finished. This is very pretty with a heliotrope or a pale blue handkerchief with white embroidered border edged with lace.

Another fancy is a silk strip trimmed on two opposite sides with lace, then laid in eight lengthwise folds close upon each other; the lace ends are at top and bottom. The top end of the lace, with some of the silk, is then turned over flatly toward the left side, and the longer silk and lace part below spreads open like a fan. This is beautiful in white Surah and fine Breton lace. White India muslin is used in the same way.

The Marie Antoinette kerchief is a square, doubled three-cornered, and made of India muslin, either plain or with dots no larger than a pin head, and edged with a full wide frill of lace. Silk muslin is also used in this way. Plain kerchiefs, like those of a Quakeress, are of mull muslin with a wide hemstitched, and a cluster of drawn work in each corner. Young ladies wear kerchiefs of muslin, trimmed with embroidery, or else of Breton net with a fine pattern through the centre, and a vine for a border, and a lace frill.

One of the favorite caprices of French dresses is that of making the front and sides of the skirt represent five great box pleats, and these have eyelets worked in the edges, and are laced down with silk cords, ending in tassels. A contrast of color is always seen in these; thus, an écreu or drab wool dress has dark green cord and tassels, while one of navy blue has red eyelets, cords, and tassels.

Pleated skirts for walking dresses are more popular than they have ever been, and are most variously made. Some are box pleated in single pleats, others are double kilts, while many have three kilted flounces covering them. Most of the skirts of one pleating fall at the top on a narrow pleated

border, which is often of a dark orange or red, in contrast to the goods of the skirt.

For simple street costumes, a favorite model, and one that can be easily made at home, is the full round skirt which varies in width from three to four yards. The present fancy is to tuck such skirts in the old-time way, having a cluster of four to six tucks, each two inches wide, and very close together, yet not lapping. This is around the foot of the dress, and may have a knife or box pleating below it, coming out from under the edge of the skirt. Of course it is impossible to slope or gore the breadths of skirts that are to be tucked, as they must be straight to tuck smoothly; hence, these skirts are only sloped slightly at the top of the front and side breadths, and are deeply shirred behind, or else laid in very full pleats. The round waist with a wide belt is liked with such skirts, and the only drapery is the short, wrinkled apron confined to the front, and sewed in with the side seams; or else there are pointed wing-like pieces on the sides, each finished with a tassel, or perhaps drapery somewhat in panier styles extends down the sides, or it may be there are two flat square ends down the front tucked to match the skirt, and edged with fringe or pleating. If a basque is preferred, it must be open below the waist to show the shirred skirt, and to do this, the entire back is sometimes divided into pieces that are caught together at the ends, and each finished with a tassel; or else the middle seam is opened below the waist and turned towards each side in revers, leaving the shirring in view. Sleeves of these simple dresses are made quite full at the top, and are gathered in at the armhole to make them stand up slightly like the leg-of-mutton sleeves. The wrist is finished in the simplest manner, without a cuff, and with stitched edges; it is usually left open a short distance up the outside seam, that lace may be gathered there and carried up the open part.

Never before has there been such a scope given to individual taste in the matter of bathing costumes as this season, some of them being really elegant. Of course the materials must be such as will stand the salt water, but the contrasts of color are very beautiful, and any all-wool goods are the most desirable to purchase, as they stand the wear better. Many of these suits are made with short sleeves, so as to facilitate swimming. We do not ourselves admire them, but, as a faithful chronicler of the fashions, have given them, as our readers can see by reference to our fashion illustrations.

All ladies now wear stockings while in bathing, the color to contrast with, if not match, the suit. Some also wear sandals, which they fasten on with braid in the same style as those worn for morning toilets.

Hats are also very fancy; they are usually only trimmed with colored flannels, but with a slight amount of ingenuity and taste very much in the way of ruches, bows, rosettes, and even imitation feathers can be made, which make a common straw hat look really pretty; these hats cost so little, that there is really no reason why any person should wear them after they are defaced by salt water and sun.

Fancy jewelry was never so popular as at present; lace pins, the name given to all pins used for fastening lace or ribbon at the throat, are of all styles and shapes; (in this we are not entirely correct, as they are all narrow and long, running across the lace; but they are in so many different styles, that they really appear to almost be of different shapes). Gold is used in a variety of shades, in fact at a first glance they appear as if enameled; they are set with diamonds and other precious stones. Flowers, at present, are the most popular; daisies, pansies, forget-me-nots, wild roses, and buttercups, with grass or foliage, being the favorites.

HINTS UPON THE DOINGS OF THE FASHION-ABLE WORLD.

Never were afternoon dances more general than at present. The bad weather, which has spoilt so many archery meetings, lawn tennis parties, and *fêtes champêtres*, has been favorable to dancing; and young people, done out of amusement in one way, have determined to enjoy themselves in another. Many a hostess, looking sadly on her wet lawns and spoilt preparations, has suddenly been inspired with a happy thought to turn her garden party into an afternoon dance; and having sent round to her friends and neighbors an invitation to that effect, has converted her drawing-room into a ball-room, and smiled on her guests in her house instead of in her garden. Some of these entertainments are very pretty. The rooms, especially the dancing-room, is elaborately and tastefully decorated; and the conservatory (if there is one) leading out of it is arranged for refreshments, with a buffet at one end, embowered in flowering shrubs, and small tables scattered about with plants arranged to form floral screens. If there is no conservatory, the refreshments are usually served in the dining-room, which is arranged generally with one large table and several small ones. These small tables are fashionable, too, for garden parties (weather permitting), and are put in shady corners, or under gay umbrella tents. They have generally fancy tablecloths, either muslin or deep lace, or pale colored sateen, embroidered or braided in white or colors. At a recent afternoon dance, given in a country house, the dancing-room was decorated entirely with wild briony, which was looped in large festoons, and wild tangled wreaths over the doors, windows, and up the sides and across the tops of the mirrors. The small piano had the back draped with white muslin and lace, with the wild briony arranged all over it. At another house the decorations were of common fern in long festoons, caught up with wild roses and trails of convolvuli. In the dining-room, where the refreshments were laid out, the tablecloth of the large table at the end of the room was of muslin, with deep lace, and was caught up at distances with clusters of ferns and roses. On the table, a design was laid out in roses of all colors, in and out of the dishes of cakes. All the fruit was in raised gilt wicker baskets on little stands, and in the centre of the table was an enormous block of ice, with ferns climbing up it, the base and top having wreaths of

roses. Some of the toilettes at these afternoon dances are very simple, others very elaborate. A great many real flowers are worn on dresses and in hats, and some young ladies carry bouquets matching their costumes as far as possible. A costume in which a young hostess received her guests at a recent dance, was of Indian muslin over white silk; down the bodice and front of the skirt was a cascade of Breton lace, and in this were arranged clusters of maidenhair with a yellow and red rosebud together; on the sleeves in the lace of the wrists were similar bouquets, and in the hair was the largest cluster of all. Another toilette of white and black striped foulard, much trimmed with lace, had small bouquets of dark red roses and fern at the top of clusters of black satin loops, which was very pretty. Indian muslins and flowered muslins are much worn at dances, and are made over silk, either white or colored. Little puffed caps of white lace and muslin, or of colored silk, generally accompany these materials. A dress arranged with small alternate flounces of white muslin and very full pink foulard, with a long bodice of pink, and broad scarf of muslin edged with lace, a hat of white chip, with lace and broad bow of foulard. A white cashmere tunic was draped very long over white plaited silk on one side, and open on the other, showing small plaitings of silk; it was edged all round with gold braid of over an inch wide with two rows of narrow on each side; the vest was composed entirely of the broad and narrow gold braid in rows, the cuffs were ornamented to match, and the hat of white chip, was turned up, with two small white feathers powdered with gold. A flounced red silk skirt, had body and paniers of white foulard covered with a pattern of small red roses, and a large cape of muslin, with loops of red; a poke bonnet of drawn white muslin, with large roses and white lace strings. White lace mittens, and a fan of foulard, matching the dress completed the costume, the wearer of which looked as if she had stepped out of the last century. These Pompadour fans are much in vogue now for the chintz costumes. They are either of a color, with a broad chintz border, or all of chintz. Parasols matching the dresses are also to be seen at garden parties. Some of the sateen dresses in pale colors, trimmed with coarse white and cream lace, are very pretty. Red, pale blue, and pale pink, are the most becoming colors. They are inexpensive and very dressy looking. A costume of dark blue sateen with a gray flowered top, was made with a plaiting round the bottom of the dark blue, then a ruffle in front arranged in festoons with loops of satin ribbon at each point. Paniers and bodice of gray, with pink and blue flowers on it, looped with dark blue; small cape and poke bonnet of straw, with strings and bow of dark blue. For arriving at and departing from these gatherings very tasteful ulsters are to be seen of pale colored sheeting, cashmere, and Holland lined with a color. Some ladies embroider their ulsters with crewel work, and take with them small cases containing their shoes to match. Where there are two or three sisters a case with a handle, with two or three divisions for the shoes and a flap to fall over, the whole to be carried in the hand, is sometimes adopted. Occasionally large monograms are seen, and the variety and beauty of some of these shoe-cases is amusing. Satin sheeting is a favorite material.

FASHION.



SUMMER.

*"Even stooping age is here, and infant hands
Trail the long rake."*



GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST 1880.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.



Fig. 10.



Fig. 11.



Fig. 12.



Fig. 13.



Fig. 14.



Fig. 15.



Fig. 16.

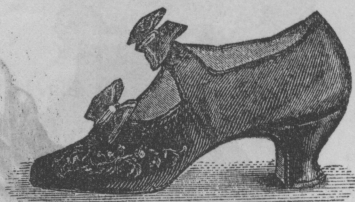


Fig. 17.



Fig. 18.





Fig. 19.



Fig. 20.



Fig. 21.



Fig. 22.



Fig. 23.



Fig. 24.

Fig. 25.



Fig. 26.



Fig. 27.

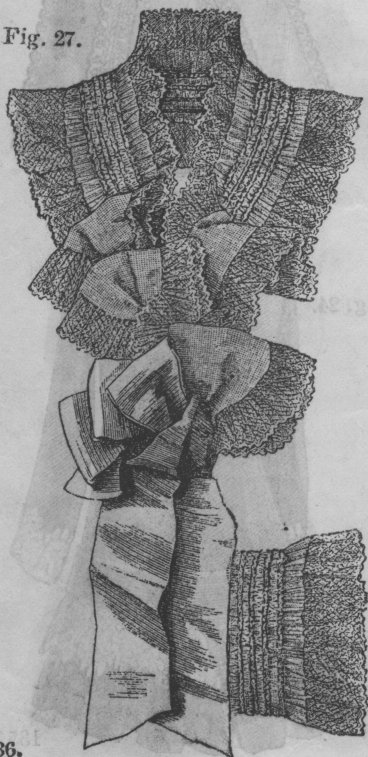


Fig. 28.



Fig. 32.

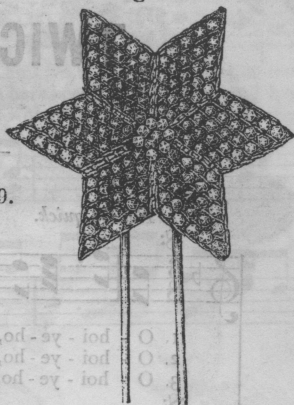


Fig. 29.

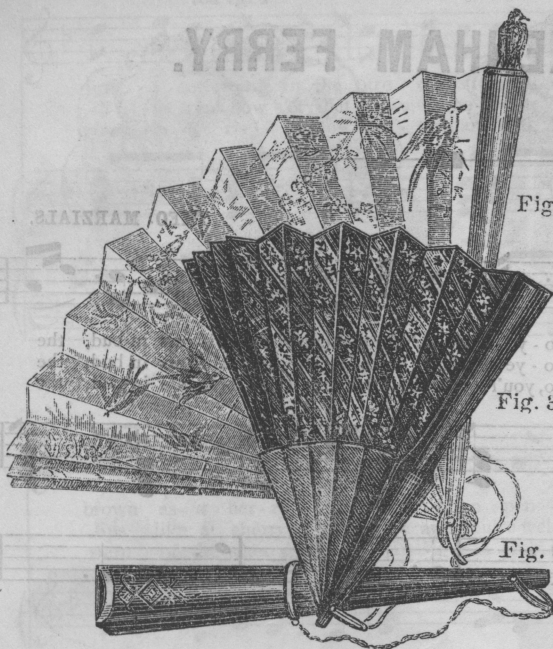


Fig. 30.

Fig. 34.



Fig. 31.



Fig. 33.



Fig. 35.



TWICKENHAM FERRY.

THEO. MARZIALS.

Not too quick.

1. O - hoi - ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, Who's for the ferry? (The bri - ars in bud, the
 2. O - hoi - ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho, I'm for the ferry, (The bri - ars in bud, the
 3. O - hoi - ye - ho, Ho, you're too late for the ferry (The bri - ars in bud, the

sun going down,) And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady, And 'tis but a penny to
 sun going down,) And it's late as it is, and I haven't a penny, And how shall I get me to
 sun going down,) And he's not rowing quick and he's not rowing steady, You'd think 'twas a journey to

Twick - en - ham Town. The fer - ry-man's slim and the fer - ry-man's young And he's
 Twick - en - ham Town. She'd a rose in her bon - net, and oh! she look'd sweet As the
 Twick - en - ham Town. "O hoi, and O ho," you may call as you will The

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 No. 1102 Chestnut Street, Phila

TWICKENHAM FERRY.

just a soft twang in the turn of his tongue, And he's fresh as a pip - pin and
lit - tle pink flow - er that grows in the wheat, With her cheeks like a rose and her
moon is a ris - ing on Pe - tersham Hill, And with love like a rose in the

brown as a ber - ry, And 'tis but a pen - ny to Twick - en - ham Town.
lips like a cherry, "And sure and you're welcome to Twick - en - ham Town."
stern of the wherry, There's dan - ger in cross - ing to Twick - en - ham Town.

O -

hoi - ye - ho, Ho - ye - ho Ho - ye - ho, Ho.

Fig. 37.



Fig. 36.

Fig. 39.

Fig. 38.

GODEY'S Lady's Book and Magazine.

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1880.

ROSLYN'S FORTUNE.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Author of "A Gentle Belle," "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," "Nina's Atonement," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

GEOFFREY MAKES A PROMISE.

If Roslyn wearies of the dullness of home life after the brilliant watering-place existence which she enjoyed so much, at least she gives no indication of such a state of mind. There is no cloud on her bright face, Colonel Duncan is happy to observe, as the days pass swiftly by. She takes up her old occupations—if the butterfly mode of spending her time, to which she was always addicted, may be called by that name—just where she laid them down: romps with the children, fraternizes with Lettice, laughs and gossips with her many Kirton friends, as frequently and as gayly as before the summer had brought wider knowledge, and perhaps deeper feeling, to her hitherto careless life. Only, through it all, there is noticeable the change which struck every one on seeing her first on her return: a thoughtfulness, if not gravity, which is new in her! "She is more womanly," Mrs. Vardray says—and thinks it both natural and desirable that such should be the case. Lettice is, for once, a little puzzled. The change itself is as patent to her as to everybody else; but she is not quite clear in her own mind whether it is merely the natural development of the girl into the woman, as Mrs. Vardray considers it, or whether the affair with Lovelace has had anything to do with it. She is anxious to satisfy herself on this point, not only because she is curious—or, rather, interested—for Roslyn's sake, but because Geoffrey has given her a commission, which as yet she has not been able to fulfill. Only a few days after Roslyn's return, and the conversation recorded in the last chapter, she was surprised to find a letter to herself

in the mail-bag one morning—surprised because she seldom received letters; but the first glance at the writing, which she recognized at once, enlightened her both as to who her correspondent was, and what was the subject matter of his letter. Geoffrey wrote to ask her opinion as to whether there existed a shadow of a chance of his ever winning Roslyn's heart. "My mother tells me," he said, "that Roslyn has returned home, and is as pretty and bright as ever—only much more matured since I saw her. I ought to be satisfied, I know, with her own reiterated assurances that she never can love me, and never will marry me. But I can't give her up while there is a possibility that a chance may exist for me. I had rather trust your judgment as to this than that of any one else, Lettice—even than Roslyn's own. What I want to know is whether she is engaged, or likely to engage herself, to Lovelace—or to anybody else whom she may have met this summer. I am confident that she rejected Colonel Duncan that day at Clifton, and he seems to have accepted her refusal as final. At least I infer this from his having abandoned the field as he did, and so I no longer fear him as a rival. But I do not feel certain about Lovelace. Sometimes I think that Roslyn was only flirting with him, and then again I am miserably afraid that she really was captivated by the puppy's handsome face. Lettice, I want you to find out this one thing for me—is her heart still free? If it is, I will go at once and make one more effort to win it; but if there is absolutely no hope for me, I shall keep away. I will trust your judgment. Write at once, and tell me what to do."

She did write at once, but it was to say that she could not give him a definite opinion until she had made up her own mind on the subject. "For I am almost as much in doubt as you are," she went on. "I think Roslyn half fancies herself in love with that man—but I doubt if the af-

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fair will ever come to anything. I cannot assure you that her heart is free, though, and so, for the present, I advise you to stay away. I will write again if I have any news either good or bad to give you."

At the end of a week he received another letter, and tearing it open, read as follows:

"Dear Geoffrey:—I know you have been boiling with impatience, and thinking very hardly of me. But really I have had nothing to tell which was worth your hearing. It is only to-day that I succeeded in persuading Roslyn to let me explain to you what the state of affairs between her and Mr. Lovelace is. I suppose he is really in love with her, and she certainly admires him very much, and thinks that she would like to marry him. But she is not engaged to him, for the very good reason that *he* is engaged to another woman. Now, I hope that you will not, when you hear this, rush off to challenge the man! Listen to the rest of the story first"—and she proceeds to relate the particulars with which the reader is already familiar. "You see"—she then goes on—"that there are two obstacles in the way of the affair ending in Roslyn's marrying Mr. Lovelace. In the first place, the condition upon which she agree to listen to him is that he can free himself honorably from his engagement, which I don't believe he can; and in the second place, if he succeeded in doing this, he is not the sort of man to marry a woman without fortune—particularly as he is very deeply in debt. He did not tell Roslyn about his pecuniary embarrassments, but I have heard of them"—"through her father," thinks Geoffrey, parenthetically—"and am so fully convinced that he would as soon think of cutting his throat as of marrying a poor woman, that I am inclined to advise you to come and try your fate once more. When I say 'come and try your fate,' I do not mean come and torment Roslyn by forcing the expression of your love on her in season and out of season, as you have been in the habit of doing all your life. But I think that if you were to come to Verdevale occasionally (which would be better than living there all the time), and dropping the character of a lover, would be good-tempered and pleasant, there may be some hope that after awhile, when she finds out Lovelace's real character, which is shallow and unprincipled to the last degree, Roslyn *may* grow to care for you—to think of marrying you, I mean. Of course she cares a great deal for you now, in a sisterly way.

"This is the best advice I can give you. I have hesitated and am almost afraid to give it; but I have only said what I firmly believe, that if you will have patience, and are willing to wait, maybe a long time, you may succeed at last in winning Roslyn—so far as Mr. Lovelace is concerned, I mean. It is not possible to be sure

that somebody else may not take his place. I don't think Col. Duncan can. He is at home, now, as I suppose you know, and he visits at Verdevale as much as ever; but I think he has given up all hope of marrying Roslyn. His manner is not lover-like, as it used to be, but very quiet and friendly; and Roslyn seems unembarrassed with him."

After a word or two more of caution as to self-control if he decides to come to Verdevale, Lettice's letter closed.

On reading it, Geoffrey immediately determines to take the advice, so hesitatingly given. Like most of us in similar circumstances, he is very ready to listen to the counsel which falls in so entirely with his own inclinations. He packs up his traps, therefore, says good-bye to his uncle, leaving that poor gentleman in an inconsolable state of mind at losing his society, and is off to Verdevale.

Reaching Kirtton on an early morning train, he pauses only to take a cup of coffee, and then walks out to Verdevale in time for breakfast. The young fellow's spirits rise, as he strides rapidly along the well-known road in the crystal freshness of a bright October morning. Whether or not there is any hope that in the far future he may sometime claim Roslyn as his own, he feels that he holds a present and tangible delight just within his grasp—that of seeing her, hearing her sweet voice, basking in the light of her radiant presence!—and he is glad with the unalloyed gladness of "unbruised, unbowed youth."

He finds the family at Verdevale in a state of cheerful commotion. Several trunks, and one plethoric black leather valise, are standing in the front piazza—children are racing, and servants hurrying about in every direction; and that there is a general air of bustle in the house, he perceives before he comes near it.

"What's the matter, little one?" he asks, catching up one of the children, who is the first to see his approach, and, proclaiming his arrival at the top of her voice, comes flying down the walk to meet him. "Who's going away?"

He is informed that "mamma and papa and auntie and *all* us children, are going to see Uncle John."

"Roslyn, too?" he asks in a very crestfallen tone—and is immensely relieved when the child shakes her head. Roslyn is not going—hearing which, he feels that he can support the absence of the rest of the family with exemplary fortitude.

He is at the piazza steps by this time, and the next minute is surrounded by all the children, who crowd about him with clamorous welcome, and then comes the equally warm though less noisy greeting of their elders.

"You are just in time, my boy, to take care of Roslyn and Mrs. Knight while we are away,"

says Mr. Vardray, as they sit down to breakfast. "It is fortunate you happened to come just now."

"O, Geoff," cries Roslyn; "don't you remember what a glorious time we had once when mamma and papa went to Uncle John's and left Mrs. Knight with us?"

"Don't I!" cries Geoffrey, his eyes sparkling at the recollection. "I only hope we shall have an equally glorious one now—and I see no reason why we should not."

"I am afraid," says Roslyn, looking a little pensively at the roll she is buttering, "that we shall not be so easily made happy now as we were then."

"You may have outgrown the capability of enjoying simple pleasures," says Geoffrey, in a low tone, as he sees that the attention of his mother and step-father is engrossed by some discussion about their journey, while the children are busy with their breakfast—"but for me, I shall like your society—and Mrs. Knight's—just as well now as I did then."

Roslyn laughs. "She is just the same quiet, excellent old soul that she was when we used to read to her after tea till bed-time—alternating *Baron Munchausen* with *Last Days of Pompeii*. I know she will be delighted to live the old times over again. You were always her special favorite, you know."

"Why do you make this visit so much earlier than usual?" Geoffrey asks half an hour afterwards, as he and Mr. Vardray stood together on the piazza, waiting for Mrs. Vardray and the children to appear. The carriage is before the door, the luggage is by this time at the station, and Mr. Vardray is becoming a little impatient of the delay. "From the middle of November to the middle of December used to be the time for it."

"Yes—but John has been urging us to come, and Ellen thought the change might benefit Effie. The child has not seemed altogether well lately. Here you are at last, are you, Ellen! Come on, come on, children! I shall not be at all surprised if we lose our train."

"There is no danger whatever of that," responds Mrs. Vardray, as she kisses Roslyn goodbye, and turns to Geoffrey. "Your watch is always too fast."

"I have railroad time," says her husband; and hurrying her into the carriage, they drive off rapidly.

The two young people who are left behind, stand looking at them until the vehicle has passed out of sight; and then Roslyn sits down on the piazza steps and says:

"Don't you wish we could be changed back into children—just for the next month? I think it would be so nice!"

"I don't," says Geoffrey, decidedly. "I had

rather be as I am, and see you as you are, than to go back to childhood, delightful as it was while it lasted."

Roslyn sighs. "We were much happier as children than we are now," she says.

"Not happier than we might be!" cries Geoffrey, with a sudden wistful tenderness in his voice and eyes, at which the girl shrinks perceptibly. Putting her hand in her pocket, she draws forth three or four letters.

"Here is my morning's work," she says: "to answer these letters." She rises as she speaks.

"One of the many advantages that children have over grown people, is an exemption from letter-writing—which is certainly the greatest bore of civilized life."

"Roslyn, I wish you would sit down again and listen to me for a minute," says Geoffrey, earnestly. "Or," he adds, as she hesitates; "will you take a walk? Suppose we go over and see Lettice? The morning is beautiful, and we shall be in the shade all the way. Will you go?"

"Yes, if you like," she answers, resignedly. "I will get my hat and parasol."

Geoffrey's gaze follows her as she goes into the house—a great many different emotions chasing each other in rapid succession over his face. There is love, there is pain, there is humor, there is bitterness; and, finally, a thoughtful gravity which does not vanish like the others, but still remains when Roslyn rejoins him, and they are walking across the lawn, through the garden, to the gate which opens into the wood. Not many words are exchanged between them until they have passed through this gate, and are underneath the arching boughs of the forest, with a wealth of gorgeous autumn color all around them, and a breeze, soft and fragrant, as if it came from Araby the Blest, kissing them as they meet it. Then Geoffrey speaks so abruptly that his companion—who is thinking how short a time it is, and yet how long a time it seems, since she took her first walk along these paths with Lovelace—starts perceptibly as his voice falls on her ear.

"Don't think that I have come to persecute you, Roslyn," he is saying. "I have kept the promise I made you when we parted: and I intend to keep the one I make now—that I will never annoy you again by my love or jealousy. And so I hope you will not shun me as you have been doing for some time past; nor look, whenever I approach you, as if you were in a dentist's chair, waiting while he gets his instruments ready to extract one of your teeth—resolute and resigned, but aware of the coming operation."

"O, Geoff!" cries Roslyn, reproachfully; "how can you talk so! When did I ever shun you, or look—as you say?"

"When have you *not* looked so, since I came home in July?" he says, a little sadly. "But I

don't mean to reproach you. It has been my own fault. You really have had more patience with me than I deserved. But now I want you to forget all the vexation my folly has caused you; and remember only, if ever you need any service man can render, that I am your brother—more than your brother—'forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity of love, make up my sum.' There—don't look as if you were going to cry—for heaven's sake!" he adds, hastily, when Roslyn glances up with a very distressed expression of countenance, and a most suspicious brightness in her eyes, as if tears were coming—"I am done with the subject now. Is Roger Stanhope at home?"

"Yes; I think so—I am sure he is."

"He told me the last time I was here, that he was going to California in September, and I was hoping he was gone."

"It is a pity he would not go somewhere—for if he continues his present way of living much longer, he will soon be a second edition of Mr. Stanhope," says Roslyn.

"There is no doubt of that," says Geoffrey. "Yet there is good in him—I have always been sorry for the boy. With such precepts and example as his father's, what could be expected?"

"What a life Lettice has had!" Roslyn remarks after a pause. "It does seem hard that one person should have the power to ruin the lives of others, as that wretched man, her father, has managed to do. I wonder his wife and children can endure to speak to him! I should think they would feel such utter disgust and detestation of him, as to make his presence intolerable."

"I dare say it is intolerable," says Geoffrey, dryly—"but how are they to avoid enduring it? When his wife married him, in opposition to the wishes and advice of all her friends, she made this life for herself and her children."

"How *could* she have married him!" cried Roslyn. "I have often looked at him and marvelled how even such a silly woman as Mrs. Stanhope must have been when she was a girl—for she is silly now—could have been deluded into putting herself in the power of such a man as that!"

"When people fall in love, they take leave of common sense, you know," says Geoffrey, with a smile half of humor, half of bitterness. But he has scarcely uttered this not very amiable sentiment, when he feels ashamed of what seems to him an unmanly spirit of complaint; and, throwing off by an effort a certain sense of depression which has followed quickly the elation with which he commenced the morning, he begins to talk on indifferent subjects, gives an amusing account of his life at Heathdale with his hypochondriac uncle, and then insists on hearing all about Roslyn's gay summer.

They are in the middle of her lively reminiscence, when at a sudden turn of the road, not far from his own gate, they come face to face with Mr. Stanhope. He is on horseback, but stops at once to speak to them, and after shaking hands and exchanging a few words with Geoffrey, he turns to Roslyn with his usual blandness and his usual smiles. He is always bland and smiling: always prefers to puncture his victim playfully with the keen and poisoned point of a damascened dagger, to striking with ruder weapons.

"I hope our young friend Lovelace was well when you saw him last, Miss Roslyn?" he says, with the enjoyable consciousness that he is making both his hearers uncomfortable—Roslyn angry, and Geoffrey jealous—and he is disappointed to find that his words produce no apparent effect on either. Geoffrey looks unconcerned; and Roslyn colors—partly at the sound of Lovelace's name, and partly with indignation at the insolence which prompted the question. Her veil is over her face, which is, moreover, shaded by her parasol, so that he has not the gratification to perceive this evidence that this shot has told. Her voice is quite steady as she answers carelessly:

"Mr. Lovelace was well, as you are probably aware, when he left here; and I have not seen him since then."

"Not seen him since then!" Mr. Stanhope repeats, with genuine surprise. "Why, he was at the White Sulphur about the time I heard Lettice say you were there."

"A little before I was there," she answers suavely. "I heard of him, but did not see him."

"That's strange! I'm afraid you must have treated him very cruelly, Miss Roslyn, when he was here. I shall write to him in a day or two, and it will give me pleasure to deliver a message to the poor fellow, if you have one for him."

"None at all, thanks," says Roslyn cheerfully; and Mr. Stanhope goes on his way with less sense of complacency than he would have felt had he succeeded in disconcerting the two people he has just parted with.

"By George! I thought Lovelace was making a fool of that girl!" he muttered half-aloud. "Perhaps she was making a fool of him"—he laughs cynically—"It's a toss-up in a game of that kind, which side wins—unless both are fools."

Geoffrey and Roslyn, meantime, go on their way, also without allusion to the remarks of Mr. Stanhope; but for the first time in his life Geoffrey feels quite cordially towards that gentleman. He knows that if it is possible for anything to rouse a distrust of Lovelace in Roslyn's mind, the familiar tone in which she has just heard him spoken of by this black sheep, will do so. "Everybody, even such a vagabond as this, may be of use occasionally, and do some good—against his own will," he thinks sententiously. That the

words of the vagabond in question have had some effect, he feels sure, when he glances at Roslyn's face, which expresses both disgust and annoyance.

"I always feel degraded when that man speaks to me!" she says in a tone of the strongest repugnance; and then she resumes the subject his appearance had interrupted.

CHAPTER XX.

"THE SIGN OF DESPAIR."

When they return home they find Mrs. Knight—who has arrived during their absence, and is sitting on the piazza knitting.

"How natural the good soul looks!" cries Geoffrey, as his eyes rest on her before they are within speaking distance. "The same fresh-colored, placid face that I remember ever since I can remember anything—and I am sure that is the same spotless gown and cap she has had on these ten years past. Why, how are you, Mrs. Knight?" he exclaims, running up the steps and shaking warmly the hand she extends. "I'm very glad to see that you're 'come to take care of us children while mamma is gone'—as we used to say long time ago."

Mrs. Knight smiles, as she adjusts her spectacles, and fixed her eyes on the tall figure and broad shoulder that look very unfamiliar to her in connection with the face that surmounts them.

"I am very glad to be here," she says heartily; "but neither you nor Miss Roslyn look much like children now. You've grown ever since I saw you last—and if it wasn't for your voice and face, I shouldn't a-reco'nized you, Mr. Geoffrey, when I saw you come walking in."

"You haven't changed since I can first recollect," says Geoffrey, "unless it is to grow younger."

At this Mrs. Knight smiles again, and resumes her knitting. She is an elderly woman of humble station, but whose upright character and exceptional good sense have made her greatly respected always in the neighborhood where she was born and has spent her life. A very unhappy life it was for many years, in consequence of the brutal treatment she endured at the hands of a worthless and dissipated husband. Death, however, ended her bondage at last; and shortly after her husband died, she inherited from a distant relative a sum of money, which, though small in itself, was competence and ease to her. "It seems like Providence ordered it so that it shouldn't come while Robert was alive," she said to Mrs. Vardray, with great simplicity. "He would soon a-run through it. But now it'll make me comfortable the rest of my life, and be a great help to Sarah and the children after I'm gone." During the time of her trouble she had received much and constant kindness from M. S. Vardray—a fact

which she never forgets. If there is illness in the family, if the house is full of guests, or if Mrs. Vardray is leaving home, Mrs. Knight is always available and perfectly trustworthy to take charge of the house, servants, and children; and comes at a moment's notice to devote herself conscientiously to the performance of any duties that may devolve on her. And so it has chanced that she is here now. Roslyn having expressed a wish to be excused from the annual visit to "Uncle John"—a bachelor brother of Mr. Vardray—no objection was made to her remaining at home.

"Of course, my dear, you can stay if you prefer it," Mrs. Vardray had said. "You know Mrs. Knight will be here—and I dare say you can persuade Lettice to stay with you a good deal."

"This is really the old time come back!" cried Geoffrey, as they sit down to dinner that day.

"Yes," says Roslyn, "we will make a month of it, and be happy once more if we never are to be again. And oh, the things we will do! Autumn is the time—the best time, I mean—to set out trees and shrubs, isn't it Mrs. Knight? We will plant that evergreen basket we spoke of, you know, Geoff, on the lawn, and"—she goes on to enumerate various other horticultural undertakings, which they will accomplish, with many indoor matters in the way of house decorations.

Happy they certainly are just now. There is no rival to excite Geoffrey's jealousy—Roslyn's smiles are all his own: while the latter, to whom life has been a little stagnant lately in contrast to the gayety and admiration which went before finds his homage very agreeable, instead of annoying as it has long been—more especially since she knows she may trust the promise he has given. They chatter, they laugh—so wild are their spirits, so thorough the abandon with which they give themselves up to the enjoyment of the passing hour, that it does indeed seem as if they had returned to childhood. Mrs. Knight's benignant face literally beams, as she listens and looks with the same indulgence and sympathy now as she did years ago, at their fun and frolic.

"Don't sleep away the whole of this glorious afternoon, Roslyn," says Geoffrey, when they are about to separate after dinner. "Shall I order the horses for a ride or a drive?—and at what hour?"

"A ride, by all means," is the reply. "I suppose four o'clock will do. It is rather early"—

"Not too early," interposes the young man. "Pray be on time."

With which exhortation, he betakes himself to Mr. Vardray's hammock for his own siesta.

At half past four they are cantering lightly along the road which leads both to Kirton and to

Cliffion, and have just come to the point where the Kirton road branches off to the left, while the other continues straight on, when they meet a servant riding one horse and leading another. Horses and servant are all three acquaintances of Geoffrey and Roslyn, and as the glance of the latter rests upon the slender, dark-brown horse on which Wash—Col. Duncan's groom—is mounted, she remembers that the last time she saw the animal he carried a rider handsome and graceful as himself—for this is the horse Lovelace rode during his stay at Cliffion.

Wash has halted at sight of them; and as perceiving this they pause an instant, he touches his hat and says:

"How do you do, Mr. Thorne? Is Mass Hugo at your house, sir?"

"No," answers Geoffrey in some surprise—his eye falling on the horse the man was leading.

"Why should you think so?"

"He came to town this morning with Mr. Shelbourne, and they was going shooting to-day—and Mass Hugo told me to fetch Redgauntlet to the creek to meet him—that he would be at the bridge about four o'clock, he expected; but if he wasn't there, I was to wait awhile and then go on to Verdevale."

"He was not at Verdevale when we left," said Geoffrey, "but he may have got there since, if he was shooting in the woods the other side of the creek—so you had better go on; and if you find him there, tell him to be sure and wait till we return. We'll be back before long."

It requires a magnanimous effort on Geoffrey's part to say this—for the demon of jealousy stirs suddenly in his breast when he hears that Colonel Duncan, who he knows was at Verdevale only yesterday, intends to be there again this evening. But remembering Lettice's counsel, and his own promise, he refrains from saying or even looking what he feels. He is, on the contrary, about to remark upon the beauty of the two horses, as the servant passes on, when Roslyn makes a little exclamation and points before her.

A dog has come running out of the woods a short distance in front of them, and standing still in the middle of the road as it sees their approach, begins to bark frantically, in a most distressed manner.

"I think it is Zoe—Colonel Duncan's setter," says Roslyn. "How singularly she is acting! She must have lost her master—or perhaps she saw the horses go by just now. O, Geoffrey"—as the animal comes tearing to meet them—"what is that round her neck?"

Geoffrey has already sprung to the ground as the dog draws near, and stoops over her with an exclamation of surprise and dismay—while she seizes his coat-sleeve as soon as it is within reach of her mouth, and holding fast to it, uttering at the same time a pitiful whining between her

teeth, tries to pull him in the direction from which she came.

"I am afraid Duncan may have met with an accident," the young man says hastily, after one glance at the object which has attracted the attention of both his companion and himself—a white linen handkerchief knotted around the dog's neck. As he unties it and holds it up, they perceive that it is half-saturated with blood.

"I must see what the meaning of this is!" cries Geoffrey—and starting to his feet, he puts the rein of his horse into Roslyn's hand, saying, "Wait here, Roslyn, and I will follow Zoe and find out if anything is the matter. Of course I will be back as soon as I possibly can."

Without staying for a reply, he hurries after the dog, who, at a sign from him, has bounded away, retracing her steps to the place where she emerged from the wood a minute or two before. At this precise spot, she disappears in some bushes, and Geoffrey plunges through them after her.

If Roslyn was a veteran soldier, and Geoffrey her officer, she could not obey his order more promptly and unquestioningly than she does. Drawing up at the side of the road, she remains just where he left her for what seems to her a long time—a very long time. She has an instinctive conviction that something terrible has befallen Colonel Duncan—and as the lingering minutes drag on, feels the suspense to be very trying. Suddenly it occurs to her that she might as well go on to the place at which Geoffrey left the road. No doubt he will return the same way he went. She rides forward to the spot, therefore, and stops at the clump of bushes where he vanished from sight. Looking anxiously down into a dim region of shadow—for the ground slopes away from the road here by a steep declivity—she fancies that she sees a figure some distance away, moving swiftly towards her; but the undergrowth is thick on the side of the hill, and the foliage of the dense forest growth shuts out the light so effectually, that she is by no means certain but that her sight may deceive her, until her ear catches a sound as of something or somebody crashing through the bushes. She calls them in a rather tremulous tone.

"Geoffrey, is that you?"

"No'm, it's me—Jack Curry," a shrill voice responds—the crashing, which continues more vigorously than ever, drawing nearer and nearer. The next moment, the interlacing boughs of two tall shrubs close by, part, and a half-grown boy pushes through the aperture, and stands beside her horse's head. Taking off his hat with one hand, he extends the other to her, saying:

"Mr. Thorne sent it, ma'am, and he says please hurry."

Roslyn takes the note he offers, but when she sees that, like the handkerchief, it is "red with the sign of despair," she is seized with a nervous tremor that shakes her from head to foot, and

dims her sight so that she cannot for an instant distinguish anything on the paper before her but a faint, blurred confusion of pencil marks. It is not until after several efforts, that she manages to decipher the hurried lines which Geoffrey has written on a leaf of his note-book. This is what he says:

"Colonel Duncan has accidentally shot himself, and I am afraid his wound is a bad one. Give Jack Curry my horse to go over to Kirton, and, Roslyn, hurry home and send the carriage to me, to the bend of the creek. I will take Duncan to Verdevale, as it is much nearer than Clifton. Have a room ready, and tell James to take the new road in coming. Be sure about this. Send Wash here, too, with the horses he had.

"G. T."

CHAPTER XXI.

COLONEL DUNCAN'S ACCIDENT.

Mrs. Knight's somewhat large-featured, fresh-colored face is benign, almost smiling, as she sits by a window in the dining-room, where the light is good, and knits many pleasant fancies into the heel of a small stocking which she is manufacturing for her little grandson. She is thinking what a nice couple Mr. Geoffrey and Miss Roslyn will make—and wondering when the wedding will "come off"—and reflecting that if they should want her to keep house for them—as Mr. Geoffrey used always to say they would—she don't know how she could refuse: though Sarah and the children would think hard of her leaving *them*, to be sure.

At this point of her meditation, her ball of yarn, which has rolled gently from her lap to the floor, is taken possession of by a pet kitten, who tosses it back and forth from paw to paw, until the thread becomes taut, and the attention of its owner is attracted. The good woman rises deliberately from her seat, a motion of her hand sends the kitten flying with arched back, in side-ways leaps across the floor, and she stoops more deliberately to pick up her purloined property, when she hears a light footstep and soft sweep of drapery in the hall. Thinking that it is probably Lettice, she walks forward to receive her, and is transfixed to the spot by astonishment at sight of Roslyn—Roslyn still in riding costume, but looking so pale and quiet—so altogether unlike the blooming, laughing girl who rode away but a short time before—that if Mrs. Knight was either fanciful or superstitious, she might well take the figure before her for a wraith instead of a reality. Being very matter-of-fact, this idea does not occur to her: she only asks, with a little trepidation, whether anything is the matter, and what has become of Mr. Geoffrey.

*Roslyn explains in few words; and with many expressions of regret that such a misfortune

should have happened—to Colonel Duncan, who is one of the cleverest gentlemen she ever knew in her life, she says warmly, Mrs. Knight bustles off to have a chamber prepared, while the girl goes mechanically to her own room and takes off her habit. She has sent the carriage as Geoffrey directed—having ridden at speed to the stable, dispatched Colonel Duncan's servant and horses at once, and seen herself that there was no delay in setting out, on the part of the coachman. There is nothing more for her to do; and she sits down at a window from which she can see the new road—which runs a hundred yards or so to the rear of the house,—with a sense of mingled helplessness and depression such as she never felt before in her life. It is impossible to read, impossible to do anything, she finds, but think of Colonel Duncan wounded and suffering.

After awhile Mrs. Knight taps at her door and invites her to come and see if she thinks everything which can by possibility be needed, has been prepared for the reception of the wounded man; and glancing at the large, airy, pleasant apartment which has been made ready, she finds but one deficiency in its arrangement.

"Everything looks as nicely as possible," she says; "and of course you know a great deal better than I do, what is needed, Mrs. Knight. But I will go and get some flowers."

"That does look pretty," Mrs. Knight says a few minutes later, when Roslyn has placed a vase of roses on the toilet table, directly opposite the foot of the bed.

"I hope he will understand that I put them there," she thinks, as she turns away and goes back to resume her watch by the window.

Time passes, the sun's bright lances slant more and more, grow golden, pink, crimson, and finally disappear. Twilight, even, is fading, into dusk night—for the moon, which was full an evening or two before, has not yet risen—before there is any sign or sound on the road she has been watching so steadily and so long. At last the clatter of a horse's hoofs is audible, the stable-yard gate is opened, and presently in the starlight she recognizes Geoffrey's figure, as he comes hurrying to the house. Palpitating with eagerness, she runs down stairs and meets him just as he enters the back door and stands in the full glare of the hall chandelier.

As her eyes take in his appearance, she starts back with a cry of horror. His face is very grave, and his hands, wrist-bands, the whole front of his light gray dress, are soaked with blood.

"I was in hopes that I might get into the house without your hearing me," he says. "I knew you would be shocked if you saw this"—glancing at the crimson stains—"and I am sorry to say that I have nothing good to tell you."

"You don't mean, Geoffrey, that Colonel Duncan is—dead?"—she says with a gasp.

"No, no!" Geoffrey answers quickly. "He is alive—but the doctors have not much hope of his being so this time to-morrow. The room is ready, I suppose, Mrs. Knight. You had better go to your own room, Roslyn, and stay there. The carriage will be here in a few minutes, and there is a crowd of men with it," he adds hastily, as he passes her and runs up-stairs, taking three steps at a bound.

It is late, and the house has at last settled to more than its usual stillness, after much more than usual bustle and commotion. The news of Colonel Duncan's accident, which was carried to Kirton by the messenger sent for medical aid, created great excitement in that place. Numbers of his friends—and no man in all the countryside has more friends or warmer ones—hurried to offer their services in any way which might be needed; and not a few accompanied the carriage which conveyed him in a state of insensibility to Verdevale, and waited there for some time to learn the verdict of the physicians after their examination was made.

These supernumeraries have at length been persuaded by the medical men to go home—and there remain now only the two principal physicians of Kirton, Doctors Kirke and Chelmsom, Mr. Shelbourne, the intimate friend of Colonel Duncan, his host for the time being, Geoffrey Thorne, and Mr. Stanhope.

That the latter is no friend of Colonel Duncan's, it is needless to say—and that to everybody concerned, his presence is extremely unwelcome, Mr. Stanhope is perfectly aware. But he has a reason of his own for being interested in the question of life or death which is pending—a reason strong enough to induce him to remain in the house though Colonel Duncan may die before morning, the physicians say. It is not his habit voluntarily to face the disagreeables of life—and of all disagreeables, that of coming into immediate contact with the presence of death, he avoids most. As he is here, however, and means to stay here until there is more certainty as to the issue of the accident than now exists, he makes himself comfortable: enjoys the supper which is served, and the cigars and *liqueurs* which Geoffrey has provided for his guests; and still more enjoys the annoyance exhibited in different ways by all four of the men upon whom he has forced his company. The two doctors are cold, Mr. Shelbourne is curt, and Geoffrey is very stiff, in manner; but he is all suavity himself, and even offers to sit up for the night in the chamber of the wounded man. This offer having been declined *without* thanks, by Dr. Kirke, he establishes himself by the sitting-room centre-table, with a cigar and a novel.

But reading anything except a sporting journal is not much in his way. He soon throws down the volume, starts up suddenly, and ringing the

bell, tells the servant who answers it, to bring him writing materials. His request having been complied with, he dashes off a short letter, having sealed and addressed which, he leaves it lying on the table, extends himself upon a sofa, and goes contentedly to sleep.

"How is he? what do the doctors think now?" Roslyn asks, when after several unsuccessful efforts, she finally obtains an opportunity of speaking to Geoffrey.

"They think just what they did at first—that it is very doubtful whether he can survive the night," is the reply. "His pulse is barely perceptible."

"How awful! oh, how awful! How infinitely sorry I am!" the girl says in a quivering voice—and adds, after a short silence, "How shocked and grieved papa and mamma will be!—he was such a friend of theirs."

"Yes," says Geoffrey, "they will be greatly distressed. I wish very much that they were at home."

"So do I," says Roslyn. "But Mrs. Knight is an excellent nurse, you know. They will be glad you brought him here, Geoffrey: glad that you did all you could for him."

Geoffrey nods. "It would have been certain death to him to have been taken such a distance as to Clifton," he says. "Indeed I never thought of it from the moment I saw him. But I am sorry my mother is not at home, and my father—I wish still more that he had not been absent at such a time."

"I expect he will come when he hears of the accident," says Roslyn. "I should not be surprised if he and mamma both came as soon as the news reaches them."

"Very likely. But they won't hear of it for a week, probably—those country mails are so irregular as well as so slow."

Neither speak again for several minutes. They are standing in the moonlight, outside one of the dining-room windows that opens on a small balcony, from which a flight of steps descends to the ground. Presently Roslyn lays her hand on her companion's arm, and silently leads the way down the steps, and along a gravel walk toward the garden.

"I feel oppressed in the house," she says, when they have gone some little distance. "It is so sudden and so terrible—to think that *Colonel Duncan* may be dying! It seems impossible! How plainly I can see him when he was starting home last night, as he stood in the moonlight shaking hands with papa just before mounting his horse. He looked so handsome! Mamma remarked as he rode away, that he was one of the handsomest men she ever saw in her life—and papa said, 'Yes, and he is the most honorable man I ever knew.' And to think—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MR. DAYTON'S LESSON.

BY FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

Mr. Dayton's economy ran into penuriousness. Although owning one of the largest estates about Dartleberry, and receiving a handsome income from his business, he was ever counting the cost of every step he took; and, as the saying is, always looked at his penny three times before he spent it. His wife, after twenty-five years of this grinding economy, had become, as might well be supposed, extremely prudent. If she could save a dollar in any way, she did it, and her two daughters were early taught to make their own clothes and trim their own bonnets, though Nana's share of this work generally fell upon Mattie, who was five years the elder, and of a very obliging disposition.

There was no useless expenditure of any sort in the Dayton household. The actual necessities of living were bought, but no luxuries of any kind were allowed by the head of the family. Gas was voted too dear, and kerosene lamps were used instead; the grass was never cut in the front yard, unless Harry, the eldest son, attended to it himself, out of sheer shame that the grounds should look so shabby; and Charlie, the youngest of the four children, was denied a dog or ring-doves, because they must necessarily consume food.

This state of things, though borne uncomplainingly by Mrs. Dayton, irritated and mortified her children, who had not learned her patient resignation, and knew quite well that such rigid economy was wholly unnecessary. Harry, who was a clerk in his father's office, knew enough of the business to feel sure that he was son to one of the richest men in Dartleberry, and saw no reason why he should not be admitted as junior partner, and be allowed his horse and buggy, like other young men of his position. He saw no reason why his sisters and mother should walk instead of ride; why Nana should not take music and dancing lessons, and Charlie be gratified with the gift of a dog and a flock of doves.

Once the young fellow, driven to desperation by some petty economy, ventured to remonstrate with his father on what he softened into his "extreme prudence;" but he was met with such an icy stare of surprise, such a cold rebuke for his "strange impertinence," that he did not again venture to suggest a change of any sort.

Mattie was twenty, and, like most girls of her age, she was fond of company and pleasure. It mortified her to feel that she was more poorly dressed than any of her young associates, and had not, like them, spending money at her command for any trifle that pleased her eye. She felt this more keenly than ever when Edgar Wayne began to pay her attentions. She would have enjoyed thoroughly the consciousness of being well-dressed

when he came to call—ostensibly on Harry—but her small allowance of pin-money permitted no indulgence of girlish fancies, and she was obliged to feel herself fortunate if she managed one new "best dress" during a whole winter.

Once, after long deliberation and many heart-sinkings, she summoned courage to ask her father to increase her allowance; but a look of cold surprise was the only answer she received to her petition.

Nevertheless, Edgar Wayne continued his attentions until he was ordered out of the house by Mr. Dayton, who saw, too late for Mattie's peace, what the young man's intentions were, and declared most emphatically that no "penniless, fortune-hunting vagabond" should have his daughter.

This was a severe blow to Mattie. Had the stern decree of separation come a little earlier, she would not have felt it so much; but she had learned to love Edgar, and yet had not the consolation of mutual sympathy, because he had never declared himself. She was thrown entirely on her own heart for resignation and consolation. Her mother felt unhappy over her daughter's disappointment, but dared not even sympathize with her, for fear of encouraging rebellion and outbreak, which would cause further trouble.

The young lawyer's feelings were deeply wounded, for he was extremely sensitive. He loved Mattie for herself, not for the fortune which she might inherit at her father's death; but he would enter no family on sufferance, and therefore Mattie saw him no more. He devoted himself to his studies and practice, and avoided the places where he would be likely to meet her.

In spite of the course he pursued, Mr. Dayton was not intentionally cruel, or even unkind. He thought he acted for the best and was only fulfilling his duty in protecting Mattie from the snares of "fortune-hunters." He was proud of his children, though his creed would not allow him to show it. He mentally compared them with the children of other people, and took great inward satisfaction in the result of such comparison. He had been a poor boy, and prudence had been forced upon him in his youth and early manhood. By economy of the strictest kind, and unremitting industry, he had worked his way up to his present enviable position, and he thought he was but fulfilling a sacred duty in impressing on his children, by every means in his power, the importance of frugality. He imagined that if he brought them up with habits of economy, they would not be so apt to squander the handsome fortune he should leave them at his death. "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined," was a favorite motto of his; and he did not imagine for an instant that he was making his children really unhappy by the strict carrying out of his pet theories. He knew they rebelled at times, but

that was only to be expected in the young. They would live to thank him for his forethought.

On a pleasant day in the month of May, Mrs. Dayton and her eldest daughter sat sewing in the large, sunny sitting room. They were engaged on the alteration of some old garments of Nana's, worn the previous summer, and needing lengthening and mending before they could be put on duty the coming season.

The silence which had fallen between the two women was broken by a heavy sigh from Mattie, who, at her mother's quick glance of inquiry, said:

"I've been thinking that it is just too bad that you and I have to sit here sewing on things which are really hardly good enough to give a beggar. There is no good reason why Nana should not have a couple of new dresses."

"There is no use in talking about it," said Mrs. Dayton. "You know your father would never consent."

"I wish he'd give me my share of his money now, not make me wait for it until he is dead," cried Mattie. "I may die before he does, and if I don't, I'll be too old by that time to care for pretty things."

"There! don't talk wildly, Mattie," in a tone of gentle reproof.

"Now, mother, don't scold. You know you would like to have new things as well as the rest of us. Just look at this carpet; it is so shabby that it is hardly decent. I am ashamed to have any one come in. I have patched and darned it all I mean to. Now, if father would only get us a good Brussels—a scarlet and wood-color would look so well."

"Yes, and the furniture ought to be upholstered," said Mrs. Dayton, glancing around.

"And the book-case revarnished, and the picture-frames regilded. They used to belong to father's mother, so no wonder they are dingy."

"I've often wished there were curtains to the windows," pursued Mrs. Dayton. "If we could only buy a wood-colored rep with scarlet trimmings, and then lace inside."

"I fancy we could make the old house so bright it would not know itself, if we only had the chance," said Mattie. "I should have the walk to the gate graveled—those old boards are rotten and untidy—the stable should be repainted, and I'd have a carriage and pair of chestnuts in place of father's shabby buggy and old Moll. I would have a neat wire fence run around the yard, and you should have a new black silk, mother, and some real lace for your neck."

Mrs. Dayton sighed "There is no use in wasting words over what we *would* do, Mattie; there is no chance of our ever doing it. Why, I declare, there is your father coming up the walk. I wonder what has brought him home so early; it is only four o'clock."

Both women bent industriously over their sewing, and merely glanced up when Mr. Dayton entered.

"Wife," he said, abruptly, "I want my valise packed at once. I must take the six o'clock train for New York. I am going to London, and a steamer leaves to-morrow. I will drive down to Dartleberry, and send the buggy back by Harry. Be as quick as you can about putting up what I shall need on the journey. I shall not be gone over six weeks. I want everything to go on as usual. Harry will have charge of the business, and will give you every week your usual allowance for household expenses."

"Going to London!" gasped Mrs. Dayton, as her husband paused. "What calls you there?"

"Business which you could not understand if I had the time to tell you about it, which I haven't. That rascally agent of mine needs an overhauling, and it is necessary I should see Weeks and Darble."

So the husband and father left his home, little dreaming what lay before him. He was proud to think that he could trust his business to Harry's care; but you may be sure he did not gratify his son by telling him of it.

There certainly was no sorrow in the home over Mr. Dayton's absence. There was, instead, a feeling of intense relief in the hearts of children, wife, and servants. There was now no silent, watchful critic to sit in their midst evening after evening; no terse lectures on extravagance which seemed but necessary expenses to the reproof; no stern catechism as to how the day had been spent by each member of the household. It was some time before perfect freedom from the yoke was felt; but at length there was laughter and idleness in the evening, when previously it had been silence and work of some kind for all.

"It is too good to last; all things nice *are* short," said Mattie, after having enjoyed the company of a few friends to tea. "I try not to remember that father is to be gone only six weeks."

A letter written by Mr. Dayton on his arrival in London, was received by his wife; but it was the first and last that came. In vain they wrote again and again, inquiring the reason of his silence—no answer was received. The six weeks passed away, and the master of the house was still absent.

Weeks and Darble were written to, and replied that they had never seen Mr. Dayton; and the agent on whose account the trip to London had been taken, wrote that he had received his discharge the first day of his employer's arrival in England, and had seen nothing of him since. Further inquiry developed the fact that Mr. Dayton had left his valise at Charing Cross Hotel in London, and had never called for it.

Months passed, and no further information of

the absent was obtained; and the conviction at last forced itself on the minds of his family that he was dead. Surely only death could keep him from returning to a business which was life itself to him.

Harry had been brought up in the office, and was conversant with all the details of the business, and therefore it did not suffer at all. He was more venturesome than his father, and clear-headed enough to make no mistakes; and it was only a few months before there was an increase of trade, and money poured in faster than ever.

A change took place in the household as well. A music master came regularly to give Nana lessons on an elegant new piano; there were new carpets, curtains, and furniture, new dresses and laces, and the mourning worn by the widow and her two daughters was of the richest.

Mrs. Dayton mourned her husband sincerely; for, now that he was gone, she remembered only his good qualities, and the happiness of their days of courtship. But still, she took comfort in her new furniture and dresses, although it took all Harry's arguments to convince her at first that she had a right to spend money so lavishly.

* * * * *

The night was clear and starlight, and rather warm for the month of November. A hack, drawn by a lean horse, was moving slowly along the hard road leading from Dartleberry, as if the passenger inside could not bear a faster pace, which was the truth; for he looked as if he had lain for months at death's door, so gaunt and pale and haggard he was. His eyes were sunken deep in his head, and a heavy beard covered the entire lower part of his face. He was listening attentively to the conversation of the driver, who had pushed down the front glass that he might be heard.

"I wonder, now, if ye mean to stop long to Dayton's? Mighty fine family, and live in style. The old gentleman has been dead these eighteen months."

"Dead!" repeated the stranger, with a start. Then, with a long sigh, he added: "But what more natural? Of course he is dead—to them."

"Friend of the family, I suppose?" pursued John. "You'll be made welcome. There's always plenty of company a-stoppin' there these yere days."

"Ah?" said the stranger, dryly.

"It didn't use to be so. The old gent was powerful stingy; but the young 'un is cut on a different pattern. He has his buggy and span, and spends his money like a lord."

The passenger made no answer, but a peculiar smile flitted across his wan face.

"Only half a mile now to Dayton's. We have to go so slow it seems a long way from the depôt. There's the graveyard. They've put up a big stun in memory of the old gent."

"Stop," said the stranger, suddenly; "I want to get out; I want to see the stone."

Much surprised, John assisted him out of the hack, and watched him while he opened the graveyard gate and went in.

"Must have been a powerful big friend of the departed to want to see the stun this time o' night," soliloquized the hackman.

The stranger had apparently no difficulty in finding the Dayton lot. He walked to it with hardly a glance of inquiry as to the right way, and stood for several minutes looking at the tall gray marble stone, "Sacred to the memory of John Dayton," etc. Near it were three little graves—children of John Dayton, who had died in babyhood—but no stones told their names or ages.

"Dead!" he muttered. "Dead! how strange it makes a man feel."

Then he went slowly back to the hack, where the man stood waiting to assist him in, and again the lean horse started on his slow walk.

"Here's the place," said John, at last, stopping before a large ornamental iron gate, which opened on a graveled carriage-drive.

"You must be mistaken," said the stranger, impatiently. "This is not John Dayton's, and yet—"

"Oh, it's changed since you were here, I reckon," interrupted the man. "Wait, I'll drive you in," for the passenger was trying to open the hack door.

"No, I prefer to walk up," was the gruff response. "Here is your fare."

The hack drove off, and the stranger opened the great gate, and walked slowly up the graveled drive. Young trees were planted here and there; flower-beds, well protected now from frost, dotted the lawn, and an extensive veranda graced the front of the large house.

The look of interest the gentleman's face wore was far too deep to be that of a stranger. He seemed angered as well as surprised at what he saw.

"Can it be the same place, or am I dreaming?" he muttered. "It doesn't seem possible."

He stepped on the veranda and looked in at a window, before which the heavy, handsome curtains had not yet been drawn. He leaned against a pillar for support, and gazed into the parlor as if entranced. Gradually the expression of his face softened, and tears dimmed his eyes.

It was a picture of family happiness and comfort on which he gazed, and well worthy of attention.

Mrs. Dayton, handsomely dressed in deep mourning, sat in a luxurious chair, her face wearing a pleasant smile as she talked to Harry, who sat beside her, cutting the pages of a magazine. On a sofa at the extreme end of the room, sat Mattie and Edgar Wayne, between whom an

excellent understanding existed, if one might judge from their looks and low whispers. At a handsome rosewood piano, Nana, beautifully dressed, was playing soft melodies to Charlie, who leaned over her shoulder. The room was richly furnished, and brilliant with the light of half a dozen gas-jets, shielded by cut-glass globes.

At length the gentleman turned away from the window, and rang the door-bell. He was admitted by a colored man, whose duty it evidently was to show visitors into the parlor, for, after inquiring the gentleman's name, he threw open the door of that room, announcing, in a loud tone:

"Mr. John Dayton."

With a piercing shriek, Mrs. Dayton, after one glance at the stranger, threw herself into his arms.

To her at least he was known. His heavy beard did not disguise him to her; but the young people stood staring at him as if petrified.

"And have my children, then, no welcome for their father?" John Dayton asked, in a wounded tone.

One by one they advanced, and kissed him dutifully on the cheek, with some remark they tried to make pleasant. Even Edgar Wayne shook hands with the father of his fiancé, and then, with a nod of farewell to her, left the house.

Sitting on the sofa, his wife's hand in his, the children grouped about him, John Dayton told the story of his strange absence. After discharging the agent, he had started to hunt up an old friend, and had lost himself among the many by-ways of London just as night fell. Before he was even aware that he was "spotted" by a rough, he was struck to the ground by a fearful blow, and, being rendered at once unconscious, was stripped of his clothing, and left half dead in the door-way of a basement.

When he became again himself, he found that he had been for over sixteen months in a public hospital, as a harmless imbecile, whose name even was not known, and whose ultimate restoration to reason was greatly doubted. With funds provided by Weeks and Darble, he had started for home, without even stopping to write. He had thought to give his family a surprise; but had not been prepared to receive one.

There were heavy hearts in the house that night. Harry saw the business taken out of his hands, and himself reduced to his old position as clerk; Mattie felt sure her lover, whom she had intended to marry on Christmas day, would be taken from her; and Nana and Charlie wept as they thought of resigning the piano and their many dumb pets.

Mr. Dayton spent the entire night in resolving on the course he should pursue. He felt angered and astonished at the way his money had been spent, and his first thought was that there should be a revolution in the household, and a restoration to old ways. But bye-and-bye softer

thoughts came to him. He was an old man, broken down by illness, and he felt the need of love and sympathy. Would either be given him if he destroyed the happiness of wife and children? The coldness of their welcome had not been lost upon him. Even his wife had not been free from a look of dismay and fear as she met his eyes. Should he not try to teach them all to love and respect, not hate him? For whom had he made his money, if not for them?

The result of his meditations was soon evident. The firm name was thereafter "John Dayton & Son;" Mattie married her lover on Christmas day, and was presented by her father with a house and lot as a wedding gift; and Charlie and Nana found that no one took as much interest in their pets and pastimes as did the father whom they had once feared and almost disliked.

There were no more heart-burnings or regrets; no more penuriousness in the household; Mr. Dayton had been taught a severe lesson, and had profited by it.

EDITH.

BY GERTIE V. MACK.

Married! my Edith, my lost, lost love—

Married, ay, married in spite of the past.

Ah well, 'tis the way this false world goes!

I feared it would come to this at last.

I have said to myself she were better far

A happy wife than a maiden lone,

And yet in the depths of my secret heart

I thought of her still as my love, my own!

The wife of another! And when she feels

His passionate kisses upon her lips,

Will the ghost of the dead love never rise

To shadow her soul with a black eclipse?

Yet I do not wish it; 'tis more than enough

That one heart is so heavy, one life so lone.

The hopes that were blighted were best forgot!

Her practical conduct shames my own.

Yet she must have changed from what she was—

The sweetest and truest of womankind,

Whose truthful purity called to life

All germs of worth in my heart and mind.

The girl who loved me in days a-gone,

And she who bartered for selfish gain

Her right to dream of the Eden lost,

Seem not the same to my 'withered brain.

And him she has wedded I envy not,

For what has he won? Her hand, forsooth!

But her better self was given to me

In the golden age of our ruined youth.

O fair, false Edith, I would not change

My dreams of you, as you used to be,

To stand in your cheated lover's place,

And clasp to-day's reality.

NONE have less praise than those who hunt
most after it.

OUR SUMMER IN BOHEMIA.

BY ESTELLE THOMSON.

"If there's a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies,"—*Longfellow.*

We reached Bohemia—our Bohemia—by rail. If you study your maps for its location you may be deluded into believing it to be one of those glaring red corners of Austria's divisions, wedged in between the green outline of Bavaria on one side, and the yellow boundary of Prussia on the other, with a Saxony done in pink stretching across the northern limit. But there you will err; although it is far from my purpose to divulge its whereabouts to the multitude seeking for some quiet spot of summer rest. The daisies were just beginning to whiten the grass when we went out to it; asters and golden-rod and the flame-red spires of the sumach set all the lanes ablaze when we returned.

We were an eager, expectant party when we went—longing to get away from heated city pavements, to breathe the fresh air blowing over clover-beds, to wander in forest shades, to rusticate where and as we liked. We numbered but five, all told. Philipine Blocksom, spinster, was sallow in complexion and bony in figure; her cheek-bones were prominent, her teeth were unmistakably false—so was her hair—and her age uncertain. In addition, she had a heart. It was unfortunate (at least for the lady) that this heart of hers had never been bestowed upon some aspiring supplicant, for it was really a source of great discomfort, and was—so the afflicted damsel assured me with due solemnity—liable to "carry her off" at any minute. The "leading lady," as they put it in play-bills, was a yellow-haired girl in a gray waterproof and a jaunty walking-hat, with a saucy turned-up brim and a white feather; her name, Gretta Davenshire. Her companion was a small boy in knickerbockers, who carried the lunch-basket, to the imminent danger of demolishing its contents in his wild races over sticks and stones as we left the close car, and trudged up the road through the Bohemian wilds. The small boy's name was Johnny, which (as he was necessarily oftener addressed than any other member of the party) was very fortunate, seeing it was so easily remembered. The remaining characters were Duke and myself, who engineered the excursion, and did duty (at least that was the supposition) as sensible, elderly people, and as protectors—in trust only—of willful Miss Gretta and—by natural right—of Master Johnny. Miss Blocksom was simply an honorary member of our summer family.

None of the natives met us at the station. We had not expected they would. They never do in Bohemia. As we went leisurely up the road where grass was growing luxuriantly in the very wagon-track, we noticed various personages, who

were doubtless Bohemians like ourselves, amusing themselves in sundry ways. Sometimes a hammock was stretched invitingly under the shade of a couple of trees, and the occupant swung in careless grace, totally unmindful of the outside world. Sometimes an easel peered up out of the grass, and a gigantic straw hat and a paint-brush indicated that the owner was trying to catch the fleeting glory of a sunset, or the beauty of a moss-grown rock in the distance. Children romped and shouted in the greatest glee; young men leaned in idle attitudes over meadow-bars and chatted with pretty girls in picturesque costumes, who were pulling the daisies and reading their fortunes therein.

We sauntered aimlessly along, swinging our knapsacks and taking in all the beauty of the scene, when Johnny brought us unceremoniously back to reality.

"I'm awfully hungry, ma! Won't we come to a hotel pretty soon?"

We had forgotten hotels in the pastoral surroundings; but Johnny's appeal was not to be disregarded.

Duke approached a blonde artist in a velvet blouse, sketching away at a mole-hill of a mountain.

"Can you direct us to a good hotel, my friend?" he asked.

Instantly the artist's brush dropped from his fingers.

"A hotel?" he queried, looking up at us in amazement with great, innocent blue eyes. "A hotel? You must have mistaken the place. There are no hotels here."

"No hotels!" Our entire quartette, with Johnny joining in the chorus in blank dismay, echoed his words.

"None!"

And then he laughed softly, a good-natured laugh, as though it was all a fine joke; and several other artists in blouses, who had come up while we were talking, laughed too.

"Send them up to St. Dingee," said one, a tall, handsome fellow with a pleasant face. "That youngster is hungry; and the young lady—perhaps she would not refuse a glass of raspberryade," doffing his hat respectfully, and hurrying off before I could tell him that the young lady was not in half the need of "ade" that Miss Philipine was, for her heart (so she assured me confidentially) was "going on just dreadfully."

"Now, do be seated!"

The blonde artist vacated his stool, and proffered it to me with a flourish, while two others brought forward camp-chairs for Miss Blocksom and Gretta. Before we could have declined their hospitable attentions, had we wished to do so, the tall host was back with glasses and a pitcher of iced beverage which I must truly say excelled anything of the kind I ever before tasted.

Johnny tossed his off with keen relish, and, before I could remonstrate, handed up his tumbler to be filled; and I was greatly relieved to hear Miss Blocksom say that her heart actually felt better.

But I couldn't keep my eyes off from Gretta. Her yellow hair was all rumpled, and the natty little blue bow she tied it with in the morning had slid half way down her back; her waterproof was dragged from brushing through damp bushes and then through the dust, and her hat was tilted at an angle I am sure it had never before attempted. I know I should have looked like a fright in that condition, but I honestly believe those men—and they were *artists*, too—thought they had never set eyes on a more bewitching picture. It was the tall young man who brought us the refreshment who kept nearest her, though. I forgot to say that he had dark hair and a fierce dark mustache and great dark eyes. If it had only been the blonde I shouldn't have minded as much; for like seldom attracts like, you know.

But there that dangerous "opposite"—Jack, they called him—was hovering about her in the most cavalierly manner; and, of course I could not say a word, after all his courtesy. You would have thought, to have seen them, that they had known each other for years; and yet they had not even been introduced.

But that state of things could not last long.

"Gretta!" I called, presently, and I know I said it sweetly, although I felt anything but kindly disposed just then. "Gretta, you are burning your face in the broiling sun. Hadn't you better put on your veil, dear?"

"Yes, motherdy, if you say so."

How demurely she answered, and how eagerly the tall artist rushed for an umbrella. Did he suspect my ruse?

"Come, Duke!" I entreated in an aside. "We must be looking for a place. We can't loiter here forever."

"Very true," he answered, obediently, taking his lazy length up from the grass, where he had been stretched, to his great satisfaction. "St.—what do you call it?" he asked innocently of Jack, as he returned with a huge white cotton umbrella.

"St. Dingee, sir! Fine place—only a long wooden shanty, to be sure—rather rough for ladies at first—but they soon learn to like it. Shall I show you the way?—do so with pleasure," he rattled on, trying to get the umbrella at an angle to shut off every ray of sunshine from Gretta's pretty face.

His devotion was coming to be altogether too marked.

"If you please," I began, and then I faltered, for he really was a gentleman in his manners. "You have been very kind," I condescended to remark; "but—but—if you would—I don't think

Miss Davenport is in need of an umbrella," I expostulated, boldly; "and if you would let this poor lady have the use of it we should feel greatly obliged," pointing desperately to Philipine.

Gretta's face was either very much sunburned already, or something else caused the rosy color to flame up into her cheeks; but she came over to my side and asked, with great solemnity, if she should help Johnny carry the lunch basket; and I told her she might.

That settled the matter for the time; and if Mr. Jack did not like the change particularly, he never showed it by word or look; and Philipine was quite charmed by his devoted attention, and forgot to have a "spasm" all the way up the hill.

You ought to see St. Dingee! But Bohemia would not be Bohemia without it. It is wonderful how quickly we fell in with its easy-going ways. It was like turning back to primitive living in real earnest.

Why, there was not a carpet in the house; and our softest beds were hammocks, or spicy hemlock boughs heaped in the corners. But how we did sleep! And we ate our meals from such a varied assortment of crockery that one might have thought we had set up an *Old Curiosity Shop* in the very heart of the Bohemian woods. But appetites—dear me! Such fish as we broiled; such vegetables as the Bohemian farmers brought to our very door; such berries as we gathered with our own hands from the wilderness of bushes all about us; such fruit as hung over our heads, tempting us to pluck it! Ambrosia and honey-dew could not have fed us in a more satisfactory manner. Then, as for curtains—there wasn't a curtain in the entire establishment but those we improvised from newspapers several days old, which came regularly by the tri-weekly mail. But little we cared, with that beautiful landscape before us, with sights and sounds delighting our eyes and our ears as they had never been delighted before.

We rose whenever we liked; we breakfasted at hours to suit our own convenience; we dined whenever we felt hungry, and took our tea out under the trees by moonlight, or by lantern-light when there wasn't any moon. We were as one family—and a very happy family, too—forgetting that we had been strangers our entire lives, taking no thought for the future, when relentless time would drift us back to our homes, and we would, in all probability, never meet again.

Miss Philipine was a trifle shocked at first at the entire absence of formality, and feebly bewailed some of the accustomed delicacies and attentions which had always been inseparable with her happiness. But on the whole she got on tolerably well, although she would persist in "doing" her hair every afternoon, and in wearing flimsy dresses which were decidedly unsuitable for the rude pertinings of St. Dingee.

I had swung my hammock in the woods one warm morning, and was idly taking my ease therein, when I saw Miss Blocksom slowly sailing toward me. She was quite unconscious of my presence, and while she poked a pudgy toadstool with the handle of a pea-green parasol, she soliloquized on the natural beauties around her.

"This is the forest primeval" (of course the observation was not original, but it was very appropriate). "Above me tower majestic oaks—monarchs of the forest" (they were mostly sugar-maples, but I would not have had her know her error for the world), "whose rugged lives have been spent—"

"Whoa—haw—g'long, Buck!"

It was a man's hearty tones that broke in upon the soliloquy, and I saw the pea-green parasol flourish wildly in the air; the pudgy toadstool flew into a dozen pieces, and Miss Philipinea, clasping her hands tragically over the region of her heart, reclined against a tree panting for breath.

My first impulse was to fly to her at once; but I recalled my loosened hair and cambric wrapper, and wisely resolved to await further developments.

It was a young man who had caused the demolition of the toadstool, and brought on Miss Philipinea's agitation. Two ponderous white oxen loomed into sight, and stood regarding the shaken lady with mild-eyed wonder, while their stalwart master rushed frantically forward to proffer assistance.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am! Did Buck frighten you?" he asked, with real sincerity, looking admiringly down at the fallow visage, which really seemed several shades whiter against the weather-beaten background of the old tree-trunk. "He's a head-strong beast, that Buck is; always wants to 'gee' when I tell him to 'haw.' But, my! he wouldn't have run over you fur nothin'—Buck wouldn't. Kin I help you, ma'am?" bashfully twirling his great straw hat, and looking the picture of remorse.

"O, it's nothing!—nothing!"—panted Miss Philipinea, still gasping for breath. "It's—my—heart! It is subject to spells."

"Now, do tell!" The interested young backwoodsman drew a step nearer. "Your heart! do tell! Now if I was to put my arm around you to stiddy you a mite, don't you suppose—"

"No, sir! You needn't put your arm around me!"

The affronted damsel drew her bony figure up to a majestic height, and the officious young man retreated a step, looking discomfited. Then she relented a little.

"But if you would—give me your arm—a minute—just to walk to that rock over there, I should be greatly obliged."

Just then my hammock creaked terribly—

there wasn't a breath of wind to shake it, so I am convinced I was not lying as quiet as I should—and being obliged to smother my risible spirits in the pillow, I failed to witness the transit. But when I recovered my equanimity, and looked up, Miss Blocksom was safely landed upon the rock, her hands still clasped over her heart, her eyes on the retreating figure of the young backwoodsman—or it may have been Buck she was watching out of sight.

"Elick" Dobell (so we afterwards learned to designate the hero of this momentous occasion), lived in a picturesque slab house down under the hill, and raised beans, and peas, and corn and potatoes, to supply the demands of Bohemian appetite. Hence we soon chanced to know him well. He was, indeed, a staunch young fellow, with many sterling qualities but a rough exterior; and we all came to like him amazingly. To his unfailing fund of information and tireless energy, we owed much useful knowledge and many quaint glimpses of the life about us; and he was always ready to take us out in his skiff, or give us a "lift" up hill in his ox-cart, or "tote" us down to the farm to see his vegetables growing.

But Miss Philipinea he seemed to regard with a peculiar feeling, akin to reverence. He looked down upon her helpless hands as she sat with them crossed upon the folds of a lace handkerchief on her lavender silk lap, and I know he longed to take up the skinny fingers and squeeze some of his own vigorous life into them. He brought her flowers from his mother's garden, and great cabbage-roses and flaunting peonies and gorgeous hollyhocks adorned a cracked pitcher on her dressing-table daily. But the crowning charm in his estimation must, I think, have been her heart. He was on the alert for the slightest symptoms of a "spasm," and I verily believe nothing gave him more unalloyed pleasure than the recurrence of an "attack." He would go down on his knees beside her and chafe her bloodless hands with his powerful brown ones, and deluge her head with camphor—a liberal supply of which she always carried—and behave, on the whole, much like a great Newfoundland dog fondling its master. It was a touching instance of the ivy and the oak.

Duke and myself had our hands full in those days. There was Johnny, one of those irrepressibles who need constant watching. If he was not trampled under foot by a runaway horse, he was fished out of the river in a mud-and-water condition that would cause any neat mother's heart to ache; or he was sure to make an unlucky descent from some broken limb of a tree, and if he came down minus hat and buttons, but without a broken limb himself, we considered it miraculous. Then there was Philipinea—a woman certainly old enough to take care of

herself; but when her home letters contained delicate allusions to "Alexander Dobell, the young gentleman who resides near our boarding-house, and who takes us out driving and boating frequently," it was but natural to fear paternal wrath if ever "Elick" and his proclivities should be better known. And Gretta! I hope no woman going into the country for a season of rest and recuperation, will undertake the responsibility of chaperoning a *pretty girl*. If she had been coarse-featured, red-haired, or even a diffident little creature, it might have been different. But an oval-faced, golden-haired, fun-loving sprite like Gretta was irresistible. One artist wanted permission to paint her as a Madonna; another as a Shepherdess in a flapping straw hat and a scarlet cloak; and a third painted her without permission. In fact, each pretty poise of her head, or curve of her rounded arm, or glinting light of her golden hair, was caught on canvas, until it is a wonder the girl had any individuality left. And all the while her aristocratic mamma was writing to me to "look well to dear Gretta;" "do not allow Gretta to form promiscuous acquaintances;" "a young lady cannot be too careful in choosing her associates;" until I was nearly distracted.

"Duke!" I said desperately on one occasion; "you shirk your responsibility. You know Gretta needs looking after, and yet you lounge in the woods all day and leave the entire charge to me. It's too bad!"

"But what shall I do, motherdy?"—Duke's tone was really aggrieved. "If I lounge in the woods all day, that's where she spends the most of her time; so you see I can keep my eye on her without extra effort."

"And what is she doing in the woods all day, I should like to know?"

"O, she's in her hammock part of the time, looking like a gipsy with her red cloak—"

"You needn't tell me how she *looks*," I answered savagely. "If she didn't look so pretty there'd be less need of watching her."

"O well! I won't then. She and Jack Bertholet find plenty to talk about. Sometimes he reads to her. Sometimes he paints, too—her picture, I suspect—she looks like a pic—"

"Duke!"

"Yes, yes! I forgot." Duke dodged successfully as I aimed an early apple at his head. "And when they're not there, they're off meandering around the place—botanizing, I think they call it. She sits down on a rock and Jack gathers flowers and brings them back to her by the hat full, and then she presses them—"

"Now Duke! You know that's nonsense."

"What's nonsense?"

"Why, that she presses them—*by the hat full*."

"But she does. I saw her. And she looked just like a flower herself, sitting there—"

"You know as well as I," I interrupted in my grandest tone, ignoring the latter remark, "that there is not a herbarium in Christendom that would hold flowers pressed by the hat full."

"Nobody said there was. I didn't mention herbariums."

"But you said she pressed them."

"So she did—pressed them to her lips, and then sorted out the prettiest and let Jack put them in her hair."

"Duke!" I was exasperated. "You know this thing must be stopped."

"What thing, motherdy?"

"Gretta's having neither eyes nor ears for anybody but Jack."

"Whew!" Duke gave a prolonged whistle, and thrust his hands into his pockets in deep meditation.

"You know very well that we are responsible in a measure for Gretta's attachments. And what would the Davenshires of Davenshire Square say to a poor young artist, who dawdles away his time in Bohemia, with no fortune but an attractive face and a gentlemanly manner?"

"A fact, motherdy! What would they say? But what shall I do?—rush upon Jack, when I see them coming together, and seize him while you bear Gretta away; or shall I spirit Gretta off and leave Jack to you?"

"You know such ungentlemanly conduct is uncalled for," in my severest tone. "I see it is useless to count upon your assistance. I shall take Mr. Bertholet to task myself."

And I did, that very night. Going out on the piazza just as the moon was rising over the hills, I found Jack there puffing away at a cigar, and nobody in sight. "Now if ever," I thought, and plunged boldly into my subject at once. At first he was inclined to laugh the matter down; but when I endeavored to convince him that it was worse than folly for a rising young artist, with name and fortune yet to win, to hope for favor with the petted heiress of Davenshire Square, he frankly assented to the truth of my statement.

"But what would you have me do?" he asked, with the same air of injured innocence that Duke invariably assumes when I bring the truth home to him in a manner he cannot withstand.

"It isn't what you must do; it is what you must *stop doing*!" I retorted, hotly. It is strange how a man's common sense fails to do him service in some such perplexing matters!

"O, I musn't talk to the young lady, you mean?" inquiringly.

"You might not speak to her again as long as we stay in Bohemia; but if you keep on *looking at her* as you have been doing—as all you men do—you might as well be talking with your lips as your eyes."

"Indeed! You flatter." He was perfectly good-tempered through it all; and he caught to

have been, for he could see I had Gretta's interest—and his own—at heart. "I am not to look at the young lady, then? I wonder what Miss Davenshire will think of such a proceeding?"

"If she is a sensible girl, I hope she will understand your motive and respect you for it," I answered more cordially; for really Jack was behaving beautifully in the matter, and I began to respect him as never before.

"Yes—I hope so," was his somewhat dubious reply; and then he began to whistle "Annie Laurie" as somebody came up the steps, and we said no more.

I didn't think Jack would take me in earnest about looking at Gretta. But he did. He was not there when I went in to breakfast the next morning; but Gretta and Duke and Johnny were. Philipine was in the habit of breakfasting early and going down the hill-road for a walk directly afterwards; ("Elick" brought us a wagon-load of sweet-corn nearly every morning, and that may have accounted for her persistent early rising), and I had caught a glimpse, some ten minutes before, of a gaunt figure in a red Paisley shawl, passing under my window, and heard a cracked voice singing:

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

Just after I was seated, Jack walked in. He said, "good-morning!" in his usual hearty way, and was very talkative. But he quite ignored Gretta's presence and wants, and she had to ask the third time before he understood that she wished a muffin, and then he passed her a baked potato instead. She inquired if he had been out with a party of gunners who had come up the night previous, and he made answer quite indifferently, while staring at a clumsy fly trying to crawl over the ceiling. When she asked him to hand down her sun-hat, which some one had hung out of her reach, he came near thrusting it through the open window in his awkward attempt to place it within the grasp of the two pretty hands, which he persisted in not seeing. I was mortified at his literal interpretation of my words; but she seemed in no wise disconcerted. Indeed, I should have felt relieved had she showed some feeling in the matter, after all my self-imposed trouble to secure her welfare.

So it went on day after day. Jack was shut up in his "den" a great deal—painting, so the blonde artist (who, by the way, was named Blondin) informed us. But what he painted was a mystery. It surely was not Gretta. She wore the prettiest wood flowers and the brightest ribbons and the jauntiest hats, to the distraction of the other artists; but not so much as a passing glance did her appearance elicit from him. She might have been a frowzy-headed kitchen-girl, for all the notice he took of her. It puzzled me to see her laughing and happy, as though such a

cavalier as he had never existed. Sometimes I reproached myself for meddling in an affair where there had evidently been not the slightest ground for interference; and I wondered if Mr. Bertholet was not secretly ridiculing me for my groundless fears. I began to rejoice that the bright summer—which I had certainly enjoyed very much—was drawing to a close; and looked forward to the time when I could resign Gretta to her fond mother with the assurance that I had brought home her darling heart-whole.

Miss Blocksom had met her fate, and if her city relatives were desirous of disowning her on account of the rustic proclivities of her suitor, I did not feel called upon to interpose. "Elick" was always "Alexander" to her, and his abundant strength was an unfailing source of comfort to one of her delicate organization. "Elick" himself was in a dream of bliss. That one so sensitive, so ethereal, should bestow the wealth of her affection upon him, filled him with rapture and amaze. The language of her melancholy eyes was to him like the opening of a new volume; the somewhat mournful tones of her voice were to his enraptured ears like strains blown from the strings of an Æolian harp; the voluminous draperies in which she delighted to array her scant figure, were to his bewildered sight like fabrics from Indian looms, and fit only for the decking of royalty. Under the sweetly mysterious power of love, he became resplendent in a neck-tie of intricate pattern and colors, and a coat with swallow-tails. His resonant voice shouted, "Corn—corn—sweet corn!" in the early morning hours, and dropped to a tender cadence as evening came softly on, and he wandered with the lady of his choice through sylvan shades.

White frosts were nightly settling down over the land. St. Dingee would soon be deserted—our happy summer in Bohemia but a thing of the past. Already great packing-boxes were piled on the veranda; active preparations were everywhere being made for removal.

Gretta and I were busy brushing up our traveling hats when Jack Bertholet came up the steps. He was humming "*When the Swallows Homeward Fly*," and we let him go on for several bars without interruption. He had seated himself on a camp-stool near my packing-box, and presently he asked in a low tone:

"Have I been good all summer, motherly?"

"Very good!" I answered, laughing at his boyish earnestness, and looking across at Gretta. But she was straightening a wing in her hat, and paid no attention.

"Good enough to have a favor granted?"

"Certainly! Two or three—if it is in my power to grant them."

"Then may I come and see you some time in the city?" (Jack's home and ours were in the same great city at the end of the railroad.)

I liked the frank young fellow very much, and of course I assented cordially to his request. I remember I urged him to come soon after our return, and we would talk over together our life at St. Dingee, and the happy incidents of our merry season.

"And now for a second favor," he said, a trifle nervously this time, I thought. "I'm packing up to-day, like the rest; but there's a little keepsake of the summer I've been at work at; would you and—the young lady—like to see it?"

You may be sure I was eager to see the picture of which I had heard vague hints, and we all three went down to the "den." Boxes in every state of engorgement blocked up the most available spaces; but in one corner a rough easel stood bolt upright, holding the "keepsake" we had come to see. Jack reached it with a few long strides over the boxes, removed its screen, and turned it into the strongest light. I gave one surprised glance, and sat down quite disconcerted on a broken stool propped against the wall. But Gretta knelt before it in childish delight, and gazed at it, speechless, spell-bound, letting it carry her back to the day of our arrival in the grand old Bohemian forest. It was true to life in every color and tone—a vivid representation of that June afternoon when we walked up from the dusty cars, and were beguiled into resting and drinking with the hospitable artist group. There was Duke, lazily stretched in the tall grass; Philippine, sitting stiffly upright in maidenly reserve; Johnny, quaffing the delicious beverage with sparkling eyes; Gretta, with her little court of admirers about her—we were all there, so faithfully pictured, that it seemed as we looked, that the June day came back to us; that the daisies must be in bloom in the fields; that spring was over the land.

"You could not have done better," I said, expressing involuntarily my appreciation of his work. I am always glad to see genius recognized; and I hope I am not selfish enough to grudge any man—much less a friend like Jack—the credit that is due. And yet for the life of me, I could not help thinking that, in spite of its truthfulness, he had made Gretta the centre figure, while all the others revolved around her. It may have been only the natural order of things; and yet the knowledge of it caused me to be chary of enthusiasm.

"No; I could not better it," he answered, speaking slowly, as though endeavoring to pass criticism on his own master-piece. "I am glad you like my *Bohemia*." And then he turned it this way and that, studying the effect and letting the light fall upon it at various angles to bring out every tone.

"How well you have put us all in there, Mr. Bertholet!" Gretta said at last, beamingly. It was the first time she had spoken. "How vividly

you must remember! Could you go back into the past and paint all your life from memory, and make it as real as that?"

"My life goes no further back than that day. I have no wish to paint anything before that," he answered quickly; and then I realized how closely he had been watching the girl's face, and how triumphant he looked at her plainly-spoken admiration.

Her cheeks flushed at the sudden confession, and she gathered up her cloak and escaped to the open window without another word. I felt strongly inclined to box her pretty ears for leading him into such thoughtless betrayal of his feelings; and for once, I was honestly sorry for Jack. Poor fellow! It is hard to cherish a hopeless passion! But there she stood at safe distance, looking blushing unconsciously of any wrong, and idly pulling to pieces a rose some one had dropped upon the sill; and all I could do was to take no notice of this little by-play, as I lingered to praise his work; to thank him for his kindness in allowing us to see it, and to express the hope that success might attend his labors.

That evening I told Duke I wanted to indulge in an unwonted piece of extravagance. We had passed a very happy summer with our artist friends, and it would be a nice thing to carry away some memento of the past. I wanted to buy Jack's *Bohemia*. It would not only be gratifying my own taste to have such a well-executed work in my collection; it would likewise aid and encourage Jack to fresh endeavors. Now Duke is always indulgent as far as money matters are concerned, and I felt pretty certain of success when I commenced my plan. I hastened to Mr. Bertholet, and, begging him to look upon me as a friend who always had his best interest at heart, besought him to name what he considered a fair price for *Bohemia*. To my unbounded surprise, he declined to part with it upon any consideration. No appeal, no offer which I could make, had the slightest effect. He could not—or would not—part with the picture for any price; and I had to submit to seeing it carried away by express the next morning, with Jack perched on the top of the box containing it, bowing and smiling good-bye to us all.

Mrs. Dvenshire was delighted to get Gretta home again, and praised my motherly care, and poured into my ears the distracting fears she had felt lest some plebeian suitor in that Bohemian land might have captivated her darling's fancy. I never told her of the "might have been." I wondered sometimes why Jack did not call upon us, as he had asked permission to do; but the days and weeks went by, and we heard nothing of him.

One evening, a note of invitation was brought in, which upon opening, proved to be from our summer acquaintance—Mr. Blondin. He begged

the privilege of escorting us to the studio of an artist friend—Despard—whose collection was acknowledged to be the finest in the city; and whose latest picture had recently been awarded a prize by foreign and resident critics, and would be on exhibition at the studio on the evening mentioned. "Perhaps Miss Gretta and her mother would consent to be of the party;" he "should be most happy to present them," etc.

Mrs. Davenshire was delighted. Society lions were her pride, and to be formally presented to this famous Despard, whose studio was well known to be the rendezvous of the most talented artists and finest critics in the city, was an unlooked-for honor. And such a triumph for Gretta! I think her fond heart warmed toward me then as it had never done before, for being the medium of so happy an invitation.

We were whirled out to the studio in Mr. Blondin's carriage. Mrs. Davenshire was resplendent in velvet and diamonds; Gretta looked like some fairy princess in sheeny white silk and pearls. Davenshire Square sent out its youth, its beauty and its wealth, to honor the honored. The long saloon was one blaze of light as we stopped at its entrance—an attendant swept back the crimson velvet curtains and ushered us into the august presence of the great artist himself, who, in blouse and cap, advanced to receive us—there was an instant's pause to take in the dazzling surroundings, and then—it was *Jack*, who had the pretty fairy princess in her sheeny robes in his arms, and was saying, "Gretta, darling!" and "Duke, old fellow! I'm delighted to see you!" and "Well, well, motherdy! this *is* a treat!" all in one breath.

Of course, Mrs. Davenshire was bewildered. Why shouldn't she have been, to see her only child in a stranger's arms, and he calling her "darling?" But she was not much more surprised than I. To think of Jack, the impudent fellow! passing himself off for a poor artist—he, the great Mr. Despard—and letting me lecture him on his hopeless aspirations, and—worse than all!—coolly listening to my offer to buy his *Bohemia*—the wonderful painting which, on a bronze easel in the brilliant light, stared me into speechless humiliation as the "prize picture!" Dreadful!

It did not take Jack—of course his real name was Jack Bertholet Despard—very long to put us all at ease; and Mrs. Davenshire was as ready to grant pardon for his rash embrace of the princess, as he was to sue for it. For was not his name an honor to the best society, and his fortune worthy an alliance with the house of Davenshire? One thing, however, I could not understand. That was, why both Gretta and Jack had accepted their fate, after my "lecture," so coolly. I told them so. Then Duke broke into uncontrollable laughter, and I suspected something.

"It's all past now, motherdy," said Gretta, stealing her hand into mine; "so I may tell you. I was on the other end of the piazza that night, and could not move without interrupting you; so I heard it all. I didn't mean to, but there was no other way."

"And Jack knew that you heard it?"

"I could not help that, either," pleaded Jack. "I couldn't run away after you commenced, and I couldn't tell you Gretta was there, when I didn't know you wished a private interview."

"And so you knew—and she knew—" I began, but stopped, quite bewildered by this unexpected finale. "And Duke, too—"

"That's just it, motherdy." Duke came to my relief. "It was *such* a joke to hear you going on, when I suspected all the time he wasn't the poor genius you took him to be! And he promised not to look at her! ha, ha! He kept his promise, nobly, too. Though for that matter, why shouldn't he? He knew that she knew, and she knew that he knew, and I knew that we all three knew."

'I saw Esau kissing Kate,
The fact we all three saw;
I saw Esau, he saw me,
And she saw I saw Esau.'

Come now! let's not quarrel over by-gones!"

And we did not.

But I will say here, that when I go out to Bohemia next summer—we have promised to go and stop with Philipine and "Elick," I shall have no yellow-haired girl in the party, unless her mamma accompanies her; and I shall give up "lecturing" or trying to aid rising young artists to dispose of their pictures. But I *shall* try to be even with Duke, yet, for that shabby trick he played me.

NOONTIDE.

BY L.

The pigeons coo beneath the eaves,
A slumberous haze is on the skies,
The morning-glories 'mid their leaves
Nod lazily with half-closed eyes.

Where boughs scarce bend beneath the weight,
And little breezes whisper low,
A hammock with its precious freight
Is swinging idly to and fro.

Stir gently, rustling leaves, above
My darling's face, so pure and fair,
Shed softly, as the touch of love,
Your shadows on her chestnut hair.

Her sweet lips curved in slumbers light,
Have stolen the color of the rose;
A dimple in the chin so white,
Is kissed by every wind that blows.

A book lies loosely in her hand,
Her finger strove the page to keep—
In spite of fancy's magic wand,
My lady-love has gone to sleep.

FUN FOR THE FIRESIDE.

A HELP TO MOTHERS.

The Paper-doll's House—No. 20.

JESSIE E. RINGWALT.

The rather clumsy title of the Paper-doll's House, is the familiar name given to a toy of home manufacture, which is, however, very fairly described by the words. The toy is really a home, expressly constructed for the Paper-doll, which is now furnished in great variety, and is so fragile in structure as to need such a shelter as that provided for it in the book, that will be hereafter described.

For this edifice, the first requisite is a blank book of convenient size. Those prepared for the use of school children, and styled exercise-books, are readily obtained, and very suitable. A common copy-book will also serve the purpose, as the essential requirement is a page of the dimensions of about eight by nine inches. A larger page will, of course, present a wider field for decoration; and single sheets of paper may be chosen and afterwards sewed into a cover, according to the fancy of the young architect.

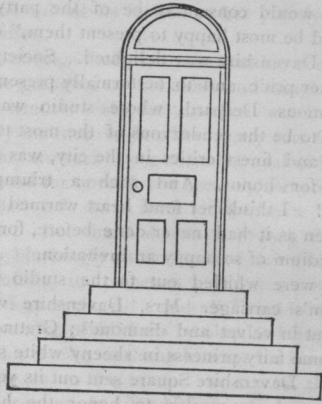
The first, or introductory page of the book, is intended to represent the front door of the doll's house. In the simplest manner, a rectangular doorway can be outlined near the centre of the page. The space intended for the entrance is then cut away, so as to present an open door-way. The frame is built around this opening by pasting strips of colored paper to represent the wood-work. A door is next fixed in place, also made of tinted paper, and pasted upon the frame; a slight fold made in the door itself will allow it to open and shut. Just inside of this outer door can be placed another, intended to represent a vestibule entrance. The latter can be made in bright colors, according to the taste of the owner.

The first illustration presents a marking model for this door, which can be conveniently made about two and one-half inches wide, and four and one-half inches high. The ornamental top of the door may be one and a half inches high, with the same measure as the depth of the steps, with the should be cut of paper of a stone or marble color. Some gaily tinted paper can be let in above the door as a further decoration; while a knob, bell-handle and name-plate, may be pasted upon it in gilt or silver paper. A tasteful introduction of tinted papers can produce quite a pretty and fanciful effect for this grand entrance. A further improvement or elaboration is arranged by making the page represent the whole front of the house, giving the entire wall in red brick, or some tint representing stone. The doors and windows, in this case, are made after the same manner as the front door, already described, with outside

shutters, to be closed and opened. Inside blinds and curtains can be added to supply the needed variety of color.

Upon turning this front page, the child will be much surprised and delighted to find a tiny door-

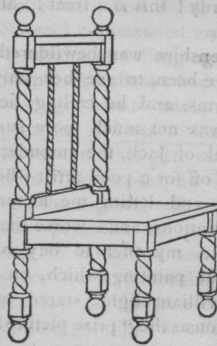
Fig. 1.



key hanging on the wall just behind the door. Such details seem to furnish the last touch of excellence to the toy; and as an additional perfection, a chair may be pasted below it in the corner, for the hall servant or porter, who can be represented by a man in livery, or by a boy in a fanciful costume, well bedizened with buttons.

This hall chair must be seen in profile; and is presented by Figure 2.

Fig. 2.



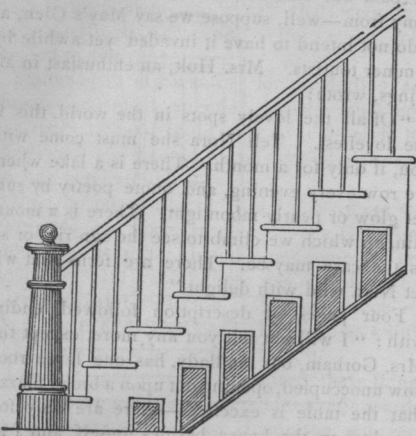
Two slits are made in the middle of the side of chair, running sideways to furnish a narrow band or support, behind which the figure of a paper-doll can be slipped, so as to appear standing by the chair, and ready to open the door. All the chairs, tables, stools and other articles of furniture in the house, should be provided with these slips, or bands, for the accom-

modation of the doll inhabitants.

The second leaf of the book usually presents a staircase, which may be cut out of any tinted paper, and pasted into place, after the style shown in Fig. 3. Black paper, with an embossed figure, is sometimes used, but tints to represent walnut or maple wood are better; and marble is, of course, still more magnificent. The stairs will appear quite majestic, as the page allows a balustrade to be fully six inches in sweep, with one and one-half inches for a landing at the top. About two and a half inches can be allowed for

the depth of the balustrade and steps taken together, producing quite an imposing effect. If, in the pasting, loose spaces are left in the tread of the stairs, the paper-dolls can be slipped in, and will then appear to be walking up and down upon

Fig. 3.



the staircase. To make this scene more perfect, the picture of a hall-lamp or chandelier can be fixed midway on the back wall; a hanging-basket of flowers also makes a pretty decoration.

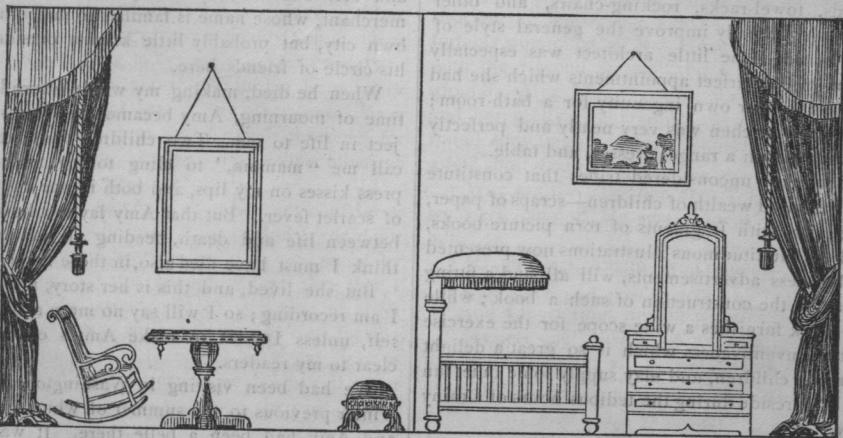
The arrangements of the house should be made to suit the individual tastes of the owner, but it is usual to place the drawing-room or parlor first in order, as if the house was being viewed by a guest. For this principal apartment, a double page is used, that is, two pages that front each other, so as to double the extent of surface. To frame this double page, it is customary to first arrange, on the outer edge of each page, a grace-

of furniture, or shapes cut to resemble them in tinted paper, are then pasted across the foot of the pages, as is seen in Figure 4. In advertising sheets and newspapers, cuts of chairs, tables, sewing-machines, stoves, pianos, and other furniture can frequently be found, and may be colored to suit the taste either with water-colors or crayons.

One doll's book has a parlor completely furnished in gilt paper; the curtains, a table, a sofa, two chairs, and a foot-stool, being all cut out of this gorgeous material. Upon the golden table rests a gorgeous basket of flowers, such as is often seen in valentines. Highly-colored little pictures are also placed upon the wall of the room, and amid all this luxury the lady of the house appears to be receiving a gentleman-guest, both dressed in the height of the mode, and evidently cut from recent fashion-plates. To keep these figures in place, a narrow strip or band of paper is pasted across the middle of each page, behind which the figures can be slipped so as to appear to be standing in the midst of the room.

Another double page presents the dining-room. A large table and chair on one page, and another chair and a sideboard on the opposite one, are supposed to be sufficient furniture. Through the band of the chair the feet of a pretty little girl-doll have been so placed that she seems just ready to spring upon the table, which is generally provided with baskets of fruit and flowers. A very pretty and highly-colored picture of a young girl carrying a tray of refreshments, enlivens this scene. The doors of the side-board are made to stand half open by merely cutting slits in the tinted paper and allowing the edges to stand loose; the top of the side-board is also not made

Fig. 4.



ful drapery representing a window-curtain. Paper can be used for this purpose; lace or net is also introduced occasionally. Pictures of pieces

to adhere entirely, leaving a slight space behind it, into which are slipped pictures of bottles, vases, and little baskets of fruit. The richly-decorated

pictures now prepared for albums, and other decorations, furnish pretty figures in great variety, that are very well suited to brighten up the several apartments of this dainty doll's home.

Another room is intended to serve as a school-room or study. The picture of a clock is pasted against the wall, with a book-case, and a tiny hanging-map. A large square table and a couple of chairs in a plain color furnish the apartment, and while the band on one page supports a lady-teacher or governess, the opposite one is filled with an unruly group of little pupils.

The very heart of this doll-house is found in its own doll-house. In the play-room is placed a tiny dwelling cut in tinted paper. A very little door opens and shuts, while the spaces of the windows are cut out to allow little scraps of paper or lace to be inserted behind as simulating curtains.

Beside this most minute of miniature houses, stand some admiring paper dolls. On the opposite page, a little pictured girl holds a doll in her embrace, and a tiny table is burdened with toys. A tall stove stands in the corner, and beside it, seated on a stool, is a little dog, making the scene delightfully complete.

The sleeping-apartments of this edifice can be varied according to fancy, and multiplied to almost any extent by the use of different colors. Thus, the curtains and furniture may be either uniform in tint, or contrasted and diversified in many ways. The outline shapes are easily made for a bed, crib, and bureau. Upon the latter a looking-glass may be fixed by merely adding an oval or square of silver paper, allowing the tinted paper which represents the wood-work to project around the silver as a frame. A very little experience in shaping these designs will lead to many additions, such as work-tables, candle-stands, towel-racks, rocking-chairs, and other items that greatly improve the general style of the house. One little architect was especially proud of the perfect appointments which she had devised by her own ingenuity for a bath-room; while her kitchen was very neatly and perfectly furnished with a range, dresser, and table.

The many unconsidered trifles that constitute the treasured wealth of children—scraps of paper, lace, silk, with fragments of torn picture-books, and the multitudinous illustrations now presented as business advertisements, will all find a fitting place in the construction of such a book; while the work furnishes a wide scope for the exercise of that inventiveness which is so great a delight to many children, and may supply some quiet fun for the fireside during the tedious hours of a rainy day.

SOME write, talk, and think so much about vice and virtue, that they have no time to practice either.

LAST AUGUST.

S. ANNIE SHEILDS.

We had held many consultations, had studied the guide books and overhauled the newspaper advertisements for a hint as to where we had better pass our summer, when Mrs. Holt wrote to Amy from—well, suppose we say May's Glen, as I do not intend to have it invaded yet awhile by summer tourists. Mrs. Holt, an enthusiast in all things, wrote:

"Of all the lovely spots in the world, this is the loveliest. Tell Nora she must come with you, if only for a month. There is a lake where we row every evening, and quote poetry by sunset glow or pearly moonlight. There is a mountain, up which we climb to see the sun rise or set as the case may be. There are ferns that will set Nora wild with delight."

Four pages of description followed, ending with: "I will not tell you any more, except that Mrs. Gorham, our landlady, has one large room now unoccupied, opening out upon a broad piazza; that the table is excellent—there are only four boarders in the house besides myself, and I am sure you will enjoy a visit here."

"I suppose we might as well go," said Amy, listlessly, handing me the letter. I am the Nora mentioned in the letter, and Amy is my only sister. I am thirty-five years old, a widow with an ample income, a sorrowful heart, and an intense love for Amy. I sign myself Nora Martyn Seaforth. Amy is nineteen, beautiful and winsome, with a wondrous voice that has been the pride of the best masters I could procure for her, and is wholly dependent upon me since our parents died, some ten years ago.

We are nobody in particular, papa having been a bank clerk, whose income died with him, and Mr. Seaforth, my dearly-loved husband, a merchant, whose name is familiar to many in our own city, but probably little known outside of his circle of friends here.

When he died, making my whole future life a time of mourning, Amy became the dearest object in life to me. Two children had lived to call me "mamma," to cling to my neck and press kisses on my lips, and both in one day died of scarlet fever. But that Amy lay too, hovering between life and death, needing all my care, I think I must have died also, in those bitter days.

But she lived, and this is her story, not mine, I am recording; so I will say no more about myself, unless I must to make Amy's experience clear to my readers.

We had been visiting in Washington all the winter previous to the summer of which I write, and Amy had been a belle there. It was her first winter in society, and I took all a mother's pride in her beauty. She was dazzlingly fair, with large brown eyes, and brown hair that was

all waves and curls; her features were perfect, and she had the prettiest mouth and teeth I ever saw. Her figure, slender but gracefully rounded, was as perfect as her face.

Annette, my maid, used to declare enthusiastically that "Mam'selle Martyn could wear *anything*," and it was her delight to exercise her French taste upon "toilettes" that were, as a rule, dazzlingly successful. For every color seemed to suit Amy.

Suitors were not wanting for my darling, and she received much attention, but she laughingly declared "no man could ever rival Nora in her affections," and I could see no marked preference for any cavalier, unless—

Now, let me consider! Did I think there was a little rose tint upon her cheeks when Guy Henderson was near her, that did not come for any one else? Did I think there was a thrill in her voice for Guy Henderson that never struck me when others addressed her? Did I guess a little of her pain when he vanished?

I am not sure whether I noticed these things at the time, or only remembered them afterwards. But this I do know. Guy Henderson was very attentive to Amy, and Amy certainly did not dislike his attentions. She was a passionate worshipper of beauty, more keenly sensitive to it than any one I ever knew; and Guy Henderson was a model of manly grace in form and feature, an exceedingly handsome man, and yet with so fine a mind, so noble a presence, that he seemed entirely unconscious of his own attractions. He was a lawyer, and his home was in B—; but he was spending the winter in Washington, engaged upon some lawsuit, the nature of which I never inquired. Possessed of ample means, with his talents and good looks, it will be readily believed that he was popular in society; but from all the beauty about him, he was to be seen most frequently selecting my little Amy for his companion, and our home evenings invariably found him at her side, listening to her voice in conversation or singing, with an expression in his large, dark eyes that I never saw at any other time. Amy seldom spoke of him, and I have a reverence for true love that shrinks from any jesting allusions to its signs and tokens.

I knew that when my sister had any confidence to give she would bring it to me, and I would not rudely force her heart to know its own secret by questioning. It was enough for me then that I believed Guy Henderson to be a man of strict honor; and I was willing to trust to time for the story of his love, if there was ever any story to tell. But in April he came one day to call when we were not at home, and upon the card he left for us was penciled:

"I called to say good-bye, as I am unexpectedly called home by my partner's illness. I hope, however, it will only be *au revoir*."

In May, we, too, left Washington, but Guy Henderson had received my most cordial invitation to visit us, if he ever came to P—, where he told me he often had business, and I hoped to welcome him to my own house.

June and July passed, but we never heard of him. As I have already written, he vanished. Amy never mentioned him, and when she said it was the heat that made her pale and quiet, I did not question her. It cut me to the heart, however, to see how changed she was. All the merry laugh I loved had died away, and even her smile was sad. The voice that had caroled over her work, up and down the house all day, was never raised to sing, excepting at the request of some friend; and then I noticed that she never sang the songs Guy Henderson had loved to hear.

How I hated him in those weary months when I thought he had stolen my darling's heart, only to slight it. For he had stolen it! She loved me still, would always love me, but never again with the same entire devotion she had given me before that fateful winter in Washington. If only the change had been to increase her happiness, I would cheerfully have taken a second place in her affection; but my heart rose in bitter anger against the change that brought only pain to my precious little sister.

Sometimes I thought if I took her to Newport or to Saratoga, she would forget her sorrow, in new scenes and faces; but she shrank so from the prospect of more gayety that I had not the heart to urge it.

Mrs. Holt's letter opened a new prospect. Quiet, beautiful scenery, fresh, pure air, and only a few strange faces in the house.

"We will go!" I said, giving Amy her letter again. "It is the very place I should have selected."

So we put our summer dresses into our trunks, shut up the house, and a week later were comfortably domiciled in Mrs. Gorham's large room, with the "broad piazza" for a private parade ground. Mrs. Holt gave us warmest welcome, and her pretty daughter, Nettie, fairly danced round Amy, who was one of her schoolmates only a few short years before.

"Who are the other boarders?" I asked, when we were comfortably seated for a "good, long talk."

"Mr. and Mrs. Austin—you remember them?" I nodded.

"And a mysterious invalid with his nurse."

"Mysterious?" asked Amy, really looking interested; for with all her heartache, Amy was but nineteen, and had some school-girl curiosity left.

"Yes!" cried Nettie; he takes all his meals in his own room, and goes out in a wheeled chair with a canopy that conceals his face entirely. He must be very ill or very lame, for he rests his

whole weight upon his nurse when he crosses the hall. His room is the back parlor, so we do not meet him on the stairs; but he always has his face covered. My theory is that he is a forger in concealment."

"Nettie!" cried her mother, reprovingly.

"Oh, yes, I know," said Nettie, wilfully; "Mrs. Gorham says he was injured by an explosion in a factory, where he was present on business. The boiler, or something else horrid, blew up when he was close beside it, and burned his face horribly and injured all one side of his body. But he need not bury himself alive!"

"What is his name?" I asked.

Nobody knew. He was "the mysterious invalid" to the other boarders; and I soon forgot all about him. Sometimes, looking from my window, I saw him going painfully down the few broad steps from the front porch, leaning upon the tall, strong man who was his nurse, until he was tenderly deposited in his canopied, wheeled chair, and pushed down the garden path to the road. He usually selected the early morning hours for this exercise, often returning before we went to breakfast.

But if I took but little interest in the mysterious invalid, Amy did not share my indifference. She seemed fascinated by the deep seclusion, and would sigh as she watched his painful progress from door to chair, as if she felt something of fellowship in his sufferings. Several times when we had choice fruit sent from the city, I saw her put some upon the tray Mrs. Gorham was preparing, motioning to that lady to say nothing about it. More than once she made a dainty bouquet for the same little tray.

She was very restless in those August days, when we could scarcely realize, in our cool, quiet retreat, that it was the hottest month of the year. She took long, lonely walks; she practiced duets with Nettie Holt; she rowed about on the lake; but she seldom sat quietly down to sew or to read, and seemed possessed by a demon of unrest. At night, whenever I woke, I saw that she was not sleeping.

I was worried about the child, but tried to comfort myself with the recollection that she was only nineteen, and even deep wounds will heal perfectly at that age. She was always loving and gentle, and I would not force her to speak of a trouble she wished to conceal.

August was nearly half over, when one morning we started to see the sun rise from the hill near the house. It was a lovely day, and after our excursion up the hill—our enjoyment of the sunrise, we were coming very slowly towards home, when I saw, just where the road turned, the canopied, wheeled chair of "the mysterious invalid."

Amy was just behind me, having stopped to gather some wild flowers, and I instinctively turned to prevent her looking at what I saw.

The canopy of the chair was thrown back, and the invalid's face, resting upon a pillow, was fully visible in the strong morning light. It was a sight to make the stoutest heart quiver with pain and pity. All one side of the face was drawn into red lines, evidently half-healed burns. One eye was drawn out of place, and the mouth was also one-sided. The eyes seemed unhurt, and one side of the face uninjured; but one hand and arm were in a sling, and one leg bandaged.

Yet it was not the sight of the suffering or disfigurement I wanted to spare Amy. I turned, but too late. She passed me swiftly, to stand beside the chair, to say, in a voice that thrilled my heart:

"Guy! Guy!—Oh, I am so sorry!"

She was but a child; she thought nothing of the secret she was betraying, as the tears rolled down her cheeks, and fell upon the afghan drawn over the invalid's lap; and he understood, and yet neither by word nor look did he betray his knowledge.

He stretched out his well hand to me, saying, in a low voice:

"I did not know you were at May's Glen, Mrs. Seaforth."

"We are boarding at Mrs. Gorham's," I answered, "and I am sorry I did not know before that you were an old friend. We might perhaps have helped to while away some tedious hours. It is hard to be ill away from friends."

"Very hard!" he answered; "but I have no near relatives, and I wished to spare any one the sight of my disfigurements. You see it troubles your sister very much."

There was a yearning, wistful look in his eyes as he said the last words and I took Amy into my arms, as if he longed to comfort her, or to speak some words of more than mere comforting.

"I am very foolish," she said, presently, struggling for composure; "when sick people ought never to see other people sorry; but you will forgive me, will you not, Mr. Henderson?"

I think she had forgotten that wailing, tender "Guy! Guy!" but he never would.

"Forgive you?" he said, gently. "Your sympathy is very precious to me!"

"And you will not hide from us, will you?" she pleaded. "You will let us try to help you?"

"Certainly," I said, briskly. "I have a complete library of periodicals and fiction at your disposal, and by opening your door, you have the piano very near you. We are not going to let you mope any longer."

Then the nurse touched my arm, and said:

"I had better wheel him back, marm. See how white his lips is—he can't stand nothing, hardly."

So he wheeled him home, after a few more cordial words; and I held Amy fast, for she would have walked beside the chair.

"He is too tired to talk any more, now," I

said to her. "We will see him again this afternoon if he is strong enough."

"Oh, Nora!" she sobbed; "this is why he never came back, or wrote to us. Oh, Nora, I am so sorry, and so glad."

"Yes, dear," I said; "I am glad, too, that he did not willfully neglect us! It is a terrible misfortune!"

"I know—but—it is only his looks that will be altered, perhaps. He will get well? You think he will get well?"

"How can I tell, dear? The doctor seems to have trusted to change of air, since he has no medical attendance here. That seems a good sign."

"Oh, Nora, how can I bear it if he dies!"

Poor little innocent, tortured heart! I must keep it with me alone, until this first agony was over. I would not let prying eyes guess my darling's secret.

So I took Amy home, and to our room, making her lie down and have breakfast sent up to her. When she had rested and slept, I knew by the expression on her face, that I could trust her own maiden reticence again. The shock was over, that had torn the veil from her heart so rudely; and there was no fear now that she would not keep her sweet, modest dignity.

I would not let Guy Henderson shut himself up again. I was old enough to take some motherly airs; and I exercised a friend's authority in breaking up his seclusion. After the first ordeal of meeting our small circle was over, I saw that I had been right to urge it upon him. Everybody was kind to him; and the appearance of his tall figure leaning on the nurse, was a signal for our most bewitching smiles to appear, our merriest speeches to be heard. Nettie pushed the easiest chair to the shadiest corner of the porch for him; Amy selected the ripest peaches for him; Mr. Austin resigned the latest newspapers; and we all united in ministering to his comfort.

All Amy's restlessness vanished, and there was a placid content upon her face that added greatly to its loveliness. Her merry laugh never rang out, and she did not sing as of old, for her girlish light-heartedness was gone. Yet in its place was a sweet womanly serenity; a gentle tenderness of manner that told me every day what she had so truly said—that she was sorry and yet glad, grieving, yet without bitterness, over the heavy blight upon Guy Henderson's life; but rejoicing that it was not by false faith he had been kept from her side.

We had come to May's Glen upon the first day of August, and on the first of September I had promised to join some friends at Atlantic City. Our month of quiet was nearly over, and I had been busy about some preparations for departure, when I strolled out upon the porch, to find Guy Henderson there, alone. Amy had

been to ride with the Austin's, and I thought she was still absent.

"You are going away," he said after a few words of greeting. "I will miss you, sadly."

"Why not try sea air," I suggested. "All invalids get better at Atlantic City."

"No," he said, sadly; "I will not follow you there. Did you know I had a visit from my physician this morning?"

"I had not heard of it."

"He tells me I will recover the use of my leg, hand and arm, fully; but my face will always retain this ghastly mask. I shall give up my profession, not because I am a vain man, but because I know every one is pained and revolted by the sight of my disfigurement. I am wealthy, as perhaps you know, and I can choose my own life. But I am glad to have an opportunity to speak freely to you. I think you must have seen that I love your sister. I do love her with all my heart. When I was so unexpectedly summoned from Washington, the strongest hope of my life was to return and try to win her for my wife. When I recovered from the first unconsciousness of my accident, that hope lost, I had only one desire, to hide away from everybody, above all from Amy. She was so young that I was sure she would soon forget me, and no word of love had ever passed between us. I had hoped she was not indifferent to me; but my hope changed to a prayer that she would speedily forget me. The meeting here I never anticipated; but I will not follow you, because—ah, pity me a little—I love Amy so dearly, so very dearly, and she has such a heavenly pity for me, that I am afraid to trust myself near her, lest I should try to link her bright young life to my blighted one."

"I think you are right," I said, sadly.

But the parlor curtains parted as I spoke, and Amy stepped from the low window to Guy's side.

"I think he is wrong," she said, her voice very low, her face suffused with blushes. "You will come with us," she added, "you will not leave me again? Oh," and she hid her burning face in her hands, "do not force me to say the words you ought to speak."

He drew her down to his side, tenderly, but with a deep, sorrowful gravity upon his face.

"You love me then, my darling," he said.

"I love you!"

"I would have spared you this pain, if I could," he said, "but oh, my love," and his eyes grew deep and tender, his voice shook with emotion, "you shall never repent it, if you trust yourself to me!"

I stole away, as they had quite forgotten me. The next day we went to Atlantic City, and at Christmas Guy and Amy were married. We are planning our summer trip, and only this morning Amy came in to see me, and to beg:

"You will come with us to May's Glen, will you not, Nora? We were so happy there last August."

So I know my darling is content, and I know, too that she is gradually overcoming her husband's sensitive shrinking from observation, and that he will not give up his useful career, or bury himself from sight, although he will never again be handsome Guy Henderson.

KATE ELLIOTT'S LAST SEASON.

L. R. MUNRO.

The soft wreaths of fog twisted themselves around every tree and shrub, and trailed over the smooth, green turf, dropping upon the great white garden lilies and weighing down the roses already too heavy with their own sweetness, while just at the foot of the lawn the breakers wildly dashed themselves to pieces on the rocks.

Some one looked out from the vine-clad porch at what might be the moon some hours hence.

"Is the Lorelei about to sing?" said a voice behind the girl. She shrugged her shoulders, but made no reply. "Am I never going to be free from this man?" she thought, "and poor Dick coming to-night! How unfortunate I am."

Ethan Reignolds had no small opinion of the power of his money. The only woman who had been indifferent to it, had at first astonished him by persistent snubbing, and then as a matter of course enchained his fancy.

"If slippers were of glass and supplied by one's godmother, I would defy the dews and mist and go sit on the rocks and lure you to destruction," she said, "but, alas! the laundress is exorbitant, and my godmother is my aunt; so I must be prosaic and stay at home." Just then a dog cart dashed up, containing two occupants. The girl started, but immediately commenced a lively conversation with her companion: "Little Kate is going in for old 'Money bags,'" said the younger of the two. His friend glared savagely, but made no reply as he flung himself upstairs.

Kate Elliott and Dick Chalmers had been lovers from childhood. Kate was rich in nothing but youth and beauty. Dick had expectations. He lived on them. Had he not a rich uncle who had brought him up as his heir? Unfortunately came Black Friday. The rich uncle was a poor one, and died of grief. Dick had nothing but his expensive habits. Kate was bidden to think no more of him, and Ethan Reignolds rose above the horizon a bright particular star.

There was an affecting scene in the Park, where Kate went to publish the stern decree. Dick raved and tore his hair, but did not offer any expedient; swore life would be a desert without her, but did not propose that she should accompany him to some oasis. She would gladly have

run away with him then and there, but of course could not suggest it. To marry Kate without money was the last thing to occur to him. To go to work for her!—he never thought of it! So poor Kate, with many tears and a disappointment she would not acknowledge, left him, and he proceeded to brighten the arid waste of his life in a manner peculiar to fashionable young men. Kate went home and reviewed her accomplishments, with an eye to making them of use. "I haven't enough voice to sing in public; besides, I should be frightened to death. I can't be even a nursery governess, for Dot knows more geography than I do, and is always setting traps for me. I can't marry Dick, and I do not want anybody else." So moaned poor Kate, and would not be comforted. Then came the fairy godmother, in the shape of Aunt Frisbie, withered and yellow as her own gold, and took Kate for a season in Newport, with Ethan Reignolds to add lustre to the party.

And this is Newport! Beautiful old Newport, with its princely villas, its bird-nest cottages, and its quaint old mansions. Here, where the tide of fashion rolls, where small crafts can scarcely be seen, and only gorgeous pinnaces, with their elegant occupants, sail the live-long day, basking in the sun of prosperity, came Aunt Frisbie with her sacrificial lamb, and the devoted high priest Reignolds at her heels. Kate was commanded to be gay and fascinating, and accept all the attentions offered. She could not help charming, no matter how wayward she was, and only succeeded in rivetting her chains by her variable moods. The bewildered Ethan trailed after her, laden with bouquets to such an extent that he was mistaken for a vender of the same, much to the delight of his idol.

Of course Dick appeared, by way of making it easy for Kate to give him up, and dogged her about and called her a heartless flirt, until she was nearly wild. She couldn't help being kind to him, for he was so miserable, poor fellow. Aunt Frisbie was ill for a week, and the itinerant vender of bouquets only glared despairingly as Kate was torn from him, and carried off to tete-a-tetes on sheltered piazzas and moonlight walks round the cliffs. At last appeared Aunt Frisbie; with a glance, she was mistress of the situation; since she could not order Dick out of the house, it being a hotel, she did the next best thing, and went herself. She carried her lamb to an eagle's eyerie, called Bateman's, down a winding road, and over-looking the sea; and there we find Kate, looking out at the moon, and wishing she were dead and at rest.

She was aroused from her reverie by her companion, who had been making the usual brilliant remarks that garnish conversation between the sexes. Having exhausted his repertoire without receiving any response, he boldly asked her to

take a drive the next day, and then sank into helpless imbecility. Kate knew what that drive would bring forth, but she dared not refuse. And then, had not Dick openly insulted her this evening, by walking past her into the house without a word, when he had made an appointment to come? Was he not now in the parlor, flirting in the most bare-faced manner with Miss Durfee? How Kate hated her—and she was rich, and could marry whom she pleased! Was it flirting? It looked very serious! How often we are caught in our own traps! Kate had set such snares many times herself, to fall at last into the shallowest of pitfalls. Dick could not love her, to behave in such a way. So she accepted the invitation, and then went up to her room and cried herself asleep.

The next afternoon was one of those brilliant Italian days, for which Newport is so renowned. The air was faintly redolent of the sea, and heavy with the perfume of flowers. The sky was cloudless, and the soft breeze just lifted her hair. As they rolled along over the smooth road, Kate thought the world, after all, was very pleasant. It is a charming thing to be young, beautiful and well dressed; to sit in a dog-cart of perfect appointments (without a footman!) and fly along behind a thorough-bred, knowing it is all yours if you like, with the man thrown in to preserve the equilibrium.

So they bowled along, exchanging smiles and greetings as coaches, landaus, dog-carts and phaetons passed in endless procession. And above it all sounded the deep voice of the ocean a thread-like song of pain thro' the symphony of life. Kate knew when they turned down a quiet road off the avenue, that the time had come for the trial. So when Mr. Reynolds, with a hesitating voice, asked her if she would be willing to marry him, (Shade of Aunt Frisbie! Willing?) she turned a little pale, thought of Dick and Miss Durfee, and accepted him. Then they drove home.

That night Dick appeared, and desired to speak with her. They went out on the piazza, and then Kate told him she was going to marry Mr. Reynolds. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight;" and now that he was going to lose her, Dick felt he could not give her up. But prayers and protestations were of no avail. She knew him at last, and would not waver; and so they parted. When Kate went in, Mrs. Lathrop, a lady from Boston, with her fingers covered with diamonds, and a gown on her which her chamber-maid wouldn't have worn, observed "Miss Elliott, tête-à-têtes on dewy piazza's won't do in Newport. You will become an object with influenza; and 'when red is one's nose, farewell to its beaux!'" Which pleasantry was greeted by a titter from those who knew her, and a blank stare from those who didn't,—the

usual fate of attempts at jokes in mixed assemblies. Half an hour after, Dick had engaged himself to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, in the person of Helen Durfee; and then went home and paced the floor all night, cursing himself and fate. The girl he had just asked to marry him, slept with a happy smile on her lips and dreamed of him. Behold the fitness of things!

The days wore on, and Kate had a solitaire as large as a cranberry. Aunt Frisbie petted her, and every one made much of her. Was she not going to marry Ethan Reynolds, with half a million of money, and had she not made the match of the season?

One night they went to sail. They put out on the rocking waves and sailed towards the west.

"I wish we could go on forever," said Kate, and began to sing:

"The shadows fall, the night is black,
No stars illumine our foamy track.
The night winds whisper low to me,
As glides my boat across the sea.
My life ebbs fast; the flowing tide
Is running swiftly by my side.
Wrapped in its arms, at peace I'd lie,
And breathe thy name with my last sigh!"

Just then a little boat shot round a rock, and in it sat a lady and gentleman, side by side, rowing. They exchanged salutations, and the last thing Kate saw, as they glided out of sight, was Dick bending in a way she knew so well over the form of Helen Durfee.

"Dick Chalmers has at last done something sensible," observed Aunt Frisbie to Mrs. Lathrop. "After compromising all the girls who were silly enough to receive his attentions"—here she threw a glance at her niece—"he has been wise enough to engage himself to Miss Durfee."

Kate gave no sign, but she felt that all indeed was ended between them. How long would it be before this dull aching in her heart would cease? She turned with loathing from Ethan Reynolds as he assisted her on shore, and during the walk home said not a word.

That night the sea moaned and the winds blew till the moonlight wavered like a rush-candle. The shadows stretched ghostly arms over her bed. Nearer and nearer they drew, till they swooped down upon her, an evil band. She turned upon her pillow restlessly with a heavy heart, and moaned while she slept.

"Whom the gods love die soon."

"Kate, I would not bathe to-day," said Aunt Frisbie, as the young lady came in with her hat on.

"Why not, aunt?" asked Kate, who, in the most coquettish of morning costumes, stood enchanting the eyes.

"The undertow is very strong, and the sea is running high."

"Oh, can you forbid my driving every one

frantic by the sight of my new bathing-dress? I must swim to-day, or perish in the attempt," so Kate danced out of the room, and soon the parlors were empty.

"How very volatile Kate is! She has recovered her spirits wonderfully, and is ready to enjoy the benefits of her new position, like all other girls. I am thankful I put an end to that nonsense between Dick and herself," mused Mrs. Frisbie, as she followed the party down to the beach.

After a while a little white butterfly came in and circled round and round a bunch of lilies, and finally settled there, with a great deal of waving of white wings and many oscillations. Then a salt breeze dashed through the window and picked up a ribbon from the floor that Kate had dropped, and blew it to and fro, until the door opening, it was fairly hurled into the face of the intruder.

He looked around and saw only the traces of occupancy. Weak-minded to the last, he could not keep away, and had come to get a glimpse of the girl he could not have.

"Where can they be?" he thought. "It is too rough for sailing, and they are surely not mad enough to bathe to-day."

As he turned to go he noticed the bright ribbon, which had clung to his sleeve. With an angry face, he jammed it into his pocket, and went away.

As he walked down the garden, he heard wails, and suddenly wild shrieks, and the awful cry of "Help! help!"

What prescience is it by which we know of harm to our beloved ones? It comes too late generally; but if in time, how can we be grateful enough? He knew Kate was drowning! Throwing off his clothing as he went, he bounded down to the shore. A rocky point stretched far into the sea. He dashed through the terror-stricken group, and climbed along the treacherous stones. A great wave rolled towards him, and in its bosom lay Kate. In savage fury it hurled her against the cruel shore. She heard him cry "Kate!" and stretched out her arms to him; but as he leaned forward to take her, the billow dragged her back, and she was seen no more.

Friendly hands bore him senseless back to the beach. This is what had happened:

The sea was foaming and seething over the reef, but upon the shore it broke with only a suggestion of fury in its voice. The sun was clouded, and long green lines of breakers stretched across the water. Far out, the schooners rose and sank upon the rollers.

"I would not go in," said Mrs. Lathrop—then aside, "She would risk her neck for the sake of being rescued."

When they emerged from their bath-houses, Mrs. Lathrop said, as she prepared to walk along

the road, "There are coils of ropes in the boat-house; you may use them for life-lines or halters." So saying, she departed.

Soon the party were in the water, and then the ocean began to reveal itself. Wrapped in the tenacious grasp of the undertow, the majority of bathers lost their courage, and one by one struggled ashore.

Kate, who was a fine swimmer, had been breasting the waves with a fierce delight. Their savage play suited her mood. She reached the stake, and turned to go back. Then, gurgling and laughing, the ocean takes possession of her—the iron hand of the undertow drags her along—the breakers thunder about her, and she can swim no more. One prayer, and she sinks down into the watery abyss. You know what followed.

When Dick recovered consciousness, he struggled to his feet and staggered down to the beach. They were searching for the body—for that which a few hours before was beautiful with life and health—the body of his darling!

Then the boat came in with Ethan Reignolds, sitting horror-stricken beside something which was stretched in the bottom of the boat.

Dick pushed forward, and they two bore her to the house, her golden hair dripping all the way, her hazel eyes half open, and a cruel bruise on the waxen temple—that is all. The following paragraph appeared in the papers.

"DROWNED WHILE BATHING.

"A beautiful young lady, Miss Kate Elliott, one of our fairest belles, was drowned while bathing at Bateman's Beach. She was carried out by the undertow, and although the breakers tossed her on to a rock, before she could be reached she disappeared. Mr. Richard Chalmers made the most heroic efforts to save her. He was so overcome by his exertions that he is lying seriously ill with brain fever."

A few months later:

"Mr. and Mrs. Richard Chalmers sailed for Europe on the *China*. He is seeking to re-establish his health, having just recovered from brain fever. His wife, who accompanies him, was his devoted and constant attendant. They were married while he was apparently on his death-bed; but, contrary to all expectations, he rallied, and is now on a fair road to recovery. Mrs. Chalmers will be remembered as the heiress Miss Durfee."

And so they are parted. Kate sleeps quietly in her grave, and Dick seeks forgetfulness beneath other skies. Of course, she would have died if he had loved her better than himself; but—

"I think in the lives of most women and men, There's a time when all would go smooth and even

If only the dead would know just when To come back and be forgiven."

THE NEW HOUSEKEEPER.

BY JAMES B. MARSHALL.

There was no gainsaying it; John Ackla was in a bad humor. John said he was mad—"mad, sir!" He certainly was flushed enough in the face; his blue eyes snapped enough; his light hair had been forked up, by running his fingers through it, high enough, without him tugging so desperately at his mustache—a not very heavy growth as yet—to impress the majority of mankind that he was not in the highest state of serenity.

"Confound that woman! I'm as hot and red as a boiled lobster," said the young gentleman, with a glance at the glass, and throwing himself into an easy chair near the window.

He immediately bounced up again, however; threw up a sash that should have been up; pushed a piece of furniture into the position it should have been in, with further remarks on the subject of "that confounded, exasperating, domineering woman."

That confounded, exasperating, domineering woman was Miss R. Timms, who was the housekeeper of the Ackla boys—John and William.

The paternal Acklas having gone to their long rest two years ago, when these twin brothers were near twenty; and they wishing to keep up the old home where their mother's friends had, in their wisdom, thought fit and good to instal Miss Rose Timms to rule over the Ackla larder and carry the keys of the establishment.

Miss Rose Timms had a higher quality to recommend her in the eyes of the jury of matrons who selected her than that of her supposed ability to manage with honesty and efficiency. She was undoubtedly of an "uncertain age"—that is, an uncertainty as to the largeness at which the number should be placed in years.

It is usually considered an ungallant act to reveal a lady's age; but as this is a particular case with a particular reason demanding it, *sub rosa*, I should guess—guess, you understand—that Miss Timms's nearest friend would confess her age at not less than forty; yet the ladies who recommended Miss Timms secretly assured Uncle Jesse, Mr. Ackla's only brother, that she was not a day younger than forty-five, and that the "boys" were as safe with her as if she were their grandmother. And, between us, now, her appearance did not belie their words.

Miss Timms was an excellent housekeeper in her way—in her way, understand. No doubt these young fellows were not the easiest imaginable mortals to cater to. They vividly recalled the times when their mother did this, and had that, and were not, in any way, backward in making remarks of that tenor. Miss Timms managed the Ackla household with decided punctuality in all things, especially in the production of meals;

and the "boys" were as decidedly unpunctual, particularly in regard to meals.

As housekeeper, Miss Timms was absolute and infallible. She discharged the old servants when she began to reign, and a new line of purveyors to the household wants came into power.

The "boys" were young merchants in the city, and were disposed to allow their housekeeper to rule to her own mind and pleasure, so long as they "weren't bothered."

Mankind—masculine—from its earliest to its latest age, has a holy horror of "being bothered." The child considers itself especially constructed to be continually "bothered;" the man will hand his child anything in the room it asks for, rather than be "bothered;" and for what are "clubs" established, except as an ever-ready refuge from "bother."

Nevertheless, Miss Timms and the "boys" had, at times, not the most agreeable understanding with each other—that is, Jack and she—William being somewhat of a man about town, and leaving his brother to shoulder the task of asserting their joint opinion.

"Now, Jack," William would soothingly say, "let us try to get along with the old lady; don't drive her away, or else Uncle Jess. will be insisting on our breaking up this house, and our boarding with him—his cherished idea—which, of course, I wouldn't do, for one; and think what trouble and bother there would be."

"This is our house; and why, sir, can't matters be arranged to suit us?"

William shrugged his shoulders, and went to his room, leaving Jack vowing to make some one know "who was who" on the next fitting opportunity.

As Mr. John Ackla now seeks his bed-chamber in the early evening in the explosive state of mind we have spoken of a short space back, it may be conjectured with a reasonable certainty that the recent interview between that gentleman and Miss Timms had not been of an amicable nature. In fact, Miss Rose Timms had then and there, in the family setting-room, given Mr. John Ackla notice, in a very high key, that she would not remain under his roof another night; and, furthermore, that the servants, one and all, would not stop where their friend and protector had been so grossly insulted.

Mr. John Ackla had left her irate presence with a muttered "Go to the deuce," and an astonishingly loud slam of the sitting-room door, to be immediately followed by a still louder slam of the opposite door, as Miss R. Timms also left the room an instant after.

"Firing a salute in each other's honor," thought Jack—everybody called him Jack, except Miss Timms, who called him, of course, Mr. Jack in time of peace, and Mr. John in war times; even Uncle Jesse, who was so particular.

As Miss Timms had given two such notices at different times previously, Jack, in consequence, placed but little weight on her threat; though he recalled that they had but that very morning settled everything up to date, inclusive—servants' salaries, book accounts, etc.—and it would be an excellent opportunity for her to carry her threat into execution; and particularly embarrassing at that time, as they were daily expecting company from Rhode Island—Mrs. Ford and her daughter, a friend of their mother's from girlhood's school-days. The ladies were both married near about the same time; and it was a cherished thought of the two friends when their children were small that Rose might, in some future day, become the wife of one of the twins—William and John. However, as they grew older, the two families saw less of each other—the Fords moving to New England. Mrs. Ford now wrote to the "boys" that they would certainly not remember their old playmate, so much had she changed since they had seen each other, though for frolicsomeness and adventure she was more intractable than ever. Mrs. Ford was to write again, and inform them when she would arrive.

As Jack now thought of her expected visit, he recalled the wish of his mother when they were all children together—Rose, William, and he.

"I wonder why Will doesn't get married," queried he (Jack always looked on his brother as being the eldest). "He's getting old enough to be looking around for a wife, and settling down, as a well-regulated young man should. I don't see why he doesn't; then all this periodical rumpus with a housekeeper would be at an end."

Jack didn't seem to have the slightest doubt but that William's settlement would include his own, in which case he could assume the belongings of bachelordom in an agreeable and proper manner.

"Now, there's Rose—Miss Ford—why shouldn't Will accept her as destiny? I suppose she wouldn't object; Will's a good-looking fellow—casts me into the shade, to be sure. It's a good thing, though, that I don't mind his superior personal appearance, or else we'd be quarrelling half the time, like—like Timms and I are."

Jack smiled as he thought of the manner in which that lady had closed the door after her. Jack's nature was too sunny to nurse a quarrel with any one.

"She'd get a pretty good husband in Will—a bit selfish, to be sure, and a good bit sharp in money matters. She'd suit him in one particular—money. He is looking out for an heiress, and, lo! here comes one to his very door. I hope he'll get one pretty soon; this work of oratorizing to defiant women is exhausting, and they are sure to have the last word."

Brushing down his bristling hair, Jack perused

the latest magazines till he turned in, without a further thought of Miss R. Timms and her threat.

At about eight o'clock the next morning that young man awoke, and looked about him under the dawning impression that the hour was rather late for a young merchant to be still wanting his breakfast.

"Timms is as ugly as a crocodile this morning, I suppose; and would allow me to sleep on till noon before she called me. I heartily wish she would take her baggage and move on. I've no doubt but that the breakfast is stone cold."

Jack rang the bell in a nowise gentle manner. He waited nearly half a minute, and, no one answering his summons, he rang again, more fiercely. Still there wasn't a sound in the house save that of the bell, that could be heard below jingling away loud enough to be heard in every nook of the house. Will had not been home the previous night, as Jack ascertained by a glimpse at the strict order of his room. Jack now advanced to the head of the staircase, and shouted below: "Miss Timms! Miss Timms! Why don't somebody answer my bell? I've been ringing an hour. There's small use of having girls in the house if they pay no attention to one's wants."

No answer.

"Well," said Jack, "this is about the coolest sort of proceedings I've heard of. I'll go down and see if Timms has poisoned all the people and hung herself."

Hastily donning some necessary garments, he made his way down, meeting at every step strange indications for that hour of the day—hall lights were burning, shutters closed, and the previous night's settlements of dust undisturbed of feathers and dusters. The young man pursued his investigations as far as the kitchen, a region with which he was not much acquainted, failing to meet with a living creature, save the cat, that fled precipitately before him. Returning to the upper regions, he penetrated the equally unknown part of the house, the attic, and found it innocent of even the smallest piece of feminine attire, as also Miss Timms's room below.

"If Timms hasn't stolen a march on me," said Jack, conclusively; "and moved her army, baggage and all, safely away in the stillness of the night! Pretty good for Timms's generalship, but not so promising for my breakfast. Why couldn't I get my own breakfast for once? I'll have a headache all day if I'm forced to wait till I get down town before getting something to eat; I'm most starved now. I might try a neighbor's hospitality, but I don't care to expose Timms's victory. I've a good mind to essay the making of a cup of coffee and something in the way of eggs—a fry, for instance. I've heard of young fellows camping out and knocking together more formidable spreads than that, but for a first lark I'll be more modest—coffee and an egg-fry. Why not?"

The front bell was being pulled fiercely, and Jack was wondering, as he sat in his room, why those lazy girls didn't answer it, when he recalled his situation. Jumping up, and raising the window-sash slightly, disclosed to his view a small boy below on the front steps, and pulling the bell like mad.

"Easy there, you young pirate! What's wanted?" said Jack, hoping that no one across the way was looking.

The small boy finished the pull he was about giving, and releasing his hold on the bell-handle with reluctance, looked up at the window.

"I say, mister, the milkman says if you don't open that back-gate right away, he ain't goin' to wait all day. He's been there three times 'fore. Can I have that box in your back yard, mister?"

Down went the sash with emphasis.

Mr. John Ackla's condensed remarks, pruned of all embellishments of whatever nature, were to the effect that he and the milkman wouldn't likely meet that day.

He then donned a smoking cap, rolled up his sleeves, and fastened his pantaloons by cording them about him with his suspenders, presenting his make-up as a ball-tosser, rather than a man who was about to take his first, self-taught lesson in cooking.

"Take me about ten minutes," thought he; "though I've nothing in particular to hurry me this morning."

Just as he reached the hall, en route for the kitchen, ring! ring! went the door-bell.

"That milkman himself," said Jack, halting. He cautiously opened the door and peeped out, revealing a second small boy. This young man was clutched and drawn into the vestibule. But he proved to be bearer of a message from a former servant who was laid up with rheumatism, and who, hearing of Miss Timms's action, offered to send her young niece to help about the house till they could make some further arrangement.

Jack gladly accepted the offer in a note written on his knee, removing any lurking feeling of resentment in the small boy's mind, occasioned by his reception, by a tip of a bright half-dollar.

Said Jack, "Now for the cup of coffee and an egg."

But there were several small difficulties to be overcome. In the first place, the fire was out; but that was not discovered till he had failed to find the coffee-box, though he had already broken six eggs into a frying-pan in a most business-like and graceful manner.

"Now," said Jack, "I'll put on the eggs, and then look for the coffee. It must require a longer time for eggs to cook than coffee. Not a raging fire here," continued he, proceeding to slide one of the range-plates off with a spoon. "Out! as sure as I'm chef of this hotel."

Jack's first impulse was to abandon his design,

but he had imagined himself relating his adventure to some of his young lady friends with assumed pride, and pointing out what a simple and easy plan it was for every man to do his own cooking. Such a joke mustn't spoil for want of a fire!

"A fire is a small matter," said Jack, at length, "if I could only find that coffee."

So, suiting his actions to his words, yet scarcely doing so, either, as he brought in a huge armful of wood, and filled all the coal-scuttles with coal, he filled up so much of the range grate with wood as was left by the ashes and cinders, and touched it off, drawing near to him a hod of coal to dash on at the right moment the blaze should spread through the wood.

"Pretty neat work," said Jack, as he drew up a deal chair and clasped his hands behind his head, and began wondering how long before the young girl would come, and whether she was skilled in the mysteries of fire-kindling.

The fire didn't burn a spark.

Jack took off the lids, and with the poker dragged out the blackened wood, preparatory to adding a fresh stock of paper.

Mused Jack, contemplatively, "I wonder if it wouldn't be a good move to scoop out these ashes and get more draft?"

Looking about him, he discovered no small fire-shovel, and reaching a small tin dipper, proceeded forthwith to deposit the ashes and cinders on the floor by the side of the range, in a neat and comely heap.

"I understand now," continued Jack, "why these girls delay so long in the morning getting breakfast—instead of cleaning out the range, they try to build a little fire on top of the ashes, which goes out two or three times ere it kindles."

The grate was piled up to its greatest capacity with paper and wood, touched off, and persuasively urged on by a gentle waving of the smoking-cap, seconded by Jack's grave countenance.

Gracious! but how the fire smoked, and continued to smoke! Jack was becoming impressed with the idea that however small a thing a fire might be, its smoke was immense.

"Phew!" said he, "this is all nonsense. What's the matter with the plagued thing? I wonder if Timms has stuffed herself into the chimney?"

Jack had unconsciously touched up his countenance with several ornamenting smutches. He now threw up the sashes and opened the shutters, discovering a fact that he had for the moment forgotten, that it was daylight, and turned out the gas, by which aid he had been operating.

Ring! ring! went the bell again.

"Confusion take the bell! No, perhaps that's the girl."

Quickly answering the summons, he threw open the door, ignoring his unrepresentableness as

far as his character as a young merchant was concerned. He saw before him a lady-like looking young girl of some twenty summers, who was dressed in some light brown material, such as traveling suits are made of—though the thought of her dress being simply a traveling dress never presented itself to Jack's mind—and holding in her hands a small morocco bag. She wore on her head a plain gray felt hat, trimmed with an inexpensive feather to match. Her hair drooped over her forehead as though it had not been lately very energetically brushed. Her face bore signs of a hasty and not searching toilet, though it showed the merriest pair of brown eyes, that appreciated all the oddness of Jack's appearance at a glance.

"The girl, sure enough," thought Jack. "Expensive gloves she has on. A present, likely, from somebody."

"Come in," said Jack. "I'm glad to see you."

The young lady stepped in with a self-possessed mien, and regarded Jack severely.

"This is Messrs. Ackla's house, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes; you've come all right. This is the way to the kitchen."

"To the kitchen?" said the young lady, under her breath. "Is Mr. William or John Ackla at home?" continued she, still maintaining her position by the door. Jack was just about to enter the dining-room.

"Certainly! I'm Mr. Ackla—Mr. John Ackla." (Sotto voce—"This girl wants me to introduce myself regularly, and I want my breakfast.") "I hope you'll help us out of this scrape. Timms—Miss Timms, the housekeeper—has left us—cleared out, you know, last night, and took all the servants with her. Your aunt's note this morning didn't give your name; what is it, please?"

"Rose."

"You see, Miss Rose"—Jack felt too much respect to call her Rose, whether it was her Christian or family name—"I woke up about eight o'clock this morning, and not a soul in the house to be found. I have been trying to get some breakfast"—glancing apologetically at his soiled hands and arms—"but the fire won't burn. Smokes, smokes right along. Don't suppose you know much about fires," continued Jack, leaning up against the door-frame, and placing his hands on his hips. "Of course you don't; excuse me." She had removed her hat, and was carelessly pushing back her hair with such grace and self-possession that such a menial knowledge as that of making a fire seemed far out of keeping with her appearance. Her hands were small, shapely, and white.

"Plague take it!" thought Jack; "a school-teacher. Old Annie might as well have sent me a major-general."

"I can't say I've had much experience with

fires," said Miss Rose, with an amused smile. "Shall we go see what can be done? Perhaps the dampers are not arranged properly."

"Accommodating, at any rate," thought Jack; "and what eyes!"

"The dampers?" repeated Jack, as though he was striving to locate that name on an imaginary range in his mind. "O! yes: the dampers. I pushed some in and pulled some out; and tried to arrange them impartially—pulling the first one out, and pushing the second in; and so on."

Miss Rose gave a merry little laugh, and showed a mouth full of regular pearly teeth that caused Jack's heart to give a jump; and then he laughed heartily, though he hadn't the slightest idea of what he was laughing at, except that Miss Rose laughed so pleasantly.

"This way," said Jack, as politely as possible, and leading the way to the kitchen. "You haven't had much experience in household details in any form, I suppose," ventured Jack, wishing she had.

"O, yes! I have, though. I kept house for a lady for several years,—superintended everything."

"Did you?" exclaimed Jack, admiringly.

"I have," continued Miss Rose, arching her neck as she cast her eyes about, "quite as spacious as this."

"I've a good notion to engage her as housekeeper right off," thought Jack.

The smoke had nearly cleared out of the kitchen, and disclosed the pathetic confusion around the range.

"You see," said Jack, viewing the scene; "it was very foolish for me to have had anything to do with the confound—I mean the fire. But I was hungry, and thought it would be just the easiest work imaginable to boil a cup of coffee and cook an egg."

"So am I, very hungry. Start the fire again, please."

"Pretty cool!" thought Jack. One might think that she was the lady of the house and I the stable-boy, called in for the occasion."

Certainly a disinterested spectator, suddenly brought to the scene, would have made about a similar award of station.

"Why, Mr. Ackla, this range is just like the one we have—that is, the lady with whom I lived and all the dampers are placed wrong."

Under her instructions, the young gentleman actually made a fire, not resentfully, but with a keen appreciation of the ludicrous aspect of the situation, into which Miss Rose entered with zest. The coffee-box had been unearthed; and to Jack's astonishment, the young creature, who had been seated during his labors in the middle of the room, rose and defly begun to prepare a hearty breakfast.

"I won't trouble you, Miss Rose, to get me

anything to eat," said Jack, fingering at the place where his watch ought to be, to consult the time, "but will try to hold out till I get down town."

"But I'm in a famished state, myself."

"Excuse me; there isn't a restaurant within a mile and a half, and—"

"I'll have some breakfast ready by the time—" a glance at Jack's make-up conveyed the idea that it would be ready by the time he rehabeted himself like a Christian.

Jack blushed to the roots of his hair as he surveyed himself. His striking presentment had ceased to affect him as being unusual. He now retired with a bow as profound and real as though he was leaving a parlor, instead of a kitchen.

Directly, when he came down into the dining-room, he found the table spread; and at once came in the coffee, etc., as though the regular force of the establishment had been at work. Miss Rose had also found time to remove from her person those indications of travel-stain, that Jack had taken for carelessness. Her hair was combed down over her forehead, even lower than it had been before, making her look years older. And there was a change about her head that at first puzzled Jack to account for, but he at last discovered it was occasioned by the removal of her ear-rings, which he had taken to be imitation diamonds. Jack silently wished she wouldn't comb her hair so low. He had concluded to engage her as housekeeper in spite of forty uncle Jesses.

"Miss Rose," said he, "my brother and myself will now need a housekeeper: would you undertake that office? You can have as many servants as you need."

"I could undertake it only for a short time."

"It would be a great accommodation, even for a short time. I thank you,"—he wanted to clinch the agreement at once. "I hope you can teach the cook to make coffee like this. Delicious!"

There was a question that offered itself to Jack's mind if there wasn't an abrupt conclusiveness and want of business-like tact in thus engaging an utter stranger, save as he relied on old Annie's recommendation; and in spite of there looming up in his mind the figure of uncle Jesse, with his knowing look and doubting shake of his head. "Uncle Jess. to the rear," thought Jack. "It's no draw-back because the young lady is good-looking and smart; a man don't care to be always presided over by a bad copy of the old woman that swept cobwebs out of the sky. I won't tell him anything about the change as long as I can help."

"As I go down," said Jack, "I will call at the intelligence office and send up some help, from which you can choose such as you need."

"Some one's coming in, Ja—, Mr. Ackla," said Miss Rose.

"We are getting along pretty fast," thought Jack; "she was just on the point of calling me Jack. I'd like to hear her say Jack, just to hear how it sounded."

"So it is," said Jack. "My brother William, no doubt."

"Why, Jack! Are you sick? just eating your—ah!"

"Miss Rose: Mr. William Ackla," said Jack, rising.

William was about to step forward and congratulate Miss Ford, as he supposed, on her safe arrival,—at the same time thinking how old she looked—when he was arrested by Jack, continuing: "Our new housekeeper; Timms has abdicated." Jack then explained the situation, dwelling particularly on Miss Rose's experience in housekeeping.

"I'm glad we've been so fortunate, for I've just returned from seeking Mrs. and Miss Ford at the depot. Last evening I received a letter from Mrs. Ford, saying she and her daughter would be here last evening or this morning. The letter is several days old, as you may see, and has been delayed in some way. As I was here after the train was in, and they had not arrived, I, of course, supposed they would put in an appearance this morning. But, as I have said, I have just returned thence without them. Neither are they at Uncle Jesse's. No doubt they will be here some time to-day or tomorrow."

Miss Rose was looking the picture of demureness, though ill at ease.

"Ha! ha!" said Jack; "Mrs. Ford again speaks of Rose's pranks, which she says sometimes break out and run riot, even in spite of Rose herself."

"A young lady, daughter of a friend of ours," explained William. "They are both expected to visit us shortly—to-morrow they may arrive—so don't hesitate to call for any aid you may need to put everything in order; though I believe Miss Timms was very particular."

Miss Rose answered in monosyllables; and Jack marveled at the change from her light spirits of a few minutes before.

"Now Jack, I'm going to make a 'dead set' for Miss Ford as soon as she arrives. I give you fair warning. I'll win the heiress, I'll wager you! Old Ford left a handsome estate, and—"

Here Jack rubbed his boot smartly against William's shin, and called his attention by a glance of the eye to Miss Rose's presence, who was looking straight down into her plate, with a red spot in each of her cheeks, and a curl on her red lips.

"Not a very feeling way to speak of an old family friend, Will., I must say. Come, let us be off."

They left, with word that they wouldn't be home before evening.

As soon as the gentlemen were out of the house, Miss Rose Ford, for it was she, had a good cry, and acknowledged that she had been punished for her frolic, though far beyond her merits.

On the previous afternoon, she and her mother were on their way thither; when, on the express train halting at one of the stations of considerable importance, she alighted to procure some lunch in the refreshment room; and before she was aware, the train started ahead and left her. She stood on the platform a few moments, helplessly gazing after the vanishing train, with a morocco bag in one hand and a brown paper bag filled with lunch in the other.

It was several hours wait before the next through train came along, and that was not an express; so that Miss Ford did not reach her destination before the next morning.

Her mother had seen her standing on the platform as they were parted; and knowing Rose's self-dependence to be equal to the occasion, was not much concerned on her account. On her arrival, however, she employed one of the baggage-men at the depot to watch for Rose, and deliver her a note, in which Rose was apprised of her mother's destination; the numbers of Ackla's and Uncle Jesse's houses both being in Rose's possession. When the man went off duty, long before Rose's arrival, he confided the note to the telegraph operator, who laid it aside till called for.

Rose, not thinking of her sole custody of the Ackla address, proceeded thence, expecting to find her mother already arrived. On the door being opened, as we have described, she had at first taken Jack for a waiter, in a rather novel livery to be sure; and his mistaking her for the girl at once prompted her, with her love of fun, to embrace the opportunity for a little frolic with her old play-fellow.

If William's remarks had been left unsaid, she would have felt no compunction in carrying on her disguise till she put herself in communication with her mother, who she had no doubt had gone to some one of her numerous friends in the city, where she would readily learn the Ackla address.

Rose now felt stung to the quick by William's effrontery in regard to herself as Miss Ford, and his heartless manner of alluding to her father; hence she resolved to return home, as the most comfortable way to place herself in communication with her mother, and proceeded forthwith to make herself ready.

"Jack's a gentleman," thought she, "even when he dresses like a scare-crow; and always was."

While she was thus debating with herself the bell rang, and she admitted old Annie's niece, who was a neat-looking Irish girl of about eighteen, and whose forte, Rose soon learned,

was that of housemaid, but who was also skillful in the kitchen department, to which she was sent with general orders. Rose consulted the newspaper, and found that she had just about time to reach the dépôt to gain the next outgoing express to her home. Kate, the girl, was quickly called up and dispatched after a carriage, which she found not far off. And Rose, with an admonition to the girl to look after the house diligently, and a warning to the coachman to hurry, was whirled away depôtward.

She had scarcely entered the depôt before she was accosted by the baggage-man, with whom her mother had left the note, and who at once recognized Rose from her mother's minute description.

The note obviated even the excuse for her return home; and, calling another carriage, she was driven to the address given in the note.

Mrs. Ford was becoming somewhat apprehensive of her daughter's non-arrival, and was glad to have her fears put at rest by Rose's presence.

In private, Rose made known to her mother her adventure and her opinion of William Ackla. "John was the same boy she had known when they were children together, grown older."

"My dear child, why couldn't you have made yourself known at first, and for once allowed an opportunity for a joke to pass? Now, I suppose, we must abandon this visit, and return home before our presence in the city becomes known; or you, Rose, return home, and I will pay the visit as if I had arrived alone, as I really did."

"No," said Rose, all eager with the contemplation of a further continuation of her frolic. "I'll return as Miss Rose, the housekeeper, and carry on the play till I'm discovered, when I'll have the satisfaction of letting Mr. William Ackla know that I'm aware of his benevolent designs. You can come to the house in an hour or two, when I shall receive you with the greatest possible show of hospitality, as I have been charged to do if you arrived. You can excuse my supposed absence by saying you left me at S—, as you did, and that I'm expected most any time."

At first Mrs. Ford peremptorily refused to further countenance Rose's masquerade; but dearly loving a good joke herself, she was at last wheedled into a reluctant consent; the idea of keeping Rose with her, and speedily introducing her in her right character to the Acklas—a design near to her heart—weighing more than any other point in drawing forth her consent.

So Rose returned to the Acklas' house, to the great joy of Kate, who was meditating a flight from the great empty house out of sheer fright at her loneliness. Directly, Mrs. Ford arrived, with her trunks and bags, and was royally received by the young housekeeper.

A few hours after the young men left their home, as William was walking along one of the business streets, he was hailed by the same coach-

man who had taken Rose to the depot, and who frequently drove for the Acklas: "Good-morning, Mr. Ackla! I made the depot in time this morning."

"Did what, Tim?" asked William, stopping a moment, and withdrawing his thoughts for the instant from some business subject.

"The young lady I drove from your house this morning to the depot—I reached the depot in time."

"What sort of a looking lady?"

Tim gave a succinct description of his fare, from which William recognized their new housekeeper.

"All right, Tim! Anything to pay?"

"No, Sir. The lady was very liberal with me. I just thought I'd let you know that we made the train."

Entering his place of business directly after, William accosted Jack with:

"O! I say, Jack! That Timms has stolen our new housekeeper away. Bentley & Brooks' driver, Tim, just told me that he drove her to the depot in time to catch the train. She must have left the house directly after we did. I thought our good luck couldn't last."

"The deuce take them both! And I, not an hour ago, sent a raft of help up to the house for her to choose her servants among. I must go up to the house at once. I suppose the whole gang is now seated on the front steps, waiting with the utmost patience to get in. A nice spectacle for the neighbors to admire! Hanging is too gentle for Timms; the rack and quartering would be nearer the mark."

When Mr. John Ackla turned into his street, he was agreeably surprised to find that the house steps were in no way ornamented by a choice selection of waiting help; and on entering the house, pleased more than he would have cared to have acknowledged, when he immediately encountered Miss Rose smilingly descending from the second story. She announced Mrs. Ford's arrival; and calling a servant, bade her inform that lady that Mr. John Ackla would be pleased to see her.

The servants had arrived at the house, and Rose had made her selection; though she made no mention of Mrs. Ford having aided in that work.

"What an impetuous fellow I was, to come flying up here!" thought Jack. "Miss Rose—I wonder what her first name is—no doubt went to the depot to see something about her baggage, and I'll have sense enough to keep silent as to my errand."

As Mrs. Ford entered the room, Miss Rose retired. It was several moments before the good lady seemed at her ease. This perturbation Jack ascribed to nervousness, caused by recent railway travel. Miss Ford's absence was excused

on the plea agreed upon between mother and daughter.

After a few minutes' conversation between them, Mrs. Ford became more self-possessed, and alluded to the housekeeper.

"Jack, that's a very young lady you have."

"Young?" said Jack, as though he had for a long time regarded her as a very octogenarian. "Not very young; at any rate quite skillful."

"Is she? You haven't had her in your employ a very long time, I understand."

"Well, no," answered Jack, his eyes fixed on a chair-round. "In fact, only since this morning." And Jack went into the details of the household situation.

"Uncle Jess. will be ready to order her out of the house as soon as he learns who Timms's successor is; he regards us as the two most susceptible youngsters in the city."

"Miss Rose appears as a refined, lady-like young woman, as far as I'm able to judge."

"Very handsome, too," said Jack; "only she wears her hair combed down over her forehead in a way that spoils her looks."

"You're very observing, Jack, on such a short acquaintance."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LONG AGO.

BY ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

Oh! do not sing that song again,

I heard it long ago,

My darling sang it to me then,

In twilight's ruddy glow.

We stood upon the mossy bridge

And watched the river flow,

But many days have past since then,

For that was long ago!

I seem to see my darling now,

As in the fading light,

We watched the waves play hide-and-seek,

With water lilies white.

'Twere better to have loved and lost,

In minor cadence low,

The sweet words dropped from her red lips,

In days, long, long ago,

The leaves upon the maple trees,

Had turned from green to red;

When one day in the twilight's glow,

They told me she was dead.

"I worshiped at an earthly shrine,"

God laid my idol low;

But many days have passed since then,

For that was long ago.

And that is why that little song,

Gives me such bitter pain—

The story of a broken life,

Seems wedded to the strain.

Yet even tho' I lost her here,

I'm glad I loved her so—

Glad that she carried there the name

I gave her long ago.

CUPIDO.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFY PETERS.

"Hey, Childreth! Has Cupido been all these centuries sharpening his arrow, specially for your benefit? It strikes me you are gazing at the *tableau vivant* under the picture, rather than at Mengs' creation on the wall."

Max Childreth turned around, looking a little confused.

"I am afraid, Brent, I shall have to plead guilty to a part of your charge. I was looking at the young lady in front of the Cupido, rather than at the picture itself. She and it are both well worth looking at, though; are they not?"

"She is, undoubtedly. Who is she, do you know?"

Max shook his head.

"I know little more of her than you do. She looks like an American; yet I have not met her anywhere in the American circle at Dresden."

"A new-comer, probably."

"It is possible—but I tell you how we may settle the point; I'll persuade Flora to hunt up the new arrivals to-morrow, and to call to see this lady if she is one of them. I believe you are about half bewitched yourself, Brent, for you've been staring at her ever since you came into the room."

Brent shrugged his shoulders.

"If I have, it is only because of her likeness to your sister, Miss Flora. At first I supposed you had been attracted by the same likeness; but I don't believe you have even noticed it. Look now, Max, and see if you can not perceive the resemblance."

Childreth, who had turned away, looked again at the young girl across the room. She was sitting on a divan, commanding a view of the Cupido, which had evidently taken her fancy. She was studying this gem of the *Gemälde Gallerie* in an attitude of interested but graceful repose, never once turning her gaze toward the two friends, or seeming to observe the movements of the other people in the gallery.

"You are right," returned Childreth, in a pleased excitement, "she is like Flora." There is the same blonde freshness of complexion; about the same height and manner, as you say. Yes, the resemblance is unusually pronounced. But, do you know, Brent, I never saw before that Flora had anything like the style and grace of this fair unknown."

George Brent laughed.

"Love is blind," they say, but brothers are blinder to the charms of pretty sisters. The brothers of other girls have not been as tardy as yourself in acknowledging the fascinations of your sister, Childreth."

There was a slight flush on the young man's cheek, which conveyed a revelation to Max.

"Hey, Brent!" he said, with a mischievous glance over at the painting, "Cupido must have been sharpening his arrow for another than myself, I think. I must warn Flora."

Either, in his bantering mood, he had raised his voice too high, or there was something in the name of his sister which, pronounced in his clear voice, reached the hearing of the young lady on the divan. She looked around quickly, and, as Childreth was just then indulging himself in another covert look at her, she caught the glance of his dark eye. He withdrew his gaze instantly, but she seemed instinctively to feel that she had been an object of observation, perchance of discussion, to the two young men. She grew restless, uneasy; presently she arose, ostensibly to examine the rows of paintings beyond, but in reality to make her exit from that division.

Scarcely had she vanished from their section of the *Gemälde Gallerie*, when the two friends noticed that she had left her gloves and handkerchief lying on the divan. Brent was the first to swoop upon them.

"A handkerchief is sometimes as good as a *carte de visite* for the betrayal of an incognita," said he, turning eagerly about the square of gossamer texture. "Bah! only a monogram—'F. G.' That might stand for Flibbertigibbet, or anything as nonsensical. Anathemas upon these Ostrich dodges of fashion. I say, Max, I'm getting curious myself. Suppose you, Miss Flora, and I, set out this afternoon to hunt up this pretty will-o-the-wisp."

"I would do so," regretfully returned his friend; "but Flora, who is now going through the *Grüne Gewölbe* with a party of tourists, is to go with me, as soon as she returns, to the Victoria, to see some English friends of ours putting up at the Bellevue."

"By the way," said Brent, "the pursuit of our *ignis fatuus* had well nigh put it out of my head that I called by here to tell you there were letters at your banker's for you."

"Thanks," said Childreth. "While we are in the *Drosche*, Flora and I can drive by to get them on our return from the Bellevue."

"Well, I may meet you there, as I must draw on my letter of credit again, and call for my mail, too. In the meantime, though, who is to restore these dainty trifles to our fair unknown?"

"I will," said Max Childreth, quietly; "give them to me."

Brent laughed, handing over the perfumed gloves and bit of lace.

"If the gods help those who help themselves, you will deserve a first-class lift from them on this occasion, old fellow, and I hope you will get it."

Childreth responded with a gesture of thanks, passing on his way from the room.

He found the beautiful American in the

division of the gallery set apart for that wondrous conception of the immortal genius of Raphael—*The Madonna di San Sisto*. So absorbed was she in the study of the superb creation of art, that she gave a great start as Childreth presented himself before her.

"I beg pardon, but are not these yours?" he asked, in his most matter-of-fact tone.

"Mine? those?" she responded, slightly bewildered; "yes, certainly they are mine; but did I leave them anywhere?"

"Yes, you left them on the divan in front of Mengs' Cupido."

She remembered him then, Childreth saw by the bright color in her cheek, but she only said:

"How careless of me, and how much trouble you have had to come so far."

"It was not a trouble, but a pleasure," he said, civilly.

She bowed, receiving the handkerchief and glove he presented.

"Have you the mate to the glove?" he asked, with malice aforethought.

She felt in her embroidered mouchoir pocket, and shook her head.

"No, I thought they were laid together on the divan, but doubtless it has been dropped in some other division of the gallery."

"I will look for it and bring it to you at once," proposed Max, eagerly.

"No, oh no!" she answered hurriedly. "It might be in any other part of Dresden; and, indeed," with a naïve smile, looking steadily at him, "I often lose my gloves in the most unaccountable way; besides, my brother will call for me directly, and we will leave the picture gallery; so you could not return the glove if found."

"Even then," persisted Max, emboldened by the prospect of losing sight of her, "if you would give me the address of your hotel I might return the glove to you there."

She drew back a step.

"That is wholly unnecessary," she said, promptly; "the glove is not worth such an amount of trouble. I hope you will believe me, and will accept my thanks."

He bowed, accepting his dismissal also. He did not return to Brent in the gallery, but went out by a side door, feeling somehow baffled, as if he had played his trump card, and yet had lost his game. Still determined was he to find out, on the morrow, something more definite about the pretty American. With his sister Flora's assistance he could readily do it.

Meanwhile, George Brent awaited his return until patience was exhausted.

"Ten to one Childreth managed to scrape up an acquaintance with her," he said to himself, turning to leave the gallery. "If so, he'll make fair use of his opportunity, so I had better see who is taking care of his sister Flora."

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But, while rapidly descending the grand stairway of the *Gemälde Gallerie*, he ran almost against a gentleman ascending as rapidly.

"Waldo Garnett!"

"George Brent! Old fellow, I am tremendously glad to see you."

"And I to see you, Garnett," said Brent, shaking hands vehemently. "But who would have thought to see you here. I supposed you were coon-hunting—"

"Way down upon the Swanee river, Far, far away."

"Oh! no; I laid aside such undignified sports when I left your place on the 'Noble James.' I have hung out my law 'shingle' for two years now in Louisville, Kentucky; but, as you see, pleasure has for awhile tipped the scale over justice; so here I am with my sister, sight-seeing. I left Flora above in the Gallery, while I went to see about some of her missing baggage. Have you seen her?—Flora, I mean."

"Flora? Miss Flora Childreth?"

"No; Flora Garnett—my sister. Hello! Brent, who is this Miss Flora Childreth, whose name seems to be the key-note to your perceptive faculties at present? Is she a new flame—and do you 'take calico' as energetically as you did at our Virginia *Alma Mater*? Who is she, George?"

"Miss Childreth? Do you remember our old chum at the University of Virginia—Max Childreth?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, she's his sister. Wait till you've seen her, Waldo, and you will not wonder that I've found my polar star at last. But about your sister. Her name is Flora; now I remember—James river! Garnett—it's a queer circumstance—or coincidence."

"What is?"

"Why, that your sister should have Miss Childreth's name, in addition to being strikingly like her in person—for it must have been your sister Max and I saw on the Divan, fronting Mengs' '*Amen einen Pfeil schleifend*.' You remember where it hangs?"

"Yes; I left her sitting in front of the Cupido, and she said she would not leave her post until I returned."

"Then I fear she was driven off. Max and I stared her out of countenance, I'm afraid. But she was so strikingly like Max's sister, and was so charming a picture herself, we could not help it, you know."

"Does she then resemble Miss Childreth so closely? I must hunt up Max and get him to present me."

"I will introduce you," proposed Brent, cordially—"that is, if we can ever get a chance at Miss Flora. She is a great belle, and is always so surrounded."

"Well, in the meantime," suggested Garnett, "will you not come and be introduced to the other Flora? She has, you know, not been in Dresden long enough to draw about her such a circle of adorers as your Miss Flora."

"But she will," eagerly returned Brent. "Max is already dying for an introduction. In truth, Garnett, I don't believe Max ever saw the beauty of his own sister, until he recognized it in your sister's likeness to her. Its a pretty coincidence all around, I can tell you, and there must be some of destiny's plotting in the thing."

"An enthusiast, as of yore; eh, Brent!" smiled Garnett, as his friend, linking his arm in his, drew him up the steps.

"Yes, and as impatient; so come along, for I am as anxious as Max for an introduction to this other Miss Flora. By the way, as likely as not we will find Childreth talking to your sister." Then he explained, telling him of the gloves and handkerchief left upon the divan, and of Childreth hurrying off in pursuit of the fair unknown. Garnett laughed good humoredly, nothing averse to Max Childreth's *penchant* for his beautiful sister.

But when they discovered Miss Garnett in the alcove of Holbein's Madonna, they found her looking at the painting alone.

Childreth was nowhere visible. Brent inwardly chuckled, feeling sure the stately young lady had given the handsome Max some rebuff, to send him off so, without a report of his reception. But after the introduction to her, he speedily forgot not only Max, but almost Max's sister, so interested was he in the lively sallies and bright face of this other Miss Flora, who had an unusual degree of the *savoir vivre* of Kentucky belles, as well as of their fresh beauty.

Presently she turned to her brother:

"Waldo, did you find our missing trunk?"

"No! When I found I should be compelled to go to the extreme end of the city to make inquiries, I came back without accomplishing anything, as I did not wish to leave you here alone too long. I shall have to go about the trunk again this afternoon."

"And I shall have to lose my drive over the city?" she asked in a disappointed tone.

"That you shall not," interposed Brent in a hurry. "That is—not if you accept me as an escort in Waldo's place, Miss Garnett. He knows I am a good whip, and I know where to find a turn-out almost equal to your Kentucky tandems."

"You at least know how to make your proposition too attractive to be rejected," she returned smilingly. "But as I am for sight-seeing, and not for speed or display this evening, suppose, instead of the tandem, we go in one of these quaint *Drosches* one sees everywhere."

"Oh! well, as you please about that—only ap-

point the hour, and your *Drosche* and driver and escort shall be promptly in the court-yard of your hotel."

"And you really will be sacrificing no other plan for this evening?"

"None, none whatever. I have no engagement other than to call by the Bank for my mail, and a draft—but we can readily drive by there as we return. So you see I am at your service for the whole afternoon."

"Then immediately after *table d'hôte*, we will start. Say three o'clock."

So the engagement was completed, and punctually at the hour appointed, Brent took his seat beside Miss Flora Garnett, and gayly chatting, they were soon bowling out from the court-yard of the *Hôtel de Saxe*.

"Whither away?" Brent asked of the bright girl at his side, as he drew closer about her the warm wraps which the lateness of the season, with the cool evening breezes, rendered necessary.

"Where you please," she answered. "All is a novelty to me."

He took her at her word, and they made a flying survey of both the *Alt Stadt* and *New Stadt*, visiting in turn the *Grosse Garten*, the Japanese Palace Gardens, and the Botanical Gardens.

"There," said Miss Garnett, as they emerged from a rather prolonged inspection of the plants, flowers, etc. of this last delightful resort—"I think we must make that do for this time. It is charming, but we have been gone from Waldo for hours, and the sun is already setting."

"Ah! well," pleaded Brent, "just one turn or two on the *Brühl* Terrace, and an ice there, or a cup of coffee. You need some refreshment after so much exertion, and you have not yet seen Dresden's triumph of delights. The sunsets from the *Brühl* are superb."

"Very well, only tell our *Kutscher* to drive fast, for I fear my brother will feel anxious at my delay."

They were soon at the bottom of the *Brühl* steps, but when they had ascended these, what with the enchanting views, the promenades, the music of the glorious hand, and the refreshments taken at one of the many little tables standing here and there, they were quite an hour on the Terrace.

All at once, though, Flora Garnett awoke again to a realization of the lateness of the hour.

"The sun is quite down," she cried in dismay, "and the twilight is deepening. Why, they are lighting the Terrace, and I promised Waldo to be ready to meet some friends of his at our tea."

"You have plenty of time for that," said Brent, reassuringly. "It is two hours until tea time."

She looked down at herself smiling.

"This is not an evening costume, you know,

and it takes a lady some time to make an elaborate toilette, if she would please her brother and his friends."

"Ah! they are special friends of your brother then," looking at her with sudden suspicion; "is Max Childreth one of them?"

"No, I think not," she answered, a little surprised; "they are two English gentlemen whom we met in London. Who is Max Childreth?"

Brent laughed.

"Oh! he is only an old school chum of your brother and myself. I will leave you to discover his qualities for yourself, for I'll wager my head you'll know more about him than either Waldo or myself, before you leave Dresden."

"Why?" she asked.

"Do you remember," he asked, looking at her quizzically, "the gentleman who carried your gloves and handkerchief to you in the *Gemälde Gallerie* this forenoon?"

"Yes."

"That was Max Childreth!"

Miss Garnett opened her eyes. Neither of them said anything more on the subject until they had descended the *Brühl* steps and taken their seats in the *Drosche*. But when, as she insisted he should do, Brent had ordered the *Kutscher* to drive by his banker's on the way to the *Hotel de Saxe*, Miss Garnett abruptly resumed the conversation about Max Childreth.

"Did I not understand you to claim this Mr. Max Childreth as a friend of yours?"

"Yes, the dearest friend and best comrade I have in the world."

"Then," she said, speaking hesitatingly, and with a most mysterious air—"do you think it possible—just in the least degree possible, you know—that your friend is—is a kleptomaniac?"

"A kleptomaniac! Max Childreth? Good heavens, no! He is the owner of a princely estate on the James river, Virginia."

She shook her head, gravely.

"Nevertheless, I suspect him—but do not tell him that I have discovered his sad propensity."

"No!" said Brent, having a suspicion of her sanity.

"Then," lowering her voice, dramatically; "Don't you think, when he was affirming, in the *Gemälde Gallerie*, that he would leave no store in Dresden unturned, but that he would find the mate of my glove to bring to me, I was seeing plainly the tassel of that glove hanging out of his pocket?"

Brent threw back his head and laughed. Miss Garnett joined in the laugh; and, in the enjoyment of their little secret, the two came to a thorough understanding. Before they left their *Drosche*, she was to give Brent the mateless glove in her possession; and he was to make Max own up by palming it off as one discovered in his dressing-case. They were anxious to know

what he would do when he found that, by some process of magic, both gloves had come into his possession.

"Ninety-nine chances in a hundred, but he'll go to you for the handkerchief as well. He is an impudent fellow, Max is—but a better-hearted one never lived."

"He may find the tables turned if I demand my gloves from him some day," she said, nodding her head gayly.

Brent laughed; but their *Drosche* was driving up in front of the bank, and he was preparing to leap out.

"I will not detain you a moment, scarcely," he said to Miss Garnett. "Johann," to the driver; "can you not draw up closer to the pavement? The street is quite muddy here."

Johann called his attention to the *Drosche* occupying the position ahead of them.

"Well, ask the fellow to draw up a little, so you can drive in."

Johann did as he was told; and, as the other *Drosche* was hauled up, Brent's was driven in.

"One moment," he said to Flora, leaping to the pavement. "My mail will be ready, and they have only to cash the draft."

"As long as you please, so I am at the hotel in time for Waldo's guests."

He bowed, and vanished under the archway leading to the bank. While he was gone, Miss Garnett interested herself in speculations regarding the lady who occupied the *Drosche* in front.

The twilight had closed in rapidly; and, in the quiet side-street where they were, the lamps were not yet lighted. Consequently she could only see the outlines of a graceful, well-wrapped woman, waiting, like herself, for the arrival of some one. Evidently she was young, too; and her hair, she thought, was blonde like her own; and she was tall and slender—about her own size. Who was she? An American, also, like herself? And for whom was she waiting? Was her escort also in the bank? But her speculations were cut short as she saw approaching from the archway, the peculiar Italian cloak and broad-brimmed hat of her escort, George Brent. He came quickly to the *Drosche* and, stepping in, took his seat beside her, leaning forward to touch Johann, nodding drowsily at his post.

"I fear," he said, then turning to her, as the *Drosche* rumbled over the stones—"I fear I kept you waiting a very long time."

"Oh! no," she answered, promptly—"you returned even sooner than I expected you—but, did you get your mail?"

"Yes, quite a budget of letters. There are also several for you."

"For me?" she asked surprised. "Why, I had hardly expected any from America so soon."

"There are at least three bearing the name of Flora, anyhow," he returned with nonchalance.

She was indefinitely miffed or vexed by his air of indifference—or familiarity—which was it? So she made no response, but drew back into her corner of the *Drosche*; nor did he trouble himself to renew the conversation; so the silence was unbroken while he busied himself with the fastenings of his cloak, which he was drawing closer about himself.

"Ugh!" he said, presently, settling himself back from the task. "I had no idea the air had grown so chill. Flora, dear, are you warmly wrapped?"

Miss Garnett shuddered, but made no answer. She was literally dumb with indignation! What sort of a man was this George Brent, to whose protection her brother had so readily confided her? What could mean his impertinence in addressing her as "Flora, dear?"

Her companion bent forward suddenly.

"My darling Flora; why are you so silent? I trust you do not feel any ill effects from my indiscretion in keeping you waiting in this east-wind so long. Here, dear; sit closer, and let me protect you with this wide sleeve of my coat."

Horror of horrors! The creature was adding insult to insult. His arm was folded tightly about her, and his breath was warm upon her cheek! She struggled to free herself, thrusting him back with both hands.

"Release me!" she commanded, in a quick, imperative voice. "How dare you—how dare you?" in a lower tone of passionate reproach.

"Flora!" he cried, anxiously—"dear Flora, this is not like yourself. I fear my heedlessness has made you really ill—why, even your voice is changed! What does it all mean?"

"Who are you?" she demanded—a sudden suspicion dawning upon her.

"Who am I?" he repeated, in pitiable confusion of thought. "Flora! do you not even know your own brother, Max Childreth?"

Max Childreth! The name fell upon her ears like a knell of doom. She had struggled free from his embrace; and now she threw her hands over her face, and shrunk into the far corner of the *Drosche*. Heavens, what a blunder!

"Little tame pigeons,
Turtle doves, too;
If you don't help me,
What shall I do?"

jingled the nursery rhyme through her brain. But Flora Garnett was one to help herself in an emergency.

She had already forgiven the man who had given her a purely fraternal embrace; and she could understand, too, even in her bewilderment, how the mistake had occurred. The lady in the other *Drosche* had been Flora Childreth, of whose striking likeness to herself Brent had told her. The question now with her was, solely, how was she to release herself, gracefully, from the false position into which the Fates had inveigled her?

As they were rapidly approaching the more brilliantly lighted thoroughfares of the city, she felt that a detection of the fraud was imminent with him also, though she could see that he was yet thoroughly mystified as well as distraught with anxiety. She had drawn her thick veil over her face, and was sitting so tensely still that he had become doubly alarmed. He spoke in a voice of sharp command to Johann:

"Drive faster; drive to the Hotel Victoria."

"No, no!" she countermanded, starting forward in utter desperation. "To the Hotel de Saxe, driver."

"My dear girl," said Childreth, laying his hand upon hers; "I beg you not to get excited. Let me give directions; you are ill—to the Hotel Victoria, driver."

As Johann bent to his whip and reins, Flora sunk back against the cushions. "What should she do?" jingled the ditty once more. All at once, as she could think of nothing better to do, she began to laugh. She laughed until she shook as in an ague.

"Good Lord!" cried Childreth, aghast. "She will certainly die before I can get her to the hotel. Flora! Flora! in heaven's name, is there nothing I can do for you?"

"I think—I think," she stammered, in a choking voice; "I must be sick or—or nervous—or hysterical—or something! If you could get me a glass of water, or some valerian, or—"

"Drive to the first apothecary shop you can reach," he shouted to Johann. "My dear Flora, be composed, be patient; you shall have relief soon."

They were at a druggist's in a twinkling. The place was lighted up, but she kept her head bowed so he could not see her face.

"Be composed, dear; I will bring you a dose of valerian, or assafoetida, or something," he called back as he darted into the shop.

No sooner had he disappeared than Miss Garnett bent forward to Johann.

"Drive me to the *Hotel de Saxe* as rapidly as possible," she ordered in her best German.

Johann felt the pleasant chill of a coin dropped into his palm, and, unhesitatingly, he obeyed her direction.

"Well pleased with the speed he had made, Miss Garnett overpaid him in the court-yard of her hotel, and dismissed him.

At the entrance she came upon her brother.

"Why Flora," he exclaimed, a look of relief taking the place of the anxiety depicted there. "How very late you are, dear. What detained you, and where is Brent?"

"I will answer both your questions another time. At present I am too hurried. Is it not nearly the hour for your guests to arrive?"

"Yes—and, by the way, Flora"—following her to the foot of the stairway—"after you were

gone I met an old friend of mine at the Hotel Bellevue, and I asked him to join those English friends at our tea-table this evening."

"Ah! who is your friend?"

"Max Childreth is his name—an old college friend from Virginia."

Such a look of consternation as overspread her face! "Max Childreth!"

Then her musical laugh floated back to him, and she was gone.

"How queerly Flora acts to-night," thought her brother, turning into the reading-room. "From the way she looked, one might have supposed she had something to dread from Childreth, when, to my certain knowledge, she has never met him, possibly never heard of him in her life before."

A half hour later, as Miss Garnett was putting the finishing touches to her hurried toilette, and softly smiling at the lovely reflection of herself in her mirror, a card was handed her.

"George Brent and Miss Flora Childreth," she read. "Behold, the curtain rises upon the *dramatis personae*. Our little comedy must soon be played."

Notwithstanding her brave front, though, it was with a quaking heart that she gathered together the train of her evening silk, and picking up her fan, descended to the reception room to meet the sister of Max Childreth.

The other Flora had inward quakings too, and, as she heard the tap-tap of the slender boot-heels in the corridor, it was with a comical glance of dismay at George Brent that she arose to meet the young lady with whom her brother had just eloped without leave or license.

The two American girls met near the center of the room. Then they did the most natural thing in the world for two girls to do—they clasped hands and laughed together merrily.

"Poor Max," said Flora Childreth—"he will be the last one in the world to forgive himself this terrible blunder. Of course, though, he explained how the mistake originated, and made apologies?"

"Indeed he did no such thing," said Flora Garnett, laughing again.

"Then," exclaimed his sister aghast—"in mercy's name, where is the barbarian? Has the thing driven him so nearly distracted that he has already taken refuge in some hospital for Bedlamites?"

"I cannot tell you really, for after he ran away with me, I bided my chance and ran off from him."

She told them how the whole thing had happened, and Miss Childreth and George Brent laughed with her over the recital, all three of them enjoying the whole escapade with the zest of fun-loving natures.

"My poor Max," said Flora Childreth again;

"I fear he may have done something awful to himself. What if he took a dose of prussic acid or something, when he found himself left in the lurch at the chemist's?"

"No danger of any such catastrophe," said Brent; "trust Max for awaiting a further development of this mystery."

All three of them laughed again.

"But," said Miss Garnett to Brent, "I have not heard yet what you did when you came from the bank and found me vanished?"

"Why," said he, "I was just in the act of attempting Max's game with Miss Childreth, there being but the one *Drosche* visible, but she was not as accommodating or as amiable as yourself, and the first sound of her voice in protest betrayed her identity."

"And he was utterly frantic, Miss Garnett, to discover that it was I, and not yourself, left to his care," said Miss Childreth, teasing her adorer.

"Yes," confessed Brent, but with a reproachful glance at her—"as Miss Garnett was a stranger in Dresden, and the driver not one I had been in the habit of patronizing, I was frantic until we remembered Max. He had been in the Bank, and I had met him in the banking-room up stairs just as he was coming out."

"Yes," said Miss Childreth, "so we knew that he had the audacity to elope with you. We therefore waited at the Bank a good while, hoping the mistake would be at once discovered, and that my brother would return you to your escort proper. When you did not come, Mr. Brent and I drove to our hotel to see if Max had been heard from there. He had not—so we came directly here to inquire if you had been delivered safely to your brother."

"I hope," cried Miss Garnett, looking eagerly from one to the other—"I do hope you did not leave at the Victoria any explanation for Mr. Max Childreth of your reasons for coming here to see me."

"Oh no," answered Miss Childreth, "of course we could explain nothing while we were so much in the dark ourselves."

"I pray you—I beseech you then," pleaded Miss Garnett, clasping her pretty hands, and looking from one to the other of her companions beseechingly, "I do earnestly beg you to keep him in the dark altogether until I give you permission to speak. Do not betray me to him—Promise me—Quick! He is to take tea with my brother, and may be here at any moment."

Flora Childreth shook her head.

"I fear you may devise some dire vengeance against my poor Max, who has been sufficiently punished already."

"Nay," said the other Flora, quickly, "I do not feel the least ill-will against him. Indeed I think I am quite prepared to like your brother

greatly, inasmuch as he has given me the benefit of two novel experiences in one day."

She gave, as she spoke, a merry look at Brent, who laughed, remembering the incident of the glove.

"Well," said Max's sister, "I think we may promise her, may we not? You and Max and I certainly owe her this much of a concession."

"Yes," said Brent, "and I agree to keep the secret."

"And I will not betray anything to Max," said Max's sister.

"Thanks," said Flora Garnett. "In return Mr. Brent shall tell you, Miss Childreth, what a double-dyed robber this brother of yours is."

So Brent gave a funny version of the meeting in the *Gemälde Gallerie* and of Max's clumsy theft of the glove.

How the room rang with merriment at the expense of "poor Max." But the mirth of the trio came to a sudden lull as the door opened and Waldo Garnett advanced toward the group, accompanied by Max Childreth himself.

Max was hastening forward to accost his sister Flora, when his gaze rested upon Miss Garnett, clad in the rich costume of a most bewitching shade of blue. What a lovely vision she was! The very vision, too, to which Mengs' Cupido had first introduced him!

So as the necessary introduction was accomplished, and he bowed low over the slender white hand whose glove was, even then, reposing in the depths of his breast pocket, he well nigh let slip from his memory the unpleasant experiences of the evening.

His sister's voice forcibly recalled the circumstances to him.

"Well, Max," she asked smiling. "Have you no word of apology for your desertion of me this evening?"

"My desertion of you?" repeated her brother indignantly. "I am sure, Flora, you could never have realized the amount of anxiety I suffered through your queer freak. What did possess you to make a pretence of being sick, and then, when I got out at the apothecary's to get you medicine, to go off and leave me without any explanation, as you did?"

"I have not been near an apothecary's this day," she said, decidedly. "What are you talking about? It is not necessary to accuse me of deceptions because you saw proper to desert me in front of our banker's, and go off with some other young lady for a pleasant *Drosche* drive."

"A pleasant *Drosche* drive, indeed!" echoed Max.

"Yes," replied his sister, as if accepting his affirmation. "But what would you say, Miss Garnett, if your brother should leave you in the lurch so, without even a word of warning?"

"Let us hear the circumstances, that we may

judge the delinquent fairly," said Miss Garnett, in her clear and merry voice.

Inwardly she was quivering with laughter, but she had slipped into the seat beside her brother, and had found an opportunity to warn him not to say a word about her drive with Brent.

Flora Childreth gave an account of how her brother had left her sitting alone in the *Drosche*, while he went away with another lady who had driven up just in time to take him into her *Drosche* as he came out of the Bank.

Every word she spoke caused Max Childreth to open his eyes wider and wider. His lower jaw literally felt ready to drop with the amazement and horror of the discovery he was making. Had he then actually run off with some other man's sister, or wife?

"Now, Mr. Childreth," said the clear, mocking voice of Flora Garnett, "pray what have you to answer to the charge your sister brings against you? Who was the young lady who bewitched you into such utter disregard of the claims already resting upon your gallantry?"

"The—the young lady?" actually stammered the usually easy, graceful Max Childreth. "Oh! she was nobody, much—that is, I mean she was only a particular friend of mine—or rather, I did not know her very well—she was something of a stranger to me, in fact."

How the three conspirators laughed!

"Ah?" said the merciless Flora. "Your enchantress, then, was 'nobody much'—a particular friend'—indeed, something of a stranger.' That is a queer contradiction of terms; isn't it, rather?"

Max began to feel he should quite hate this girl, with her laughing mockery of himself. Where had he heard her laugh before? There was something almost painfully familiar to him in all its tones.

Pitying his abashed state, his sister Flora cried Miss Garnett's mercy for him.

He would explain to her on the morrow, she knew, she said, rising to make her adieux.

At this movement Miss Garnett and her brother united in urging Miss Childreth and George Brent to remain to meet their English friends.

Miss Childreth protested for a time, but the brother and sister would not be denied; so she and Brent remained, and they made a merry evening of it in the reception and supper-rooms of the *Hotel de Saxe*.

There was no further allusion to Max's misadventure, so he speedily recovered his usual ease of address, and contributed his full share to the enjoyment of the evening.

Much to his astonishment, though, during the pleasant days immediately succeeding, there was still not the slightest reference from either of the Floras or from Brent, to the occurrences of that afternoon's *Drosche* drive.

His own conscience was enough of an accuser, however; and for two or three weeks he was perpetually harassed by a fear of detection. For his life he could not recollect exactly what he had said or done to the young lady in the *Drosche*. Who could she have been?

It had so happened that just at that time there had been an unusually large influx of American tourists into Dresden. Consequently, at every fresh introduction, our hero shivered anew, fearing to be arraigned as an abductor.

Finally he grew to have such a horror of recognition, that he threw aside the Italian cloak and hat, which he hoped might have helped to disguise him.

With secret laughter the three friends noticed this sacrifice of his fancy. Brent at once substituted his own cloak and hat, which were *fac similes* of Childreth's, by others less conspicuous. Max, suspicious of every circumstance, questioned him regarding the exchange.

"Oh!" answered Brent, gravely. "I thought it better, you know, not to risk an arraignment before the authorities on the serious charge of kidnapping."

Then he hurried off, leaving Max no little annoyed.

"It is clear that he and Flora suspect something of the truth about that evening's mystery," he said to himself, plunging his hands into his pockets, and his chin into his bosom as he paced the room in perplexed thought. "I am not certain that they have not taken the other Flora into their confidence likewise. They have certainly some understanding together, from which I am excluded. How much do they know?"

A week or ten days later the suspicious calm was ruffled again. While searching through Childreth's dressing closet for some of his own clothing, Brent came upon the discarded cloak.

"Hello! old fellow," he cried, hauling it forth; "What mystery doth this wrap enfold, that you have it thrust back into the darkest corner of your closet? 'Murder,' they say, 'will out.' Then who knows, but this garment may have its accusing tongue. Let's see!"

Max stood looking on, smiling, but seeming conscious as Brent, with the familiarity of an old friend, plunged his hand into the inner pocket of the cloak.

"There is something here!" he announced presently, with a startled, mysterious air. He drew forth his hand quickly, and held up before Max's eyes a dainty gray glove, embroidered and tasseled.

Childreth's face turned all shades of red; "Is this—can it be?"—asked Brent in a tragic whisper. "Is this, Max, a relic of your Sabine victim?"

"Don't be a blockhead, George Brent. Of course it is no such thing," answered Childreth

promptly, as he strode forward to take the glove. "That is the glove. No! it cannot be, either. I've not had on that cloak since that evening, and I've religiously changed her glove every time to the pocket I was wearing at that time."

"In the name of truth, what are you talking about, Childreth? I verily believe you are about off your balance anyhow, of late."

But Max had now his hand into the pocket of the coat he had on, and from thence had drawn out the mate to the glove he held in his other hand. They were veritable mates—there could not be the shadow of a doubt about that. Still Max was frantically comparing them, lying side by side on his palm. Tassel for tassel, button for button, finger for finger, they were identically the same, excepting the one was for the right hand, the other for the left. They were mates—yet one had lain *perdu* in that horrible cloak pocket all those weeks in which he had been surreptitiously fondling its dainty little counterpart.

Brent found himself wholly unprepared for the effect of the discovery upon his friend Childreth. Suddenly he dashed the gloves upon the table, and, thrusting his fingers through the masses of his waving hair, rushed about the room in a frenzy of excitement. As suddenly, then, he came to a stand beside the table, and tenderly took up the misused kids.

"Brent," he said solemnly, "as sure as you are a living man, the gloves are hers!"

"Hers? Whose?"

"Why, Miss Garnett's, of course. Don't you see this glove—the left-hand one—is the glove I stole from her that day in the *Gemälde Gallerie*; and this other, you know, must have come into my possession somehow that evening when I stole her."

"Stole whom?" asked Brent, making a desperate effort to control his risibles.

"Miss Flora Garnett, Brent. Don't you see how it was? Shades of destruction, George," a sudden light dawning upon him. "I believe this is the very thing you, and she, and Flora have been laughing in your sleeves about. Man alive, Brent! I can't see anything specially funny in it for you to whoop over so."

George Brent was in reality shouting and leaping about the room like a dancing dervish.

"Brent," cried Max, seizing him by the arm to bring him to a standstill, "Have you known all this time that it was Flora Garnett I ran off with that evening?"

Brent nodded, and holding his sides, set off laughing again.

Childreth shook him to a centre of gravity once more.

"How did you find out about the thing?" he asked with ludicrous solemnity.

"At first, through the insignificant circum-

stance of being the young man whose *Drosche* and driver and *süsse Fraulein* you so unceremoniously decamped with on that occasion."

"Is it possible? There is, then, not a shade of hope."

Childreth released Brent's arm, and tore at his own locks savagely. Brent waited—suppressing another explosion.

"Did she—did Miss Garnett tell you *all* that happened after I got into the *Drosche*?"

"Yes, she told me some things," significantly.

"Did she tell you that I had the audacity to call her dear Flora, dear girl, and darling?"

"No."

"Did she tell you that I had the presumption to put my arm about her, and draw her close to my side?"

"Gewhilikins! no. She said you were fraternally tender."

"I fraternally hugged her!" said Max.

Brent set off again like a whirligig.

"Max," said he, spinning to the side of his forlorn friend—"Max, did you—now own up—did you go so far as to fraternally—kiss her?"

"No," said Childreth, laughing for the first time. "I am tempted, though, to wish I had."

"Do it yet, Childreth! Now is your chance, old fellow! What a muddle this little job of the Fates will always be, if you turn coward at this crisis."

Max took one or two rapid turns about the room; then he caught up his hat.

"You at least remind me, Brent, that I should not delay my confession and apology to Miss Garnett."

He was on his way to the *Hotel de Saxe*, before Brent could collect himself to say a word. But George enjoyed another dervish dance at his expense, as he saw that the gray gloves had disappeared also.

Then he settled his risibles, and went to tell the other Flora how he had unwittingly (?) betrayed Miss Garnett's secret to her abductor.

Miss Garnett was a little surprised at the early call of Mr. Max Childreth; but, in the six weeks of their acquaintance, they had arrived at quite a familiar stage of friendship.

So she went down to extend to him a smiling welcome. He advanced eagerly to receive her.

"I have started out this morning," he said, "in search of a Cinderella."

"Do I look as if I had come from the ashes?" she said, glancing up at him with her bright smile.

"No," he answered; "but you look as Cinderella must have done when the Prince saw her. I think you must be the Cinderella I am in search of."

There was a something in his gaze which caused her own eyes to falter a little, while the rose pink deepened in her cheek.

"It is easily proven," she said. "Where is the slipper I am to try on?"

"Will not a German '*Handschuh*' test your proprietorship as well?" he asked, producing the tasseled gloves.

She started, coloring deeply.

"Whose are they?" she asked after an instant's hesitation, and trying to carry off the sudden attack with a brave face.

"One of them is yours, I am certain," he said, growing the least bit confused, as a peculiar smile curved his lips.

"Ah! then; you did at last trace my truant glove to its resting place in your pocket?"

"How did you suspect where it was?" he asked, disconcerted.

"Its tassel was a pretty good sign to be left hanging out to public view."

"What an idiot you must have thought me!"

"Ask your friend, Mr. Brent; he will tell you I thought you worse than that."

"What did you think I was?"

"A kleptomaniac! And"—she continued quickly, determined if possible to turn the tables upon him completely—"afterwards I had reason to know that you would not only appropriate gloves and such small articles, but that you were a kidnapper as well!"

"Stop!" he commanded, imperatively. "You have no right to bring such a grave charge against one unless you can prove it. Hearsay evidence will not do this. Were you therefore on the spot when my kidnapping was done?"

She blushed furiously.

"Your sister's word was evidence enough for me," she replied, evading his question.

"Then after all it was only my sister to whom I was 'fraternally tender' that evening?"

Her blushes spread over neck and brow, and her brave eyes fell.

"Flora, dear," he whispered almost in her ear, "if you try so hard to prove an alibi, you may defraud me of the sweetest memory of my life. If I should repeat the offence of that evening, would you cry so sternly, 'How dare you—how dare you?' or if I should—" his arm was stealing about her waist.

She moved swiftly beyond his reach to the far end of the sofa.

"What traitor has betrayed me?" she asked.

He showed her the mate to the glove he had stolen. "Here is the traitor—this little glove of the Cinderella who fled from me, not in a pumpkin chariot—but in a Dresden *Drosche*. Put it on, and if I see it does not fit I shall rest satisfied that you are not my Cinderella."

After some persuasion she tried the glove on; it fitted to a nicety every curve and dimple of her hand! She stretched it out, the pretty tassels falling away from her rounded arm.

"Well," she said, glancing at him, coyly.

He took the gloved hand in both of his—

"Can you not say: 'Well, my prince—' a fair maid and true, who wears the *Handschuh*.'"—

"I can say: 'Well, my kidnapper!'" she answered, with a nervous little laugh.

"What an idiot I was, not to recognize that dear laugh of yours," he cried in an ecstasy, as he passed his arm swiftly about her, drawing her towards him with a more decidedly tender clasp than that bestowed upon her in their memorable *Drosche* drive.

A few days later Brent came alone to tell Miss Garnett that he and the other Flora had agreed together to propose a double wedding scheme to her and Max.

After talking the matter over, Flora thought to ask him how the glove she had dropped in the *Drosche*, had gotten into the pocket of Childreth's cloak.

"Johann," he answered, "brought the glove to me the day after your abduction, and I held it in reserve until I thought it time for a climax of *affaires du coeur* all around. Then I dropped the glove into Max's pocket to act as a sort of a bait. Once you and he were entrapped, there was no difficulty in getting the other Flora to listen to reason. Yet, after all, the glove only finished the work Cupido's arrow commenced."

"Cupido's arrow?" she repeated in a questioning tone.

"Yes, Mengs' Cupido was sharpening his arrow for you that first morning you met together in the *Gemälde Gallerie*. Was he not, Childreth?"

"Cupido is surely of age to answer your charge for himself—ask him," said Max Childreth, who had quietly entered the room and was standing at the back of Flora Garnett's chair.

TWO VISITS FROM A GYPSY.

BY FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

It was one of the most beautiful days in that most beautiful of months, June. The sky was brilliantly blue, undimmed by even a passing cloud; the sun shone down with a power that was tempered by a refreshing westerly breeze; and a merry group gathered in a charming bit of pine woods about three miles from New Myrtle, unanimously voted it—

"The very day for a pic-nic! We couldn't have had a better one if it had been made to order."

The pine woods lay along the shores of Myrtle river, a narrow stream, but swift and deep; and one of its tributaries, Crystal creek, which was shallow, save here and there sluggish and half-hidden by the over-arching trees. And it was this creek, rather more than the giant pine trees, that made this a favorite spot for pic-nics; for it

was a capital fishing-ground, and not only gave amusement, but also a part of the *al fresco* dinner.

So, as soon as the merry-makers arrived, a part of them went directly to the creek, armed with fishing-rods; and the rest looked to the lunch-baskets, to gathering fuel for the gypsy fire, to setting up the croquet wickets, and to slinging the hammocks. Then they separated into small groups, into trios or into pairs, these latter, of course, being lovers. But all the lovers could not separate into pairs; Claudé Alleine and Maurice Caldwell would persist in attaching themselves to the same girl, Ernestine Ledyard; and Iola Thorpe and Lucy Warner suddenly evinced an affection for her, too.

Nobody wondered that Ernestine was always the centre of numerous admirers and friends; she was not only an amiable and very agreeable girl, but she was a beauty—the beauty of New Myrtle. A quantity of golden-brown hair waved naturally around her well-poised head; golden-brown eyes danced with pleasure or gathered a velvety darkness from sympathy with others' sorrows; a fair white skin neither needed nor received any adventitious aids from powder or enamel, and a pair of pouting lips spoke mutely of kisses.

"Miss Ledyard," said Alleine, suddenly; "you didn't wear any of the heliotrope I sent you!"

"No," answered Ernestine with a blush; had he not the day before asked her if she knew the signification of heliotrope? "It fades so easily."

"Nevertheless it is sweet while it lasts."

"Yes; but I like something more enduring, even if less delicious."

"Are roses enduring?" asked Alleine.

"More so than heliotrope. Why do you ask?"

"I'll tell the man to give me something enduring next time," was Alleine's complacent remark. He knew nothing about flowers, except that some had a more powerful odor than others, and sent them to Ernestine simply because it was the correct thing to do.

"Carnations are enduring as well as sweet," suggested Caldwell, looking earnestly at Miss Ledyard, who said:

"Yes; but as your carnations and Mr. Alleine's heliotrope arrived at the same moment, I could not wear either; it would not do to slight one of you, or to wear both flowers and have one look neglected and dead before I arrived here."

"Did you send Miss Ledyard a bouquet, too?" asked Alleine of Caldwell in a half insolent tone.

"Only a few carnations from my sister's garden."

"Oh! garden flowers!" exclaimed Alleine, as if they were as far beneath a florist's, as Caldwell was below him—in his own estimation.

This double gift had put Ernestine in the very situation she had been trying to avoid. Both

men loved her, and she knew it; both had been endeavoring for weeks to get her to show some decided preference for one of them, but so far she had been cautiously neutral; but she could plainly see that the day of decision was near at hand, and she was troubled. It was not her desire to keep both men at her side that induced her to temporize with them, but simply because she could not make up her mind which of them to accept; she could not decide whether she loved either.

Alleine had strong arguments in his behalf. He was wealthy, he had traveled far and wide, his father was an old schoolmate and dear friend of Mr. Ledyard's, he was a capital dancer, an indefatigable rider, driver, skater and archer, and was the most gallant of carpet-knights. This last may not seem an all-important qualification; nevertheless the little courtesies of life, the delicate attentions, the pleasant word and the ready smile, are by no means without their effect upon any woman, young or old. To be sure, there was a rumor that he had been very wild, and the more serious-minded in New Myrtle affirmed that he was still sowing that crop whose harvest is so often disastrous; but Mr. Ledyard "pooh-pooed" such an idea when Ernestine once suggested it.

Caldwell had but one advantage over Alleine, his face; Maurice Caldwell had nothing on his conscience that forbade his looking any man squarely in the eye, and there were no hard lines around his mouth, no crow's feet in the corners of his eyes. Claude Alliene would cheerfully have given a thousand dollars for every line if he could have thus obliterated the marks of dissipation on his face; not that he repented of the wasted hours, and money, and energy, but only that he knew that those lines were not becoming, and he feared (rightly) that in thoughtful moments Ernestine would place Caldwell's honest countenance and unsullied character far above his own wealth and accomplishments.

Caldwell had half New Myrtle, but none of the Ledyards, on his side. Alleine had friends at court every hour in the day. The real wonder was that Ernestine had not allowed the latter to speak long ago.

But while I am sketching the portraits of these rival lovers, a new comer has approached the group who had been discussing heliotrope and carnations; Iola Thorpe was the first to notice her.

"Look!" she said in a low tone. "Who is this?"

"One of the witches in Macbeth," answered Alleine.

"The horrid old crone!" cried Lucy Warner in dismay.

"I do believe it is a gypsy!" exclaimed Ernestine.

"I shouldn't wonder," Caldwell rejoined, "I

heard there was a band of them in the neighborhood."

"She has heard that there is a picnic here to-day, and wants to turn a penny by telling a fortune or two," was Alleine's solution of the mysterious appearance.

Sure enough, such was the dark-eyed, dark-skinned woman's errand. Glancing piercingly at the three girls, she said to Iola:

"Cross my palm with a piece of silver, fair lady, and I will tell you something you would like to hear."

"O, I am afraid! Yet I'd like to—would you, girls?"

"Yes, do, Iola," cried Lucy Warner, "and then I'll have mine told—do!"

"And you also, Miss Ledyard," said Alleine, very impressively, to Ernestine. "Let us *all* be horoscoped, or whatever you call it; I'll cross her palm for the whole party!" continued he, as if suddenly inspired.

"Will you join us?" said Ernestine to Caldwell, who hesitated a moment before replying.

"Of course he will, to oblige a lady! Especially when *you* make a point of it," interposed Alleine, lightly.

"Do you make a point of it, Miss Ledyard?"

"Certainly I do."

"Then I obey! Come, Miss Thorpe, encourage us by hearing your own fate first."

So Iola, and then Lucy, had their fortunes told; but they do not concern our story, so I omit them. Looking closely at Ernestine's palm, the woman said, very slowly:

"One among a thousand! A bright past—a bright future—a long, clear life line, not marred by the death, sickness, nor trouble from beginning to end—a marriage close at hand—a rich husband—a handsome, dark-eyed man, an elegant man—how he loves you! Ah, lady, I have never seen such a future in any one's hand."

They all laughed and congratulated Ernestine; all, that is, but Maurice Caldwell—for he was fair haired and blue-eyed, while his rival was "rich and dark-eyed, handsome and elegant."

"Pshaw!" he muttered. "Who puts any faith in such stuff? As if any one could prophesy the future, or describe the past by looking at a few lines in a person's hand!"

"So!" exclaimed the gypsy, angrily. "You doubt my powers! I will prove them."

And grasping his hand suddenly and firmly, she was examining it before he knew what she was about.

"Be sure and tell the truth," said Alleine warningly.

The woman made no reply. Looking intently at Caldwell's palm, she seemed to heed no one around her, but the bystanders noticed that her face was full of emotion; fear or horror seemed to succeed anxiety, and then she spoke, her previous

silence giving added weight to her tardy words: "A fair face is often a fair cloak for a foul character. You have a secret—a dark secret"—Caldwell started—"but it will come to light when you least expect it"—

"Nonsense!" he cried, trying to free his hand. "I have no dark secrets."

But the woman continued:

"You have a rival in your lady's favor; he will win—you will die unwed—beware, your life-line is short, it is crossed by—ah! blood, blood!"

And dropping his hand abruptly, she started back as if murder were done before her very eyes. An awkward silence seemed imminent, but Caldwell, overcoming a momentary terror, warded it off by saying:

"Finish your story, my good woman! Who is to murder me? Forewarned is forearmed, you know."

"The hangman!" was the horrible reply, as the gypsy turned and disappeared in the woods.

"She didn't tell your fortune, Alleine," Caldwell said: he was the only one who retained his composure.

"No matter; we've heard enough for to-day."

And Lucy Warner whispered to Ernestine:

"What an unfeeling creature Maurice Caldwell must be—a perfect icicle! No one else could be so cold, with such words ringing in his ears."

"Perhaps he don't believe it."

"Didn't you see how he started when she spoke of his dark secret? Innocent people do not dread having their secrets hinted at."

Lucy Warner's opinion seemed to be general, for of course the dire prediction traveled apace, as does all ill news; and in an hour there was no one in the grove who did not fully believe that a future convict was among them, and it threw a gloom over the picnic that began so brightly.

Caldwell disappeared soon after the gypsy did, and was seen no more that day; but Alleine, with a generosity that did him great credit in the estimation of those who knew his jealousy of his rival, made no allusion to his absence or to the fate predicted for him.

"I do not believe in fortune-telling, as you know," was the verdict of Ernestine's father, when Tola Thorpe recounted their adventures at Mr. Ledyard's tea-table that evening; "and I have no superstitions; but I presume the old hag knew what she was talking about. The wandering creatures pick up many bits of information in the course of their travels, and no doubt this woman has seen and heard of Caldwell before; she would hardly dare to speak so plainly without some good reason."

This verdict was not long in reaching Caldwell's ears. The day after it was repeated to him he saw Ernestine in her garden as he was passing her house, and entering the familiar gate, he said to her:

"Miss Ledyard, I hear that your father has a very bad opinion of me; that, without any just cause, he believes me to be a criminal and doomed to the gallows. Is it true?"

"Papa don't believe in predictions, but—but he says sometimes they hear things—"

"Miss Ledyard, surely *you* do not believe it?"

"Why don't you deny the story? Your silence makes people think hard things."

Now, Ernestine did not believe him a wicked man; it was only that he might clear himself in others' eyes that she wanted him to defend himself; but he misunderstood her.

"Miss Ledyard, I do not deny it. If any one can think it possible for me to be a fair-seeming villain; if any one can even ask me, 'Is it true?' his or her friendship is weak, and not worth having. Allow me to wish you a good-evening," and raising his hat politely, he left her without saying another word.

Ernestine was so taken by surprise to find that he thought she was doubting him, that for a moment she could not speak; by the time words came to her lips, he was gone. But he had left behind him an echo of despair from the tones of his voice, and the pained, grieved look in his dark blue eyes haunted Ernestine for many a day; now, for the first time, she read her own heart and knew that she loved him, and as weeks passed without her seeing him, her love and pity intensified one another.

He left New Myrtle. Every one but Ernestine said that it was a guilty conscience that drove him away, and every one else firmly expected that when he did return, it would be to the county jail.

Alleine, flattering himself that he had a smooth path before him, proposed to Ernestine and was rejected; he was also informed, when he ventured to remind her that a rich and dark-eyed husband was prophesied for her, that she not only did not love him, but that she had no confidence in him, and did not desire his further visits. Of course, he appealed to Mr. Ledyard; and now the gypsy's predictions concerning Ernestine's cloudless future began to be marvellously falsified; there was almost a quarrel between her and the rest of her family about this proposal of Alleine's, but it was averted by the death of Mr. Ledyard, and later by the arrest of Alleine himself for a murderous assault upon a comrade, who, however, eventually recovered, and Alleine escaped a trial for murder.

After this, nothing was said about his proposal to Ernestine; he had the grace to go away from New Myrtle until his escapade should be somewhat forgotten.

A year passed, and again it was June. Alleine returned to New Myrtle along with the strawberries, handsomer and more captivating than ever, and again there was a picnic in the pine

grove. The same band of gypsies was encamped near by, and one of them, not Caldwell's prophetess, came into the grove to ply her trade.

"No," said Ernestine, when the woman appealed to her; "I don't want to hear any more predictions; I heard more than enough last year."

"Where is Caldwell, I wonder?" said Iola.

"I saw him this morning," answered her cousin Tom; "he had just arrived in town."

The gypsy, finding that no one heeded her, touched Alleine, and begged to tell his fortune.

"Oh, yes!" cried Iola. "You didn't have yours told last year when we did."

"I am faithless;" but this answer was not enough for Iola; catching Alleine's hand in hers, she presented it to the gypsy, who said,

"No wonder the gentleman does not want his life read!"

"What do you see?" asked Iola, adding:

"Look at him; he is positively pale! I believe he is afraid!"

"I am not! Go on with your mummery."

"Mummery!" retorted the woman, ironically.

"You dare not deny what I will read! Dissipation—cruelty—a cruel wrong done to a rival—falsehood—a life-line broken by—but there! I will not read further! I can see no good in store for you; mend your ways while you may!"

"Gypsies are the ruin of our pic-nics," murmured Iola Thorpe, plaintively. "Come; let us forget it! We were scared at our shadows last year; let us be more sensible now."

"I hate the sight of a fortune-teller!" cried Ernestine. "Poor Maurice Caldwell—"

"Pshaw! Don't waste pity on him!" exclaimed Alleine.

"I don't waste it; I give it where it is needed."

"You don't think him ill-used?" asked Iola.

"I certainly do! I think that New Myrtle treated him scandalously."

"Rumor says that you jilted him; a queer way of proving your esteem," sneered Alleine.

"Rumor says false. Mr. Caldwell never did me the honor to profess himself my lover."

"Honor?"

"Yes, honor. Any woman would be honored by his love—or by any honest man's," added Ernestine, fearing that she had said too much.

"Caldwell may be an honest man, but sneaking away from town don't look like it," suggested Alleine; "for all we know the hangman may only be waiting for him."

"Come, come Alleine!" said Thorpe, seeing anger burning in Ernestine's eyes. "It won't do for you to talk about hangmen; if Louis Jeffries hadn't had a good constitution, you might be in a tight place just now yourself."

"Oh, if Caldwell has so many defenders, I will call him a saint, or what you please," answered Alleine; then in a lower tone, for Ernestine's ear only; "Perhaps I am indebted to Mr.

Caldwell's fascinations for your refusal of me?"

"You are," was the unexpected reply.

"Then I will endeavor to find Caldwell and tell him the good fortune in store for him, a—"

"Here I am; what have you to say to me?"

Ernestine and Alleine both started; they had not observed the unexpected approach of Caldwell, and his voice surprised them. They were silent for an instant, then Ernestine advanced and holding out her hand said:

"I am very glad to see you at home again."

Her tone was truthful: pressing the proffered hand he asked:

"Have you changed your bad opinion of me?"

"I never had any but kindly thoughts of you, Mr. Caldwell! You misjudge me."

"Yes, Ernestine has just been defending you," said Iola. "You ought to have heard her."

"Yes, it would have done you good," sneered Alleine.

"Then, now that I am sure of one friend, I will explain the events of a year ago," said Caldwell, linking his arm within Alleine's, and then shouting, "Come! I am ready!"

The fortune-teller of a year ago now came forward, and Caldwell said:

"Friends, this good woman has a little story to tell. Don't go, Alleine," and he held his arm firmly, "the story may not be new to you, but I want you to hear it."

"Never mind, old woman!" cried Alleine hastily. "I will own up! You see last year I got up a little joke; I persuaded this woman to tell your fortune, Miss Ledyard, and Caldwell's. I didn't suppose you'd take it so seriously!"

"That will do, Mr. Alleine," interposed Ernestine. "We understand this now! You bribed her to ruin Mr. Caldwell's character and then tried to advance your own interests at his expense! If this is your idea of a *joke*, it is not mine."

Ernestine spoke so contemptuously that Alleine could not make any reply. Caldwell dropped his arm, and he left the group without a word.

"How did you find it out?" asked Thorpe.

"I suspected some trick, and I first questioned, then threatened and bribed the woman, until she told me all. If Alleine had staid away from New Myrtle, I would not have exposed him; but I feared that he would renew his suit to Miss Ledyard, and I was determined that she should not be deceived by him if I could help it."

"You need not have worried about that," laughed Thorpe.

"Why?" asked Caldwell, surprised.

"Ask her! Come, Iola, let's go and play croquet."

Encouraged by Ernestine's blushes, Caldwell followed this advice, and never regretted it.

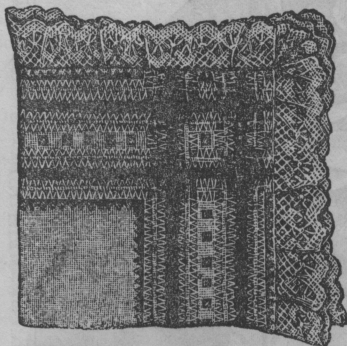
No one in New Myrtle has any faith *now* in fortune-telling or any predictions for the future.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

FIGS. 1, 2 AND 3.—TIDY.

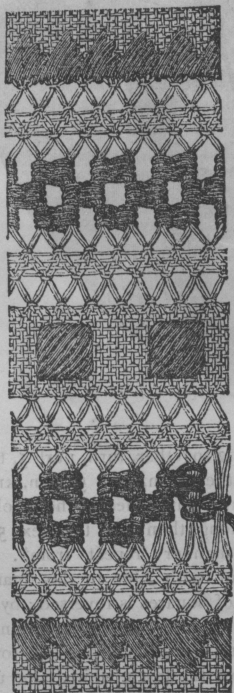
The tidy is of Congress canvas of cream color. The borders shown in Figs. 2 and 3 may be

Fig. 1.



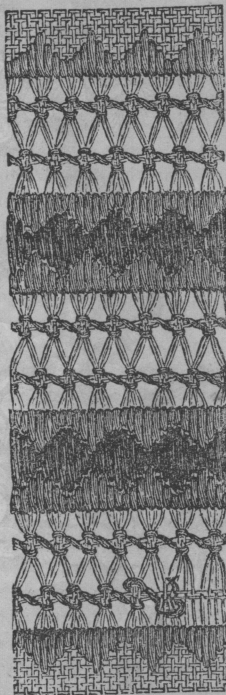
chosen according to taste; these borders, after drawing the threads as shown in design, may be worked with crewel, Andalusian wool, or em-

Fig. 2.



broidery, or may be dotted over at intervals with small designs.

Fig. 3.



FIGS. 4 AND 5.—LADY'S BAG.

Lady's bag, made of black satin, and embroid-

Fig. 4.



broidery silk, according to taste. The edge of the tidy is of écreu torchon lace; the centre may be ornamented with a single design in em-

ered with lilacs in their natural colors. The bag is made up with a silk cord all around it, and

tassels upon the corners; a cord and tassel is tied around it apparently, but in reality only by way of ornament, as ribbon strings draw it together,

and are fastened upon the under side so as to attach the bag to the arm. Full working size for the embroidery is given in Fig. 5.

Fig. 5.



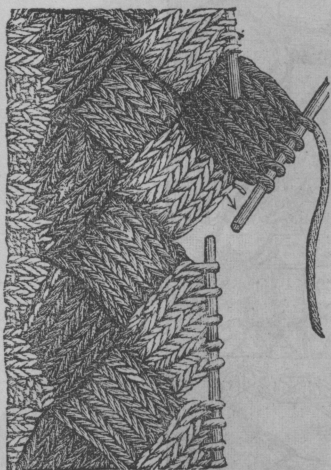
FIGS. 6 AND 7.—CHILD'S STOCKING IN SQUARES OF THREE COLORS.

The pattern of this little sock is knitted in Saxony wool in blue, red, and white. The directions are rather troublesome to follow. You require 5 No. 14 needles. On 4 needles cast on 20 stitches on each with white wool, knit 30 rounds of 2 purl, 2 plain, then 8 rounds of blue wool, 12 rounds of white, 8 rounds of red, and 12 of white. In the next round you increase 5 stitches on each needle, so that you have a hundred altogether. You begin these squares with blue wool, *knit 4, make 1, knit 2 together, turn, purl 6, turn, knit 4, knit 3 together, turn, purl 5, turn,

knit 4, knit 2 together, turn, purl 5, turn, knit 4, knit 2 together, turn, purl 5, turn, knit 4, knit 2 together, turn, purl 5, leave the wool a quarter of a yard long, then knit the next 5 stitches in the same manner; repeat from*. Work the whole round with blue in this manner. The next round of squares is reversed; by this means you do not require the constant joining. Turn the work, and have the wrong side towards you, on the side of the last 5 white, take up with red wool as if for purling 5 stitches, turn, *knit them back, turn, purl 4, the last purl together with the next white, turn; repeat from* till these 5 white are knitted up, then without any break take up 5

more red on the side of these 5 white, and work off with the next 5 stitches until all are raised

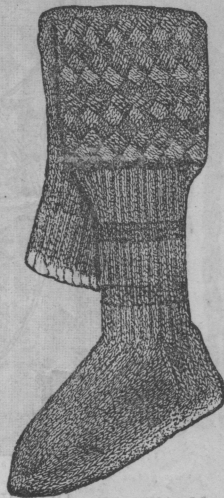
Fig. 6.



round the row. You now reverse the work again, and work with white wool. You repeat these three rows of squares three times more; end with a row of blue. You then work 14 rounds of white wool in ribs of 1 plain, 1 purl, 8 rounds of blue, 12 of white, 8 of red, 6 of white, in the first row. Decrease 1 on each side of the back, and the same in every 4th row, until you have made 12 stitches less. Then finish the number of rows. The foot is worked in white only. Divide the stitches—32 for the front, 36 for the back. Knit

and purl 18 rows for the heel.—19th row. Knit 2 together twice on each side the centre, rest plain.—20th row. Purl.—21st. Knit 2 together on each side of the centre, rest plain.—22d. Plain.—23rd. Knit 2 together in the centre,

Fig. 7.



rest plain.—24th. Cast off. Take upon the heel 21 stitches. Knit the foot. 3 rows plain. Decrease on each side the heel, repeat this until you have the same number of stitches for the under part and front, then 20 rounds plain, and decrease on each of the front and heel for the toe every 3d row.

Fig. 8.

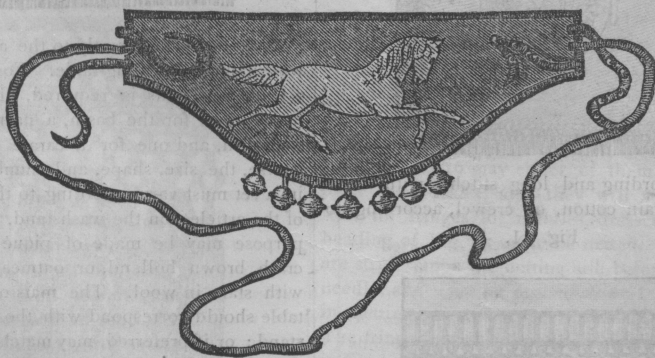


FIG. 8.—REINS FOR A CHILD.

These reins are rather a novelty. The centre is formed of a piece of cloth, red or brown, with a horse appliqué or worked upon it. It is lined through with silk, bound round with strong braid,

ornamented in the front with bells; the reins are of strong knitting in Alloa wool, sewn together to make them round; to these you also attach the little bells. Strings are also attached to the cloth, to tie it round the waist of the wearer.

Fig. 9.



FIGS. 9, 10, 11 AND 12.—DOILY IN OUTLINE-WORK.

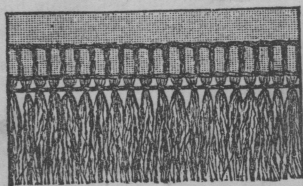
Linen or washing-silk may be used for the foundation of the doily; the design may be

Fig. 10.



worked in cording and long stitches with washing-silk, ingrain cotton, or crewel, according to

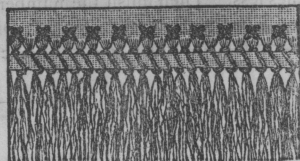
Fig. 11.



taste. The foundation may be frayed out to form the fringe, and either of the headings may be

worked above it, as shown in Figs. 11 and 12. The design is given in full working size in Fig. 9, and can easily be traced off by using tissue paper.

Fig. 12.



Little mats add greatly to the appearance of a washstand or dressing-table. For a washstand a set of four mats is required, thus: two large round ones for the basin, a narrow one for the soap-dish, and one for a carafe of water. Of course, the size, shape, and number of the mats in a set must vary according to the arrangement of the articles on the washstand. Mats for this purpose may be made of piqué braided, or of crash, brown holland, or oatmeal cloth, worked with stars in wool. The mats on the dressing-table should correspond with those on the washstand; or if preferred, may match the drapery on the table. Some of the most dainty mats of this sort are made thus: cut a circle of cardboard the size you intend your mat to be, and cover it with pink muslin, or whatever matches your table; cover this with French muslin, and arrange around it a double or treble row of lace, headed by a ruching of silk or satin.

Fig. 13.



Fig. 16.

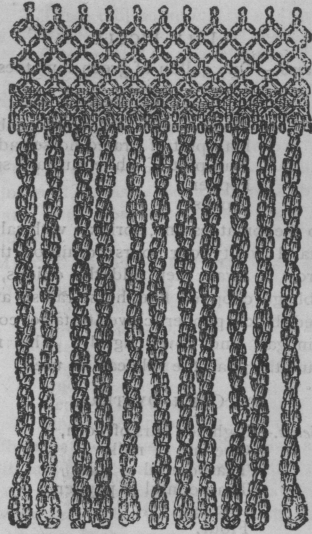


Fig. 14.

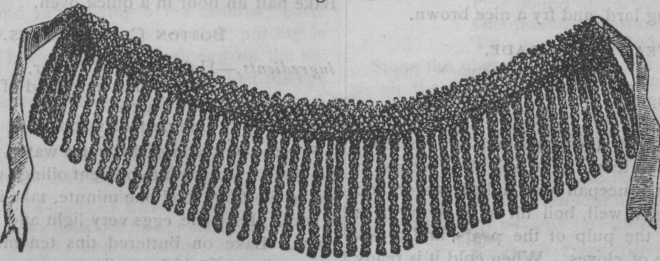
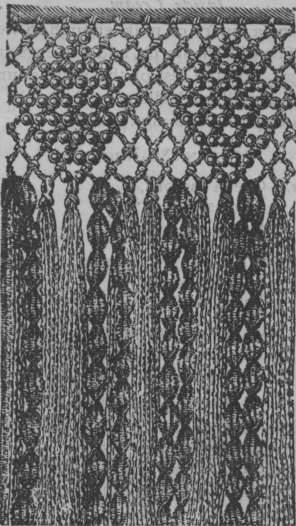


Fig. 15.



FIGS. 13, 14, 15 AND 16.—FICHU, WITH JET NECKLET.

The fichu is of black lace; the necklet is of jet beads. The necklet is shown as worn in Fig. 13, and the mode of fastening it with ribbon is shown in Fig. 14. The two designs given in Figs. 15 and 16 may either of them be used to form the necklet, and they will serve equally well for fringes for mantles, dresses, etc. The heading of Fig. 15 must be netted. The beads are strung upon the netting silk before filling the needle, and must be pushed down into the stitch in netting in the order shown in the design. The fringe loops are knotted in after the heading is finished. For Fig. 16 a narrow plain gimp is used to fasten the bead fringe. The work is all done with strong thread, a needle, and beads. Not for years has jet been as fashionable as at present, and will be the coming season. Many ladies make the trimmings used upon their dresses; it is easy work and saves much in expense.

RECIPES.

LILY PICKLE.

Ingredients.—One gallon of green tomatoes,
Twelve onions,
Six green peppers,
Three quarts of chopped cabbage,
Half pint of grated horse-radish,
Half pint of white mustard seed,
Pepper,
Cloves.

Chop the tomatoes fine, sprinkle with salt and let them stand twenty-four hours; drain off the liquor and throw it away, then add the onions, peppers and cabbage chopped fine, horse-radish and mustard-seed, black pepper, cloves to taste, cover with cold vinegar, and cover tightly. This makes a large quantity; half the rule can be used.

CORN OYSTERS.

Ingredients.—Eighteen ears of corn,
One cup of milk,
Teaspoonful of salt,
Teaspoonful of pepper,
One egg,
Flour.

Cut the raw corn from the cob, mix with it the milk, salt, pepper, egg well beaten, and flour enough to make a stiff batter; drop from a large spoon into boiling lard, and fry a nice brown.

PEAR MARMALADE.

Ingredients.—Pears,
Sugar,
Essence of cloves.

Take the skin from the pears and boil them till very tender; weigh them; take half their weight in sugar, put it in a saucepan with a little water, and boil it, skimming it well, boil till a thick syrup is made, then add the pulp of the pears, and a few drops of essence of cloves. When cold it is ready for use, and is very nice for filling tartlets.

PEACH CHARLOTTE.

Ingredients.—Fine ripe peaches,
Fresh sponge cake,
One pint of cream.

Line the bottom and sides of your dish with slices of fresh sponge cake, or delicate cake; pare ripe peaches, cut them in halves, sprinkle with sugar, and fill your dish with them. Whisk the cream (sweetened); as the froth rises take it off, pile it on the peaches, and send to the table before it falls.

PICKLED DAMSON PLUMS.

Ingredients.—One peck of plums,
Seven pounds of sugar,
One and a-half pints of vinegar,
Nine spoonfuls of whole cloves,
Nine spoonfuls of allspice.

Make a syrup of the vinegar and sugar, add the spices, then put in the plums, which should be pricked with a straw or small tined fork, boil over a hot fire one hour and a-half, and stir constantly; put in closely-covered jars.

CHEESE CAKES.

Ingredients.—One pint of milk,
Five eggs,
Half pound of blanched almonds,
Half pound of white sugar,
Quarter pound of butter,
Rose water.

Boil the milk, beat in yolks of the eggs and whites of two, boil this till the curd is hard, squeeze in a cloth till dry, add the almonds pounded fine, mix with the curd, the sugar, butter melted in a little rose water, and four more eggs; mix this together and bake in puff paste in small dishes or patty-pans.

BREAKFAST ROLLS.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of sifted flour,
Two tablespoonfuls of sugar,
Two tablespoonfuls of yeast,
Yolks of two eggs,
Butter size of walnut,

Mix the flour and sugar together; make a hole in the centre and put in the yeast, mix with a little water, let this stand all night; in the morning add the yolks of the eggs, and butter; also sufficient warm milk to be able to knead them into rolls. Bake half an hour in a quick oven.

BOSTON CREAM CAKES.

Ingredients.—Half pound of butter,
Three-quarters pound of flour,
Eight eggs,
One pint of water.

Stir the butter into the warm water, set it on the fire, boil it, stirring it to prevent oiling; when it boils stir in the flour, boil one minute, take it off, and let it cool. Beat the eggs very light and stir into this paste. Bake on buttered tins ten minutes, dropping only a spoonful at a time.

Inside Cream.

Take from a quart of milk enough to wet four tablespoonfuls of corn starch, add two eggs and two cups of sugar, boil the rest of the milk, pour on to corn starch, stir till cold, flavor with vanilla. Split the cakes and put in this mixture.

MELON MANGOES.

Ingredients.—Green melons,
Cloves,
Garlic,
Ginger,
Nutmeg,
Mustard seed,
Vinegar.

Make a very strong brine and pour it boiling hot on to the melons, let them stand five or six days; then cut a slit in the melons, take out all the inside and wash them clean; take equal parts of the cloves, garlic, ginger, nutmeg, put them into the melon, and fill up with mustard seed. Put into an earthen pot, and pour on to them boiling hot, two parts vinegar and one part mustard seed. Be sure to cover them.

TOMATO SOUP.

Ingredients.—Five ripe tomatoes,
One pint of water,
One teaspoonful of soda,
One quart of milk,
Butter,
Two pounded crackers,
Pepper and salt.

Cut the tomatoes fine, and boil in the water and soda. When tender add the milk, small pieces of butter, pepper salt, and thicken with the pounded cracker. Serve hot, and is very nice.

PRESERVED PEACHES.

Ingredients.—Six pounds of peaches,
Three pounds of sugar.

Take the best free-stone peaches, pare, stone and quarter them; strew the sugar, which should be the best coffee crushed, over the peaches, and set them away in a covered dish for several hours, then put them in a preserving kettle, and boil very slowly for an hour or even more, skimming them well.

SCALLOPED EGGS.

Ingredients.—Cold meat,
Eggs,
Pepper,
Salt,
Cracker crumbs,
Butter.

Mince fine any kind of cold, fresh meat; season with pepper and salt, adding a few crumbs; cover the bottom of a preserve-saucer with it, putting in each a bit of butter; break a fresh egg on the top of each, set it on a slide in the oven; when the egg begins to cook sprinkle on a few fine crumbs, with a dust of pepper and salt, send to the table very hot.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.

Ingredients.—One quart of flour,
Two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar,
Two tablespoonfuls of butter,
Saltspoonful of salt,
Two cups of milk,
One teaspoonful of soda,
Tart apples.

Stir the cream tartar into the flour, work in the butter, add salt, dissolve soda in hot water, put it in and then milk, roll quickly into paste half an inch thick, cut in squares, and place in centre a nice tart apple, pared and cored; bring the corners of paste together, pinch slightly and bake brown. Serve with sauce.

HUCKLEBERRY CAKE.

Ingredients.—One cup of butter,
Two cups of sugar,
One cup of sweet milk,
Three cups of flour,
One teaspoonful of soda,
Five eggs,
One quart of fresh huckleberries.

Beat butter and sugar together, then the eggs well beaten, then the milk with the soda dissolved in it, then flour; when these are well mixed, add the berries which should be thickly dredged with flour. Bake in tin pans in a pretty quick oven. This is a delicious cake eaten hot for tea or lunch.

IRISH BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

Ingredients.—One and a half quarts of tepid water,
Four tablespoonfuls yeast,
Little salt,
Three tablespoonfuls of molasses,
Three tablespoonfuls of milk,
One-quarter teaspoonful of soda,
Buckwheat.

Put into a two-quart pitcher the warm water, yeast, and a pinch of salt, stir in enough buckwheat to make a thick batter, beat this thoroughly, and set it away to rise over night; cover the pitcher; in the morning add molasses, soda and milk, beat all together and pour from the pitcher upon a well heated griddle.

MINCED MEAT AND POTATOES.

Ingredients.—Minced beef or mutton,
One onion,
Mashed potato,
Gravy,
One tablespoonful of melted butter,
One egg,
Pepper, salt and mustard,
One tablespoonful of cream.

Mince the meat very fine with the onion added; season with salt, pepper, and make moist with the gravy, mash the potatoes, add the cream, butter and egg while very hot. Cover the meat with the potato and brown in the oven.

A DELICIOUS MARMALADE.

Ingredients.—One pound of cherries,
One pound of currants,
One pound of raspberries,
Two pounds of sifted sugar.

Stone the cherries, strip the currants, and do not weigh the fruit until ready to cook. Mash currants, cherries, and raspberries together. Make the sugar into a syrup, skimming till clear. Put the fruit into a stone-china dish, pour the syrup, cold, over it, and cover the dish closely. Let it stand in a moderate oven four hours. Stir together well, and do not put into jars until perfectly cold.

GERMAN DOUGHNUTS.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour,
One-half pound of butter,
Four eggs,
Salt.

Sift the flour and work in the butter; beat the eggs till light and knead into the mixture, adding iced water till it is about as thick as pie crust. Roll out thin, and cut into hearts, stars, circles, any fancy shape. Have a pot of boiling lard ready, and fry quickly till brown. Sift sugar on each one when done, and serve hot with coffee for breakfast.

SUMMER PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Bread and butter,
One-fourth peck of large peaches,
One lemon,
One-half pound of sifted sugar.

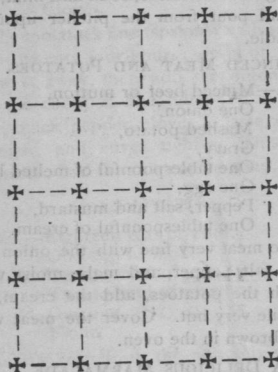
Pare the peaches, and cut them into small pieces. Cut the lemon into pieces. Add sugar and one cup of cold water. Stew all together fifteen minutes. Cut the bread into very thin slices, removing the crust. Butter each slice; line a dish with bread and butter; add a layer of stewed peaches, while hot; fill the dish with alternate layers of bread and fruit, the top one of the peaches. Set on ice one hour before serving. Eat with sugar and cream.

HOME AMUSEMENTS AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

PUZZLES, ETC.

CASEMENT PUZZLE.

Each of the transoms or cross-bars of this casement is identical with one of the mullions or perpendicular bars. The casement is, therefore, formed of five words, the letters of which are represented by stars.



The upper transom signifies a musical and agreeable concordance of sounds.

The second transom gives the name of a famous heroine in ancient history.

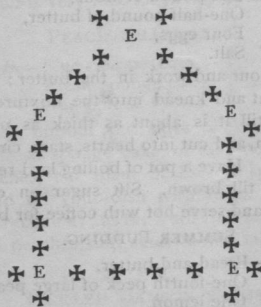
The third transom is a very important book, in which the events of her life are described.

The fourth transom reveals the name of a city in Japan.

The lowest transom expresses the term used for a permanent fund for support.

A FRAME PUZZLE.

Reading downwards the upper lines express the persons sent, and the better half of mankind.



The side lines making the frame are certain wonders of the sky, and persons too closely wedded to earth.

The lower line is a general word for clothes.

RIDDLE.

My first is apt to bite you,
My second wants to fight you,
And my whole must needs affright you.

CHARADE.

My whole is a word of four syllables, each of which forms a complete word in itself. The first, a part of the dress of both man and woman. The second may stand for my first. The third is the first step in learning; and the fourth, although but one word, may contain many. The whole is a very important member of society.

DECAPITATIONS.

No. 1.

Behead a part of a window, and find what it may be made of.

No. 2.

Behead a venomous enemy of the human race, and find one that bites harder and grows bigger.

No. 3.

Behead the product of a tropical country, and find the chief product of the frigid zone.

No. 4.

Behead a wholesome vegetable, and find an intoxicating drink.

REBUS.

In ancient times I was an instrument of torture; and when beheaded, I then expressed the old woman that I punished; but in modern times, when beheaded, I express a young woman; and with my head, I am the ornament of hers.

TRANSFORMATION.

No. 1.

When merely myself, I am the abundant richness of flowery growth.

Place a consonant at my head, and I describe the rich bloom of the rose; and also a modern word for the abundance of a spendthrift.

With another head, I am one of the most exquisite of a woman's charms.

Headed by another consonant, I am a beautiful material for her adornment.

But changed again, I am what a dainty lady will anxiously avoid.

No. 2.

A word of four letters, I am the first name of one of the most delightful heroes of Irish romance. Place upon me a head—which he never had—I am his well-known nick-name. Change this head for another, and I will describe his head; but when changed again, I will show what he desired to be.

ENIGMA.

No. 1.

Made on the land to travel on the water,
We are the favorite of each son and daughter;
Swifter we move, the faster we are bound,
Yet neither touch the sea, nor air, nor ground.
Quick as the summer bird our strength we ply,
Yet in the warmth we rest, and when it freezes—fly.

No. 2.

We travel much, yet prisoners be,
And close confined to boot;
No horse can faster move than we,
And we always go on foot.

GAMES.

THE NEWS

Furnishes a pleasant entertainment for the social circle, as it can be so conducted as to amuse both old and young. Some one, with a knowledge of the game, must assume the leadership, and arrange the company on chairs, either in a row or circle. The leader is then seated at the head of the line, and instructs her next neighbor quietly how to answer her first questions at the beginning of the game. The leader, assuming a very important air, then asks with great emphasis:

"Have you heard the news?"

The neighbor answers "No."

Leader—"Oh! Mr. Ardent has proposed to Miss Cool!"

Neighbor—"How did he propose?"

Leader—"He proposed—so!" assuming some attitude of sentimental devotion."

Neighbor—"Then what did she do?"

Leader—"She fainted—so!" falling into a recumbent posture.

Having thus given an example to the company, each member is expected in turn to repeat the same news with every possible laughter-provoking variation.

Forfeits may be exacted according to fancy.

THE LATEST NEWS

Is an amusing variation upon the same theme, which makes it much more lively, or rather, boisterous.

The leader asks:—"Have any of you heard the very latest news?"

The whole party answer at once—"No!"

Leader—"Mr. Ardent proposed to Miss Cool! How do you think he did it?"

Every member of the circle must instantly act the supposed scene.

When this is accomplished, and the party have resumed their seats, the leader continues: "Miss Cool fainted! Show me how she did it?"

The whole company must then severally assume some variety of posture to simulate the act.

A profuse harvest of forfeits can be gathered from the luckless ones, who allow themselves to be amused by the antics of their companions.

HISSING AND CLAPPING.

For this game there must be an even number of boys and girls. The little boys go out of the room, and the little girls sit in a row: they each choose a little boy. The boys come in one by one, and guess who has chosen them. When they guess right, they are clapped; when wrong, they are hissed. When the boys have found out who has chosen them, the little girls go out and the boys stay in.

CONTRADICTION.

Four children hold a handkerchief by its four corners, one stands by, and when she says, "Hold fast!" they must let go; when she says, "Let go!" they must hold fast. If any one forgets, and obeys the command, he or she must pay a forfeit.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER.

Box Puzzle.

E V O K E
D U A
U S G
C N L
E L O P E E
L D D
I U A
T L V
E L A T E

Picture Frame Puzzle.

G N A W I N G
I I
A D A Z E D A
M E I L
B S S L
O P B O
L O A P
I N N I
N D U P E D N
I
G R A Z I N G

Riddle.

The alphabet.

Egyptian Cross Puzzle.

N E W B R I G H T O N
U U
N A I R N N A V A N
E E
W W
B C
U O
R M
L E
I R
N S
G T
T O
C W
N U N

Enigmas.

No. 1.

Pains.

No. 2.

Style.

Buried Presidents.

1. Madison,
2. Buchanan,
3. Jackson,
4. Washington,
5. Fillmore.

LITERARY NOTICES.

From WILLIAM S. GOTTSBERGER, New York:—
HOMO SUM, a novel, by George Ebers, author
of Uarda, etc.

A novel by name, but really a most vivid and interesting history of the lives of the early anchorites, in the caves of Sinai, written after a visit of the author to the scenes described. The story is well written and the characters full of individuality. As a writer of the early ages, George Ebers stands unrivaled, and this last work is also one of his best.

THE SISTERS, a romance, by George Ebers.

Regarded as a literary work and one of deep historical research, this book is full of value, while at the same time it is one of the most captivating of works of fiction offered this season.

From T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—
LUCIE RODEY, a novel, by Henry Greville.

A society novel from the versatile pen of one of the most popular writers of French fiction.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York:—
SECOND THOUGHTS, by Rhoda Broughton.

A sprightly novel that will make capital reading for seaside or mountain in summer.

TWO RUSSIAN IDYLS.

Short novelets in the convenient New Handy Volume Series.

MUSIC RECEIVED:—

From GEO. D. NEWHALL, Cincinnati, O.:—
FIRST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN MUSIC,
by R. Challoner, for beginners on piano or cabinet organ.

JESUS ONLY. Solo, by J. Remington Fairlamb.
DOES HE LOVE ME? Ballad, by W. W. Gilchrist.

→*OUR ARM CHAIR.*←

AUGUST, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not answer correspondents through the BOOK. All communications requiring an answer must give name and address, and have a return stamp enclosed.

We are quite well aware that arm chairs, in such weather as this in which we write, are corners for repose, comfortable nooks for afternoon siestas, easy lounging places in which to defy the scorching heat outside. But we scorn to put our editorial arm-chair to any such use, and have made it a centre around which to gather all the attraction we offer our reader this month. There will not be found one yawn from cover to cover, but from Darley's exquisite design to the latest "doings of the fashionable world," it will be found to fully meet the high standard from which we are resolved never to fall off.

The fashions are unusually attractive and full of variety, the caprices of the fickle goddess being fol-

lowed in every twist and turn. The Work Department shows several most desirable patterns.

We most especially commend to mothers the "Paper Doll's Houses" as affording an unlimited source of amusement and pleasure for little girls. The directions are so clear that any child can follow them.

In the literary department our most popular authors are represented in stories and poems of interest, and we are sure many a pleasant summer hour will be passed in their company.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Makes a delicious drink. Dr. M. H. HENRY, the widely-known and eminent family physician, of New York, says:

"Horsford's Acid Phosphate possesses claims as a beverage beyond anything I know of in the form of medicine, and in nervous diseases I know of no preparation to equal it."

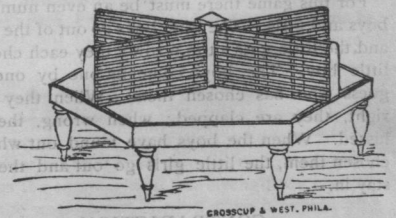
HINTS ON HOME ADORNMENT.

No. 31.

The fancy for combinations of two or more materials, and two or three shades of the same or contrasting colors, in ladies' costumes, has so long been approved by fashion, that it does not seem so strange to see upholsterers adopting such eccentricities. To persons who are obliged to exercise economy, this style often proves quite a convenience; as, if a careless domestic upsets a pitcher of lemonade over a pretty parlor chair, and ruins the covering of the seat, it will not be necessary to procure the same expensive material as it was originally ornamented with, but a piece of your great-grandmother's shawl or quaint old gown, will be "quite the thing," and even more distingué. Figured materials are used for covering the main portion of chairs, sofas, etc., with puffings or plaitings of velvet or satin of some solid color, which will match the prevailing tint of the figured stuff, and serve as trimming and finish to the piece of furniture. These puffs or plaitings are put on around the front edge of chair and sofa seats, and sometimes on the upper edge of the back, if the shape of the chair or sofa will admit of it, and if there is no wood-work which is intended to be visible in such parts of the frame.

Fig. 1. shows the frame of a pretty hexagonal sofa which can be readily constructed at home

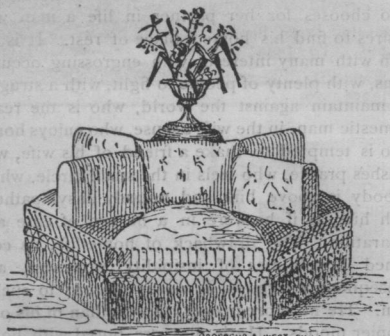
Fig. 1.



and Fig. 2. represents the appearance of such a frame when upholstered. This piece of furniture is intended to stand in the centre of a parlor, of course; and will only look well in a good-sized room, as it takes up considerable space, and

therefore in a small apartment would make the other furniture look crowded. It would *only* be suitable in a *small* room which opens from a music-room; and there should be no other furniture in such an ante-room, as the sofa would then only be used at times by persons who were listening to the music from the adjoining apartment. The base of the frame is made of planks one inch in thickness; around the six sides, boards six inches wide are nailed on to form the bed for the springs. In the centre a square post forms the standard for a statue or vase (as shown in Fig. 2.) and also serves to strengthen the arms. There are four arms radiating from the central post like spokes of a wheel, and formed by boards five inches wide and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick, rounded at the top. Strips of wood $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide and $\frac{1}{3}$ inch thick, are nailed ($\frac{3}{4}$ inches apart) around the edges of these uprights for the arms, and fastened to the centre post. These are covered with curled hair or sisal, to make the padding; and the bed of the sofa—after the springs are fastened firmly in place—is stuffed in the same way. Then coarse unbleached cotton cloth is tacked smoothly over all before the outside material is put on.

Fig. 2.



Rules for constructing the frame cannot be very accurately given, as the size of this piece of furniture must vary according to the dimensions of the room in which it is to be used. After the springs, hair and unbleached cotton covering are all in place, if the seat measures nineteen inches from the floor, twenty-one inches from outer edge of seat to central post, and the arms fifteen inches in height above the seat, these proportions will be found satisfactory, I think. The upholstery material used for the covering is of raw silk and wool, and the trimming of satin, matching the prevailing color in the figured stuff. These raw silk goods range from \$2.75 to \$7 per yard; and they are fifty inches wide. It will be found more economical to procure materials at establishments where they import and deal only in upholsterer's goods, rather than of furniture dealers. Gimps and fringes are also made "to order" (to match materials) at such establishments, at reasonable prices. A handsome fringe, eight inches deep, consisting of a gimp heading, two rows of knotting, two rows of balls and a skirt (as it is called by manufacturers) or row of tassels as a finish, is made for \$1.50 per yard, and makes an ele-

gant trimming for the lower part of such a sofa as is described in this article. The satin used for trimming in furniture covering, is of American make; it is double-width, "linen back," and the price about \$3.00 per yard. On this six-sided sofa it is put on in a plaited strip, six or eight inches wide, around the sides (below the seat) and on the ends of the arms. It is laid in flat knife plaits, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide; and the material is put on with gilt-headed tacks, one tack on each plait. After nailing all round one edge in this way, reverse the plaits for the other edge, tacking them with the gilt nails as before. This makes a prettier trimming, and is less stiff than it would be if the plaits all followed each other, "kilt fashion." The four square cushions are not essential, but make the sofa more comfortable and elegant. They are made separate, of course, and therefore can be taken off if desired. They are somewhat smaller than sofa cushions generally are; are not filled very full, so they are rather soft and fit nicely into the back of each division of the sofa; and a small tassel is attached to each corner of the pillow.

E. B. C.

Castoria is pleasant to take, contains nothing narcotic, and always regulates the stomach and bowels. No **Sour-Curd** or **Wind-Colic**; no **Feverishness** or **Diarrhoea**; no **Congestion** or **Worms**, and no **Cross Children** or **worn-out Mothers** where **Castoria** is used.

A WORD ABOUT NEEDLE LACE.

BY CLARA F. GUERNSEY.

Lace-making is an art which has been recently introduced into this country, after its revival abroad as fancy work for ladies. The most common kind of needle lace is that made by uniting the oval braid with simple threads or "*brides*," as they are technically called.

This manufacture is very pretty and ornamental, but in the view of a lace worker it is by no means "high art." Pillow lace requires a skilled teacher and considerable apparatus, but real needle point can be made at small expense, and can easily be learned by any one who has ordinary skill and deftness with the needle. The braids can be bought at any large fancy store in great variety, as also can the thread, from the coarsest numbers to that rivaling a cobweb, almost, in fineness.

Many excellent books of instruction can be purchased for a small sum, and from the directions and diagrams any ordinarily clever needlewoman can easily learn all the stitches.

Needle point, when well executed, has such a look of intricate delicacy, that most people think it an extremely mysterious and difficult manufacture. But the fact is that, almost without exception, the stitches are resolvable into button-hole stitch and darning, and are really very easy, nothing being required but a little patience and deftness of hand.

The common idea is that the work is very trying to the eyes. The darned lace on net squares, known as "guipure d'art" is, we think, rather open to this objection; but the point de Bruxelles—

d'Alencon de Venise, and point Gurgne, and others, seem to us to demand no more eyesight than fine plain sewing, unless the worker uses the glazed white cloth, which may be bad for the eyes—it is better to have the pattern on moderately thick dark blue or green paper.

If you are ambitious to have your lace all your own work, and to owe nothing to the woven braids, coarse linen thread can be sewn on the outlines, the basting thread passing over and under, never *through* the coarser foundation thread. Do not use cotton thread for basting, as some of the basters have often to be left in the work.

The Greek lace, which is very ornamental and lasting, is entirely made in this way.

Lace work is easy to pick up and put down, and when finished is more worth the time and trouble it costs than most fancy work, as it lasts a lifetime and more and can be handed down as an heirloom to the next generation.

"Nobody makes such lace as that now," said some one to a lady we know, whose cap was made of a point square. "That I suppose has been handed down in your family, for it is one of the lost arts."

The owner took some pleasure in saying that the piece in question was new and of home manufacture. The expense of the materials is small compared with the effect produced; and most beautiful collars, ruffles, and scarfs can be produced in the time which is often given to work which is of little value when done. We do not counsel any one whose pleasure in their work depends upon the appreciation of people in general to undertake needle point. Its total unlikeness to machine work will not recommend it to that large number whose only idea of beauty is uniformity. Its very delicacy will be objected against it. "It does not make show enough for the work," will be the criticism of some one whose idea of "show" is a large space covered with bright colors. But if you yourself find pleasure in beauty of texture and design and carefulness of workmanship, you may be able to find reward in your success, even though it may not attract the general eye as much as three stiff sunflowers standing upright in a slop-jar worked in crewels on an anti-macassar. The "point Gurgne" makes pretty and very durable narrow edgings. The writer has seen pieces of this made by the Syrian women in an extremely strong but fine and wiry thread, that were beautiful. If you would have your work look nice when done, you should always wash your hands the last thing before taking it up. In doing large pieces it is well to baste a piece of tissue paper over the completed portions. You should also handle your thread gently, and never *break* it, but always cut, being sure to have a pair of sharp pointed small scissors. You should not try to work your thread up to the very end. It is false economy, for the last end being a little worn and soiled injures the looks of the fabric: and above all things, no matter what knots or kinks may come, never give your thread a *jerk* or a *snap*, which may ruin your whole piece.

We are persuaded that any one of ordinary intelligence and skill with the needle can make

themselves mistresses of all the stitches with a little study. The ordinary Mignardise braid and common spool thread is good material on which to learn the stitches, and a little practice will soon enable the learner to produce an even fabric.

The beauty of the work depends much on the carefulness with which the braid or thread is laid down upon the pattern, and no one should grudge time and patience to this part of the labor.

We have ourselves always worked with fine thread, but with the coarser very pretty effects can be produced in less time.

If you are fond of lace, or to use the pretty old Scotch term "pearlings," you will not, when you have completed a pretty set for yourself, regret the time and trouble you have spent, even though the highest praise you should receive from the uninitiated should be the exclamation—"Why, it looks just like *real* lace!"

It will be of no use to say that it is real lace, the realest of all possible lace; you must rest satisfied to know what it is in your own mind, and as the poet says—

"Involve yourself in your virtue."

CHOOSING A HUSBAND.—That woman is wise who chooses for her partner in life a man who desires to find his home a place of rest. It is the man with many interests, with engrossing occupations, with plenty of people to fight, with a struggle to maintain against the world, who is the really domestic man, in the wife's sense, who enjoys home, who is tempted to make a friend of his wife, who relishes prattle, who feels in the small circle, where nobody is above him and nobody unsympathetic with him, as if he were in a heaven of ease and reparation. The drawback of home-life, its contained possibilities of insipidity, sameness, and consequent weariness, is never present to such a man. He no more tires of his wife than of his own happier moods. He is no more bored with home than with sleep. He is no more plagued with his children than with his own lighter thoughts. All the monotony and weariness of life he encounters outside. It is the pleasure-loving man, the merry companion, who requires constant excitement, that finds home-life unendurable. He soon grows weary of it, and considers everything so very tame, and so like flat beer, that it is impossible for him not only to be happy, but to feel that he is less unhappy there than anywhere else. We do not mean that the domestic man, in the wife's sense, will be always at home. The man always at home has not half the chance of the man whose duty is outside it, for he must sometimes be in the way. The point for the wife is, that he should like home when he is there; and that liking, we contend, belongs, first of all, to the active and strong, and deeply-engaged, and not to the lounging, or even the easy-minded man. In marriage, as in every other relation of life, the competent man is the pleasantest to live with, and the safest to choose, and the one most likely to prove an unwearied friend, and who enjoys and suffers others to enjoy, when at home, the endless charm of mental repose.

FASHIONS.

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When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice.

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DESCRIPTION OF STEEL PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Carriage dress of two shades of blue silk and damasée; the skirt is made plain in the back, trimmed with narrow ruffles of darker silk; the front is made with two aprons trimmed with old gold fringe. Redingote of damasée with revers of light silk; vest of old gold satin. Bonnet of chip trimmed with satin, the colors of dress, and feathers.

Fig. 2.—Afternoon dress for a watering place; underskirt of pink silk trimmed up the front with three plaited ruffles. Polonaise of black velvet damasée grenadine; it is trimmed with a sash of pink ribbon, revers at the throat, and plaitings at the bottom of sleeves, of silk the same as underskirt. White chip hat faced with pink silk and trimmed with pink feathers and pearl ornaments.

Fig. 3.—Bride's dress of white satin; the skirt is cut with a long train, trimmed on the edge with a deep box-plaited quilling of satin and lace. The front of the skirt is trimmed with scarfs of satin, trimmed with a handsome silk fringe, and fastened with bouquets of flowers. Pointed bodice cut surplice and trimmed to correspond with skirt. Illusion veil with wreath of orange blossoms.

Fig. 4.—Walking dress; underskirt of heliotrope albatross trimmed with two plaited ruffles, headed by an embroidered band, with polonaise of damasée of a lighter shade and cashmere colors, trimmed with an embroidered band of the darker shade, and loops of ribbon of the darker shade in the back. Bonnet of chip trimmed with satin and feathers of the lighter shade; the crown of bonnet is also embroidered.

Fig. 5.—Dinner dress of green silk; the dress is made in the princess shape with a very long train and trimmed with one plaited ruffle in the back; the front is a succession of aprons, and is very elaborately trimmed with very handsome jet fringe, and ornaments which are laid over cream-color satin. The bodice is trimmed with a square piece of the same; the sleeves also correspond.

Fig. 6.—Dress for boy, of white serge, trimmed with band of cardinal silk braided with black. Sailor hat trimmed with cardinal ribbon.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Handkerchief dress made of claret foulard, checked Madras border, and white embroidery or lace. The skirt is plaited at the back, and terminates with a drapery; the front is folded horizontally, and the checked border is continued up each side. Double-pointed overdress, the lower one bordered with embroidery. Bodice with buttoned plastron, fichu and collar to match the skirt. Bonnet of claret-colored chip trimmed with feather and ribbon of cashmere colors.

Fig. 2.—Dress made of the striped Madras handkerchiefs, navy blue and gay colors. The skirt is kilted and bordered above the hem with the Madras. Two draperies form points at the sides. Deep basque bodice, with border of Madras band and revers to correspond. The buckle is of mother of pearl. Demi-long sleeve, with a lace ruffle. Hat of white chip, faced with navy blue silk, and trimmed with navy blue ribbon and flowers.

Fig. 3.—Dress of plain gray and printed foulard in cashmere colors. The skirt is kilted in the back breadth, and above the hem there is a band of the printed foulard. The front of the skirt is covered with plaitings, over which opens a princess tunic of printed foulard, edged with Languedoc lace. The bodice has revers, and is ornamented with a double row of chased gold buttons. The pockets, cuffs, and revers are satin. Hat of Tuscan straw trimmed with cardinal satin and bird.

Fig. 4.—Hat for watering place made of plain, thin white and figured muslin; the edge is trimmed with a plaiting, the hat itself with loops and bows of pink satin ribbon.

Figs. 5 and 6.—Front and back view of Louis XV. costume. The dress is made of black satin, the skirt bordered all around with three narrow ruffles. The front is composed of three bands gathered longitudinally, and separated by bands of plain satin. The bodice fastens to the waist with jet buttons, and at each side of the front is gathered in a similar way to the front; the bodice terminates with Louis XV. paniers, which are turned back on the sides. The back is arranged in a gathered Watteau plait, which terminates in a point below the waist line. The paniers terminate at the sides in folds; on the left side there is a bow of satin ribbon, and another bow at the top of the back.

Figs. 7 and 9.—Front and back view of black straw hat with brim turned up in front and thickly covered with an embroidery of black beads. On the right side of the crown there is a long Amazone feather, on the other there are five curled ostrich tips.

Fig. 8.—Leghorn straw bonnet; the trimming consists of feathers of the exact shade of the straw, of mauve crocuses, and a mauve aigrette. The lining of the brim is gathered mauve satin.

Figs. 10 and 11.—Front and back view of lady's walking dress, made of plain and damasée silk; the plain silk is of coachman's gray, the damasée of

gendarme blue. The underskirt is of the plain kilted with bands of the damassee dividing it. The overdress looks as if carelessly knotted in front, and is fastened with loops and ends of satin ribbon; it is trimmed with a band of the damassee. The coat is of the damassee with added basque in front; it is trimmed with double row of painted buttons in front, and rolling collar, buttons on cuffs, pockets and back.

Fig. 12.—Little girl's hat, made of the same material as the costume with which they are worn. It is ornamented with a torsade of ribbon in front; a double bow in front; a plaiting edged with lace borders the brim.

Figs. 13 and 14.—Front and back view of walking dress for lady, made of blue albatross; the skirt is kilted; the overdress is trimmed with satin edged with white, and is in the form of a scarf, fastened upon the right side of skirt in front, as though tied in knot with ends hanging, finished with ribbon bows. The bodice is deep pointed in front; coat back trimmed with satin, satin vest, collar, revers, and cuffs. Satin belt and ribbon bow at side.

Fig. 15.—English walking shoe, made of French kid, laced up the front and fastened with a ribbon bow.

Fig. 16.—Lady's slipper, made of black kid, embroidered with colors; straps ornamented with bows.

Fig. 17.—Lawn dress, the underskirt is of plain lilac; the front and sides shirred and trimmed with a box-plaited ruffle, with ribbon bows between. The polonaise is of white, with small bouquets scattered over it, with cuffs and revers of lawn of the solid color.

Fig. 18.—Dress of pale blue cotton satteen; the underskirt is kilted; the overdress is finished plain, with ribbon bows looping up the sides. Jacket bodice trimmed with fancy buttons.

Figs. 19 and 20.—Front and back view of dress for child of two years; it is made of plain momie cloth, box-plaited down low upon the skirt, where it is finished by two ruffles. The sash is of the same, trimmed with Languedoc lace, as are also the neck and sleeves of dress.

Fig. 21.—Child's apron, made of white nainsook muslin, trimmed with torchon lace insertion and edging.

Fig. 22.—Bib apron for little girl, made of cambric muslin, and trimmed with Hamburg insertion and edging.

Figs. 23 and 24.—Front and back view of walking dress for child of four years, made of pale blue albatross; the underskirt is box-plaited; the jacket very deep, made with four seams in the back, trimmed with a band of silk and duchess lace; collar and cuffs of the same lace, also pockets.

Fig. 25.—Black straw hat; the gathered lining to the brim is red satin. The flowers are red poppies and buttercups. Gold-headed pins fasten the up-turned brim and the bow.

Fig. 26.—Tuscan straw bonnet, trimmed with Marshal Neil roses and ivory feathers, which latter curl over the brim. The lining is gathered ivory satin; and the strings match.

Fig. 27.—Fichu and cuff of white India muslin;

it is gathered and edged upon each side with Breton lace; finished in front with loops of the muslin and lace, and a bow of satin ribbon; the cuffs correspond with it.

Fig. 28.—Handkerchief for the neck, made of India mull, trimmed with duchess lace; it is arranged as a jabot in front, with a spray of flowers, and ribbon bow fastening it.

Fig. 29.—Fan of ebony sticks and black satin, with bird upon the outside stick in gilt; the fan is hand-painted with birds and flowers.

Fig. 30.—Fan of black satin, and satin in cashmere colors, mounted upon ebony.

Fig. 31.—Fan of black satin painted with a monogram upon it.

Fig. 32.—Jet star to ornament the hair or bonnet.

Fig. 33.—Three different sizes for children's chemise, edged with lace and embroidery.

Figs. 34 and 35.—Front and back view of dress for child of four years, made of plaid cheviot; the front is made of plain; the back is trimmed with a kilt ruffle, with a series of bands above it, fastened by straps. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 36.—Dress for child of eight years; it is made of écu bunting, the skirt is trimmed with two box-plated ruffles. The front is trimmed with a scarf of cardinal silk trimmed with fringe. Coat of écu damassee trimmed with ribbon bows of cardinal, cuffs of cardinal silk, and revers of the same.

Fig. 37.—Dress for young girl of fourteen years, made of striped cotton batiste, pink and gray; the front is trimmed with narrow ruffles of plain pink and plain gray. The dress is in the princess form, trimmed with scarfs with a plaiting upon them of the plain material, and ribbon bows.

Fig. 38.—Suit for boy of four years; the dress is made of navy blue flannel, with vest of white piqué.

Fig. 39.—Dress for child of five years made of wash goods skirt and jacket; the skirt is trimmed with narrow ruffles, the jacket plain, sash of ribbon in back.

The diagram pattern is of a walking dress for child of six years; it is very well adapted for early fall wear, and can be made of any thin woolen goods trimmed with foulard silk, either spotted or plain. It is also appropriate to make up in wash goods. The pattern consists of eight pieces, half of front, half of back, half of plaiting, sleeve, cuff, collar, and pocket.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

Although late in the season, there are constantly appearing new wash goods for summer toilets, some of these with the most *bizarre* patterns in the Chinese and Japanese style, and in the brightest coloring, over dark or light grounds. Hieroglyphics, chimeras, flying dragons, impossible birds and fishes, are represented upon printed cambrics, percales, chintzes, linens, and the numerous other cotton goods new this season. Floriated materials, however, are still very fashionable; tiny pink and green rosebuds and leaves over a seal brown or navy blue ground, miniature poppies and corn-

flowers over a buff or beige ground, and so on. But the success of the season, and the goods that the greatest rage is for, is dotted fabrics. Large dots, little dots, polka dots, Japanese dots, French dots, printed dots, brocaded dots, light dots, dark dots; dotted dresses, dotted mantles, plain fabrics trimmed with dotted ditto, and dotted fabrics trimmed with plain ones; dots of every style and of every size; dots for ever—such is Fashion's decree for this season.

The newest suit of the season is the pilgrimage dress, of mediæval plainness, with long gown and hood; this is to be worn for traveling, and on board of yachts. It has a long straight overdress with loose front, tied instead of buttoned, made of navy blue serge, or else bottle-green cashmere, lined throughout with red Surah silk. A square collar of doubled Surah, a monk's hood lined with the bright Surah, and square cuffs of the silk, doubled and turned over at the top, brighten this garment. The skirt is a serge kilt, and the waist is a sailor-like blouse of red Surah, which shows plainly as the gown slopes away from the throat. A square collar in sailor shape is on the blouse, while the hood is on the overdress.

Two extreme styles are shown in imported costumes, one of which has straight and simple outlines without drapery, like the graceful gowns just noted; while the other retains bouffant outlines produced by elaborate festooning. Rich fabrics are required for the straight dresses, in order to make them elegant as well as simple; but for thin summer goods, such as foulard, grenadine, Surah and the *religieuse* veiling, which is now as diaphanous as gauze; the bouffant draperies are preferred. Modistes import few tournures or bustles of any kind, as they prefer to give the full appearance by flounces on the petticoats or inside the dress skirt. There are also beautiful petticoats of Surah and of satin, pink, white, or blue, with two puffs stuffed with hair placed at the top of the back; pleatings of Breton lace trim the edge of these dainty skirts.

Grenadine dresses entirely black are made over glossy Surah skirts to make them light. The apron overskirt, plain or in diagonal pleats, is one of the popular fashions for such dresses; while the new back drapery is formed of two loops, one above the other. These are made of a single breadth, with two ends pleated to the belt, and the curved lower edge trimmed all around with a wide pleating. Below this is a longer curve that is similarly trimmed. The satin striped grenadine, also plain canvas grenadines, are used in Paris for trimming plain black silk dresses; when the plain grenadine is used, there are usually narrow panels or tongues of satin or silk falling upon them. Jet netted aprons, or else fringe half a yard deep, trim the fronts of many grenadine dresses. Sometimes the sleeves come only to the elbow; and below this are half sleeves of jetted net that fit the arm smoothly, or else wrinkle like a thread glove; and are finished at the wrist with ruffles of lace and loops of satin ribbon.

Directoire collars and square cuffs are made of jetted net, and edged with a row of cut jet beads like those used on the brims of bonnets; these trim

basques of black grenadine, and also of silk suits. Surplice and square necks of such dresses have black beaded tulle draped inside of the opening. Another new fancy is that of using creamy white India muslin, shirred inside of open necks of grenadine and foulard dresses.

The novelty in lingerie with which to brighten up a dark toilette, or to give character to a light, is a directoire collar made of dark velvet, either black, garnet, or blue, and edged with a wide frill of creamy white Languedoc lace. The velvet collar is about a finger deep, and extending across the back, slopes away just in front of the turn of the shoulder; across this front edge a scarf of Surah silk of light blue, pink or garnet, is sewed on each side in slight gathers, then drawn together on the bust, knotted there, and are finished with lace.

The matinées or morning costumes are most dainty toilettes; they are worn in the house at home, or at breakfast at summer watering-places; they are made with a skirt and long unlined sacque of Surah silk of cream white, pale rose, heliotrope, or light blue, trimmed with gathered ruffles of the same, edged with Breton lace. There are also most graceful sacques of black Surah imported to wear with black silk or grenadine skirts in the house. These are not lined, and are as cool as muslin. They are trimmed with wide pleatings of the black Surah, on which is laid a band of old gold, red, or heliotrope Surah, and this pleating is edged with a black Breton lace. A pleating six inches deep lies around the neck like a cardinal collar.

Seaweed made up into bands, with headings and pendants, the coloring heightened and positively dyed, is new for evening dresses, and most light and pretty. Beads are the one great feature in all other trimmings, and such an impetus has been given to the bead trade that the new Coussu trimmings, which are, in fact, an appliqué of beads with no groundwork visible except sometimes a line of gold tambour between, can be had in every conceivable shade and mixture of shade, cashmerienne, heliotrope, écarle shading to brown, and several others. The improvement of the year in beading is that most of the new trimmings are so made that they can be cut without any fear of the beads coming off.

A new material, utilized as long Dolman sleeves on mantlettes, is a sort of richly-woven grenadine, with the beads introduced in the weaving, and forming a brocade of beads. The newest jetted lace has the design laid on plain net, not on a patterned lace. Much unpolished jet is used, and is extremely costly; shaded jet is a novelty; the polished and unpolished, cut and uncut, being so arranged that they appear to shade off to steel. The newest jet gimps are made up with cord only, and much jet trellis-work is used both for fringes and for round capes and cuirass bodices; they adapt themselves to every figure. Chenille and pearls are favorite trimmings for evening dresses, and Parisian toilettes have beaded passementeries and fringes made to follow the color of the several oriental brocades. A new fringe is a net-work of beads threaded through satin-covered drops, with curled, untwisted chenille falling over.

Spanish lace can now be had in old gold as well as black and white, and is used for trimming both dresses and bonnets. Of course the dresses are for evening or house wear. In place of lace balayeuses, red or yellow satin plaitings are used to border the edge of dresses.

A new style of dresses is called "Eillet panachés." The skirt is covered with narrow plaited flounces of two colors, which alternate; or the narrow flounces are in striped or Pekin, and the flounces are arranged so that only one color is visible. For example, a pale blue Pekin, striped with black; one plaiting is all blue, the other is all black, and this gives it the eillet panaché effect. This style is very pretty in colors that are not strong contrasts, such as mauve and violet, pink and red, old gold and nasturtium; then the effect is simply shaded and charming.

Quite a new style of costume has been introduced, consisting of a skirt of Japanese foulard, which is either plain or kilted, and a tunic and bodice of some plain fine cashmere or wool goods, generally of a dark color. By Japanese foulards we mean foulards printed in bright and varied colors in Japanese designs.

Those who desire to remodel their last year's dresses cannot do better than re-trim them with either red or orange Surah, which brightens up dark costumes effectively; and on fabrics of light quality it is fast replacing satin, just as figured foulards are replacing heavy brocades on summer dresses. This soft twilled silk of bright hue looks stylish between the plaits of dark woolen skirts, and also as wide bands alternating with box plaits.

Shirred belts on the front of basque are very stylish when tied on the left side, and the ends gathered at the point and finished with a bit of fringe or a spike of passementerie. The shirring consists of several rows lengthwise, done at the sides of the belt, where it is sewed into the side or under arm-seam of the waist. Surah is especially liked for these soft belts. Some ladies take black Surah, and line it with red or blue Surah to form a narrow sash that passes around the waist, is tied on the left side, and has tasseled ends. It is three or four inches wide when finished. Other sash belts are made of satin ribbon with corded edges; thus cardinal satin ribbon two and a half inches wide, with a fine gold cord at each edge, is pretty with white or black dresses. Two yards of ribbon are required. The middle part that is to pass around the waist is stiffened by a band of stiff linen or crinoline sewed in it; but this is not as wide as the ribbon, as it is not desirable to make the belt perfectly smooth and stiff. A hook and eye to fasten it is sewed at each end of the linen, and the wearer ties an easy bow on the left, where it is hooked. But we think we hear some of our lady readers inquiring what Surah is. It is a soft silk which does not crease or wrinkle, and can be tied in soft bows; it is used for dresses, trimming, mantles, parasols, and in fact for almost every detail of the toilet.

The new fashion for finishing the back of basques is to divide them below the waist into two, four, or five spaces, let each hang straight and separate,

catch the ends in gathers, and add a tassel at each point. Sometimes a ball of jet is put on the points of silk or grenadine dresses instead of a tassel. If the skirt has a full shirred back, these open basques display it prettily.

The newest combination in color, which we have seen, is heliotrope and crimson. It sounds startling, but it is really pretty. Indeed, everything promised to be bright in hue at the commencement of the season; and that promise has, without doubt, been fulfilled, so that no surprise is felt at the novelty of any combination. We, a few years ago, would have been shocked had any one proposed our carrying a red parasol or umbrella; now they are carried to a great extent, and do not even elicit a remark.

Green leaves are hardly permitted to the flowers this summer; but, strange to say, for the first time we see green flowers! Now that Tuscan bonnets have returned to favor, they are worn with flowers alone, and no ribbon except the strings. We saw an open worked Tuscan straw worn without any lining, the hair being visible through it; and the only trimming consisted in a large topknot of a bow on the front of the bonnet, of écreu ribbon, to match the Tuscan straw; the ends of the bow tied under the chin, as a large bow with long ends. Many of the bonnets resemble those of forty years ago, hardly changed in shape or color, so closely have they been copied.

Pocket-handkerchiefs have become a very ornamental portion of dress, a corner showing either at the breast or pocket; and some people have corners of lace, or of handkerchiefs just tacked into their dresses, to give the same effect. The newest day handkerchiefs are broadly trimmed and hemstitched with color; the letters embroidered in color. Others have a bordering of finely striped colored cambric let in squares, with lace insertion all around, and edged with lace.

Mittens of black and white silk are still very popular for dress, afternoon and evening wear; and some of the most elaborate are very open and fine, and have small flowers embroidered on them in colored silks. They are very long, and are kept up by colored satin ribbon run in and out at the top and tied in a bow. The most elaborate of evening hose match the mittens in fineness and embroidery.

Lace ties, fichus and bows, require much style in the wearer. Black lace bows and black lace collarettes are being very generally worn. Most of the newest for day wear, are either the closest of ruffles or are large collars reaching to the shoulder. A fashionable style among artistic dresses consists of two gathered frills of lace, one above the other, turning down from the neck. Those who desire to be well dressed, should make a study of the kind that suits them best.

A pretty new style of cap is composed of a cream or colored silk handkerchief, edged with a dark fancy band, arranged with the points to the front, back or sides, mounted on a wire band, the centre being puffed to form the crown. The hair must be worn a little high with it to render it becoming.

The double pins attached by chains, that have

been out of fashion for so many years, are now being revived, and are used for cravats and caps. In the caps they are placed either across the front or to one side; and on the cravats they are fastened in one above the other. They are also very much worn in bonnets and hats.

HINTS UPON THE DOINGS OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

With the warm sun of August upon us, it is hardly the season to advocate anything very novel in the way of outdoor amusement; but a lady who desired something attractive and new in the way of an entertainment has proved herself an adventurous spirit, and has struck out in a new line, and with success too, the date chosen being, for a wonder, a fine day. We confess that when we received the invitation, we marveled greatly whether anyone would have the courage to accept and carry it out, though as we read the wording of the card and found that a fancy-dress picnic was the programme, a flood of pretty pictures came before us. We had long known the spot selected: a valley in the midst of hills; a river with much boating near at hand, and fine foliage everywhere. We could see in our mind's eye the very bank where Sir Philip Sydney might recline, and look at least as if he were composing a sonnet, Queen Elizabeth not far distant conversing with Essex, a group of Watteau beauties disappearing in the distance, and Louis XVI.'s luckless wife and her train playing at rusticity round about the rural cottage, the only building in sight, which might have formed a part of the Trianon village, where the poor young queen loved to throw off the splendor and formality of court etiquette. This picnic took place miles away from the city; the hurry and turmoil with heat and dust were left behind us, the invitation was a long one, and the privilege given of choosing any period, or the costume of any country; but all the guests were compelled to adopt fancy dresses or remain away. With all the beautiful cotton fabrics that this season has produced, it was an easy matter for ladies to reproduce costumes in wash goods that of an evening would have to be made of silk, brocade, velvet, or satin. Marie Antoinette and her surroundings at the Trianon were represented by a party who were all friends; Watteau peasants and Dolly Varden costumes were most popular. The gentlemen did not find their costumes quite as easy to arrange. We had no opportunity to judge whether Sir Philip Sidney looked in a poetic or contemplative mood. We know that he was a brave soldier, and, for his day, a great traveler, as well as a poet; a man who during absence from the life of court and camp, loved the country well, and must accordingly have often adopted the dress suitable for the rough wear of the country; but hitherto, in fancy costume, he has been represented in velvet and satins, and no one had been brave enough to introduce him in the serviceable cloth suit with breeches to the knee, and hanging sleeves depending from the elbow, over tight under ones, such as men wore in every-day life during Tudor times, the hat flat on the crown and broad in the brim. Watteau shepherds, and velvet coated gal-

lants, who found favor with the belles of Ranelagh and Vauxhall, had many representatives. They abjured gold embroidery and braiding on their coats as unsuitable to daylight, but long-skirted mulberry coats over long waistcoats, breeches, worsted stockings, and shoes, were quite the fashion, and also the Puritan garb. Almost any national costume proved a success, and two gentlemen and two ladies adopted the Tyrolese garb, and, better still, sang Tyrolese songs, in the intervals of dancing on the grass, and walks in the neighboring woods. A supremely graceful dress of the Vandyke period was of pale blue satteen. The skirt devoid of any trimming, but made with a train, and put rather full into the waist, the abundance of its folds being pressed down by the long peaked stomacher of the square-cut bodice, which should fit closely to the figure, and be clasped down the front with jeweled aigrettes. The sleeves were made very full, long, and wide, and looped and caught up with jewels or ribbon bows so as to leave the elbows bare. The hair worn in loose curls behind, and either drawn from off the forehead in front; or, if the wearer has a fringe, it should be very slightly curled so as to make it wave in one soft curve over the forehead. The fan, a feather screen, the same color as the dress. Another pretty dress was a Gainsborough of cream Indian muslin; square bodice, elbow sleeves, with lace ruffles, and round skirt, with four or five narrow flounces at the hem. A sash of wide dark green ribbon round the waist, tied in a bow at the back; a knot of dark green velvet at the corner of the square of the bodice, and another bow in the powdered hair; white *peau de suède* gloves, and white fan. With this dress was worn a cluster of yellow roses, and a gypsy hat trimmed with dark green was hung upon the arm. Comin' thro' the Rye was represented with a dark green laseuse tunic and bodice embroidered with rye, over a bright red petticoat; high white chemisette, the sleeves caught up with poppies, poppy red fichu, knotted in front. Hat trimmed with rye and poppies. Black fan painted with poppies. Shoes painted or embroidered to match. After a picnic dinner, in due time we had a picnic tea; the kettle boiled in picnic fashion under the auspices of a dark-eyed beauty dressed as a gypsy, who contributed her quota of fun by telling fortunes. However, we shall not dwell on further details. We wished to introduce to your notice the fact that a fancy dress picnic is a novel and pleasant affair when people will enter into the spirit of it; and this is not difficult to bring about where amusement is the exception and not the business of life. If you could have seen the scene as we saw it, and as we have faintly endeavored to describe it, we feel sure that you would agree with us that it was a good idea, thus reproducing in real life the charming pictures which Watteau and others have handed down to us, with the surroundings of our pretty scenery. We found the members of the same family had, as a rule, dressed in the same styles as companion pictures, and this fancy dress picnic set people's ideas and inquiries in new grooves. We sought to ascertain what was the plain every-day garb of familiar heroes and heroines, and were by no means content with the hackneyed characters which vary but little at most fancy parties. The guests numbered three hundred, and nearly every dress was good.

FASHION.



F. O. C. Darley

F. O. C. Darley.

John C. McHae

“COME BABY, COME!”

*Domestic love! not in proud palace halls,
Is often seen thy beauty to abide;
Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,
That, in the shelter of thy arms, have hid.*

*Domestic Love
by George W. G.*



GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER 1880.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

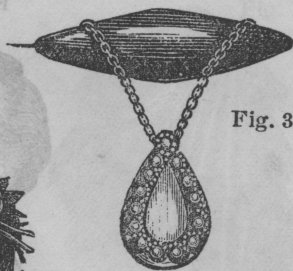


Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.



Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.

Fig. 10.

Fig. 11.

Fig. 12.

Fig. 14.

Fig. 13.

Fig. 15.

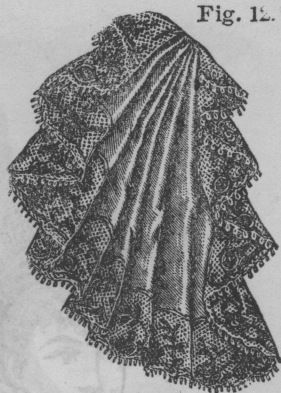
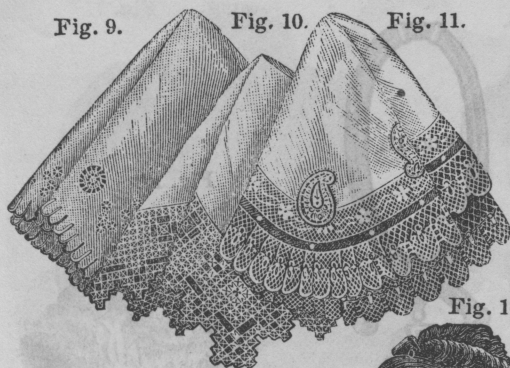


Fig. 16.



Fig. 17.



Fig. 18.



Fig. 19.



Fig. 20.



Fig. 21.



Fig. 22.



Fig. 23.



Fig. 24.



Fig. 25.

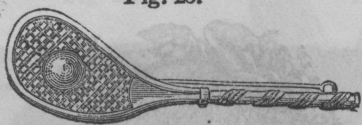


Fig. 27.



Fig. 26.



Fig. 28.



Fig. 29.

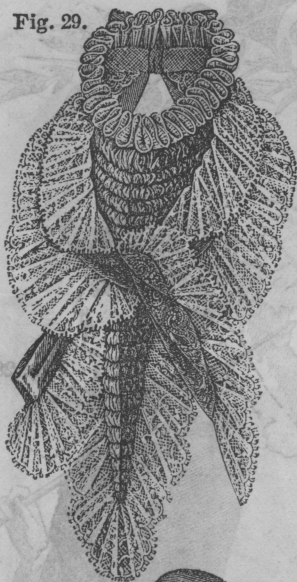


Fig. 30.

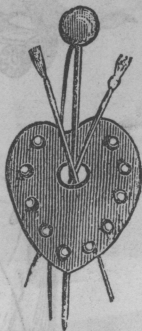


Fig. 31.



Fig. 33.

Fig. 32.



Fig. 34



Fig. 35.



Fig. 36.



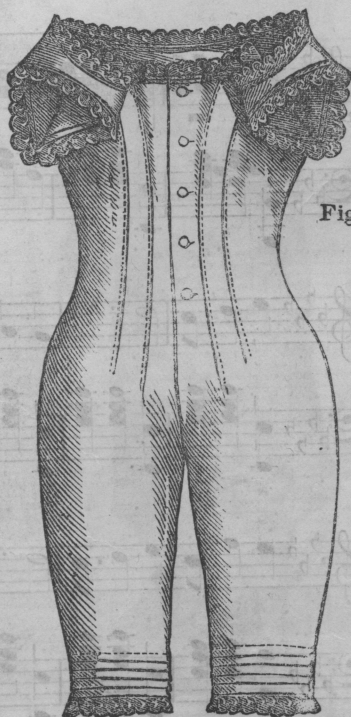
Fig. 37.



Fig. 38.



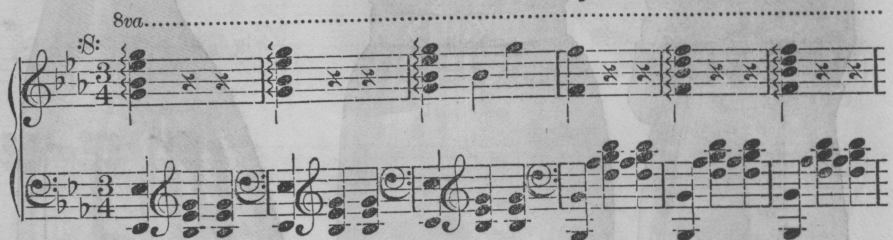
Fig. 39.



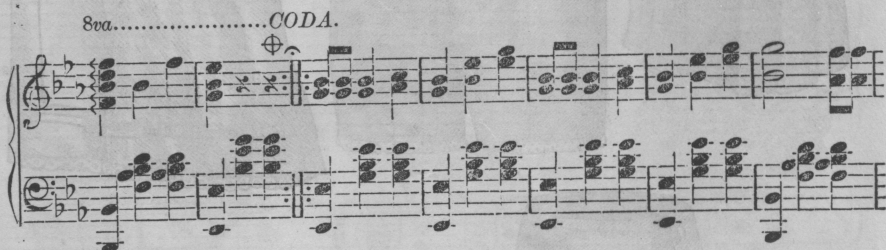
THE BLACK HAWK WALTZ.

By MARY E. WALSH.

8va.....



8va.....CODA.

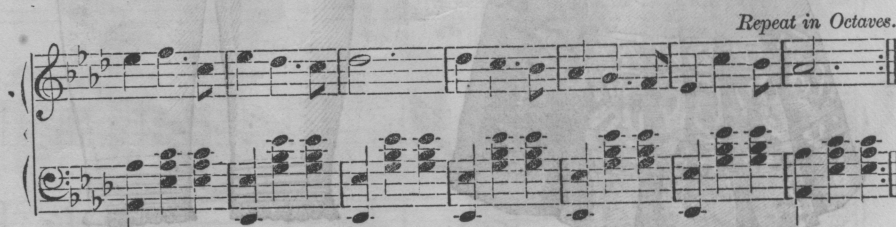


CODA.

1 2 *Dal Segno* S:



Repeat in Octaves.



Published in sheet form, price 35 cts., by WM. H. BONER & CO. agts.,
No. 1102 Chestnut Street, Phila.

THE BLACK HAWK WALTZ.

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Fig. 40.



Fig. 41.



GODEY'S Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME CI. No. 603.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1880.

ROSLYN'S FORTUNE.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Author of "A Gentle Belle," "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," "Nina's Atonement," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

She breaks off abruptly, and closes her fingers tightly on Geoffrey's arm, as she asks in a tone wistful even to pain:

"Is there *no* hope for him?"

"You know while there is life there is hope—and he has an excellent constitution. The most magnificent physique, Dr. Kirke says, that he ever saw," Geoffrey answers. But his voice is less sanguine than his words.

"How did the accident occur?" inquires Roslyn. I have not heard a word about it."

"You remember what Wash said about bringing the horse to meet his master?"

"Yes."

"Duncan drove in to Kirton this morning with Mr. Shelbourne, who spent the night at Clifton, and after getting his gun from the locksmith's, where it had been sent to be put in thorough order, they both went out shooting. Shelbourne says that after a good day's sport, they parted about four o'clock in the woods just the other side of the creek. Shelbourne went back to Kirton, and Duncan started in the opposite direction, going down the creek toward the bridge, where his horse would be waiting for him, he said. He was passing within sight of the road, though a considerable distance from it, when he saw Wash riding by, and called to him to stop. But Wash did not hear his voice, and rode on. Then he mounted the fallen trunk of a large tree, and with his hand resting on the stock of his gun to steady himself, shouted to the boy again. As he did so, his foot slipped on the rounded surface he was standing upon, and he went over backwards—involuntarily pulling the gun with him as he fell. The trigger caught

against something, and the piece was discharged—pouring its contents into his side. It was only a load of bird-shot, and if the weapon had not been so near him, the injury would have been trifling, as the shot would have scattered and merely peppered him severely. But, you see, when the gun went off, the muzzle must have been within six inches of his body; and so the charge, which happened to be a heavy one, entered almost like a bullet, and tore through the cartilages just under the left shoulder blade, making a terribly lacerated wound, which bled fearfully. Still, he did not think it at all serious, but started to make a direct cut across the woods to come here. Before he had walked far he began to feel faint, and putting his hand to his shoulder, found that the blood was streaming from it. He sat down, and had presence of mind to think of sending one of his dogs for assistance. If he had not done so, and but for the chance of her having met us, and my getting to him as soon as I did, he would have bled to death. I found him lying in a pool of blood, and he had barely time to explain in a word or two how the accident happened, before he fainted from exhaustion. I did what I could to staunch the wound, and was then writing the note you received, intending to send Joe with it, when I heard somebody whistling, called, and Jack Curry, who was fishing in the creek not far off, came running up."

"Dr. Chelmsom is a good surgeon, isn't he?" says Roslyn.

"He ought to be," answers Geoffrey. "He spent two years in the Paris hospitals, I have heard."

"Surely, then, surely he will be able to save Colonel Duncan!"

"He will try, you may be sure," says Geoffrey. "But both he and Kirke—who is an able physician, you know, though not so good a surgeon as Chelmsom—are very apprehensive. The bleed-

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ing was so excessive, that Duncan has been insensible ever since he fainted first; and they are afraid he will sink from sheer exhaustion, before there is time for a rally of the forces of nature."

"And to think," exclaims Roslyn, "that this terrible accident should have happened merely from an act of carelessness! O why will people be so reckless in handling fire-arms!"

"Only, I suppose, because familiarity destroys the sense of danger," says Geoffrey. "It certainly is deplorable to think of a man like Duncan losing his life in such a way."

"Do let it be a lesson to you, Geoffrey," says Roslyn, looking up wistfully. "I have often been very unhappy when I saw you walking off with your gun, for you always were so reckless!"

The expression of the sweet, upturned face, seen clearly in the moonlight, goes to Geoffrey's heart, and passionate words spring to his lips. But he remembers his promise, and only says, in a tone of gentle gravity:

"I will, indeed, be more careful in future; for it seems as if a life lost in this manner is a life thrown away. But do you know what time it is? After twelve o'clock. You must go to bed—and do try to go to sleep."

CHAPTER XXII.

UNPLEASANT REMINISCENCES.

Geoffrey's advice is good, and Roslyn is well disposed to take it; but unfortunately it does not always rest with ourselves whether we can do what we wish to do. Since she can in no wise aid in the struggle which, she is well aware, is going on so near by, between man's skill and death's perhaps irresistible approach, she would be glad to escape the sense of intense regret and sadness that weighs on her, and to lose, for a time at least, consciousness of the pain she feels.

But she is too much excited to be able to sleep. All manner of thoughts crowd upon her. It seems so hard, so hard, she repeats again and again, that such a trifle—a mere heedless movement—should bring about such a result!

Colonel Duncan's face in many different aspects is constantly before her mind's eye. She sees it with its ordinary expression, genial and serene; she sees the look of bravely repressed pain which it wore that day when he asked her to be his wife, and learned by her manner that the very suggestion was repugnant to her; and, in imagination, she sees him now, lying white and insensible, with life ebbing low in his veins—or already gone, it may be.

At this thought, tears, for the first time, suddenly burst forth, and she sobs heartily, feeling that until this moment she never realized how much a part of her life he has always been, nor

ever appreciated all his goodness and nobleness. Recalling the unexampled generosity of his conduct with regard to Lovelace, a sharp spasm of remorse clutches her heart—as if a human hand had seized it, and was crushing its fibres in a cruel grasp.

"Always so good and kind and gracious!" she sobs in a stifled voice; "and I never did anything but give him pain. I could not help it! But oh, I wish, I wish, I wish he would not die!"

Her pillow is wet with tears when at last, like a child that has cried away its grief, she sinks to sleep.

She wakes the next morning with a confused sense that something has occurred, something is the matter. What it is, she cannot at first remember, but the next instant the recollection rushes over her, and she wrings her hands at the thought of what may have happened since she parted with Geoffrey last night. She is glad that her maid has not appeared yet, knowing that, like most servants, the girl delights in telling news; and the idea of hearing the news which she is dreading, told as a matter of enjoyable gossip, is intolerable to her.

"I will dress and go down stairs," she thinks—rising at once. It seems to her that she can better bear to learn the worst from Geoffrey than from anybody else—if it is the worst that must be borne. But before she has half completed her toilet, the maid appears, and almost as she enters the room, announces that, "the Colonel aint much better this morning, they say."

Roslyn is so much relieved by this even negatively good report, that she does not reprove the servant for her eagerness to impart the information; but, with her assistance, goes on dressing—asking presently,

"Is not breakfast nearly ready?"

"Oh, yes'm! I expect they's most done breakfast by this time," is the reply. "I've been up twice before, but you was asleep—and Mass Geoffrey told me to be sure and not disturb you this morning. I come up now to see if you was awake yet, and if I should bring up your breakfast."

"No," says Roslyn, "I will go down. Who is here beside the doctors?"

"Nobody but Mr. Shelbourne. Mr. Stanhope was here; but he e't his breakfast before any of the other gentlemen was ready, and 's gone home."

"Mr. Stanhope!" cries Roslyn, astonished. "You must be mistaken, Margery! What would he be doing here?"

"No, indeed, I'm not mistaken, Miss Roslyn. I couldn't be mistaken; for I saw him myself. He stayed here all night."

Roslyn makes no further comment on this intelligence—but her face is very expressive of sentiments the reverse of pleasurable, as she turns away and leaves the room.

On the stairs she overtakes Mrs. Knight, who never goes to the table when there are guests in the house, and who has now just left Colonel Duncan's room.

"O, Mrs. Knight," she cries eagerly; "how is Colonel Duncan this morning? I am sure he must be better—you look as if he was!"

"The doctors don't seem to think there is much change," answers Mrs. Knight—but she smiles, and her face, which has lost the solemn expression it wore when Roslyn saw her last, is placid as usual.

"But what do you think?" asks Roslyn, anxiously. "You know so much about sickness and everything of the kind, that you ought to be able to judge almost as well as the doctors."

"I don't pretend to set up my judgment agin' theirs," says the good woman, modestly. "They ought to know."

"Do you agree with them, though? Tell me that!" exclaims the girl impulsively. "Don't you think he—that he may recover?"

"I hope so," says Mrs. Knight with evident sincerity—"and I do think that his pulse is a little stronger just within the last hour. If he isn't any better, I can't see that he's any worse—and that's encouraging."

"Of course it is!" cries Roslyn, brightening wonderfully at these cheering words, as a weight of apprehension seems lifted from her mind. "O, I am sure he will get well."

They are at the dining-room door as she utters the last sentence; and Mrs. Knight passes on, while she enters the apartment.

Her face is brilliant with light and color as she exchanges salutations with the gentlemen, and takes her seat at the table.

"I am so glad to hear that Colonel Duncan is better," she says, addressing Dr. Kirke in particular and the company in general.

"If he is better," says Dr. Kirke, in a deliberate and somewhat dogmatic tone, "a favorable change must have occurred very lately. When I saw him last, about half an hour ago, there was no appreciable alteration for the better."

"There was a slight indication of the approach of a favorable change, I thought," says Dr. Chelmsion, sorry to see how suddenly and entirely Roslyn's radiant face has become overcast. "I remarked this to you, as we came down stairs, if you remember. I should not be surprised to find a decided improvement in his condition very shortly."

Roslyn glances at the young man gratefully, as he speaks.

"Mrs Knight thinks his pulse has grown a little stronger within the last hour," she says.

"Ah?" exclaims Dr. Kirke, with roused attention. "That, certainly is a favorable symptom—if it exists." He fidgets slightly in his chair, then starts to his feet, and says:

"If you will excuse me, for a minute, Miss Roslyn, I'll go and see. I can't say I have the faith you manifest in Mrs. Knight's opinion—though she is a sensible woman, and one of the best nurses I ever met with. But I had rather see for myself. Suppose you come, too, Chelmsion."

He leaves the room while speaking; and Dr. Chelmsion, with a bow of apology to Miss Vardray, rises and follows him.

"It seems to me," says Geoffrey, when they are gone; "that taking a common-sense view of the matter, Colonel Duncan must be better, or he could not have lived so long as he has, after such profuse bleeding."

"I agree with you," says Mr. Shelbourne. "He has extraordinary rallying power. And," adds the lawyer, with the suspicion of a smile on his firm, well-cut lip, and a very decided glitter in his blue-gray eyes; "Kirke is always a little disposed to draw the long-bow in his estimate of the dangerous condition of his patients."

"Is it not rather," says Roslyn, "that he is inclined to take a gloomy view of their condition? I have often noticed that, in cases of ordinary sickness."

"Perhaps so," says Mr. Shelbourne. "At least"—he smiles unequivocally here—"yours is a more charitable explanation of his croaking than the one I suggested."

And probably it is the correct explanation—for when Dr. Kirke returns to the breakfast room a moment later, and resumes his place at table, he looks very much more cheerful than he has looked since he saw Colonel Duncan first—and says at once:

"His pulse is stronger. He may pull through—if fever don't supervene now."

"I don't think that at all likely to occur," says Dr. Chelmsion, whose sympathy is again exhibited by Roslyn's face of concern at this suggestion. He is a stranger, who has but lately settled in Kirton; and surgical cases being rare in the country, he has been congratulating himself on the opportunity which this accident affords him of giving a proof of skill in his favorite branch of medical science. He has already exerted his utmost effort—and thus far, with success—in the treatment of the case; but the sight of Roslyn's anxiety gives a fresh impetus to his professional zeal. This is the first time he has ever been in her society, and he is charmed with her beauty and her easy, natural manner. Whether she regards Colonel Duncan as a lover, or only, as her frankly expressed anxiety would seem to indicate, as a friend, he is determined that if any exertion on his part can avail, her bright face shall not be shadowed by sorrow for the death of that gentleman. "The worst is over, I trust," he adds, encouragingly.

"Pray, Mr. Thorne," says Dr. Kirke, after

finishing his breakfast, "how comes Stanhope to be so much interested in Colonel Duncan's case? I was not aware that there was the most ordinary association between the two men."

"There is not," replies Geoffrey. "I was astonished at Mr. Stanhope's intruding himself here last night. I only wish my father had been at home, and he would never have presumed to do so. He knows that it is not possible for a man of my age to treat one of his in the manner he deserves; and he takes advantage of the of the fact. Why he should affect an interest on Colonel Duncan's account, I don't understand—unless it is for the pure, abstract pleasure of making himself disagreeable."

"His interest is real, not affected, I fancy," says Mr. Shelbourne, dryly.

Both Dr. Kirke and Geoffrey look at the speaker in surprise—but before there is time to ask the meaning of what is to them very enigmatical, Colonel Duncan's servant enters in haste, with the information that his master has "come to his senses, and asked where he was and what was the matter."

Geoffrey and Roslyn are the only members of the party who do not move precipitately at this announcement. Leaving them still sitting at table, Drs. Kirke and Chelmsom, and Mr. Shelbourne, hurry up stairs at once.

"O! I hope he is better—that he is out of danger," says Roslyn fervently. "Why don't you go and see, Geoffrey?"

"I will go presently," he replies—"but three men are enough at a time to claim his attention, I think. He ought not to be fatigued or excited, I am sure."

"Of course not," assents Roslyn. Then, after a moment's silence, she says thoughtfully: "What did Mr. Shelbourne mean by saying that Mr. Stanhope's interest in Colonel Duncan was real, not affected?"

"You are too hard for me there," answers Geoffrey with a short laugh. "I cannot convey what he meant—if he was in earnest."

"He did not speak as if he was in jest," says Roslyn. "I was amazed when Margery told me that that man had stayed here last night. What put it into his head to come, in the first place, I wonder?"

Geoffrey shakes his head. "Impossible to say," he replies. "As a matter of course, I was obliged to treat him civilly—but it goes awfully against the grain with me to do so. I don't think I could tolerate him at all, if it was not on Lettice's account."

"He may thank Lettice for most of the toleration he gets," says Roslyn. "For all that he gets from anybody in this house. As for his wife, she brought her fate on herself, and don't deserve the least sympathy, in my opinion."

Geoffrey smiles. "Can't you imagine any ex-

cuse for her?" he says. "Stanhope is just the sort of man who must have been exceedingly attractive—even fascinating—to women, in his youth."

"How can you say so? I am sure he must always have been just what he is now—disgusting!"

She rises from the table as she says this, and walks into the sitting-room. At the same moment, they hear somebody coming down stairs; and Geoffrey, who has followed her, continues on into the hall—where he meets Mr. Shelbourne.

That gentleman seems in excellent spirits. "Poor Duncan is all right again as to the head," he says; "but I am afraid he will have trouble with that shoulder of his. And the doctors say he must be kept perfectly quiet—must avoid excitement of every kind. I wish you would see to this."

"I will," says Geoffrey.

"I have some business that ought to be attended to this morning," continues Mr. Shelbourne; "and as he seems so much better, I'll borrow a horse from you and ride over to town. Of course I'll be back this evening."

So much of the conversation Roslyn hears, as they walk slowly through the hall, and out into the front piazza—where they sit down to wait until the horse which Geoffrey orders for Mr. Shelbourne is brought round. She, meanwhile, chances to notice a letter lying on the centre-table, and is reminded by the sight of it, that she has neither seen nor heard anything of the mail this morning yet. Perhaps it arrived before she came down stairs, she thinks; as it not unfrequently is received very early—a servant going over to Kirton for it every morning, and generally returning by breakfast-time. Geoffrey may have left this letter here. She picks it up—it is lying with the direction down—to see if it is for herself.

It is not, she finds. It is addressed, "Henry Lovelace, esq., R—, La."

With an almost ludicrous expression of surprise, she stands looking at the name. Who could have been writing to Lovelace? It has evidently just been written, for it has neither stamp nor post-mark. If Colonel Duncan had not been insensible, she might suppose that it was done by his request—but since he only recovered consciousness a few minutes before, this is impossible. Could Mr. Shelbourne have thought it necessary to apprise Lovelace of the accident, expecting it to prove fatal?

All these conjectures are comprised, as it were, in one flash of thought—her first thought. Her second thought is, "Mr. Stanhope!"—and she drops the letter as if its touch soiled her fingers; but her eyes still rest on the name with a sort of fascination. There is a fascination to her in that name!—the first sound or sight of it always re-

calls so vividly the man himself. But after a moment, she thinks a little. Even in the recollection of the man himself, there is much that is not pleasurable.

From the very first evening that she saw him, her sentiments toward Lovelace have been very mixed and varying. While keenly sensible to that personal power of attraction which he possesses in remarkable degree, she has always felt a certain uncomfortable sense of doubt, that at times has amounted to positive distrust, and has never at any moment left her mind, not even when her fancy was most thrall'd and dazzled. Latterly this distrust has been growing and strengthening. Though, on the night when she met him last, and listened to his passionate pleadings and plausible excuses, she had condoned his offence of seeking to win her heart while he was engaged to another woman, it was with the full consciousness that in doing so, she was straining a point. She felt that if it was true—as he assured her so solemnly—that his engagement was merely a French matrimonial contract, he had violated the spirit, though perhaps not the letter of honor, in addressing words of love to one woman while still affianced to another. If it was true!—but *was* it so? Angry with herself as she often felt for the doubt embodied in that “if,” she could not put it aside altogether. Then, his letter was more unsatisfactory to her than she could prevail on herself to admit to Lettice—or even to her own heart. No doubt the commentary upon it which she heard in the remarks made about its writer by many of his acquaintances whom she met during the summer, had some effect in increasing her dissatisfaction.

“So you know Mr. Lovelace!” a very pretty young lady from his own State said to her one day. “Isn’t he handsome and charming! But such a flirt! How strange it is that these *very* charming men are *invariably* either flirts, or fortune-hunters, or something they ought not to be—?”

“Just,” interposes a gentleman standing by, with a glance at the speaker which points his words—“as the most charming women are *invariably* flirts or coquettes—?”

“Harry Lovelace is both a flirt and fortune-hunter, as I suppose you know,” the lady goes on, noticing the covert accusation of her admirer only by a quick, silencing motion of her fan and a slight arch of her accurately-penciled brows. “Where did you meet him, Miss Vardray?—In the country! How odd! I wonder what he was doing there! Visiting a relative?—a gentleman? Perhaps the gentleman has a daughter?—if there is an heiress-cousin in the case, Mr. Lovelace may throw over Julie Duchesne for her. No heiress?—his cousin not married?—an old gentleman, perhaps, whose heir he expects to

be? No again?”—with a laugh—“then I can’t imagine what takes him to the country, unless his relative is a *fast* man. He has been trying desperately for the last three years to marry his cousin Miss Duchesne, who is immensely rich, but very young. Her mother has been trying as desperately to prevent it, and has taken her off to Europe now. Mr. Lovelace won’t get that fortune, if Mrs. Duchesne can prevent it. You understood it was a family arrangement?—so it is on the part of Mrs. Lovelace and her son—but the Duchesnes don’t like it. Mrs. Lovelace has been moving heaven and earth to make the match—but I don’t think she’ll succeed.”

This was the burden of many conversations with many different people; and if Roslyn had been seeking—instead of as much as possible shunning—proof that Lovelace is “nothing if he is not a fortune-hunting flirt,” as another one of his lady friends expressed herself—she could not but have been satisfied with the success of her quest for information. But it is the instinct of love—whether it be true or false love, genuine passion, or any of the counterfeits that often deceive the lover himself—to be incredulous of all accusations made against its idols; and this instinct has been strong with her throughout the whole course of her acquaintance with Lovelace—notwithstanding the counter-current of secret doubt already alluded to. She listened to the gossip she could not avoid hearing, just as she had listened to Geoffrey’s earnest warning—with repressed indignation and annoyance, and also with some willful blindness. With an unacknowledged feeling that there was partial truth in what was said, she still believes that jealousy on the part of Geoffrey, and envy and ill-nature on that of the gossiping people she met, had much to do with the matter. And so, up to this time, she has never willingly thought ill of her fascinating lover.

Now, however, as she stands motionless by the table with her gaze fixed upon vacancy, she is thinking of the many almost disreputable things concerning Lovelace, which she heard unwillingly, and unwillingly remembers; and the hope she has always cherished that he would ultimately prove the injustice of it all—prove that he loves *her* better than he does his cousin’s fortune—this hope is shaken to its foundation. There is something like contempt in her face as she turns away and walks to a window.

Glancing aimlessly out, she sees Geoffrey and Mr. Shelbourne standing on the gravel walk before the house. The latter is putting on his gloves, and the next minute mounts the horse a servant is holding for him, nods to Geoffrey, and rides away.

Roslyn watches Geoffrey, with a look of indecision, as he comes up the steps, enters the house, and is evidently taking his way up stairs. He

has passed the door of the sitting-room, when suddenly her resolution is taken, and she hurries after him.

"Geoffrey," she says rather hesitatingly. "Are you going up to see Colonel Duncan now?" she asks, as he turns and pauses at the sound of her voice.

"I was going—but I am not in a particular hurry, if you want anything with me," he answers, coming to her side.

"No," she says—but adds almost immediately, "Yes, I do—I want to ask you a question. Come here a minute, please."

As he follows her into the room, she points to the letter lying on the table. "How did that come here?" she inquires. "Do you know who wrote it?"

Geoffrey looks a little surprised—more at her manner than at the presence of the letter, which he takes up as he answers: "No—I did not notice it before." He glances at the superscription, and there is a sudden flash of intelligence in his eyes—but he only says in a matter-of-course tone:

"This is Stanhope's writing. If you remember, he told you yesterday morning when we met him, that he intended writing to Mr. Lovelace soon—and I suppose he amused his leisure last night by doing so, and forgot to take his letter away with him this morning when he left." He tosses the letter carelessly back on the table as he adds: "Now I will go up and see Duncan, and will come back and let you know how he is getting on. The doctors are still with him."

"You will find me in the garden," Roslyn says. "I am going to gather some roses for him."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A TESTAMENTARY DISPOSITION.

Half an hour afterwards, when Geoffrey goes to look for her in the garden, he is not a little shocked to see, as she glances up at the sound of his approaching steps, that her eyes are full of tears. She is sitting in a listless attitude; the roses she has been gathering are heaped beside her on the rustic seat she occupies; her hands are lying idly in her lap; altogether, her appearance gives the idea of profound dejection.

Such a mood seems to Geoffrey so unnatural in Roslyn—is so utterly unprecedented in all his experience—that he looks aghast for an instant, and then advances impulsively, exclaiming:

"What is the matter? Is it possible that you are crying, Roslyn?"

"Yes, I have been crying a little," she answers, with a smile that looks as unfamiliar as does her air of depression—a smile half-amused, half-sad. "But pray don't be alarmed," she goes on. "There is nothing alarming in the matter, I as-

sure you. I was only dropping a few tears over what I am afraid is a lost illusion. How is Colonel Duncan?"

"Better. I suppose the danger is over for the present, if he can be prevailed upon to be prudent. But I am afraid that will be difficult, with a man not at all accustomed to illness or confinement of any sort."

"You suppose the danger is over for the present?" repeats Roslyn. "What do you mean? I don't understand."

"Why, you know there is a charge of shot scattered under and about the shoulder-blade, which ought to be removed—but as any farther loss of blood just now would be certain death, there is nothing to be done but to let the wound heal without touching it. Then, when his strength is entirely restored, these shot will have to be extracted—some of them, at least. The doctors were torturing his shoulder when I went in—that is, Chelmsom was replacing the bandages which were necessarily put on so hurriedly yesterday evening as to cause great pain. The wound is doing very well, they say—and there is no indication, as yet, of fever. But old Kirke is so strenuous in his orders about quiet, that I see they are afraid it may come on."

"How does he look?" asks Roslyn.

"Like Seneca's wife," is the reply.

"So very pale!"

"Pale, is not the word," answers Geoffrey.

"Literally, there is no more life-color in his face and hands than there is in that linen"—pointing to her handkerchief, which lies on the bench beside the roses. "Of course his bronze skin is not precisely that tint—though, comparatively speaking, it is very white. Which," he adds, "is not surprising, considering the amount of blood he lost. I did not think there was as much blood in a man's whole body as flowed from his wound."

"Does he talk much?"

Geoffrey shakes his head. "He don't talk at all—he is too weak. He kept his eyes shut while they were manipulating his shoulder, and showed no sign of what he was suffering, except that his lips were compressed. The pain must have been acute."

"How dreadful all this sounds!" says Roslyn, with something of a shudder. "I can't imagine Colonel Duncan in such a helpless condition! O! I am so sorry for him, Geoffrey! To think of being shut up in a dark room, with two physicians mounting guard over one, on such a day as this!"—she looks round at the mellow beauty of the autumn morning. "And I suppose it will be some time before he is perfectly well again?"

"Yes, indeed," says Geoffrey.

He speaks rather absently. He is wondering what "lost illusion" Roslyn was weeping over—but he has too much tact, as well as too much delicacy, to allude to the subject again unless she

should do so herself. Reclining at her feet on the grass, which is still soft and green in this warm, shady spot, he looks up at her, thinking to himself, while mechanically answering some more questions that she asks about Colonel Duncan, "It is something about that puppy she is in love with, no doubt. She don't like his intimacy with Stanhope. God grant she may discover in time that her fancy for him is only an illusion! At all events, she cannot marry him while he is engaged to another woman; and I hope Lettice is right in her belief that he cannot—or will not—marry a woman without fortune."

If Roslyn could read this last thought, she might consider it a selfish one, perhaps: but she would be mistaken, if she did. It is prompted by no jealous lover's feeling—but arises from an instinctive knowledge that Lovelace is altogether unworthy of her.

"Yonder comes Lettice," says Roslyn a few minutes later; and glancing toward the wood, which is in sight from this place, Geoffrey sees the small, slender figure approaching. He springs to his feet.

"I could not tear myself away while you were alone," he says, with a laugh. "But I ought to go—and I will go now, and see what I can do in the way of making Kirke and Chelmsom as comfortable as I can. They are going to stay here to-day to look after Duncan—and I fear they will find it dull business."

"They might entertain each other, I should think," says Roslyn. "But if you are going, take these flowers to the house, please, and tell Margery to put them in water"—gathering up her roses and placing them in his hands—"and this afternoon, if Colonel Duncan still continues better, you shall take them to his room, and tell him how sorry I am for him."

* * * * *

The next morning Colonel Duncan is pronounced very decidedly better.

"Not out of danger," says Dr. Kirke, at the breakfast-table. "The least imprudence would bring on fever—and the worst sort of fever—a low typhoid form. But he is progressing favorably so far, and if he will be very careful—avoid all exertion and excitement—why, he will do very well now. Don't let him talk about business"—this to Mr. Shelbourne. "I see he is inclined to be unruly on that point. He asked for you yesterday—said he must see you about some business matter of urgent importance—and we had no little difficulty in putting him off. I was glad you were not here; and the best thing you can do will be to go to town without seeing him again this morning. He must not talk, or think even, about anything exciting—I mean anything that would excite his mind to active thought. Perfect quiescence of mind and body is what he needs at present. Mr. Thorne, I wish you would remem-

ber this. Don't talk to him, or let him talk to you. As to his diet, Mrs. Knight will attend to that, and will give him what little medicine he has to take. She's a capital nurse. It's very fortunate that she happens to be here."

"I will do my best," says Geoffrey, smiling. "But I agree with you in thinking that your patient is inclined to be wilful. You must not hold me responsible if he injures himself. If he insists on talking, for instance, what can I do to prevent it?"

"Tell him that it's against my orders; and then walk out of the room."

"You are always for high-handed measures, Dr. Kirke," says Roslyn, laughing. "You always do treat your patients as if they were refractory children."

"Only when they are refractory," answers the doctor; "and then they deserve to be treated so. When a man calls me in as a medical practitioner, it is my business to tell him what to do—and his to do what I tell him."

"But human nature is weak," says Roslyn; "and when one is ill, it is very hard to be patient and reasonable, I think."

"Very hard, indeed," says Dr. Chelmsom, looking at his brother physician with a smile. "Dr. Kirke will concede that, I am sure."

"It is necessary," responds Dr. Kirke, uncompromisingly—ignoring the fact that he is himself the most impatient of men when he is ill—"and such being the case, a man of sense will be reasonable, whether he is patient or not."

"I'm not sure of that," says Mr. Shelbourne. "There's as much difference between Philip sick and Philip well, as between Philip drunk and Philip sober. For instance, I flatter myself that I am a mild-mannered man when I am well, and not a fool; but let my familiar demon *tic* lay his finger on one of my cheek-bones, and I am as irascible as any fool you could find; and as intractable to control."

"I can certify to the truth of that statement," says Dr. Kirke, dryly; "but there is some excuse for a man's irascibility, when *tic douloureux* is gnawing his facial nerves. Colonel Duncan will have no such pain as that to support—no pain at all, to speak of—unless he should bring on fever by some inexcusable imprudence. All that he has to do for the present is to keep quiet—perfectly quiet."

"Will not he be more likely to satisfy you in this respect," asks Geoffrey, "if he is allowed to see Mr. Shelbourne, and say whatever it is that he wants to say, than if he is kept from doing so? I should think it might be more injurious to a sick person to be thwarted in his humor, than to make a temporary exertion in gratifying it."

"You are right," says Dr. Chelmsom, decidedly—"eh, Kirke?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A JUSTIFIABLE PROPOSAL.

BY ETHEL TANE.

CHAPTER I.

"Two children in one hamlet born and bred."

—Tennyson.

The scene was an old-fashioned farm-house kitchen, with a nicely sanded floor of vivid scarlet bricks, and a rafted roof where smoked hams, long loops of strung onions, and bunches of dried herbs, hung in bounteous confusion. The early December twilight of English latitudes was fading fast, and Kate Appleby had stirred up the huge fire till a warm crimson glow filled the whole room. Every piece of tinware sparkled, the china shone in its own subdued fashion, and the sprigs of berry-holly, dotted about behind pictures and sheet almanacs, glistened again. Rather an extravagant illumination for kitchen work; but one likes to do something extra for one's lover, and Katie's betrothed was with her then, watching the mixing of the Christmas pudding.

The kitchen also contained two other occupants. A magnificent Irish setter lay stretched at ease on the hearth, his nose reposing on his fore-paws, and his intelligent dark eyes blinking dreamily at the grateful blaze, quite unobservant of a very small Maltese kitten, seated squarely on a rush-bottomed chair beside him, whose distrustful gaze never left the dog's handsome figure.

Before the table in the window stood Katie, brown-eyed, brown-haired, rosy, and plump. Her cuffs were lying on the window-sill beside a costly engagement ring—the orthodox pearls and diamonds. She wore a snowy bib and apron, and the sleeves of her dark blue cashmere dress were rolled up above her dimpled elbows. Few amateur cooks have ever looked prettier.

So thought the dog's master as he sat on one end of Katie's table, just beyond the culinary confusion immediately surrounding herself. Cecil Meddows had chosen this perch professedly not to further sully the clean bricks, whereon his muddy boots and Ponto's paws had already left their traces. His features were of the refined Saxon type, his blue eyes were large and merry, and his fair hair showed a tinge of pure brightness. He was broad-shouldered and muscular, but the hand with which he kept absently flecking a light riding-whip against his bespattered gaiters was white as a lady's. In fact, Cecil Meddows was a good specimen of a wholesomely attractive class—the English gentleman-farmer of our day.

Commend me to these men for intelligence, refinement, and moderate culture. They are raised above the coarseness of their working brethren, and are frequently quite free from the affected languor we meet too often in the higher "county set."

"So you never let cook make the Christmas pudding?" queried Cecil, a smile lurking about his lips.

"Oh, no, never since I came from school. But all the family have to take a hand in the mixing," added Katie, merrily, as she dusted some flour over her currants.

"I'm ready, for one."

"You!" cried the girl, with a saucy look; "Why, you don't belong to the family."

The glance was innocent but irresistible, and Cecil's arm was round her waist, and he was punishing her in lover-like fashion in less time than it takes to tell.

They were very fond of each other, and very much at home.

"Two children in one hamlet born and bred,"

And soon to be,

"Two lives knit fast in one with golden ease."

"That is quite enough revenge," remarked the girl, presently, with humorous gravity, and Cecil went obediently back to his end of the table.

Bread-crumbs, currants, raisins, citron and spices were added to the flour, all in generous quantities; then six well-beaten eggs, then brandy, and lastly the milk for mixing—not a drop of water ever went into Katie's Christmas puddings. And now Cecil must take a lesson in the art of mixing. He proved an apt pupil, so Katie sat down to rest.

"It really needs muscle to do this sort of thing," remarked the young man, as he drove his long wooden spoon into the stubborn mass. And Katie answered, with a calmly superior air:

"It will get easier as you go on."

"Is the family expected to consume all this to-morrow?"

"No, sir, that paste will make two puddings. Most of the first will be eaten to-morrow, and the remains sliced and fried for boxing day. The other pudding will not make its *début* until Easter Sunday. That's one of my household observances."

"And an excellent idea, too," said Cecil, readily. "What other toothsome observances have you, wee wifie mine?"

"Twelfth cake for Twelfth Night, pancakes for Shrove Tuesday, Easter eggs, and a fine goose at Michaelmas."

"Hot cross buns on Good Friday?"

"No," said Katie, her face sobering; "when I was very little I used to call Good Friday, 'Hot-cross-bun-day' in my heart of hearts; so now I don't like the custom."

"You think those nice currant buns are rather too much of a 'development' from the meagre cake baked in the ashes to which our medieval ancestors treated themselves. But you ought to leave out the Shrove Tuesday pancakes too."

"Ought I? Why?" asked Katie, with a rather pathetic intonation.

"Because you don't fast in Lent, and have no right to extra good things the day before."

"Well, plum-pudding is consistent at any rate," and she peeped into the crock, putting both little hands upon it.

"That's right," said Cecil, slipping his disengaged arm round her waist. "Stay here and keep it steady."

A few moments of silence.

"Is Jim really going to London after the holidays?" young Meddows asked, presently.

Kate sighed, "I expect so."

"Your father should not let him!" He spoke so decidedly that her brown eyes widened with astonishment.

"Why, Cecil, what *do* you mean?"

The good-hearted fellow blushed, and Katie went on, hurriedly:

"Of course I know that poor Jim is inclined to drink too much; but he does it *very* seldom."

"Because he is ashamed of doing it where he is known, and is thoroughly afraid of his father. But I have seen enough of him on the Avondale market-days to arrive at a very definite opinion about poor Jim. Once away from home, he will go straight to the devil—pardon the expression, dear, for it is sober truth."

"Oh, Cecil!" cried the sister in a half-smothered voice, making a little instinctive movement to get away from her lover's encircling arm, which he, full of his subject, hardly felt.

"Of course you are surprised, but what *do* girls generally know about their brothers' habits? I've kept Jim from making a brute of himself at Avondale time and again. Then, his head is so weak, a very little upsets him; and it's weak in another way, too; he is what the people about here call 'easy led'—any one can twist him round their finger. No, he ought to be kept at home until a wife can be found for him—some managing, capable woman, who will stand no nonsense. He's just the sort of man to be happy with a strong-minded wife, kind but firm—"

Unconsciously, Cecil was allowing the contempt, which he really felt for his future brother-in-law, to come out in phrase and accent. With a man's obtuseness, he did not notice the effect he was producing upon Kate, till she suddenly burst away from him, with flaming cheeks and flashing eyes.

"Don't say another word," she panted. "No one shall talk to me about my darling old Jim in that heartless way. If all this is true, what becomes of his prospects? He can't be a farmer; he hates the life. Law is what he likes, and there is no opening for that in Avondale. How can we keep him at home when these bad seasons have made papa so poor? As for *marriage*" with a contemptuous emphasis on the word—"he won't have the means to warrant *that* for years and years."

"Rich wife," interpolated Cecil.

Kate seemed actually to grow taller at the suggestion.

"No, Mr. Meddows; that is *not* my brother's nature. Spare him your contempt on that head, at least."

It is sometimes a misfortune for lovers to be very much at home with each other. This pair had had their little fights in days long ago, as they toddled together up the hilly village street from Miss Ayton's select school. Cecil, at present, felt more injured than concerned, and a little bewildered—a not uncommon state of the male mind after an unexpected feminine attack.

"Well, Katie, you may think I talk like a fool, but Jim will be a mere sot if left to himself. It's no use quarrelling with me about it. I spoke for the best."

"But how did you speak?—so sneeringly," said the girl, trembling. Then she broke down, and began to sob.

Vexation and love struggled in her companion's breast. For one instant the former triumphed, and he turned sulkily away. That momentary hesitation changed the future of two lives. The door opened; a slender, dark young man entered the kitchen, and Katie threw herself impetuously into his arms.

"My dear, darling old Jim!"

James Appleby was short as well as slender. Regular features, large pensive brown eyes, a low, square forehead, and waving dark hair of silky fineness, produced a poetic *ensemble*. Indeed, "poor Jim" was a poet in a small way; he wrote charming *vers de société* for the Tory county paper. The ruddy young farmers, his neighbors, did not like him—not, I hasten to explain, on account of the little weakness which formed the theme of the foregoing conversation, but because they thought him womanish. Certainly he excelled in no one field sport, and displayed nothing of that reckless hardihood on slight occasions—the bubbling over of superabundant physical courage—which is very attractive, though not always commendable.

"What is the matter, Cecil?" asked the subject of these remarks, an angry gleam in his eyes. "What has gone wrong?"

"Never mind him," sobbed the girl. "I love *you*." And she wrapped her arms round him in a way that was unconsciously maternal and protecting.

Had Cecil Meddows been witnessing this scene on the stage, he would have comprehended the womanly loyalty which underlay his betrothed's unprovoked attack on himself. As things were, he merely felt intensely annoyed, and hastily caught up his hat.

"I seem to be *de trop* here," he said, bitterly. "Come, Ponto, old boy. Good-night. Merry Christmas to all the family."

CHAPTER II.

"Here's a letter from yond poor girl."

—*Shakspeare.*

Though second thoughts are best, they are also apt to be unpleasant; and Cecil Meddows, reviewing last night's quarrel while he ate his Christmas breakfast, was not to be envied. His sister Sarah, who kept house for him, had gone off to the curate's "early celebration."

Breakfast over, he lounged to the window, just in time to see Miss Meddows open the garden gate. She came tripping daintily up the snowy gravel walk, smiling significantly at him, and waving a small white envelope.

This young person is very pretty; her fair face being a softened and sprightly likeness of Cecil's. She has a thoroughly satisfactory figure, supple and rounded. She is not the sort of woman to shrivel up in middle life. Velvets, satins, and rich furs might be wisely lavished on her at any age, and she would be always introduced as "my wife," with a little thrill of pride. She is decided in all her ways, heartily affectionate, yet not what is called sentimental.

"Don't you want it very much?" she cried, saucily, as she passed the widow. So Cecil knew who had penned the little *billet* before his sister gave it to him, with the remark that Katie had slipped it into her hand as she passed the Applebys' pew.

Ponto walked solemnly in behind his mistress, and when, after removing her wrappings, she drew a hassock in front of the fire, she found him established snugly, his fore paws resting on the fender and himself looking taller than life.

Cecil read the letter in silence and with a gathering frown. Then he walked slowly to the fireside, and flung himself into an easy chair. "See here, Sallie," he began abruptly. "I suppose she said nothing?"

"No," replied his sister, smiling roguishly up at him over Ponto's head. "But I saw there was something wrong. Have you two quarrelled?"

"Quarrelled! The whole thing is ridiculous, and I want you to attend to me seriously." And he told her the story, concluding—

"So who should come in that moment but the young gentleman himself."

"James?" said the girl, quickly. "He didn't hear his name mentioned?"

"No, it seems not. Now listen."

"Dear Cecil:—I am very sorry we quarrelled last night, and yet I am glad too, for dear Jim's sake; but please don't be angry with me when you read the reason. I feel quite sure that if he could have me with him in London, none of what you fear would happen. Dearest Cecil; let us both make a little sacrifice. Jim thinks we have quarrelled quite seriously, but he does not know why. Suppose we pretend to break off the

engagement. Then I shall have a good excuse to ask mama to let me go with Jim for change of season, and neither he nor any one will guess the real reason." After all, the delay to us is a very small price for the salvation of that poor darling's whole life. I do hope you will agree. Please write to me to-day.

"Your loving KATE."

"Now, Sallie, what do you think of that? Does it read like a sensible letter, or like an extract from a third-rate novel?"

His sister sat silent, looking into the fire. Her chin was thrown a little back, and her lips were set firmly.

"Sallie!" repeated the young man, impatiently.

"I'm thinking," she answered, not turning her head.

"I know what I think—that it looks as if she cares a good deal more for that milk-sop than she does for me. She is quite willing to parade me before the parish in either a contemptible or brutal character—either as jilted or jilt—merely to furnish an excuse for devoting herself to him. By Jove, it's not the treatment one expects from a promised wife: it's really not a justifiable proposal from her."

He stopped suddenly. Sarah was contemplating him with a quizzically good-natured expression.

"Cecil; don't be foolish. You fall in love with the most romantic, self-sacrificing girl in the neighborhood, and then are astonished and vexed when she acts out her character. Look at this note of hers; is that trembling hand like Katie's usual neat pretty writing? I only wish you had seen her utterly miserable little face in church this morning. The dear child's imagination is idyllic, not dramatic; and she has forgotten to think how her plan will look to outsiders—she only feels that James must be saved if possible."

Cecil's vanity was gratified by this picture. "Jim is not worth so much feeling," he said. "Well, Sallie, what shall I do? I mean, how can I refuse to agree in the pleasantest way?"

you know.

"I don't know yet. Let me put on my thinking cap while you smoke a cigar."

So the young man departed; and his sister plunged again into meditation.

CHAPTER III.

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

James discreetly refrained from mentioning the lovers' quarrel he had interrupted to any others of the family; so when the Applebys and Med-

dows came out of church after the eleven o'clock service, they joined forces as a matter of course. Equally as a matter of course, Cecil soon fell behind with Katie.

He agreed to meet her wishes; only he refused to have the Christmas holidays spoiled.

"Wait till the Twelfth Night, Katie, and then you may send me to the right-about," he said—rather more cheerfully than the little maiden relished.

Sarah had advised him to be thus amiable, promising in return to persuade Katie out of her romantic notion before the holidays were over. The girls were fast friends; Cecil always felt unbounded faith in his sister's tact and judgment; so he trustingly consented.

The days went by; each evening bringing its gay party, some given by friends in the village, others at lonely dairy farms among the distant meadows. No party was considered complete without Cecil and his sister. Though the former was pledged to throw himself away on Katie Appleby, a daughter of the poorest "gentleman farmer" in the parish, he remained a most agreeable young fellow; while Sarah, rich, pretty, and so far not to be won, was a coveted prize.

During the week, Cecil, several times asked his ally if she had forgotten her promise. She would blush and smile brilliantly, merely telling him to be patient. At last came New Year's Eve, which was to be celebrated by a dance at the Applebys; a festive farewell to 1879 and welcome to 1880.

Carefully, daintily, with a certain tender triumph, Sarah prepared for this party. Ever since Christmas morning, her heart had been full of a sweet purpose, and to-night would see its fulfillment.

"You look like a bride, Sallie," exclaimed her brother, when she joined him in a white tarlatan dress and gold ornaments, which matched her glittering braids. There were but two sombre bits of color in the whole costume, a wreath of dusky ivy leaves trimmed with rich purple Russian violets, and a similar cluster at her bosom.

One reason why holiday gatherings are especially enjoyed by country people, is that the masculine element, usually so scanty, is then more fully supplied. It was to-night.

The rectory party included three sons home from Winchester; the senior village doctor's daughters came with their brother, and the young surgeon brought a medical chum, who had run down to spend Christmas with him, and who proved himself a better dancer than even James Appleby. But Jim was the best-looking man in the room of his own style; and Katie's eyes often followed him with sisterly pride. The poor little thing felt very dull. She wondered at her lover's air of unclouded enjoyment. Could their coming estrangement be no pain to him?

Miss Meddows was the belle of the evening, and quite beset by would-be partners. James Appleby, like the perfect host he was, devoted himself to less popular young ladies; and it was nearly supper time when he came to ask her for a dance.

She looked up with a very sunny glance. "Suppose I give you the one just after supper, the first dance of the New Year?"

"That is a charming fancy," he said, and then left her, almost abruptly.

The sweet New Year chimes were ringing out from the church steeple when the first quadrille after supper was being formed; and the boundary line between old and new had been passed before the "grand chain" was finished.

"We have danced into 1880," said Sarah, thoughtfully. "How sweet the dear old bells sound. Let us go to the library, James; I want to hear them more clearly."

The library was unlit save by a dying fire. James stirred the embers, and little flames began to leap among them. Sarah stood at the window, listening to the chimes.

The young man presently followed her, and began, in a very musical voice:

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,

The flying cloud, the frosty light:

The year is dying in the night:

Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,

Ring, happy bells, across the snow:

The year is going—let him go;

Ring out the false, ring in the true."

"Ring in the true," she repeated, softly; and then a little quiver in her voice. "I wish they would ring in the true for us, James."

"You wish—*what*?" said Jim, with the marked emphasis of extreme surprise.

Sarah glanced at him standing there, good-looking and bewildered, and a sparkle of fun flashed in her bright eyes. She had been blushing, but now she began to laugh; she turned away, hiding her face playfully.

"Oh, Jim! I wish you had a little more conceit, or not so much pride, and then you would not force me to avail myself of—of—leap year! There now, perhaps you are shocked."

He caught her in his arms, "My beautiful, generous darling! This is too good to be true."

* * * * *

Half an hour later Katie went into the library. Her depression was approaching the crying point, and she wanted a few minutes quiet. She soon rejoined the dancers, looking so radiantly happy that Cecil noticed it, and hoped that Sarah had performed her promise.

* * * * *

In the early New Year there was a double wedding. Mr. and Mrs. James Appleby are settled in a very pleasant little house at South Kensington, that attractive region of the British

Babylon. The former pursues his legal studies very diligently, and both of them are quite interested in the temperance cause.

Was Sallie's line of action very unmaidenly? Suppose that James loved her, and that she knew it; suppose she also knew that, being both poor and proud, he would go away without speaking, when probably Cecil's predictions would be fulfilled—for her love did not blind her to their well-grounded character? I imagine the case stands thus, and I ask with confidence—was it, or was it not, a justifiable proposal?

THE BLIND PAUPER.

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

There in the slanting yellow sun,
That gleameth down from bluest skies,
The pauper by the sick ward's door,
Sits with his sightless eyes.

Before him lie the free, glad woods,
And in Spring's ever-varied green,
With sunshine gilding oak and elm,
And feathery fern between.

The summer wind comes murmuring soft
Through waving boughs and leafy screen,
Wild lilies shake their sweet, white bells
In many a nook unseen.

Blue hyacinths as a carpet lie
Beneath the wandering feet that pass
Uprising like a colored mist
Amid the tangled grass.

The blackbird pours his joyous lay,
The cuckoo's welcome note is heard,
And dim through many a weary heart
Soft memories are stirred.

Echoes of far back blooming Springs,
When life had light and laughing tread,
Ere Autumn rain had marred the flowers,
And youth and hope lay dead.

Yet there the blind old pauper sits,
Within the dreary workhouse gate;
Oh, what a struggling thing is life
With poverty for mate!

Oh, what a shadow'd mist must fall,
What gloom and darkness come between
The mind, when Nature's sun-lit face
Is never felt nor seen!

What does he think as he sits there?
Do floating fancies come and go?
Does e'er the warmth of the golden sun
Light up the long ago?

Or have brain and heart alike grown numb'd
With frost of age and chill of pain,
Till ne'er the dreams of the vanished past
Or its shadows come again.

Who knows had he songs that were lacking words?
Music, alas! but no skill to play?

Does he joy in the thought that soon must set
The sun on this laughing day?

Does he see afar with his sightless eyes,
A land where falleth no shade of night,
Where sorrows and gloom that puzzle now
Are chased by eternal light?

A SUMMER'S ROMANCE.

NEWPORT, July 1.

"My Dear Marjorie:—We three, Peterkin, you and I, must keep together, mustn't we? even if our houses in town are all shut up, and we with our trunks, are scattered about—I at Newport, you at Saratoga, and Peterkin in Conway, I suppose, by this time.

"Poor little Ruth Tompkins is *down East*—(sounds common, doesn't it?) She has got some relations down there that she doesn't know much about, but it makes it convenient to have them in the summer, because they have quite a beautiful place in spite of their name—Jones (common enough, isn't it?) and the Tompkinses are not very well off, you know. I shan't write to Ruth, because there can't be anything very interesting going on in Maine for her to tell me, and I want to write to you and Peterkin. We will send each other each other's letters, won't we? And now for my letter.

"I haven't had time to be a belle yet, but I think very likely I shall be before the season is over, as father expects me to be; for he thinks I am a great deal more attractive than I really am, and is so proud of me that he expects everybody else will be. Mother laughs at the idea of my being a belle; but I know mother dear, and am sure that she really expects it in her heart as well as father.

"You know I always tell *you* everything; and now I must tell you something else that is very exciting, and well worth telling.

"You remember my very prettiest new white dress, with the half-short sleeves, and the very peculiar shade of white ribbon made up into such exquisite bows, with a little pink clover blossom peeping out here and there. It was *so* pretty, wasn't it?

"Well, if you will believe it, that dress can't be found high nor low! Mother and Jane and I are all sure that we brought it, because when we unpacked, mother said, 'You must acknowledge, my dear Josie, that I was right about this dress—it is so very suitable and stylish, without the trimming you wanted added to it.' And I said that it was uncommonly pretty, I must confess, and it looked real sweet-sixteenth, and I was satisfied with anything that looked like myself. (I wish I could never be anything but sweet-sixteen—it's just like spring I like so much—I hate autumn.)

"Well, the dress was put in the closet on a high broad shelf to keep it by itself, for fear of its being mussed (I don't know if you can find that word in the dictionary or not, but it doesn't matter as long as it just the word I want) but if you will believe it, that dress has not been seen since! I wanted to wear it one evening after hearing a dear old lady I have met here say that

nothing was so becoming to a sweet-faced girl as simple white, and I know she was thinking I had a sweet face, for she looked at me as if she thought so, and I am sure she didn't like the fine, fussy dress I had on at the time.

"I am so fond of the dear old lady (she has the loveliest white hair and friendly eyes) and so I thought I would wear my pretty white dress to see if it would please her. But it was gone!

"We didn't know what to do about it, because the only one who would know where it had been put is such a good, ladylike creature that we couldn't possibly suspect her; and we couldn't talk about it with any one in the house, for fear of exciting some suspicion against her, and the dress wasn't worth that, when we know Jane to be as honest as the sun (I wonder why this is always said? as if the sun was particularly honest).

"We are awfully puzzled about it, but really can't do anything on account of Jane, who seems to me to be worrying over it, as if some blame might fall upon her. But mother and I take great pains to talk before her just as if it was a great mystery that *no one* could solve. Jane is almost as great a mystery herself. She has a really intellectual face, and the quietest, most graceful manners. She looks as much like a real lady as mother does, even in her great deal plainer clothes. (I've made up my mind that fine clothes do not hide people who are really common, and that real people shine through cheap things.)

"But I must close now, as father is ready to take us out driving.

"Good-bye, darling; I love you *ever so much*. "JOSIE."

Jane sat listless at her sewing. The graceful figure of the lady's-maid drooped like a lily at too much heat scorching its life-blood. There was, indeed, a great fire coursing through the poor girl's veins. It was an anger so deep and terrible that it seemed unnatural that there should be no sign of it upon her face. If her eyes had not been bent upon her work, there might have been some evidence in them of the feeling within. But still that might have been of passion, rather than of sorrowful tears. Oh, how she was hating some one! Knowing it was wrong—even a deadly sin—but so uncontrollable that all Christian precepts seemed to be wiped out from her memory. She could not forgive the evidence of the meanest, the most despicable of weaknesses in a woman's soul. It was a woman she hated, a young and pretty woman, and, in spite of everything rebellious, angry in her heart, still very dear to Jane.

The poor, disconsolate, and lonely lady's-maid! Piteous even to herself in her constant cry "I hate her, I hate her!" And seeing always before her, in tormenting contrast to her disgust, a sweet, childish face she could take to her bosom and

cry over, even while the cry was the same, "I hate her! I hate her!" It was not really the woman she hated after all, but the sin—the shameful sin. Then she was called to arrange her mistress's hair, and choking down the struggle going on within her, she quietly arose and appeared before Mrs. Sutherland, with the quiet expression upon her face which concealed all that Jane was suffering.

And so we all live two lives—one of the real, and the other of the apparent self. We have a side which is genuine, turned toward the All-seeing Eye; and we have a side which is sometimes unconsciously false, turned toward the gaze of the world. Not one human being is wise enough to read the book of the inner life written daily by the experience of the friend walking by his side. And it is well that this Book of Life has "seven seals" to keep it secret from prying eyes. We are alone there, with our Lord.

It would be amusing, if not so serious a matter, to watch worldly people closely, and see how far from the truth they judge even of that which is turned toward them, and sometimes is quite transparent to a finer perception. It depends a good deal, after all, upon the character of the looker-on, how fine or how imperfect other characters appear. Mrs. Sutherland was quite a wise, good woman, but she made a mistake in her judgment when she saw in the glass the reflection of that quiet face, and said to herself, "If every one had such a peaceful expression as Jane, the humble girl who lives apparently without care or trouble, how lovely would all the women be who fill the parlors of this grand hotel." She marvelously failed in her judgment, with the rest of us.

As the girl went back to her sewing after assisting her mistress to dress, the same quiet expression remained, while the lady went down to mingle with the crowd which did not hate meanness, and the most despicable of womanly weaknesses, and therefore could not realize the grandeur of the storm, which could be known only to such a hater as the lady's maid, sitting closely at her work.

The gay ladies might know something of summer showers, some sharp lightning and some heavy thunder, perhaps, but Jane's horror of evil brought to her sensitive soul a tempest that threatened to overwhelm her little universe.

"SARATOGA, July 5.

"My Dear Josie:—I sent your letter to Peterkin (I can't think of the gay little thing by any other name, and yet I don't see why we always thought of calling her so, and all think it so much more suitable than Mary. But 'Mary' seems a holy name to me, does it to you?) And now I sit down to write you about my experience in this gay place.

"There are a great many people here for their

health who don't look sick; as the waters here are a very fashionable medicine, I suppose it is necessary to be fashionably sick.

"It is very curious to see how much some of the invalids dress.

"The best thing here (to me) is the music. We had a lovely concert the other evening, and when 'Yankee Doodle' was played we had red, white and blue lights to accompany it, and there was such applause. I felt more like crying to myself than making a noise, for somehow anything like that and the flag just makes me want to be better than I am—it is so beautiful to have a country—don't you feel so? It seems to take right hold of my heart when I see a war-flag all in tatters, and imagine the bravery of carrying it, and of defending it. I am a dreadful coward, but I do believe I would carry a flag straight through the enemy's ranks—but oh! Josie, I am afraid after all that I should be able to do it better if it were a flying enemy, for I *am* such a coward that it is so much easier to write about a thing than to do it. But really, Josie, it seems to me that I wouldn't marry a man who hadn't a soul full of the patriotism.

"It is really very singular that you have 'a dear old lady' in Newport, and I have 'a dear old gentleman' in Saratoga, and my dear old gentleman has white hair too, and the most 'friendly eyes.' He is just as good to me as he can be, and now I have a regular time for reading to him under a great tree near the house.

"It is a lovely place; and he has a great chair taken out to him every morning, and I sit on a pretty seat he had made for me—I read until we are both tired, and then he hands out delicious bon-bons, and there we sit and chat over them for a time longer. I am getting to love him almost as much as dear Uncle John, (and you know how fond I am of him). He never says silly things to me, and yet makes me feel as if I was a sunshiny comfort to him (as I heard him say some one else was to a friend of his).

"He is an old friend of papa's, and has seen a great deal of trouble, which has left him all alone in the world. He has crowds of relations, to be sure, who try to have him keep near them, on account of his will. Papa said the other day (not as a joke, for papa never jokes, you know, he's always dreadful serious), 'Mr. Leslie seems to have a relation to every dollar he owns. I wonder the man is not half crazy with the extent of his family tree.'

"The way I came to know this dear old gentleman was that he heard me reading on the piazza one day, and he asked permission to sit with us and listen. And he seemed to enjoy it so much, that after this we made a regular reading-time for him, and mamma comes when she feels like it.

"His dear old eyes are rather poor, and he

just lies off in his big chair, and is so fine-looking that he makes a very nice picture all by himself. I heard some one who went by say to his companion, in almost too loud a tone, 'Isn't that a pretty scene, Tom? That splendid old gentleman, and that—' but it's no matter what he said about me—I should have liked it better if he hadn't meant I should hear it. Mr. Leslie was delighted, and said in his kind, earnest way, 'My dear little girl, it *is* a lovely scene, and you needn't seem so disturbed at the pretty figure you make in it. I don't feel at all troubled at the splendid old gentleman, and why should you frown, my dear, upon your passing admirer, or coloring the picture with your bright youth and grace. Some have thought that you were my grand-child, my dear, because I am so fond of you—but I only had one child, and he went away from me long ago, my dear, long ago, and was lost to me in this wide world. Perhaps in a better country I may find him again, for I do not believe now he was an evil lad, only too careless and independent to submit to good healthful laws—he wanted to be free of everything and everybody but himself. And he was not the wisest person to be dependent upon.

"But wherever he is, I believe he is wiser now; and he never can be separated from his loving father for all eternity—oh no! I shall see him again, I am sure, and we shall live together, because we shall alike love good better than evil.

"He said it all so slowly, and with such solemn earnestness, that I remember almost every word, and wrote the sentences down when I got back to the house, because I was so impressed by them.

"Papa says that Mr. Leslie never talks of his son to any one, and it was very remarkable that he should speak of him to me. But I think he was very glad that he did, because I couldn't help putting my two hands in his, and saying: 'I am very young, and know but very little, but I am quite sure that *your* son must come to goodness and you some day.'

"He answered with tears in his eyes. 'Kiss me, my dear.'

"And I kissed him. And as I left him to go into the house, I saw a sweet smile about his mouth; and I am sure that it blessed me as I went out of his sight.

"But I must close now, my dear Josie, as dinner is about to be served.

"Hoping that the mystery of your dress will be cleared up very soon,

"I am yours as ever,

"MARJORIE BLAKE."

Alone, in his apartment, Mr. Leslie thought over, with a tenderness equal to that of the girl's own father, the wonderfully developed character and loveliness of his young favorite. The tones

of her voice still lingered in his ears; and the rare sympathy she had so delicately displayed, made her dearer than ever to his lonely heart. "I wonder less than ever that I am so fond of the child," he repeated to himself over and over again. "Was there ever a greater promise of a pure and beautiful womanhood? How she shines in the crowd of gay young ladies around her! Yes, shines, without a ray of what is called shining about her dress or manners. I cannot compare her with anything or anybody, for I am tired of all comparisons possible to be used with regard to her. She is *herself*, and that is enough for me, and for some younger men, too, I surmise from what I see, although she does not seem to realize her power over them."

"How quickly she will leave her followers if I seem to need her! Bless her; that she should love to make the dreary life of an old man happy by the gift of her companionship!"

"I am glad she does not know how rich I am, although I cannot think it would make any real difference between us. She has such a regard for money, that she seems to have undue respect for the man who has it; and if she knew about my millions, she might not be so free with me."

"Her father said that she wondered the other day what a tenth of my income would amount to—if it would be a thousand dollars! It seems she believes in the old tithing system, and thinks only of a man's means by the tenth he can give in charity. And so the more income the more he can give, and the greater respect for the man who can give it. When she is twenty years old, I mean to settle some thousands upon that girl, and see if she will carry out her principles—it will be an easy way for me to be charitable, besides. Young men set their hearts upon women, and say that if they should prove unworthy, etc., that they would never believe in the sex again. But here am I, an old man, who, without the poetry or enthusiasm of youth, is putting his trust in a young and inexperienced girl, declaring that if she should prove to be anything but that she promises to be, there would be a loss again of hope in anything as when that poor dear boy went his own way."

"CONWAY, July 8.

"My Dear Old Mary:—We've been having the loveliest time! Up the mountain and down the mountain; a dinner here and a supper there; stared at by passing people at one hotel, and then by croquet people at another.

"Oh, how I should like it, if I could always be having such a variety! That must be the trouble of getting married, I should think—never having any change. I should about die to sit down in the house forever, with my husband, and the same things to do day after day, and year after year. I could get along with my husband, if he would only take me about, and not

keep me pent up in one place all the time. We have settled down in Conway, now, and I know I shall be homesick very soon."

"The fact is, Josie, that the moment we settle down anywhere, I begin to think that New York is a great deal pleasanter, even in summer. It is always very cool on the shady side of the street, and there is always a great variety there. I don't think drinking the water of the springs, or sitting down in the pure air of the mountains, that people think of enjoying every season, is half as interesting as going down to May's, where there is such an endless amount of things to be seen, and always tempting, because they are so cheap."

"And, besides this, I really don't like this eating at big tables, with the servants tramping around, and strangers watching what you order, or examining what you have on."

"I tell mother that our own little cozy table at home, with just enough things on it to eat, and so we can have something different every day, is a great deal pleasanter to me than all this flourish and bills of fare."

"And besides, you always have to look neat here. I am so bothered about my hair—now, when I am in New York, I put on my hat and travel down town to stay as long as I please; and when I come home, I give my hair a little smoothing down, and nobody stares at it if it isn't just right."

"There is one thing here in which we are all very much interested, and that is a little child-of-a-bride who has a poor artist for a husband. They have one of the smallest rooms in the house, close to the roof, but they seem to live on nothing but poetry. They start off together early in the morning, and are gone nearly all day. I suppose they must take something to eat with them, for nature can't feed them as it feeds the cows."

"We came across them the other day in a very lovely place, she fast asleep upon a shawl under a tree, and he sketching away very industriously. He looked very contented at this way of doing all the work of the family, while the wife took things easy. She really looks as if she could do nothing to help. He waits upon her and cares for her as if she was really the child she seems to be. I believe she is really almost twenty years old, but *such* a child in looks and manners."

"But now comes the strangest thing! He brought her into the parlor the other evening with the very plain purpose of showing off her curious beauty. She is so different from any one I ever saw—so very sweet and bright—yet saying and doing things that only an innocent child would think of. She doesn't seem to think that anything is wrong, or impolite, that there really is no harm in. She actually kissed her husband the other day before a dozen people, because he said something that pleased her, as was very evi-

dent. Only think of being as natural as that before twelve people!

"But I am coming to the real point. We all could see that she was dressed in her wedding dress; for she had a little bunch of wax orange-blossoms in her hair, and another at her breast, and her white kid gloves (we had a hop that night) were just a *little* soiled, as if they had been worn before. And now, be deeply interested! The wedding-dress was such a twin to Josie's lost white muslin that you couldn't tell them apart! I was with you, you know, when we called to see Josie just before she left New York, and we liked the dress so much as Josie was folding it to put in the trunk.

"I don't see how she could have had her dress made by Madame Harteur, for she asks *such* prices, and no one else makes the kind of bows she does. I don't like to say anything to Josie about it, and I haven't mentioned it to any one but you. What *can* it mean? How *can* we suspect anything?

"But, good-bye now. I mean to get back to dear, lively New York as soon as I can.

"I adore you,"

"PETERKIN, *née* MARY INGERSOLL."

Good, strong, intelligent! Geoffrey Hughes, sat daily at his easel, earning his bread and butter by the kind aid of nature, besides satisfying his own hunger and thirst for the poetry it furnished. His one weakness, if so it might be called, was his loving satisfaction in the possession of the child-like wife, who, as Peterkin had written of her, "looked as if she could do nothing to help."

He had always loved children dearly, and all his affection was now centered upon his one pet darling. What did he want of a full-grown housekeeper, when he had no house to be master of? And what did he want of a learned lady for a wife, when he didn't care for society, and they two could talk together in their one language more satisfactorily than in anything foreign. His white clover-blossom, lying there upon the grass, was just such as she should be, all fairness and sweetness; as natural as the title he had given her, and with no more aspiration to be higher or grander than the flower of the field.

All the mistakes that she ever made were from childish ignorance—and was not this better, oh! so much better, than the evil sayings and doings of some of the so-called high-toned and highly cultured? The Sorosis circles ought to hear his Bessie talk to the birds in their own sweet tones, and know what she knew of the secret stories of heaven and earth. She had told him—a Harvard graduate—things of which he had not dreamed. They might have been of her own innocent dreaming, but they were full of nature's voices and smiles, and might be true. They were to her. Bessie had been reading "Sir Gibbie" aloud to her husband, stumbling over the Scotch

in placid unconcern about her listener's understanding of what she read; and finally had, like a wearied child, shut the book, and without a word of apology (so useless, when Geoffrey always wanted her to do just as she pleased) turned her sweet face to the grass, and on that pillow, warmed by the sun, had gone quietly to sleep.

Geoffrey was content to go on with his work, watching from time to time for the awakening smile which was as guileless and sweet to him as a baby's awakening smile to a mother's eyes.

"NEWPORT, July 20.

"My Dear Marjorie:—I am glad that you thought it best to let me see Peterkin's letter about my dress—I know it's mine—but I can't find out if Jane knows anything about it, or not. I read the letter aloud to mother right before her, and tried to see how she looked, without looking at her so that she should not think I was watching her. I noticed that her eyes were very bright, and her face just a *little* changed by the movement of her mouth, which looked to me as if it muttered something behind, but wouldn't let it out. I may have fancied every bit of it, though.

"I do wish I could find out about the dress, for I want it, and it looks as if the season would be over before I can show it. Isn't it a mystery? But I like mysteries, and wish we had more of them to keep us excited.

"I have written to Peterkin to manage to say something suddenly when that wicked creature is near, about 'a strange affair of a friend of mine,' and see if she starts suddenly; that will be a sign of guilt, you know.

"In a great hurry, but awfully affectionately,
"JOSIE."

"CONWAY, July 27.

"My Dear Josie:—I did as you asked me, with my usual wonderful tact, but there was no result. Mrs. Hughes was standing by me on one side, and Kate Beecher on the other. I said *suddenly* to Kate (as you requested) 'A very queer thing happened to a friend of mine in Newport; she had a lovely white muslin dress, and it has disappeared; it cannot be found anywhere.' 'It cannot be found?' Mrs. Hughes said, without the least bit of a start, but with quite an earnest expression in her large, soft eyes. I couldn't discover a sign of guilt about her. She repeated the words, 'it cannot be found?' as if it were a very strange thing, but there wasn't the least sign of being conscience-stricken in the tone of her voice, or in her earnest look.

"I am off for a horse-back-ride, so good-bye, dear.
PETERKIN."

There was a sensation among the Sutherlands at Newport. A telegram had been received engaging rooms, if possible, in the same hotel. A family had just left; so, fortunately, there was room. They were to be expected to-morrow, Marjorie, "dear old gentleman," and all.

Josie was delighted, but Marjorie's dear old gentleman could never equal her own dear old lady—*never!*

There could be no comparison between them, as Josie soon learned; the dear old gentleman was devoted to Marjorie, and did not seem to be very much impressed with Josie, so he could not be distinguished from other people in her eyes; whereas, the dear old lady liked Josie for some very excellent qualities she had yet in embryo, and, without being devoted to her, gained her good-will and confidence, as she did very generally, because she loved humanity, and wanted to help it up toward the Divine.

But what an interesting fact that the two dear old people had been friends for dozens of years! And Mr. Leslie had actually come to Newport at the call of Mrs. Scott, with whom it was said he had a long and confidential conversation at once; and from this interview had come away in a most remarkable mood.

Josie's curiosity was very much excited by the signs in his face when she met him at dinner, for they were of mixed joy and sadness. But Marjorie was the first one to learn from him that his old friend, Mrs. Scott, had been so struck with the appearance of the lady's maid, and her name—Jane Leslie—that she had tried to win her confidence, and had succeeded so wonderfully that she had sent for Mr. Leslie to come immediately to Newport, to hear about what she had learned.

"The girl's face," said Mr. Leslie to Marjorie, "had reminded my friend, Mrs. Scott, of an old, sad story; and that story, my dear little girl, was of my lost boy; and," he added, with slow and touching emphasis, "he found two living children to claim the poor remnant of my love; and their father—*dead!*"

After a pause, he said, with grateful recognition of the comforting clasp of the girl's hands, and the unasked-for kiss upon his forehead, "I was sure he must be dead, and now I know it from his daughter's lips, and there is no more hope that we shall meet again upon the earth. But—" and here his voice became almost tremulous with joy; "he has gone like a child to his father's house. He was good and true at the last, thank God! thank God! His earthly father was not in his thoughts when he died, but his heavenly; and his mother, too, gone before to receive him. He saw her at the very last, and exclaimed, with a wonderful strength, 'My mother! I see her!' and then he died, smiling into her angel-face, as I believe with all my soul.

"I never understood him so well as now. I never judged him for what might be *behind* the nature that troubled me. I took what I saw for the real man, and treated him as if there would be nothing better out of sight; and so I hindered him, instead of helping him. Forgive me, Lord,

for doubting *Thy* presence in the weakest of human souls; and my boy was not the weakest—only going his own way, and thinking it better than his father's."

The half-blind eyes were full of tears now, while his voice was no longer tremulous as he ended with, "I am so glad for him that he is free now to live his better nature; and I am glad for myself, because now, perhaps, we shall be together in living for what is really true and good."

Marjorie afterward learned how the English wife had died suddenly upon the steamer in which she was bringing her children to America, and that the eldest, with her father's pride, and perhaps a false independence born of him, had determined to support herself and little sister by her natural skill in everything that hand could do.

Marjorie's dear old lady had seen a look of Harry Leslie's in the face of Jane, the lady's maid—a look of calm indifference, behind which were signs, to a sharp-eyed watcher, of struggle and painful work. And the result was that Mr. Leslie, the millionaire, hastened to claim his granddaughters as heirs of their father's love which he had stored up for them, as well as of the wealth which they would now inherit.

We need not depict the opening of the interview between the lady's maid of Mrs. Sutherland, and her delighted grandfather. It is only necessary to allude to Jane's emotion after the first half-tearful, half-joyful talk was over. There came over her face a look that ended in a sudden burst of tears; and when she could speak she exclaimed, with passionate emphasis, from a feeling which she thought was hate, but which was really from strong, wounded love:

"But Bessie, dear grandfather, she is a shame and reproach to both of us! Such a shame, that I feel sometimes as if I never could survive it. And, oh! it makes all that you think you have found, a dreadful loss to you—such a loss!" And hysterical sobs followed in quick succession, as if they could never cease. The long pent-up troubles of her heart had burst the bonds of prudence and false appearances with which she had bound herself; and the whole torrent broke forth, all the more ungovernable for the long confinement and accumulated force.

Her grandfather tenderly soothed her, although he wisely made no attempt to understand her troubles; and it was not long before the whole truth came out.

The little sister, so childishly indifferent to the ways and sayings of the world, and utterly thoughtless when a certain result was to be reached, had become a "liar and—and—and—a thief"—here another hysterical burst, and after a time more passionate words—"a *liar* and a *thief*, and all because she would look prettier than ever on her wedding day!"

"Those are pretty hard terms to use," said Mr. Leslie, a little sternly; "can you prove their application to your younger sister?"

"Oh yes, oh yes," replied Jane, more grieved than ever, at Mr. Leslie's tone of condemnation, after all that she had suffered alone; "she has proved it herself to a friend of Miss Sutherland, now in Conway, where Bessie boards. She wears the finery she has stolen, and has no shame in it."

"Try to be more calm, my dear Jane," said her grandfather, moved by her real wretchedness; "let me know the particulars, if you feel able to tell them."

"Bessie was engaged to a very good and talented young man," Jane now continued with greater calmness; "and I suddenly received information from them that they were to be married at once, on account of an order for a painting that would take Geoffrey away all summer. I went immediately to the house, only a short distance from here, where I boarded her with a devoted friend of ours, and there I found her smiling and happy in trying on her wedding-dress; and that dress, dear Mr. Leslie—my dear grandfather—was not her own—and she was smiling at herself in her beauty, at the cost of honesty. She told me it was her own—and I left her there before the glass, and have never seen her since."

And here the old anger surged back; and the old cry was ready to come from her lips, "I hate her, I hate her!" But the deep adoring love for her young charge called out in another voice, more true to the real nature of Jane—"I am so sorry, so grieved, so striving to shield her from the consequences of her sin."

Mr. Leslie at last proposed that they should send for Bessie, and give her a fresh opportunity to explain and defend herself, as it seemed that Jane had given her little time. He had learned a sad lesson from his treatment of his boy, and was eager now to have the child appear and give testimony to a better side of her folly.

"What did she say when you accused her of the theft?" asked the grandfather, earnestly, as if for a clue to Bessie's innocence rather than guilt.

"She declared she had taken a dress from the closet in Mrs. Sutherland's room, where she had seen me put it, but 'it was only for a pattern, you know,' and she was smiling all the while; while she said indifferently, 'I put it back again upon the shelf, and that's all about it, Jane—I wonder if Geoffrey will come in early this afternoon to see me in the wedding-dress, that Aunt Graves and I have made in such a hurry.' How could she be so pretty and so false!"

Mr. Leslie again requested she should send for her sister, and the interview ended, with the full conviction on the grandfather's part that Bessie

was innocent. His judgment was now quicker to excuse than condemn.

And before another week had passed, Bessie, with her husband, Jane, and Mr. Leslie, sat together like one family in the loving desire of the grandfather that peace might be brought to all.

Bessie's story was the same as before; told with childish earnestness, with frequent glances into her husband's face to catch the always confiding and tender smile there, but with no apparent anxiety to be understood by the other two.

The grandfather had taken her to his heart at once—she was to be the sunshine of his old age, for in her the innocence of her father was restored to him. *She* guilty of dishonesty, falsehood?—never! He knew her to be innocent the moment she told her story; and he wondered how Jane, with her devotion to the child, and her maturity of judgment, should be so firm against her, in trusting to appearances. And then a sharp pang of accusation shot through his own heart!

As Bessie had first told Jane, "she had taken back the dress." But now the particulars which Jane would not listen to at the time, were given in a very decided manner. "I took it back the very next evening, while the people were gone to dinner, and put it on the very shelf in the very closet. I wondered why I did not see you, Jane, but wanted to get back very soon, because I expected Geoffrey. I suppose I ought to have asked Miss Sutherland to let me take it a little while, but I thought you wouldn't like it, Jane, and I wanted the pattern so much—it was the prettiest dress I had ever seen, and I knew that Geoffrey would like it so much. You see I had just money enough to buy the material, and Aunt Graves gave me the ribbon, which she went all the way to New York for, and we copied the lovely bows *exactly*." And then the childish face was turned with a smile to her grandfather, and she asked, "*Was* there any harm in it, dear grandpapa?"

And the dear grandpapa had nothing but love and sympathy for the lovely child of his lost son. "Not a bit of harm, my darling, when you *meant* no harm, and I am *sure* you did not. But it is a little singular where the dress has gone. I propose that we adjourn to the drawing-room, and send word to the Sutherlands to meet us there. Then we will talk over the matter with them, and see what will be the result. If I did not thoroughly believe in our little Bessie, my dear Jane, it might be mortifying to confess her to be the first cause of this trouble; as it is, I will take upon myself the responsibility of setting the whole thing straight, which I am sure can be done."

"The interview was held, and the heiress of James Leslie, of California (with \$5,000,000 in pocket) could have no cause to complain of coldness, or of unjust judgment. Miss Josephine was

complimented that Miss Leslie had desired to copy her dress. She only regretted that she had shown a want of confidence in her willingness to lend it, etc., etc. But then the mystery of its disappearance was made no clearer by all this graciousness. (How, if Bessie Hughes had been merely the wife of a poor artist, and the sister of the lady's maid?)

It was finally proposed that the party should proceed to the rooms occupied by the Sutherland's, so that Bessie might designate the exact spot where she had placed the dress in returning it, and thus ascertain if any mistake could have been made. No, apparently not; for Bessie went immediately to the closet and pointed to the large upper shelf, where she deposited the dress by the dim light of the closed blind.

But, as they came out of the room into the hall, Bessie suddenly exclaimed, "Why, this door is just like yours, Mrs. Sutherland; perhaps I went in there," pointing to the adjoining room, which was exactly like the one they had just left.

"That has been occupied by a single gentleman ever since we came," said her sister Jane.

"But can't we go in?" asked Bessie, earnestly, "and let us be sure that I didn't make a mistake."

"The gentleman left this morning, you remember," said Josie Sutherland; "let us go in, if we can, to please Mrs. Hughes."

They tried the door, opened it, and Bessie went, with her light, quick step, straight to the closet so like the one in the adjoining room; and lo! upon the high wide shelf there was a large white bundle, with a towel lightly thrown across it, just as Jane had left the muslin dress. Bessie had it down in a moment, by springing to catch one end of the towel which hung within her reach; and the dainty thing came tumbling down—the lost dress, in its immaculate whiteness still, and without a wrinkle.

Bessie laughed aloud in her delight, and threw her arms about her sister's neck, exclaiming, with a kiss, "You dear old Jane—you cruel old judge—will you believe me now?"

Believe her! Oh, how gladly! And Jane drew the dear child close to her heart, and kissed her over and over again, asking her pardon for even calling her names in thought, and forgetting, in her gladness, what a childish whim it was that had led to all the trouble.

"If a woman had occupied this room," said Josie Sutherland, "my dress would not have lain on that shelf all this time," and they all laughed merrily over the placidity of the single gentleman, who allowed a mysterious bundle to lie on the upper shelf of his closet without investigation.

Then Bessie went up to her grandfather and kissed him, saying very gently, but with more feeling than she had yet shown, "Thank you, grandpapa."

She did not say for what, but he knew, and

Jane knew that it was for a trust beyond appearances.

There was a splendid private entertainment given by Mr. Leslie to the parties most interested in the above denouement, at which Miss Josie Sutherland and Mrs. Bessie Hughes appeared in their "twin dresses," around which floated the ghost of such strange memories. But the ghost was laid forever after being exposed to the light of that merry meeting. Miss Josie declared with a frankness that was both polite and true, that she rejoiced in the freshness of her dress for this delightful occasion; and Mrs. Bessie triumphantly compared the exquisite bows, as the greatest counterfeiting in the way of art.

The lady's maid appeared with the dignity born in her; and, without appearing mindful of the new position to which she had so suddenly risen, was still the equal in her manners with the lady behind whose chair she had stood a week ago to arrange her hair. She was more glad for Bessie than for herself that money would be plenty now—that little young wife of a poor artist being the most incapable of women, in spite of the one boasted triumph of the wedding-dress (Mrs. Graves kept silence as to Bessie's part of it).

And all this time, through all the changes, and all the excitement, and all the trying feelings of Marjorie's "dear old gentleman," she was still a cherished favorite. He gave her a part with his two dear grandchildren in all the generous things that were done by him for them; and afterward, when a home was established in San Francisco, she kept her promise to come out and visit them, and her companionship was hailed with as great delight by Mr. Leslie, as when a solitary man at Saratoga Springs.

On her twentieth birthday she received the thousand dollars which she had supposed to be the tenth of Mr. Leslie's income, with the following lines attached to the gift: "Not a tenth, but your charity-fund for every year of your dear life, bless you!"

Peterkin wrote to her afterward that she "meant to read aloud hereafter to every dear old gentleman she met!"

EVIL SPEAKING.—Never believe, much less propagate, an ill-report of a neighbor, without good evidence of its truth; never listen to an infamous story handed to you by a man who is himself apt to defame his neighbors, or who is wont to sow discord among brethren and excite disturbance in society. Never utter the evil which you know or suspect of another till you have an opportunity to expostulate with him. Never speak evil of another while you are under the influence of envy and malevolence, but wait till your spirits are cooled down, that you may the better judge whether to utter or suppress the matter.

BAKED CLAMS.

BY LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

"So now you have the whole story, Richard Palfrey; I have kept back nothing—not the inmost thought of my heart."

"And I love you all the better," answered Richard Palfrey, gravely, but with a joyful light in his eyes, and a ring of wonderful tenderness in his voice. "Yes, my Elizabeth, if the thing be possible, I love you better than before."

"And you will not be jealous, or think that my heart or my thoughts are going back—" Elizabeth did not complete the sentence.

"Not I, sweetheart. Perhaps it is my self-conceit, but I hardly think I should be jealous of that same gallant, if he stood here before us."

"And you would have no need," answered Elizabeth, sighing with the manner of one who throws off a heavy load; and then, smiling, she added: "Yet he was a personable man, too, and wore his clothes in the best court mode, and understood all the best graces in the management of horse and weapon. I were loath he should challenge you to the combat."

"And so were I," answered the young man, laughing. "I would not have you see your two swains tied neck and heels together, and set up for a laughing stock, as was done with the two duellists down at Plymouth. But as to the fight, I should have no fear. The choice of weapons would be mine, and I would give mine adversary an axe and set him at yonder great oak, while I attacked the other. We would soon see who was the best man. But here comes your honored father to interrupt our conference."

"Well, my young ones, have you come to an accord?" asked Mr. Rosseter, as he drew near. Then smiling, as he looked at them, "But I see I need not ask. It is not every father who would give his daughter so much liberty in the matter of marriage; but I have ever said I would force the affections of no child of mine."

"It is not every father who has such a daughter as yours," said Richard Palfrey.

"The wench is well enough!" said Mr. Rosseter, with all a father's pride and love in his tones, as he looked at his daughter's down-cast face. "So then, daughter Elizabeth, you accept this mighty hunter—this lifter-up of axes upon thick trees—as your husband?"

"Yes, my father, since such is your desire," answered Elizabeth, demurely; "I have no wish to oppose your will."

"See what it is to have a dutiful child! She ever does her father's will when it jumps with her own!" said Mr. Rosseter, and then more gravely, "but to forbear jesting, which perhaps does not become so grave a matter, thou hast ever been a good and faithful daughter, and I doubt not thou wilt prove a faithful wife. I give thee

a great treasure, Richard Palfrey; see thou abuse it not."

"Heaven deal so with me as I am true to her," answered Richard Palfrey, as he met the iron grasp of his future father-in-law's hand with a pressure equally fervent.

"And now to other matters," said Mr. Rosseter; "Richard, have you any corn or meal?"

"Neither grain nor kernel!" answered Richard, with a sudden change of expression. "I believe few are better off, save perhaps the Governor."

"And he will not be so long, since he divides his store with all the sick and old people. I know not what will be done unless some ship come quickly to our relief. But for that dependence which never fails, I should say we were in a desperate case. Here are the fishers come home all but empty-handed, after a four days' trial."

"We have the clam-banks, my father," said Elizabeth. "They seem to be inexhaustible, and the clams are wholesome and agreeable."

"Aye, the clam-banks are worth more than the bank of Amsterdam just now!" remarked Mr. Rosseter. "Say you not so, neighbor Mullens?" he added, turning to a dolorous-looking man, who had just come up to them, and whose peevish, fretful face and whining voice presented the strongest possible contrast to himself.

"I say, Brother Rosseter, that this is no time for foolish jesting—no, nor for love-making, while the hand of the Lord is heavy upon us. I wonder that you permit these young folks so much license. No good will ever come of it!"

Mr. Rosseter's eyes sent forth a momentary gleam of impatience, as he answered, gravely at first, but relaxing quickly into his usual tone:

"I would have you to wit, neighbor Mullens, that this young man, Richard Palfrey by name, is the betrothed husband of my daughter Elizabeth—my son-in-law, as he hath long been in duty and affection. As to jokes, they are but salt—not to our porridge, because we have none; but to our clam-soup and boiled lobsters."

"Worse and worse!" cried Mr. Mullens, with a groan. "Is this a time for marrying, think you?"

"Aye, that it is, the very time, since we know not what a day may bring forth. Right glad am I that I have the power to leave my wife and daughter such a protector as this six feet three of bone and brawn, calling itself Richard Palfrey. But to change the subject. Neighbor, have you any meal or corn?"

"None—that is to say, none to speak of!" answered Mr. Mullens, nervously. "It may be there is some small store. We have not been as wasteful as some, giving to every vagabond Indian savage. But what we have is our own, I take it, neighbor—no man can meddle therewith."

"I would not be too sure of that!" said Rich-

ard Palfrey. "There is talk of an ordinance, that all meal shall be put into a public store for the benefit of the sick and aged, and the little children. 'Twould be a righteous act, for men can shift well enough."

The long visage of neighbor Mullens grew yet longer, as he bade his companions good-day, and made his way, to his own house.

"There he goes, to hide whatever meal or corn he has," said Richard. "If there be anything in the transmigration of souls, he will re-visit the earth as a mole. I wonder what ever brought him hither. But as to this matter of ours, my father, I had best go over to Plymouth, and see what can be done. My mother, and—and the children, must not suffer."

"Nay, my mother is quite well; and I never saw the children more rosy and merry than now!" said Elizabeth.

"She is already for tying you to her apron string," remarked Mr. Rosseter. "You see what you have to expect. But to speak soberly, son Richard—since neighbor Mullens declares this is no time for jesting—I would have you delay your journey a few days. Plymouth is a dry cow—the people there are in as great straits as ourselves. I cannot but hope we shall have succor before long, and as Elizabeth says, there are always the clam-banks."

"The Governor hath appointed February the twenty-third a day of fasting and prayer," said Richard. "Since such is your will, I will wait till that is past, and then I must needs see what can be had from our savage neighbors, who yet are more liberal than some of our white ones."

"Aye, we should have been in evil case had they dealt by us as neighbor Mullens would have us do by them. Well, my son, be it so. The fast day is on the twenty-third, and by that time I hope the frost will give way, and sailing be less perilous. And in good time, here we are at home; and here is the mother looking for us. See, mother, I have brought you another son to make up your baker's dozen of boys, and a dutiful daughter, who will do her father's pleasure, even when he wills her to wed Richard Palfrey."

"Nay, now, father, you are too bad to tease her!" said Mrs. Palfrey, a pretty little woman, plump and rosy, despite her privations and her twelve children. "I am sure Elizabeth has been the best of daughters, to you and to me. Go, child, and sit by the babes. You are weary, and the boys and I will get the supper ready."

Elizabeth went into the inner room, thankful to her ever kind and considerate step-mother for giving her a little time in which to think over what had happened. She glanced tenderly at the pretty twin babies asleep in their common cradle, and, sitting down on a low stool by their side, she dropped her head on her hands.

What was it she had told Richard Palfrey as

they came home together from the "exercise" that winter's day in Boston. She had said to her father that she could not give her promise to marry the man of his choice and her own till she had had a private talk with him, and her father had consented and even approved, gently checking his wife when she murmured that by-gones had best be by-gones. What was this "by-gone" which good Mrs. Palfrey dreaded? Merely that Richard Palfrey had not been Elizabeth Rosseter's first love.

Three years before, in the garden of a gray old manor-house in Devonshire, two lovers had talked together in the sweet summer twilight, as these two had just been doing in the gloomy gloaming of the short cold February day in Boston. One was Elizabeth Rosseter, a girl then, just blooming into womanhood, pale, with eyes full of grief, and a face all alive with pain, shame, and anger at the man she loved. The other figure in the group was that of a handsome man, richly dressed in the extreme of the ugly and unmanly fashion of the day, with stuffed satin breeches, long, carefully-curved locklocks, and the pointed mustache which the Prince of Wales had just brought into fashion. His face, too, was full of expression, but it was that of a kind but resolute nurse, with a fretful, unreasonable child.

"Tut, tut! let us hear no more of it!" said he.

"'Tis but a girl's whim of self-sacrifice."

"You ever treat me as a child!" was the passionate reply.

"Because you are a child, and a naughty, unreasonable child to boot!" said the cavalier. "Else would you never think of leaving such a home as this, where you may reign as queen, to follow your father's broken fortunes to Leyden or the ends of the earth. Let us hear no more of it. Wipe those tear-stained cheeks, and bid your woman braid your locks and bind them with the pearls I brought from London."

Elizabeth Rosseter drew herself up, and her eyes flashed through her tears.

"Hear me, Sir Arthur Patmore, for this matter is graver than you think. I have considered well, and my mind is firmly made up. My father has ever been the best of fathers, and his wife a most kind mother. I will wed no man who is ashamed of them. I will follow my father's broken fortunes to Leyden or the ends of the earth. If you take me at all, it must needs be from my father's house and with his blessing."

"Then Mistress Elizabeth Rosseter, you must needs take the consequence!" answered Sir Arthur, growing angry and speaking in a cold, hard voice. "I have borne with your whim because I thought it would not last. The matter is here. If you are to be my wife, you must forget that you have any family but mine, any duty but to me. There are those who tell me

that, with my position in the country, to say naught of court favor, I should be wiser to consult my interest in wedding some one more nearly mine equal—some one at least not the daughter of a poor Puritan squire under suspicion of government. My love has made me despise all these disadvantages, but now the time and place has come for a clear understanding. I tell you plainly that I will never call your father mine, nor go to Leyden for a wife. Make your choice."

He had avoided looking at her while speaking, but now he turned and held out his arms with a smile saying in a caressing tone:

"Come, let there be an end of this! Kiss and be friends. Let your father go his way, and abide here with your aunt, and all shall be well."

But Elizabeth Rosseter drew herself up pale and stately as a statue.

"I thank you, Sir Arthur, for putting the matter so plainly. I have made my choice, and shall abide thereby. I give you back your ring and bid you farewell."

Sir Arthur looked with amazement at the figure which flitted from him, and then stooped to pick up the ring she had cast at his feet.

"A ruby worth a king's ransom—the envy of the queen herself!" he muttered. "The girl is stark mad. No! no! But I cannot think she will hold out. Fine clothes and jewels, and a life at court will carry the day—to say nothing of her love to myself. Her father—a plague on him, and on myself, who am such a fool as to be dashed in his presence—will be gone to-morrow, and then 'tis a wonder if between her aunt and myself she will not hear reason."

But when Sir Arthur came again after the lapse of a week, he was met, not with love he fondly expected, but with the news that Mistress Elizabeth had gone away with her father:

"But did she leave no message—no letter?" asked the bewildered lover.

No, there was none—only a great packet of all his letters. They were very fine letters, for Sir Arthur was a poet with all his other graces—the jewels, the ribbons, the lute, the music—not one thing had she kept of all his gifts. He turned them over and over—no, there was no letter. Sir Arthur went home to vow he would forget the little Puritan. But he did not find forgetfulness easy. He had sworn that he would never go to Leyden for a wife. Nevertheless to Leyden he went the very next spring, to find that he had come on a fool's errand.

"You are under a mistake, sir," pastor Robinson had said to him, not without a glance of reproof at his finery. "Mr. Rosseter hath not been in Leyden to my knowledge. That excellent Christian gentleman wrote me that he meant to join the company who are even now preparing to settle at Massachusetts Bay, under the leadership of worshipful Mr. Winthrop."

"And his daughter—I mean Mistress Elizabeth—does she go with him?" asked Sir Arthur.

"Aye, doubtless; also his wife and ten little ones—a great treasure to carry into the wilderness; but the women will not remain behind."

Sir Arthur returned home disappointed.

This was the story which Elizabeth Rosseter told Richard Palfrey that chill February evening in the town of Boston. And Richard Palfrey had declared that he liked her the better, and that he should never be jealous of the fine gentleman, though they stood face to face. Richard was her father's partner—a kinsman, and in some sort an adopted son, and had come over in the same ship. Even on the voyage, Mr. Rosseter remarked to his wife that he should be well pleased to have Richard and Elizabeth take a mutual liking. To which that good lady had answered:

"Then, my dear heart, if you would have it so—and stranger things have happened—keep your own counsel, and never hint your wishes even by a look. Love, my husband, is a plant that will not be cultivated, though it often grows of itself."

And Edward Rosseter, like a wise man, took his wife's counsel. And so by degrees the image of the grave, stalwart young Puritan supplanted in Elizabeth's heart that of Sir Arthur Patmore. She had come near to dying of grief for him, but she was too clear-sighted and right-minded not to estimate him at his true value when set free from the witchery of his presence, and now she never thought of him without a flush of shame that she should have loved one so little worthy.

Richard had declared that he should not fear being brought face to face with his gay rival, though trial was nearer than they thought.

The fast day appointed by the governor was drawing near. The wolf was indeed at the door. Scarcely any one had either meal or aught to supply its place, and day after day whole families sat down to their dinner or supper without a mouthful of anything to represent bread. The clam-banks were the great source of supply, and every day when the tide served, the women of the colony went down to dig the long clams, the use of which they had learned from the Indians; while the men worked at the houses or fences, or hunted and fished, often with indifferent success. There was little grumbling or complaining; each one did his or her share cheerfully, and with thankfulness that so much was provided for them. Neither was there any talk of drawing back. They had not come out into the wilderness for gain or luxury. They had a very different object in view, and having found what they sought, they were in no wise disposed to complain.

It was drawing toward the close of the day before the fast, when Richard Palfrey went down to the clam-bank to meet his betrothed, and help bring up her burden.

"There comes Richard again," said Jack Rosseter, a boy of fourteen, and Elizabeth's favorite among her dozen of brothers. "I am sure I can help you with the basket as well as he."

"He comes to leave you at liberty to help Catherine Sloughton!" answered Elizabeth, laughing. She raised herself from her stooping position as she spoke, and stood as if transfixed, with her eyes turned seaward.

"What is it, sister? What do you see?" asked Jack, and then following the direction of her eyes, he burst into a jubilant shout:

"A sail! a sail! an English ship! Hurra!"

"An English ship—aye, and a great ship! The Lord be praised! He hath not cast us off!" Such were the exclamations from one and another. But one poor woman still worked on never raising her eyes from her work.

"Do you not see, Goodwife Alston? There is an English ship come in," said a woman to her.

"And what is that to me, that I should look at it?" asked Goodwife Alston, almost fiercely.

"Nay, I meant not to hurt you," said the first speaker, gently. "I know well what you are thinking of; but, poor heart, there is bread enough and to spare in the Father's house yonder."

"I know, I know," answered the poor woman, with a burst of tears. "Forgive me, good friend; I will strive to rejoice with you. But, oh, that it had come before." She took up her basket, and walked away weeping bitterly.

"Her three-year-old babe—her last child—died a week ago," said the woman who had spoken to her. "The poor thing did so wait for a bit of bread. No wonder the ship is a sore sight to her. Are you going up now, mistress Elizabeth? You have been so busy helping others that your own store hath suffered."

"Never mind, I shall soon make it up," said Elizabeth, cheerfully. "Run, Jack, and help little Catherine carry her load."

Jack sprang away, nowise reluctant, and Elizabeth continued her labors with the help of Richard Palfrey.

"You will come to supper?" said Elizabeth, as they parted at the corner of her father's enclosure. "I am going to bake the clams in Indian fashion, as the Sagamore's wife taught me; they are savory, I assure you."

"I shall come to prove them, you may be sure."

Elizabeth was met at the door of the log house by her step-mother. The little lady's face expressed a very unusual perturbation.

"Here you are, at last, poor, tired child. And whom think you has come in this same ship?"

"Plenty of meal, peas, and bacon, I hope, mother," answered Elizabeth. "They say the Governor divided his last handful with a poor woman to-day."

"That did he, for I saw him. Yes, the ship has brought enough to turn our fast into a feast of

thanksgiving; but she has also brought no less a person than your old friend, Sir Arthur Patmore."

"What has brought him hither!" said Elizabeth. "This is Saul among the prophets, indeed. Here is no place to show off his fine clothes."

"'Tis not hard to tell what has brought him, since he has asked for you six times already. But do you slip into neighbor Mullen's house and I will send your blue gown, so as you can dress before he sees you!"

Elizabeth thought for a moment, and then a laughing light came into her eyes.

"Dear mother, you are wont to call me your wise daughter. Will you let me manage this gear mine own way?"

"Aye, that will I!" answered Mrs. Rosseter. "I know you will carry yourself wisely and becomingly. And I must say you never looked prettier than you do this very minute."

Elizabeth carried her little hoe and her basket of clams. As her mother opened the door she walked in and saved the company.

"I give you good evening, gentlemen!" said she, with stately ease and becoming modesty. "Sir Arthur, you are welcome to these shores. I trust you bring good news from all the friends in Devonshire. Nay, I cannot give you my hand till I have washed it."

For once the accomplished courtier was at a loss. He had risen at Elizabeth's entrance and advanced to meet her, but stood as if stupefied, while she spoke to the other gentlemen and then passed out at the farther door. Elizabeth had grown from a lovely, unformed girl into a majestic, beautiful woman. Her out-of-door life had brightened her color and developed her figure, while no queen could be more self-possessed and graceful in manner. Never had Sir Arthur seen anything so dazzling.

"And what have you to feast us withal to-night," asked Mr. Rosseter, as Elizabeth returned, with her sleeves turned up from her white wrists and a coarse apron over her stuff gown.

"Even a dish of clams roasted in Indian fashion, my father!"

Sir Arthur sat as if under a spell while Elizabeth and her brothers swept the hearth clean, built thereon a circle of stones, and placing the clams on their edges within, covered them with flat stones, and then with hot embers and light fuels. He could hardly recover presence of mind to answer the questions which were showered upon him by his host and Mr. Bradstreet.

"Will you not stay and share our feast?" asked Mrs. Rosseter, as the latter rose to go.

"Nay, madam, my own wife will await me. Mr. Rosseter, let me speak a word with you concerning the business you wot of."

"Methinks yonder gallant hath an eye to your daughter!" said Mr. Bradstreet, when they had finished their business.

"He has come on a bootless errand, then, for my daughter is betrothed to Richard Palfrey and in good time here he comes."

"Sir Arthur let me present to you my friend and partner Richard Palfrey!" said Mr. Rosseter, not without a twinkle in his eye.

Sir Arthur bowed stiffly. Richard returned the salute politely, then taking his seat by Mr. Rosseter, he began talking in a low, eager voice. Mr. Rosseter listened, laughed, then glanced at Elizabeth, still busy with her household matters.

"You must ask the women, Dick. If you win their consent, you shall not want mine. But here is our supper! Sir Arthur, will you sit down with us? By to-morrow I trust we may have bread to offer you—to-night I believe there is not such a thing as a crust in this whole colony."

It was with more than one wry face that Sir Arthur ate his supper; for albeit there are few things more savory than a dish of well roasted clams, they are not easy to manage on a first acquaintance, and they are better for bread to eat with them. But there were things harder to swallow than the clams—to see Richard take his seat by Elizabeth as a matter of course, and to watch the glances which passed between them—glances, as he thought, of amusement at his expense, and affection for each other—glances which thrilled Richard's honest soul with pleasure. Certainly, Sir Arthur did not enjoy his supper.

For want of daughters, Mrs. Rosseter had trained her boys to be helpful about the house; but to-night for some reason Elizabeth would have none of their aid, but choose to wash the dishes and sweep the hearth with her own fair hands. When all was ended, she sat down with her knitting, and began questioning Sir Arthur as to matters and people in Devonshire.

To all these questions Sir Arthur returned but disheartened answers. In truth, he was more thrown off his balance than had ever before happened to him. His old passion for Elizabeth had revived ten-fold, but he felt that they were on a totally different footing from the old condescending affection on his part, and the submissive, trembling devotion on hers. Now it was Elizabeth who was condescending and gracious, making him feel like an awkward schoolboy.

"But it is her womanly art to hide her true feeling!" Thus thought Sir Arthur. "Let me but see her alone, and I will soon set matters right. But how to make an opportunity!"

As it happened, the opportunity was made. A messenger came in all haste from the Governor for Richard Palfrey. There was no neglecting the summons. Sir Arthur could have gnashed his teeth to see Elizabeth follow him to the door, and after some minutes of low converse return to the fireside with a new light in her eye and a fresher bloom on her cheek.

"Methinks you are wonderful intimate with

yonder—gentleman, I suppose I must say!" said Sir Arthur, peevishly. It was not the way he had meant to begin but his temper got the better of him. He was punished for it in her answer.

"Richard Palfrey is my betrothed, and we shall be married to-morrow."

"Elizabeth, you cannot mean it. You will never make such a sacrifice!"

"Tis no sacrifice, Sir Arthur. It is my own free choice."

Sir Arthur had found his tongue and he used it to good purpose in pleading his own cause. He spoke eloquently of the menial drudgery of her present estate, and the worse that was to come if she married one so utterly unworthy. He pictured his own constancy—the life of ease and luxury which awaited her in England, and then—

"Elizabeth, let your heart speak! I am sure you love me more than this clodhopper upon whom your besotted father would throw you away. Remember how it was three years ago—"

"I remember well, Sir Arthur!" interrupted Elizabeth. "I have not forgotten our parting, when you cast me aside like a worn glove, because I would not renounce my duty, my own father!"

"But things are changed now!" said Sir Arthur, feeling all the time that he was not advancing his own cause, yet unable to forbear the argument. "Your father being so far away—"

"You would condescend to endure his existence at the distance of three thousand miles. But things are changed indeed. Three years ago I was a child. I loved you with all the love a child had to give. I thought you the greatest and best of men. But you cast me off. The wound you gave me was deep but not mortal, and it has healed without a scar. Now I am a woman, and with my woman's heart I love Richard Palfrey better than ever I loved you. For your own sake I grieve that you have come hither. For my own sake I rejoice since it has fully justified my choice in mine own eyes."

The next day Richard Palfrey and Elizabeth Rosseter were married in the midst of the rejoicings of that fast day which was turned to a day of thanksgiving. Sir Arthur did not attend the wedding. He was ill at ease, said the ship's captain, and chose to remain on board. Perhaps his supper of baked clams disagreed with him. Perhaps he found it hard to digest that pithy maxim which, do what he would, rang in his ears for many a day:

"He that will not when he may,
When he would he shall have nay!"

"And you are sure you are content with your choice?" said Richard to his bride, when they were alone in their own house at evening.

"Quite sure," said Elizabeth, tranquilly.

"Yet you loved Sir Arthur once!"

"I had not seen *you*, then!" answered Elizabeth, and Richard was content.

THE NEW HOUSEKEEPER.

BY JAMES B. MARSHALL.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH.)

"You see," said Jack, feeling himself called upon to make an explanation, "when she first came this morning, she hadn't her hair so arranged, and when she did adjust it in that manner, she appeared much older, which I couldn't help but notice."

"Jack, I'm really afraid your uncle's fears, as far as you are concerned, have some foundation. Beware, Jack, of the brown-eyed girl who combs her hair over her forehead to appear older than she is! Beware of her!"

"Ha! ha! Mrs. Ford, I'm to be the bachelor of the family. Good-bye, till this evening."

In the evening when the two young men returned home, and William greeted Mrs. Ford, they found that lady and Miss Rose on the best of terms. Miss Rose presided over their table with such grace and sprightliness that even William was delighted with the change from the prim Miss Timms, and resolved to stand firm against Uncle Jess.

It was very evident to Mrs. Ford and William that Jack was deeply interested in the new housekeeper, and when they retired that night, William came into Jack's room, and straddling a chair with his face to its back, began to chaff his brother.

"Pretty fair change from Timms," said he, jerking his thumb toward the room door.

"Seems like home and not a restaurant, don't it?" answered Jack, enthusiastically.

"Uncle Jess will be for moving a further change, I suppose, eh?"

"I won't consent, Will, not I! Will you?"

"No: I'll please you."

"Please me?"

"Yes; you're in chains already, old fellow. I've no objection though. Make a match of it, and get married before Miss Ford comes. I don't want any rival in the field. Ha! ha!"

A boot went flying after William's retreating figure.

William came down earlier than was his wont the following morning, and his ear was attracted by some one touching the piano. It couldn't be Jack—he had left him in his room; nor Mrs. Ford—she was stirring in her room as he passed it; besides, the touch was finer than either were capable of. Could it be the new housekeeper? He'd see.

Miss Rose was slightly startled, but William begged her to continue; he was particularly fond of music. Her execution met with well-merited praise. William talked of herself, and drew out that her father, deceased, had been a clergyman (true); her mother was living in easy circumstances, and was opposed to her leaving her for any great length of time.

William within him wished that Miss Ford would prove as attractive as Miss Rose.

All of which was made known to Jack, who couldn't allow more than two days to pass over his head before he had made a declaration.

He was put off without a positive answer, though his tender was met with the respect due to its honesty. Miss Rose pleaded time to consider.

"She fears my family," thought Jack. "I defy them, one and all."

Rose had not expected such a turn of affairs from the first; yet she was quick to notice Jack's infatuation, and at heart appreciative of his advances. Nevertheless, in her rôle of housekeeper, she must be, perforce, guarded in her actions. She had won his love as Miss Rose; would she retain it as Miss Ford?

William was becoming impatient for Miss Ford's arrival, and was continually speculating before Mrs. Ford on her daughter's absence. He also took good care to place Miss Rose's relations and belongings in the best possible light. He no sooner drew a bit of history from Miss Rose, than he straightway posted Mrs. Ford, and then Jack. William wished to remove any objections that Mrs. Ford might have to Jack's match, which he had no doubt Jack contemplated with Miss Rose. William more willingly assumed the office of pacifier, as Mrs. Ford continually spoke of Jack and her daughter in connection, recalling how they had been attached to each other when children, and her friend's (their mother's) hope that some day they would be joined before the altar.

William was tortured continually. Mrs. Ford must, of course, oppose Jack's present choice, though her relations with the young housekeeper were very close indeed. If Miss Ford would only arrive, or Jack propose!

One afternoon, a few days after Mrs. Ford's arrival, she called on Uncle Jesse, taking Rose with her, and remaining with the old gentleman to tea. Uncle Jesse was an old bachelor, full of crotchets and whims, that were represented in the manner in which he spelled his name—Ackly—he having discovered that his most remote traceable ancestor had so signed himself.

Rose assumed her position as Miss Ford, though the boys supposed she was to pass as a friend of Mrs. Ford's, and their new housekeeper. The kindly old gentleman was delighted with Rose, and privately to Mrs. Ford, hoped that one of his nephews would be so fortunate as to win her as his wife. It was no secret to Mrs. Ford that Jack was his uncle's favorite, and that he was thinking of Jack when he spoke.

Mrs. Ford reported to the boys their housekeeper's gracious reception by their uncle.

On the death of Mr. Ackla, the "boys" having been previously started in business, their uncle

was left their principal executor, with a proviso in the will, that the estate should not be settled till the "boys" should reach the age of twenty-five; at which time, if they had neither married against their uncle's wish, they should share equally. And, if either had so done, that one should receive but one-third of the estate, and the other the balance. If both defied him, each was to receive but one-third, and the other third was to go to some charitable institution. This proviso was introduced at the earnest request of Uncle Jesse, who had a mania against adventuresses, occasioned by a narrow escape by himself. The cause of the provision was made known to the "boys" before Mr. Ackla's death, and they often laughed over it together. After his brother's death, Uncle Jesse vowed to enforce the will to the letter should occasion call.

The morning after Mrs. and Miss Ford's visit to Uncle Jesse, Jack thought it a good time to apprise the old gentleman of his intentions in regard to Rose, and he penned the following, full of confidence:

"My Dear Uncle:—In compliance with my father's will, and a desire to apprise you of my coming happiness, I wish to announce that I have pledged my heart and hand to Miss Rose, and ask your blessing. Though you have had but little opportunity to know her good qualities, I can assure you that never has our household gone on so tranquilly and pleasantly as under her wise direction, and never since mother's death has our home seemed so much like home. You may think her socially beneath me, but none of the ladies of my acquaintance can at all compete with her in the graces and accomplishments of womanhood. She needs but to be known to be appreciated at every hand. Trusting that you are not ignorant of her qualities, I am,

"Your nephew,

"Very truly,

"JACK."

Uncle Jesse read the note through twice; smiling at the first part each time, and scowling ominously at the latter part; then he comprehended it. He dashed the note on the floor; tossed his glasses on the table in perfect recklessness, and wiped his perspiring forehead.

"I knew it! I feared it, these years! I was a fool ever to consent to those boys continuing the house. Now, that Rose Timms has beguiled that innocent boy, Jack, into a promise of marriage, there's no more peace for me. When I first opened the note—he gave that document a kick—I was sure he was talking about Rose Ford. Always such a susceptible fellow! Even had it been possible to have engaged Noah's widow to have kept house for them, she would have managed to have deceived that boy. And he's so fixed in any notion he once gets into his head. There'll be no coaxing or drawing him

out of the idea. But I'll enforce the will; he shall never receive a cent of mine, not a farthing! A woman old enough to be his grandmother! The fool! He's mad surely, surely! The next note I expect will be one from Will, asking leave to wed a ballet-dancer."

William, with an idea of enlisting his uncle's favor in his suit, in anticipation of Miss Ford's arrival, who was expected without doubt that day—Mrs. Ford thinking the sooner matters were explained the better—was on his way to his uncle's office, and entered while Uncle Jesse was overwhelmed with despair and self-reproach.

"Ah! William; sit down. Pretty news I've heard this morning. Why didn't you warn me of how matters stood with Jack?"

"Now," thought William, "Jack's in for it."

"A delicate affair you know, sir," said William, "to interfere with."

"See here what he writes me!"—handing Jack's letter. "William Ackla, tell your brother that I'll enforce his father's will to the letter; and he shall never touch a cent of mine—never!—if he persists in this ridiculous undertaking. Marry? Forsooth! William Ackla, you ought to be ashamed to allow your brother to thus throw himself away. Why didn't you turn her out of the house? Mighty! What a fall for my hopes. I hoped to see him wed his mother's old friend's child—Rose Ford."

"It was of her I came to speak; to ask your advice in regard to marrying that young lady myself. I have not proposed, you understand, but would like to get your approbation in advance."

Uncle Jesse regarded William a few moments in amazement; he had never been so confidential in his life before.

"Ah! Will, I'm glad you are not both such blind men. Give me your hand! Win her, my boy, and you have my blessing. I never thought that Jack would turn out such an utter lunatic. I'll have him shut up in an asylum, if he don't listen to reason. Tell him, William, just what a terrible temper you found me in. I'm coming up to see you and the Fords to-morrow."

William directly after saw his brother at their place of business.

"I've just come from Uncle Jesse's."

"Have you!" replied Jack, radiantly, rattling his watch-seal and chain. "Serenity dwells with the dear old fellow, I suppose."

"Not exactly. He received a note from you this morning."

"Yes!" said Jack, impatiently, and pausing in his play with his chain.

"He's in a towering passion over it, too; made me read it; stamped up and down his office like mad; vowed he'd enforce the will to a letter."

"Let him! I defy him! I'll go ahead! I only thought to please him by asking his consent. Let him go stand on a hill and talk to the winds; I'm done. There!" Mr. John Ackla's "There!" was made decidedly emphatic by bringing down his clenched fist on the desk in unison with the word. "What did you say, Will?"

"I didn't say much, Jack. You know you can't argue with Uncle Jesse. There's only one side to any question he is interested in, and that is his own. In regard to the will, Jack, you can trust me. I wouldn't take the slightest advantage of you. I vow it!"

"I believe it, Will!"

"But here, Jack!" said William, hastily, sitting down and writing. William drew up an agreement, which he signed, setting forth that he, William Ackla, would not take advantage of his brother because of his marriage against his uncle's wish, as set forth in their father's will. But in case of the will being enforced, he agreed to remit to John Ackla, his brother, the amount of the difference between their shares; and filled up a due bill for the probable large amount, which he also signed. "Now; take these, and marry Rose in spite of uncles, aunts, or anybody else that gainsays you. Take them, Jack!"

But Jack refused, almost choked with the thoughts of his brother's zeal in his behalf. "No! No! Your word is good enough."

"But the law needs documents; suppose I should die!"

"Suppose in a more cheerful vein, while you are at it."

"I'm bound you shall take these; and I'll lock them up in the secret drawer of the fire-proof"—which he did. William was more anxious to get Jack married than ever.

Jack went home to lunch that day, a thing he seldom did. After lunch, he asked for a private interview with Mrs. Ford—Rose being out—which was granted.

"Mrs. Ford," said Jack; "I want your advice. I have made a proffer of marriage to a young lady, which was favorably received, but she withholds her final consent, because she thinks my relatives will oppose our union."

Mrs. Ford felt decidedly uncomfortable, and dared not look Jack in the face.

"I do not suppose you have the slightest idea to whom I allude."

Mrs. Ford gave a painful smile; she felt more like crying than smiling.

"Of course you haven't!" How could you?" continued the mentally blind young man. "It's Miss Rose, Mrs. Ford. Uncle Jess., to whom I wrote on the subject, raves and denounces me like a crazy man. Don't you turn against me! William says, God speed; say you so? You would have much force in overcoming her scruples, if you'd essay the task."

Mrs. Ford started up and took Jack's hands. It required her utmost self-command to restrain herself from disclosing all. But she and Rose had already planned a disclosure, without any one being let into the secret save Jack.

"Let me think it over, Jack. I'll answer you when you return to dinner, this evening."

"Not sooner?"

"Then. I'll send you a note."

"Thank you, Mrs. Ford! Thank you!"

She parted from Jack so cordially, that he took heart at once. While Mrs. Ford was lamenting the pain Rose's frolic had unnecessarily caused the young man, there came a note from Uncle Jess, setting forth William's desires in regard to Miss Ford, and hoping she would encourage him. The good old gentleman had penned the note in the disappointment of his heart, and stinging under the thought of Jack's supposed behavior.

"Ha! ha! Master William," said Mrs. Ford; "you think to get your brother out of the way, and win the heiress yourself, without a doubt." Mrs. Ford laughed loud and long at the very thought of William encouraging his brother to marry a girl whom he himself was infatuated to gain. She sat down and wrote two notes; one to Uncle Jesse as follows:

"My Dear Friend:—Your proposition I have no objection to, provided Rose's consent is given. Will talk with you further when I see you. Come early."

She thus wrote undecidedly, not wishing to hurt the old man's feelings, and knowing a verbal explanation would be far better than any writing.

To Jack she wrote this:

"My Dear Boy:—I have thought long over your proposition—longer than you have any idea of—and must candidly say that I can urge nothing against your wishes. With Rose's love won, as it is, my blessing is granted. Do not be surprised or indignant if I have deceived you. Why, do not ask me till we meet."

These two notes were sealed and then directed, a habit which is always reprehensible, and of course, in an important case like this, miscarried, the two notes being forwarded to the wrong persons—Jack getting his uncle's; and he receiving Jack's.

Uncle Jesse was somewhat startled at the manner in which his note began: "My dear boy."

"Juvenile! I'm sure," said he.

But the rest of the note was not to be found fault with. He gave a sigh as he thought of Jack, however.

"William's quick; he's won the girl already—'With Rose's love won, as it is, my blessing is granted.' Humph! And that woman when she was here the other day pretended to prefer Jack. Poor Jack! I'm sorry for you. How deceitful women are! Even Mrs. Ford; she admits it, too."

Jack was as much startled at the brevity of his, and unconsciously walked on and on along the street, after receiving it, tending his steps homeward, though he would have gone as far in the opposite direction if he had at first set his face that way. He had left the busy part of the city, and was sauntering along a quiet street, buried in thought, when turning a corner, he suddenly came face to face with a lady. Jack lifted his hat to apologize, when he saw it was Miss Rose. The sight made Jack desperate.

"Miss Rose," said Jack, severely, "I have taken Mrs. Ford into my confidence, and here is a note from her. Don't refuse me longer."

Rose took the note and looked at it perplexedly. There had been no such note sent, to her knowledge, when she left the house before lunch. Had her mother been repaying her in her own coin? Jack must know all.

"Oh, Jack! I'm ashamed of myself. I have deceived you; I'm not who I appear to be. I'm not a poor girl who is forced to find employment as a housekeeper. Forgive me! forgive me!"

"How nice 'Jack' sounds when she says it," thought that young man.

"I have nothing to forgive you, I'm sure. Let us go to Mrs. Ford and explain before her daughter arrives. You know she comes this evening."

Rose now knew her secret was yet safe, though she couldn't understand the note.

"No, Jack; when you come home to-night is time enough. Come early. I beg you wait until then; all will be explained—all."

"All?" said the now delighted Jack. And before Rose knew what he was about, he stole a kiss and was walking away with alacrity.

A pretty little love-scene for a quiet street; and no doubt some sharp eyes behind those blinds over yonder wondered what it was all about.

Shortly after Jack went out of the store, William, having need of his advice, supposed he had gone over to Uncle Jesse's, as he had been talking of doing, and went thence to seek him.

"Here comes that sly-boots Will," said Uncle Jess to himself. "He came to me when he had already engaged himself to Miss Ford. I won't let on that I know it, though; but will say Mrs. Ford has no objections to his suit, and see how he'll act."

"Is Jack here?"

"No, haven't seen him, and don't care to, till he comes to his senses. But I have something very important to you," said Uncle Jess, half-smilingly.

"What's that?"

"Mrs. Ford says she has no objections to your suit to her daughter, and—"

"How can I thank you, uncle?"

"You are glad to know it, I suppose?"

"Delighted! delighted!" exclaimed William,

in real earnest. "How kind you are to intercede for me!"

"Very!"

William supposed Uncle Jess had not recovered from his rage over Jack; and thanking his uncle again, he withdrew to continue his search for Jack.

"Poor Jack!" said Uncle Jess. "He never deceived any one but himself. He couldn't have faced me as that fellow did just now. He couldn't have done it; poor Jack!"

Returning to his office after a fruitless search, William found Jack there, and who had already settled the business in William's absence.

"O, by the way, Jack! I didn't tell you I have Mrs. Ford's consent to pay my attention to Miss Rose—her Rose, you understand. She comes to-night."

"I wish you success. I have done it, too."

"Not—"

"Not married; oh, no; but everything good as settled."

"I congratulate you, Jack. Here's my hand. Uncle Jess is absurd; don't pay the slightest attention to him. Mrs. Ford isn't sure which train her daughter will come on, and doesn't wish me to go to the dépôt on an uncertainty. But—don't say anything about it—I'm going there to wait till she does come. There's nothing like a good first impression. Think, Jack, what a high opinion she will have of me when I say, very innocently, 'Miss Ford, wasn't your train delayed? I have been waiting two hours,' and smile as if I thought waiting two hours in a dreary dépôt was the smallest service I could do her."

William soon after went home to make himself ready, preparatory to going, unknown to Mrs. Ford, to the dépôt with his innocent remark and captivating smile.

As he came in, he saw Miss Rose seated alone in the sitting-room. She had just come down from her mother's room, and seated herself, on hearing William's pompous step, which was well known to her.

Thought he, in the light of Jack's recent confession: "I see no objection to my assuring Miss Rose of my entire willingness to her union with Jack; it will put us on good terms. She seems to have avoided me rather of late."

"Beautiful day!" said he.

Rose concurred.

"Ahem! Miss Rose, my brother John has informed me to-day of the understanding between you. I assure you that his choice has my greatest respect, and my fullest concurrence."

William put out his hand, and Rose took it.

William kissed her most gallantly and brotherly, and thought to himself, "What a lucky fellow Jack is! I wish this girl had been possessed of Miss Ford's income; I would have married her myself. I do believe Jack would

have carried off Miss Ford just as easily. He's such an earnest, good fellow, that no one can help seeing his good qualities."

Miss Rose said but little; she too keenly enjoyed the scene to venture much speech.

"I hope," said Mr. William, finally, swelling with goodness of heart, and anticipating that now all was well with him, "I hope I may be as fortunate in my selection and suit as my brother. Miss Ford comes this evening, does she not?"

"I believe so, sir."

William left the room smiling; he had given a hint as to the direction in which he was looking. He had forgotten, the first time they met, what he had said. Miss Rose might guess his secret if she would. He had no doubt but that she did; and we are certainly sure she did.

When Jack met Rose on the street, she was on her way to her mother's friend, having been previously doing some shopping, where her own trunks had been left, and from whence, that afternoon, she had intended to drive up to the Acklas as Miss Ford, and explain all to Jack, who nearly always reached home prior to his brother. The note that Jack handed her caused her to return to the Acklas as the housekeeper, to seek the meaning of the note. Thereby the misdirection of the two notes was discovered. Mrs. Ford thought, however, that no harm could come of the mistake, as she could explain the misdirection when Uncle Jesse came in the morning, and the note intended for him she had again in her possession, which she destroyed.

Rose felt confident that, by altering the arrangement of her hair, wearing her ear-rings, and dressing in her accustomed rich style, and which she had discarded for the utmost plainness as Miss Rose, William would not recognize her as the latter person. Thus, they would be free of any explanation to him. Jack could be drilled to suddenly forget the absent Miss Rose for Miss Ford, while Uncle Jesse would be content with the story of Miss Timms's flight.

As Rose was now leaving the house, the housemaid, the first engaged on that eventful morning, met her, and Rose could not resist saying, "Good-bye, Katie! Good-bye—I'm going to leave!"

Katie stood still with astonishment for at least five minutes, and then came to the conclusion that Miss Rose was joking; "she did joke so."

An hour or so after there drove up to the Acklas' an elegantly-dressed young lady with two trunks. Katie admitted her without recognizing her late mistress.

Miss Ford had arrived at last.

Mrs. Ford, in her anxiety to have everything explained to Jack before his brother reached the house, gave Katie a note to deliver to him.

And right early was Jack on hand.

"Where is Miss Rose?" was his first question of Katie.

"She went out a good while ago," said the innocent girl, "and said she wasn't coming back any more. I thought she was joking, sir, but she hasn't come back yet. She never stayed away so long before. Here's a letter Mrs. Ford gave me to give to you as soon as you came in."

"What are letters to me?" said Jack, crushing the letter into his coat pocket. "Duped! Jesse Ackla and Mrs. Ford, you two are at the bottom of this. Ah! Katie, run up and see if Miss Rose's apparel is still here."

"What, sir, please?"

"Her clothes; her trunk."

"O yes, sir."

"Mrs. Ford is a guest; I cannot now reproach her. But, Mr. Jesse Ackla, you shall hear from me."

"Yes sir, her trunk is there; but her leather bag is gone. This was on top of the trunk," showing a note and reading slowly. "This trunk and its contents are for Katie. From her friend, Miss Rose."

"I knew I was right. Driven away! Driven away! And not a word for me."

"Please, sir," said Katie, amazed, "Miss Ford has come: came this afternoon. Shall I say you are here?"

"No!" and away went Jack out of the house. He marched up the front steps of Uncle Jesse's house with a soldier-like step, tramping as heavy as several men; and while waiting for his loud summons to be answered, he glared at the door plate bearing the legend, Jesse Ackly, and gave a savage dig at the letter *y* with his stick.

"Mr. Ackla is in: be seated in the parlor," said the near-sighted servant, not recognizing Jack or his card, which Jack no doubt would have presented if his uncle had answered the bell himself.

That card would show what a gulf was between them.

As Jack waited, his hand strayed into his coat pocket, and he took out Mrs. Ford's note and read it:

"*My Dear boy, Jack:*—Lest the surprise should be too great for you, I wish to confess in advance, that I have been a party to a deceit that has been practiced in your own house: Rose the housekeeper, and my Rose, are one. Come to my room at once; let me explain, and allow us to beg your pardon."

"Great heavens!" said Jack, utterly crushed as he turned the note over and over. "This, then, is what Rose would have me forgive her. Possible? Yes: possible." Mrs. Ford had granted William permission to pay his attentions to her daughter. Rose had been trifling with him. Had William been mocking in secret? "I hope not. I would like to think him true."

Uncle Jesse came into the room, turning his nephew's card over, and a comical smile on his

face. But he at once saw how crushed Jack appeared, and his heart was touched.

"Perhaps," thought Uncle Jesse, he has come to his senses. I won't be hard on him. Poor Jack!

"I received your note, Jack; and—"

"I was a deluded creature to write it, sir."

"So I thought, Jack; and you don't know what joy it gives me to hear you confess it."

Uncle Jesse pumped away in sheer joy at Jack's limp arms. "Cheer up, my boy! I wish you hadn't allowed Will to get ahead of you, though, and gained Miss Ford. I was wishing that luck for you."

"Gained who?" asked Jack, quickly.

"Miss Rose Ford. Jack, has he fooled you, too? Oh, that Will is dreadfully cute; sharp as razor. See here, what Mrs. Ford writes me to-day about Will:—"My dear"—humph! Don't want that. "I—must candidly—urge nothing." Ah! here it is: "With Rose's love won, as it is, my blessing is granted." That fellow has been fooling me, Jack. Pretending to be very distant with Rose, and having nothing but hopes. Come Jack, we are good friends again. We don't care anything about these deceitful women; not we! Don't look so down-hearted, Jack. I'm coming over to spend the best part of the day at your house; take a holiday, my boy, and show us of what sound metal you are made."

By the time Jack reached his home, William had returned, from a wild errand, of course, and found that Miss Ford had arrived.

Mrs. Ford came down and excused her daughter's non appearance by a bad headache—more likely a heart-ache. On their way to the table, Jack very coolly inquired if Miss Ford was subject to headache.

"Why? where is Miss Rose?" asked William.

"Please, sir, she's gone away, as I told Mr. John," said Katie.

"Where to?"

"To her mother's, I believe," answered Jack, indifferently.

William looked over to Jack for his cue, but that young man was absorbed in serving out some dish before him. Mrs. Ford offered no contribution on the subject. She was absent-minded, and not in her usual good spirits.

"Anxious concerning her daughter," thought William. He was not far from wrong.

Jack scarcely saw beyond his plate save at intervals, when he broke out into spells of defiant levity, unlike his usual steady flow of good humor. It was his method of evincing that he did not care for any woman's deceit.

Miss Rose's presence seemed to be missed by one and all. As they passed from the dining-room to the sitting-room, Mrs. Ford, under the plea of ordering her daughter some tea, ques-

tioned Katie as to whether she had delivered the note to Mr. John Ackla. Learning of the disposition of the note, Mrs. Ford came to the conclusion that Jack had not read it. She must get a moment's private conversation with him.

William talked of Miss Ford continually, and went on arranging a long catalogue of pleasures for that young lady's gratifications. And Jack—Jack seemed to be possessed by the demon of unrest. Usually the most amiable and social of young men, he surpassed himself. He sang; he played on the piano; he insisted on Mrs. Ford doing both; he brought out a flute, on which he had not gazed for two years, and threatened to blow himself into the instrument and retail himself through the keys. He played quite through "The hundred choice selections for the Flute," to say nothing of selections from the dusty corners of his memory; and finished the evening's entertainment by reciting several blood curdling stories of recent perpetration with dramatic effect. There was no such an opportunity as procuring a few minutes' private conversation with Mr. John Ackla. Even William, who followed him a few minutes later up to bed, could gain no admittance to his room; his door was locked—his light out.

It was late next morning when Jack went down stairs, some time after the breakfast bell; and when he entered the breakfast-room he found Mrs. Ford, Miss Ford, and William at the table.

Mrs. Ford arose and introduced her daughter, who received Jack's greetings as coolly as they were given. Yet William, who watched both closely, wondered why Miss Ford slightly changed color.

"You don't appear very well this morning," said William, eyeing Jack, who had a worn-out look.

"No; too much flute last night," answered Jack, faintly smiling. "Can hardly speak this morning."

"This telegram came early this morning," said William, handing Jack a telegram. "I had better go down to the store at once and attend to the business. You are not fit to go out to-day. You will see, Mrs. Ford, and you, Miss Ford, that he remains within. I'll order the doctor to call, and return home to lunch. Excuse me, ladies!"

There was an ominous silence that fell upon the three when William retired. Katie had been previously excused from further attendance on the table. Mrs. Ford at last hoped that Jack had done himself no injury by his flute playing; and Rose ventured to ask if he often played. Rose was seated at one side of the table, and Mrs. Ford and Jack at either end. Suddenly Mrs. Ford arose and came around to Jack's end, and, placing her hand upon his shoulder, said:

"Come, Jack! Why play this farce any longer?"

Jack was stirring his coffee for the tenth time;

he did not find defying womankind a very quieting exercise. At Mrs. Ford's words, he leaned back in his chair, as if he was about to face some unpleasant words, but determined not to flinch.

"I am not conscious, Mrs. Ford, of having taken part in any farce."

"Did you get my note last evening; and did you read it?"

"Yes; I read two notes of yours last evening, one to myself, and one to Uncle Jesse, that was not intended for my eye."

"I understand all, my boy; that note *was* meant for you."

"For me?"

"Yes; for you. And the first note you received yesterday, and which you gave to Rose, was intended for Uncle Jesse."

A moment later, when the door opened, the happy, smiling Jack was standing back of Rose's chair, and was just raising his lips from that young lady's tearful face; and Mrs. Ford was laughing and crying by turns. The open door disclosed Mr. William Ackla. He had met the impatient forwarder of the message, and transacted the business a short distance below the house, and had returned to leave some farther word with Jack.

There he stood, dumfounded and beaten.

(THE END.)

SUMMER TIME.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

The fragrance of the wild rose fills

With odorous breath the summer air,

And song of robin clearly trills

Along the dusty thoroughfare.

The grassy lane with clover sweet,

That leads beyond the maple shade.

Invites the wanderer's lingering feet

Along the path that herds have made.

The slope whereon the white lambs graze

Is brightened by the morning sun,

That o'er the landscape softly plays,

And gilds the day but just begun.

The rustic bridge across the stream

Looks picture-like; there oft is heard

The heavy tramping of a team,

Or the light carol of a bird.

All nature throbs with its delights,

And that has speech which once seemed dumb;

Low harmony the ear invites,

From whispering grass to insect's hum.

ONE of the lessons which young people have to learn by experience is the power, as well as the enduring quality, of deeds and words, and that they cannot talk idly as the wind whistles, or do carelessly as the reeds float, with no effect produced and no impress made.

MATILDA'S TRAMP.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

Matilda saw him from the top of the stairs as she looked from the little window there; and she was correspondingly angry.

"Whenever Aunt Maria goes off, it's always this a-way," she said, and thought over all the implements destructive of the human countenance, which she might pitch at him when he came within reach. The pack on his back, his sturdy, determined air, told his business when he was half a mile off; for that distance she had espied him on the zig-zag country road, and wished for a good rabid dog, innumerable man-traps, and the like. But he had come nearer and nearer; had looked about him suspiciously, and then all at once she saw that he wended his way towards her. "Drat him!" she said, as he placed his hand on the latch of the gate; "and just as I was a-thinkin' of my dream! I wish I had a squirt filled with vitriol. Lord forgive me! I don't neither; it's them horrible newspapers puts such things in my head."

Then she hobbled down the stairs, and reached the porch, and pointed her arm like the squirt at him, crying: "We don't want no tape, we don't want no buttons, we don't want no cotton, no needles, no nothin'. So there, now!"

"I can't help it—what's all that to me?" said the man, stopping and looking at her coolly.

"You needn't bring none of your trash here," she went on; "nor no jewelery, nor lightnin' rods, nor yeast powders, nor bed-springs; we don't have no dealin's with tramps and peddlers."

"You're quite right not to have," he said, and absolutely placed his pack on the very porch. "Got any milk?" he asked casually, eyeing her all the time.

This was really too much—the idea of asking for milk, when you feel like vitriol.

"This house ain't no cow, young man," she said.

He looked at the house as though he doubted her.

"And again I say," she continued; "we don't want no needles; we don't want no—"

"And again I say," he interrupted; "I can't help that, Felicia."

"Thank you, my name ain't Fleeceyou; it's Matilda."

"Of course; and so it ought to be. Now look here, Matilda; do I look like a thread-monger?—are buttons indelibly stamped upon my face?—am I the social Pariah of tape? Pray, Felicia—that is, Matilda, there you wrong me."

She wondered, cooling a little, however he had found out her name; and indeed that name had never sounded so nice before.

"And you ain't a peddler?" she asked.

"I scorn the imputation," he replied, tragically lowering his brows.

"And you ain't a robber, nor nothin' that a-way?"

"Stop there, Matilda! I am a robber, a thief; I steal the whole country; who knows but when I go from here, I shall have you with me, say in my knapsack."

She colored violently at the thought of this abduction, looking suspiciously at the knapsack. She thought he was daft, and stooped and picked up a fork that was lying on the porch, with which she meant to prevent his nefarious designs, did she see him open the flap of that bag.

"But we are jesting," he said; "maiden, I am a painter."

"Well, we don't want you—we're painted all we want, and that's yellow white-wash. So go along, that's a good man."

"Gods," he said, rolling up his eyes. Then, seeing that he really frightened the girl, he added; "I beg your pardon, Miss Matilda; but the truth is, I am an artist, and an exceeding tired one; and I should like to rest here and have a glass of milk, if you can supply me. But if hospitality knows no place in your composition, give me the word, and I go. And for heaven's sake don't talk pictures, and don't say you like them, and don't ask me to show you what I can do."

She was more puzzled than ever; she looked at him keenly, noting for the first time that his face was pleasant to look upon, but upon which were many marks of old pain and sadder marks of old passions, and the strange light of forced carelessness.

"I don't understand pictures; and you are making fun of me," she said softly; somehow or other, all her anger and defensive quality leaving her at the thought that he laughed at her.

"Shade of Socrates forbid!" he ejaculated devoutly; and the milk, Chloe,—is the milk brewed?"

"You know my name well enough," she said deprecatingly; "and if you turn your head away, I'll get you a glass of milk."

"I won't turn my head away; it's the best head I've got, so why should I send it away?"

"You're laughing again," she said; "but I don't care. Look, now!"

With a strange hobbling gait she crossed the porch in front of him, laughing a little, yet with burning face, and he saw that she was lame—that she was a cripple. He did not laugh this time, and she found herself angry with him that he did not, and that for the first time in her life she was ashamed of her lameness. She hurried into the house for the milk and a morsel of white bread, and came out with them. He was looking away from her out to the beautiful landscape, up to the fleecy clouds, and a helpless look was on his face

that made her pause. Then he turned and saw her, and took the refreshment from her hand.

"May I not come up on the porch while I regale myself?"

She nodded.

In an instant he was beside her, sitting down upon one of the rough chairs Uncle Zeph had made. But he did not attempt to eat—he was looking far away. And so she watched him curiously and with a strange, new feeling.

"It is very peaceful here," he said, softly; "is there never any sorrow, or trouble, or anxiety?"

"No," she said, "we're always happy."

"And you never dream of things that cannot come to pass?"

"Oh, no; that would be very foolish. Aunt Maria says our minister said once that our dreams show our wants, and by them shall our worth be reckoned."

"And who is Aunt Maria?"

"She's my mother's sister; she raised me. I ain't got no mother."

"Neither have I, Matilda."

"No? really now?"

"Indeed, honor bright! And I haven't—no, Matilda—I haven't so much as a crumb of an Aunt Maria."

"I haven't no father; my father he died ages ago," she said, seeing his light manner coming back to him.

"And I haven't a father, either, Matilda," he said.

"Oh, my! ain't that nice," she cried.

"Nice!" he echoed; "nice to be fatherless, motherless, Aunt Marialess? Matilda, I am sensibly astonished at your awfulness."

"Oh, I didn't mean that; I mean it's nice to meet some one that's just like me. Everybody almost I know has a mother and a father; and somehow Aunt Maria don't just seem to be what mother might have been—your mother always knows what you want before you tell her, you know."

"Oh, yes, Matilda, I feel it borne in upon me that we are twins."

"Oh, go along," she said, "you talk awful funny."

He seemed to see something in the face that struck him—it was not her gray eyes, nor her pretty brown hair, nor her fallow, fine skin, such as an artist loves; but a look that he had failed to see in any other woman he had ever met was there, and he could give no name to it, only that it puzzled him.

"You'd better drink your milk," she said, "for it won't stay cool long this weather."

"Thanks," he said, and did as she advised.

"Nectar!" he said, handing her the empty glass.

"More?" she asked, smiling and familiar.

"No," he said; "I should insult the cow."

She could not understand this, knowing old Shorthorn's predisposition to upset buckets and milking-stools.

"But," he went on, "if you will allow me to smoke a pipe, I shall be in heaven."

It was not in Matilda to deny his angelic tendencies, although she would rather he had refrained from active celestialities; but she gave him the desired permission to get to heaven awkwardly enough, and watched him fill his pipe, create a spark by some mysterious friction, puff and blow, and at last sink down into the chair with all the rapture of an idolater of nicotine. Indeed, he smoked in silence for some time, and she watched him, standing over against the rails of the porch.

"Do you like to smoke?" she asked, suddenly, as the question is frequently put by women.

"My pipe evidently does; personally, I detest it. Chaff aside, though, I smoke because it is a disagreeable thing to do."

"Do tell!" she said.

"Do you never do things you don't like?" he asked.

"Not often," she replied; "but, then, you know, I'm only a woman, and women ain't asked often what they'd like to do; they're expected to do things, and they do 'em."

"Humph!" he said; "I was expected not to smoke, and beaten for persisting in it; that's why I kept the habit up," and relapsed into gracious silence again, puffing away like all possessed.

"I guess you don't work so killing hard," she said, again suddenly; "your hands is so white—whiter'n mine."

"My colossal mind is my work-shop, Matilda," he said; "and that is not nearly so white as my hands."

"I don't just quite catch your meaning," she said, puzzled.

"Oh, it's such a dreamy place here, Matilda, that we mustn't try to catch anything—measles or Cupid, which are synonymous. Let us only live and look in pretty places like this, without further responsibility of changing the places. That's Epicurean, Matilda."

"Lud!" she said. Yet it was a pretty place, and the trees, the birds, the sky, and gentle winds of heaven, did all they could to make the inveterate mind of man tender. Despite the strangeness of it all, Matilda seemed to forget that she did not know him—seemed to think that she had seen all this long ago, that it was natural for him to be here and natural for her to be beside him; natural for her to watch the soft vapor from his pipe ascending and dissolving and fading away into the blue day. She never knew how long she stood there rapt, a new quietness folding about her like a soft garment; and when he said her name again, she started as one rudely awakened.

"Oh! I thought you never dreamed," he said.

"I don't dream; but it seems somethin's the matter with me to-day," she returned.

"And with me," he said.

"Oh! it is the new scene with you," she went on; "but everything's old here to me."

"Should you like new scenes, Matilda?"

"I'd like the scenes the stories tells about—handsome ladies and gentlemen in spick-span clean places—good people that's always good and never go wrong, or if they do you don't mind it, and some sad ones as kind o' like their sadness."

"But you won't go into my part of the world to find these people, Matilda?"

"I don't know where it is; the story-people seems to know."

He was silent, and filled his pipe anew.

"Would you like to see over our place?" she asked.

"No," he answered, curtly; then added, "Are you all alone?"

"Yes; Aunt Maria she's gone to Miss Slocum's funeral—she died o' the gallopin' consumption. Her husband built this here porch, he did. Aunt Maria always liked Miss Slocum: such a hand for pies she was. There's sure to be a good dinner at the buryin'—the Slocumses always has good dinners when they die. Miss Slocum's mother had the best for miles around—borrowed everybody's chany and things, Aunt Maria says—and such tea! Aunt Maria's an old maid—don't like men no how; she'd be powerful mad if she found you here."

"She shall not find me here. And you dislike men, too, I suppose, Matilda?"

"Oh, my!" she said; "why, I don't know none—leastwise I didn't till you come along a couple o' hours ago. But the couple o' hours seems like a year."

She was perfectly calm, not confused in the slightest.

"So the couple of hours seem like a year! Have you grown so tired of me, Matilda, that the time drags?"

"Oh, mercy! No. I wish you'd never go—that is—I mean—"

Now she did blush!

"Suppose I'd stay," he said, looking at her quizzically.

"Oh, I don't know," she faltered, drawing back.

"No, Matilda," he said with a sigh; "these peaceful places are not for me; I am one of the predatory ones of the earth. You wouldn't believe me if I told you I was an Arab, would you? But tell me; are you always peaceful? But you say you are. How I should like to know the story of such a one as you—a sort of moral prescription. Suppose you tell me your story, Matilda. By the way, what is your other name?"

"Matilda Splooks."

"Preserve the Splooks!"

"And what's your name?"

"Arthur, from him of the Table Round—the pure king, whose life was spotless; and Castle, from my father of respected memory."

"Arthur Castle," she said.

"You have it, Matilda; and now the story."

"Story! I can't tell no story."

"Oh, pshaw! you are the only woman who never could, then. Remember the dreadful female in the 'Arabian Nights,' who for a thousand and one early dawns worried the Sultan—I think he was a Sultan, for she made him believe in ghosts—you have read the Arabian Nights?"

"I know Aladdin: what a queer wife he had, and, oh! what a bad uncle—not at all like Uncle Zeph."

"I suppose there is little resemblance. Now suppose, Matilda, you were to tell me a story—as though you were talking to a child, you know, and begin it with 'once on a time,' and all that—and yet let it be about yourself. Somehow I rather feel that I should like to hear you speak a good bit at a time. Did any one ever tell you that you had a soft voice, Matilda—an excellent thing in woman?"

"No, never," she said.

"Well, you have, you know; so sit down here and tell me all about Matilda—Splooks, as though she were somebody else."

"Seems to me I can't refuse you nothin'," she said, confusedly, "and I'll try. But indeed there ain't nothin' to tell."

But guided by him she seated herself upon the upper step of the porch, he arranging her so that a glint of light struck upon her hair and lit up the depths of her eyes. She clasped her hands before her, looking up for inspiration.

"Now," he said; and, watching her curiously as she sat there, he made up his mind for a rustic picture while she spoke.

"Once on a time," she began, "there was a young woman named Matilda, that hadn't no mother, no father, no nothin' but her Aunt Maria, which she sometimes believed was only her step-aunt. Matilda was not always a nice young person, for her temper was that bad you wouldn't think, particular when her Aunt Maria called her Limpety-fetch-it, when she wasn't spry enough, and her aunt didn't consequently think very much of her; for her aunt was a real powerful good woman, a regular church-goer, and was a Dorcas society, and heathen missions, and vice suppression, and all them things, and she often said that but for Matilda she'd see her way clear. It's very silly, isn't it?"

"Oh! well, go on."

"Yes. So Matilda was often alone. You see she didn't know young people, because she was

—was a little lame; and she never played games, and such, for the children they laughed at her, for she'd look funny skippin' around; and so she got into the queer habit of not goin' with live people, but goin' with dead people."

"With dead people?"

"Yes. She used to go up to her room and watch the sky, and think her mother and father was up there a-lookin' down at her, and so she quite got acquainted with the people her father and mother knowed in glory. So one night—why it was last night, Arthur Castle—one night Matilda she dreamed that she'd died herself; maybe Miss Slocum was on her mind; and she dreamed she went up to glory, and there her mother and her father just caught hold of her, and she knowed that well, and they put their arms around her real tight. Oh! it's awful nice to have people's arms around you real tight."

"Is it?"

"I mean people that you love. So all the neighbors was there too, and Miss Slocum she said, 'Is this Tilda? Why, she ain't lame no longer, and she's not bad-tempered no longer,' and Matilda she said, 'Good people, it's me, just Matilda. I've always been this a-way; I've always wanted folks to love me and like me, but somehow they couldn't; and now I'm dead and gone, I'm got all I wanted when I was alive, for my mother's and my father's love it makes me in heaven what they would have made me on earth had they lived.' So 'mejetly Matilda woke up, and knowed it was a dream. And that day her Aunt Maria went off to Miss Slocum's funeral, and Matilda was up-stairs a-thinkin' of her dream, when she spied a tramp a-coming from afar off—"

"That's like the Prodigal Son, Matilda," he interrupted.

"Oh, there, now, I forgot; that's all my story; ain't it soft?" she said.

"And so that's all the story. Didn't Matilda rather like the tramp that wasn't a tramp?"

"Maybe she did—how should I know? There's a-many girls named Matilda."

Her voice had grown querulous, and her face troubled.

"And don't you think Matilda was sorry when the tramp that wasn't a tramp left her?" he persisted.

"Oh don't, don't," she cried, in pain; "oh, why did you ask me to tell a story? I didn't mean nothin'."

"There! there! never mind," he said, in the soothing voice so dangerous to feeling like her own present feeling. "I'll tell you a story now, shall I?"

She did not answer him, but sat there with her eyes down.

"Once on a time," he said, "there was a young man who was an artist. He was a dread-

fully conceited young man, and in his earlier life and from much association with other young men and much reading, he had made up his mind to conquer the world. But he had not gone very far when he was conquered himself—and by what, do you think, Matilda? Why, by a pair of eyes—woman's eyes. These eyes were deceptive eyes, but how was he to know that? They led him where they would, and they deceived him. After they had deceived him it seemed the devil came to him, and the artist went about doing all the harm that he could. Then even harm became stale to him, and he tried to call back the old spirit of ambition that had once actuated him; but he scarcely succeeded. So about a year ago he took up his pack and went from land to land making pictures, trying in all ways to forget what could never, never be forgotten. He was a weak man, of course, and he knew it, but knowing it only made him the wilder. He had sad times of it, and often he sunk down overpowered by the load of sin and misery and memory he had carried so long. All the time up to this morning he was so. He ate nothing yesterday; he slept not last night. This morning, wild and sad, he took up the old march again, and at last he came across a peaceful sort of country, and afar off he saw a little house—something like this little house. Something urged him to come to the little house; so he reached it, and found a young woman named Matilda."

She had raised her face and was looking at him, her lips parted, her eyes shining. He reached and took one of her hands, and held it between both his own.

"This young woman taught him more than she knew, more than he ever knew, and seemed in some inexplicable way to lead him back to purity and truth—or it may have been the newness of the scene and its surroundings. When he goes away from this young woman he shall always remember her, her peace, her sad, lonely lot, that seemed not sad, her talking with dead people, her pretty dream. Had he met this young woman earlier in his life he might never have gone away from her again; for he was so tired of dissipation and foolishly-learned people, and it would have been his dear delight to teach her many things, to make her fit to be his companion, perhaps, and in time she would have loved him and—oh, there! there! that's all. My story ends abruptly too. How strangely I have been talking!"

"No," she said, pulling her hand away and looking at him, smiling tenderly but with white face, "you have not talked strange. But, Mr. Castle, didn't this Matilda never like the young man? Didn't the young man never ask her that? Couldn't she a-ried to be smart and learn things he liked? Don't you think that maybe

she'd a-loved to do all he wanted her to? Don't you think she knowed how dumb and stupid she was after she'd set her eyes on him, and in one hour maybe thought more of him than she did of all the wide, wide world? Suppose this Matilda had been pretty, and smart, and good, wouldn't the young man a-staid?"

He had risen to his feet. He placed his hand upon her drooping shoulder, looking kindly in her face.

"I think not," he said, "for all that was past for him. Yet suppose he should say to this Matilda, 'I am not sinless, but I want rest very much; shall I stay, Matilda?' what would she have answered?"

Should he stay? Whatever was womanly in her, asserted itself. She stepped aside; she seemed to awaken to something; she seemed to have been in another dream of dead people.

"Matilda ought never to have answered that question quickly," she said, soberly.

"To be sure," he laughed, "and I have been making a fool of myself, I suppose. Oh, well—now, see, the sun is sinking—I have a long journey before me. I thank you for your kindness, Matilda Splooks, and fare-thee-well, and if forever, then forever fare-thee-well!"

"Good-bye!" she said, gently, and put her hand out.

"Oh, shake hands?" he said, "certainly; why not? Good-bye! I hope your aunt will soon be at home. You are not afraid to stay alone?"

"No," she said, "I am used to it. And, Mr. Castle,—"

"Yes."

"Do you think that whatever Matilda thought of the young man would always be for his good? Don't you think she might even pity his sorrow? Oh, don't you think that after Matilda had once knowed the young man, she would always pray to God for him, wicked as she was?"

"Would she?" he asked.

"Yes, she would, Mr. Castle, she would—oh, she will always, always pray for him, she can't help it; she will always hope for him and for his good. And wouldn't the young man try to be happier for it?"

"The young man will try to be better for it—he swears that; for he seldom met any one who cared for him disinterestedly, and the young man only knew Matilda a matter of a few hours, mind."

"The few hours may be all Matilda's years," she said.

He looked at her—should he stay? Did this mean more than he had ever known? "Good-bye, again," he said, and stepped off the porch. She went down beside him.

"I will go to the gate with you," she said, and he noticed how feebly she walked.

Down the path of old-fashioned flowers, senti-

mental country flowers, they went in the mellow sunset, slowly, lost in thought, loth to go apart, bewildered and dreaming. She held the gate open for him. Should he stay? One word would keep him, he knew, and he was so tired of everything, his life had closed in upon him so early. Silently she stood beside him, her hands resting upon the gate. He lingered!

"Would it make Matilda happy if the young man were to—well, to stay with her forever?" he asked.

"It would make her happier to know that he was made better through her love!"

"Through her what?"

"Well, her kind feeling for him."

"Could she have no stronger feeling than kindness?" he asked, suddenly. And then the foolishness of the whole thing flashed upon him—he, the artist, the rich, cultured man, the fashionable man about town, to be standing here beside a rude country girl with vulgar surroundings, an Aunt Maria, and an Uncle Zeph who made uncomfortable chairs for the porch, who spoke of "chany" at the "Slocumses buryin's," and who possessed a few other negative attractions—he to talk sentiment, and with her! With a light laugh he pulled his hat over his brow.

"Good-bye, finally, Matilda Splooks," he said, cheerily, and went down the road. All the same though, after he had gone a few yards he turned around, and saw her still standing beside the gate, her eyes following him. Should he stay? whispered a still small voice within him. Was she not a pure sweet country flower, as much as the little daffodils that sprang around his feet distorted and plain by reason of choking earth, but blooming with as much meaning as any of God's flowers? And he had come across the daffodils as suddenly as he had come across her, and had always spurned the simple flowers before he had gained the artist's insight. Should he stay, or go out again into all the old trouble and sadness and worryment and pain? Would he be a happier man? He would be a better man remembering her. Quick as a flash he turned away, walked rapidly down the road, turned once, waved his hand, paused for a second—then on once more, never again to see her in his life.

When Aunt Maria came home, she asked had any one been there.

"A man for a glass of milk," said Matilda.

"And what did you have for your dinner, now?" asked Aunt Maria, full of the Slocums' funeral baked meats.

"I forgot dinner," said Matilda, simply, and went out into the kitchen.

"Forgot her dinner!" gasped Miss Maria. "Well, sakes alive! she's as lame in her mind as she is in her feet; and upon my word I've as good mind as ever I had to go out as a missionary yet, and let her shift for herself."

FUN FOR THE FIRESIDE.

A HELP TO MOTHERS.

No. 21.

Playing With Air.

JESSIE E. RINGWALT.

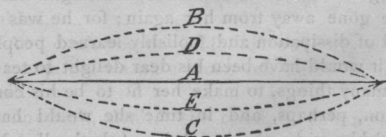
It is customary to express perfect liberty by the phrase as "free as air," and unfettered movement is often described as being as "easy as breathing."

The atmosphere that surrounds the globe is so constituted that each little atom moves under the slightest impulse, as if it were a servant, ever waiting on the watch to obey the mandates of mankind. This sedulous attendance follows our footsteps, springs to action at the waving of our hands, answers to the mere drooping of an eyelid; and we need but to learn a little wisdom, and exercise a little care, to assure ourselves of the most wholesome and useful effects of this multiform ministration.

It will require but a word of instruction to convince the child that the sweet waft of air that responds to the motion of his mother's fan is but a slighter manifestation of the breeze that plays among the flowers of the garden; rising into greater strength, it can slam the door, and toss the tree-tops; and, bursting into power, become the tempest which uproots those gigantic trees and levels them to the earth.

As an illustration of the mobility of the air, and the waving or vibratory motions which spread so quickly through it, a string may be used, which is fastened at both ends. If this cord or string is struck violently with a stick, it will be seen to move towards one side, and then back again, with a force that carries it further than the spot where it remained when at rest. From this position it will swing or spring again, making these movements each at shorter distances, until it becomes again quiet in its first position. These motions are delineated in Figure 1, where the inner, un-

Fig. 1.



broken line is intended to exhibit the cord when at rest. Under the impulse of the stroke of the stick, the cord reaches the point B, then swings back to C. Flying back to D, the cord will next return to E, and thus in a succession of motions fall finally to rest in its first position. In a loosely-hung cord these movements are easily seen, as they are performed slowly, but in a tightly-stretched string they occur in the same manner, but too

rapidly to be visible. In both cases these swingings of the string impart a motion to the air just as a breeze is started by a waving fan, and from the tense or tight string a twang or noise will be heard, caused by the moving air striking sharply upon the drum of the ear.

The conveyance of sounds through the air can be seen in Figure 2. The clapper of the bell

Fig. 2.



striking against its metallic sides, causes a motion which is carried into the circle of air that lies close around the bell. From ring to ring of the air, this motion spreads until some atoms strike against the inner part of a human ear, by which the feeling of this motion is conveyed to the brain, which then apprehends the sound. To prove this simple fact, a child need only thrust its finger into its own ear, and deafen itself to the sounds of a bell, which is still seen swinging in the air. These circling rings of movement may also be illustrated to the eye by the ripples seen spreading outwards through the water from the central spot into which a stone has been thrown.

An easy experiment for the fireside can be found in a glass tumbler, which is partly filled with water, as in Figure 3. If the top of the

Fig. 3.



forefinger of the hand is made wet, and then run round the rim of the glass with some force and firmness, sounds will proceed from the rim, and slight thrills of motion will be visible spreading from the glass through the water.

That acute sounds are produced by such motions or vibrations, is often proved at the dining-table, when a knife or spoon accidentally strikes against a glass dish or goblet. A clear, sharp sound is produced, which will continue to ring through the air for some time, unless a finger is pressed upon the glass, causing the clang to instantly cease by stopping the motion thrilling through the vessel.

Another convenient fireside experiment upon

the nature of air may be made with an empty bottle. This so-called empty bottle is, of course, full of air, and may be thrust, neck downwards, into a basin of water. The water, being heavier than the air, will be seen pressing into the bottle and crowding the air upwards into the bottom until it will yield no longer, and the water can then rise no further. But if the bottle be tipped slightly towards one side, particles of the imprisoned air will be seen to escape, bubbling upwards through the water, which will then creep further into the bottle, filling the space thus emptied.

Another experiment upon the nature of air was utilized into fun for the fireside by some little children, who always made a regular raid into the kitchen upon the day when the family supply of groceries was emptied into the jars. The paper bags that had held the coffee, sugar, etc., if preserved unbroken, were claimed as the perquisites of the children, and the treasured materials for a grand frolic. To produce this special fun the child must draw the open end or mouth of the bag carefully between the thumb and fingers, gathering the edge as if by the string-case of a reticule. By blowing with the whole force of the lungs into this open mouth, the bag will be so filled with air that it spreads out like a balloon. The fingers are then drawn tight so as to close the opening with a firm grasp, and with the other hand, a fair, square, hard blow is struck with the extended palm upon the bottom of the bag. The confined air under this pressure forces its way out by bursting the paper, and a sharp report follows, sufficient in violence to startle an unsuspecting hearer into the belief that a pistol has been discharged, and of course furnishing the utmost delight to the children.

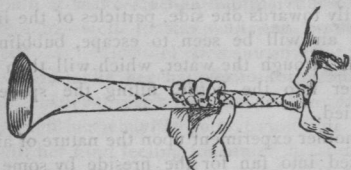
When a bladder is filled with air and closely tied, the sides cannot be pressed together unless the air inside bursts its way out by breaking the sides or forcing the string. These inflated bladders swung to the end of sticks make a very noisy plaything from the concussion caused by a blow.

The ordinary bellows which are used to excite a sluggish flame perform their service by directing a strong draught of air beneath the slumbering coals. This instrument acts by drawing into itself a quantity of air, and then propelling it out through a small pipe or nozzle with increased violence. The whistle with which the air escapes is quite deafening to the ear, if placed near to it. The power of the air in the bellows can be shown by fitting a cork tightly into the nozzle. When this is done securely, the handles of the bellows cannot be brought together, they being held apart by the resistance of the confined air inside.

Air forced through a narrow pipe seems to issue with an additional power of sound. On this

account, speaking trumpets are used by sea-captains and others who desire to increase the volume of their voices, and hunters also use horns to make themselves heard at a great distance. The air impelled into the little end or mouth-piece of the trumpet or horn, strikes against the sides (Figure 4), causing such motions in the

Fig. 4.



metal that the force of the wavering air is increased; and the human voice by such help can be pitched to be audible above the din of storm and battle.

A correct knowledge of the effect of the different materials that should be used, of the size of the pipes, and of the various stops which can be introduced to regulate the passage of the air, constitutes the science by which men manufacture the various organs, horns, flutes, and other wind instruments. The observation also of the quality of various strings, their arrangement, the tension at which they should be held, and the manner in which they should be struck, has also produced that great amount of knowledge by which we are enabled to produce from the harp, violin and piano those beautifully regulated sounds which together constitute music.

The ear trumpet used by deaf persons exactly reverses the effect of the speaking-trumpet, and therefore has a very broad, open end, into which the air is gathered to be brought with greater force by the narrowed end to the ear. The outside of the human ear seems to act somewhat in the same manner, and some animals move the large flap of their ears as if intentionally to assist in gathering in the sounds. Persons often, without knowing the reason for the act, will raise the hand to the ear, and curve it like an ear-trumpet, to assist in catching a faint or distant sound.

When the air about a person is at once acted upon by several forces, these conflicting motions produce a confusion of sounds upon the ear, and none of them is heard with distinctness; but when each wave of air has free, uninterrupted passage, the sounds are clear and easily understood. This is often observed in conversation, where a loud and hurried utterance cannot be heard nearly so well as the lower tones of a voice that is regulated to slower and more distinct movements.

THERE is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, by the way—for such wisdom is wholly wasted.

MARS AND VENUS.

BY M. L. BOYD.

The July sun was drawing near the horizon, and across the road and far over the park, stretched the shadows of the old forest trees, making a waving, shifting carpet of many-shaded greens. It had been a hot summer's day—way down at the river's mouth, thousands and thousands of weary ones had suffered under the burning rays of the noon-sun. Many too, perhaps, had fainted by the way, never more to arouse to the trials and burdens of life.

But up here in this cool spot, where mountain breezes and the water of cool lakes cheered, the day had been only one of enjoyment. Now the time was drawing near for the arrival of the afternoon boat, and the three miles of charming inland drive from the Hudson would soon be traversed, and the sons of fortune would find cool and rest after the day of business in the hot city.

A party of merry girls were sitting idly among the rocks and trees on the edge of the park overlooking the drive, ready to herald the first approach of the carriages.

"I wonder if any one new will be up to-night," said one.

"If any one with horses and carriages meditates spending a few weeks among us," said another, "I shall make friends with them if they do; for it seems to me as if I cannot get enough of riding and driving in this lovely country, through these charming cedar-shaded roads."

"Speaking of driving," said Miss Butler, "I hear we are going to have one of the grandest of the lords of creation among us very soon; one of your 'howling swells,' Louise," she said, turning to a merry, dark-eyed, auburn-haired girl, who was trying to find a comfortable position on a high, pointed rock, to the extreme hazard of her spotless white dress, and who, as thus addressed, turned around and slipping back, "just like the frog in the well," she explained, asked for more particulars concerning the coming man.

"My brother knows him," said Miss Butler, "and gives him the highest place among his friends. He is about thirty, very fine-looking, has traveled nearly all his life, has studied in England and Germany—knows all the great people abroad, and, and—"

"Well, what's his name and where's his home?" said Louise, as her friend stopped quite out of breath.

"He is Girard Carrington, and last winter he spent partly in New York and partly in Boston. Above all he is very wealthy—owns a lovely place on the river near the city, and reckons among his possessions a beautiful, far-famed span of 'English thoroughbreds' which he has owned since they were colts."

"He is the owner of brains, too?" queried

Louise. "I am sick of the common herd of know-nothings, and if he has a mind above aping the English swells in dress and manners, and can talk for ten minutes consecutively, without saying something sentimental or using slang 'you know,' I will set my cap for him."

"You won't trap him, dear," said Miss Butler, laughingly.

"What will you bet?" exclaimed the girl, jumping down to the level turf, prepared to hold her own against all odds.

"Louise, my dear, you surely forget yourself; young ladies do not generally bet."

The voice sounded unexpectedly near, and Louise turned to see her aunt, Mrs. Whitney, shaking her finger reprovingly at her. Assuming an air of mock humility, she began:

"My beloved mentor, I will no longer offend your ears by such shocking language; pardon me."

Mrs. Whitney smiled indulgently—the girls laughed, and Louise climbed to her rocky height to catch the first glimpse of the carriages, whose approaches were announced by the tramp of the horse's feet.

In the next moment there was laughing and shouting, waving of hats and caps, and out sprang some of the young men to join the ladies, and before very long they were all going toward the large summer hotel. It was a cheerful place, accommodating three or four hundred guests, and now early in the season as it was, its rooms were well filled with a merry set of boarders, who not anxious for very fashionable life, found gaiety enough of their own making to satisfy.

Rowing on the river and mountain lakes, drives, rides and walks, and occasional trips to the town of N., not far distant, made this summer resort, nearly sixty miles from New York, a very favorite spot.

As the party neared the hotel, walking leisurely along the drive, there was a call "Get out of the way." All turned to see coming toward them a light, top buggy, drawn by two magnificent horses—with shining, dark chestnut coats, soft and fine as silk. They were high-steppers, every drop of their good blood boasted in their lordly tread, their arched necks and spirited snorts, as the groom proudly reined them in near Louise and a gentleman, who had stopped to admire their beauty.

"What splendid creatures; to whom do they belong?" she asked, as a single word from their driver sent them speeding on toward the stables.

"I believe they are owned by a Mr. Carrington, a wealthy fellow, who is to come up here very soon; they were on the boat to-night, and all the ladies were wild over them. Their driver is a fool; he does not know how to manage them. I wonder a man will trust his horses to such an inexperienced fellow."

It was not very long before the whole hotel

was excited over the new horses and their aristocratic owner. Miss Butler became quite the rage. All must hear the story of Mr. Carrington, and the particulars, meagre and unsatisfactory, were enlarged to suit the imagination and convenience of every new narrator, until, had Girard Carrington walked in, he would have found himself famous.

Early the next morning, as Louise was returning from the lake, whither she had gone for some lilies, she met Patrick Martin, the favorite groom of the hotel stables, coming whistling along the path. As he saw the young lady, he raised his hat and began immediately upon the topic uppermost in his mind.

"Oh, and Miss Talbots, and that's a likely tame of horses as is in the stables now; they are illigant craturs, and its meself that would be proud to take care of them."

"Yes, I know, Patrick, they are beautiful; I saw them as they drove up last night. I should like to see them again."

"Well, you can Miss. I'd be glad to show 'em to you, if ye'll come."

Louise enjoyed any thing novel, and now the thought of going to the stables, and touching those silky, shining coated chestnuts, was enough of an inducement; and so led by Patrick she took the little side road and soon found herself among the grooms and stable boys, who stepped deferentially aside, as Patrick stalked proudly among them, followed by the young lady.

The horses were standing tied under a large tree, the groom was polishing them, until their dark coats fairly sparkled. A crowd had collected around admiring and commenting, but as Louise came toward them they fell back, and she stepped fearlessly to the horses heads.

"Take care, Miss," exclaimed the man, "they are vicious brutes, they won't let anybody come near them, except master and me."

"I am not afraid; they will not hurt me," said the girl, as she lifted a handful of grass and held it toward the most unapproachable of the two creatures. "Now, this is for you," she said, treating the other horse to his share. They whinnied in a friendly manner; and, encouraged, Louise soon found herself patting and caressing "Mars and Venus"—for so the groom told her his master had named them. They received her friendly advances in the same spirit, to the astonishment of the man, who stood open-mouthed watching the apparently marvelous sight.

Patrick's face was radiant, and he fairly clapped his hands with delight when the horses pawed the ground and called impatiently after the girl, as she left them with a farewell hug.

"Och! but she's an illegant young lady; the saints love her!" exclaimed Patrick. "Me wife knows her, and she says she makes friends with ivery one, aven with horses."

Unconscious of the praise following her, Louise hurried up to the hotel, to tell of her exploit.

"If you have conquered the horses, I suppose you will expect to take the master also; but remember you cannot bait him with a handful of grass—a few smiles and soft words—he is too old a fox for that," said Miss Butler, who did not feel any too kindly toward the hero Carrington, and who could not help showing a little of her feelings.

"She's been disappointed and cannot hide her pique," whispered one, as Miss Butler announced that "Mr. Carrington cared nothing for ladies' society; he is perfectly indifferent; even Louise, here, will not be able to charm him, as she has some other fellows we know of."

"Wait until the end of the summer," laughed Louise, as she and her friend Fanny Martainere separated themselves from the group, and with books and work went down to the glen, to the great rock which overhung the upper end of the lake, and from which they could see the blue Hudson below and beyond.

It was a lovely spot, and very often the two girls found themselves stealing there for a quiet morning.

Louise generally did the reading aloud, and, seating herself above her friend, she began in her clear, musical voice, *The Lady of the Lake*. She had just been reading the description of the stranger knight, the huntsman who appeared to fair Ellen, and becoming interested, she raised her voice as she finished with the lines:

"His ready speech flowed fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy;
Yet seemed that tone and gesture bland,
Less used to sue than to command."

"That is the kind of man Mr. Carrington is, I fancy," she said, closing the book.

A sudden crushing of the leaves, and the rattling of a stone down to her feet, startled Louise, and lifting her eyes she saw standing above her a tall, fine-looking man. She saw all in a glance; the dark eyes, the sun-burned complexion, and the tawny flowing mustache. He had on a dark-brown traveling suit, and fastened on his shoulder was a canvas knapsack.

Noticing the flush and look of annoyance upon Louise's face, he tried to banish the smile which nevertheless lurked in the corners of his handsome mouth, as raising his hat and begging pardon for the intrusion, he asked the most direct road to the hotel—he had tried a short cut thither, and was quite bewildered.

The directions were given, the thanks extended and received, and the girls were alone; but poor Louise was thoroughly indignant.

"I know that man was Girard Carrington; I am sure it was he; I wish I had never heard of him. He will think me a fool, sitting here reading poetry, and comparing him to James

Fitz-James. If he is as averse to ladies' society as Kate Butler says he is, do imagine his feelings. I expect he will flee from me, thinking I am going to try and marry him. He my hero, indeed! I will be careful to steer clear of him; and, above all, never tell him I have been hugging his horses; he will think then there is no escape. If you ever lisp it, I'll drown myself over this rock."

Fanny laughed heartily over this tirade; but finding Louise thoroughly in earnest, and overcome with a fear she had been unmaidenly, she controlled her mirth and endeavored to cheer the girl to the best of her ability.

At dinner the truth was made known. Mr. Carrington had really come, and, pointing to a distant table, the girls showed to Louise and Fanny the dreaded man, comfortably discussing his dinner, and apparently unconscious of the attention he was exciting.

No one but Fanny heard the whispered "I told you so" as, dinner over, the girls left the room to occupy the afternoon in their siestas, toilette preparations, etc., until the usual driving-hour arrived, and when Mr. Carrington had been announced as starting off with his handsome horses.

He was not present at supper, and when later in the evening he returned, a friend accompanied him, and they mingled with some of the ladies.

Louise kept out of his sight. Only once on the following day did she meet him—as he was on his way to the office. His mind was evidently preoccupied, for seemingly he did not recognize her, and she felt relieved—though rather piqued after all that she had made no greater impression.

Two days had passed; the beautiful horses had been brought around each afternoon; had waited fifteen minutes or more for their owner, who, in driving-dress elegantly appointed, would appear at last, take the reins, and drive swiftly away.

The hotel life went on as usual. The novelty was gone; Mr. Carrington was not even a "nine days' wonder." The ladies, annoyed by his indifference to their society, had ceased to speculate concerning him; and Louise alone gave him a thought, and all because of the beautiful horses which she longed to pet again. She did not care to repeat her visits to the stable, and she cast about for some other means of gratifying her wish.

To her joy she, then learned that the groom who had had them in charge had been dismissed, and her old friend Patrick was their slave.

The next afternoon he was at his post, holding their bridles and waiting for the master.

Louise grew bold, and with some lumps of sugar she had smuggled away for the purpose, she started down to the side verandah; walked around carelessly to the drive, and then, as if suddenly discovering the horses, walked up to them.

Patrick, proud of his place, and delighted to

see the young lady, became very communicative in his joy—told of his elevation, the kindness of Mr. Carrington, etc.—Louise meanwhile patting the glossy necks and dispensing the sugar.

"Them beasts knows you, miss," said Patrick; "they are very gay though." And even as he spoke, the sound of a chair grating upon the piazza floor above startled them, and they would have plunged forward, had not Patrick held them firmly and quieted them by his voice.

Before Mr. Carrington could possibly appear, Louise was back in her room, and looking down from above upon her four-footed favorites, and glorying in her exploit.

"Well, how do you like him? What did he say? Did he ask you to drive?" etc., etc., were the queries put to a few favored ones, who had received Mr. Carrington's smiles and pleasant words the fourth morning after his arrival.

One of the married ladies, a Mrs. Elliot, an old friend of Mr. Carrington's, was sitting with Louise, Miss Butler, and a few other girls, when the gentleman suddenly joined their circle, and was presented to each in turn. He had a smile and ready word for them all, but his eye sought out Louise, the last among the group, and going to her side, he extended his hand, saying:

"I owe you thanks—you are my guide of the morning of my arrival, and I am glad to meet you."

The girls were surprised and looked askance, and poor Louise felt his eyes read her through and through, as with heightened color she carelessly said:

"You have a good memory."

Her indifference rather annoyed the man, and to bring a deeper blush, he said, looking at her very intently:

"My memory is indeed excellent. I can also remember the book you were reading, even the very words. Shall I repeat them?"

Thoroughly annoyed, and vexed with herself for being so, Louise shrugged her shoulders, as she replied:

"No, I should hate to hear them spoiled by repetition—association of time, place, and circumstances do much to make some words appreciated."

She arose as she spoke, and reaching over the railing of the piazza, broke off a spray of honeysuckle and commenced fastening it in her hair. Apparently she had forgotten her companion, and he turned and talked with the others until the dinner was announced, and they separated to their respective tables.

"Louise, you were very rude; there was no necessity for your being so ungracious. It looked as if you were piqued, while he is indifferent to you as well as to the others," said Fanny, as they were alone in their rooms.

"Come, do not scold," exclaimed the girl,

impatiently. "I shall make the amends to his horses," and before long she was descending for her daily caress of Mars and Venus. The eager pawing of the horses as they saw her approaching always filled her with delight. She would say a few words to Patrick, and then begin her petting and talking to the intelligent dumb creatures, who seemed gentle and quiet as kittens at her lightest word.

The days which sped swiftly by were not fruitful in making Mr. Carrington and Louise any better friends. Amused and a little annoyed by her rudeness, Mr. Carrington did not seek her out; and she, half ashamed of her pettish manners and ungracious greeting, avoided him as much as possible. When into the midst of a merry circle, of which Louise was the life, Mr. Carrington would enter, a sudden quiet would descend upon the moving spirit; the bright sallies, the merry laugh, were hushed, and she would sit silently by with apparently no interest in the conversation. He saw the change, and felt she disliked him, or else was indifferent to his opinions; and almost laughing at himself, he determined to win an occasional word, or one of the smiles, given so readily to others. But success did not crown his efforts, and the breach widened rather than narrowed.

One afternoon, when Louise was making her usual visit to the horses, she was startled by hearing Patrick exclaim:

"Oh, God! my little boy!"

Looking hastily up and across the park, she saw the little three-year old son of Patrick going toward the glen-head. A single stumble, a run of but a few steps more, and the child must inevitably perish, tumbling far down into the waters below.

At his post of duty stood the father. There was no one near to aid; no man upon whom he could call. Louise took in the scene with a glance. She knew if she ran to save the child she would only hurry him to certain death, for he was a timid little thing. Then, too, her feet could not fly as swiftly as those of a man, and that man with a father's heart of love winging his steps; and so almost in a moment she had said, "Go, I will watch the horses."

No second bidding was needed. He was off, and she was watching him, as he hurried after the feeble, innocent little child, who was so near destruction.

Moments seemed hours to the anxious girl.

"Why don't he go faster?" she exclaimed, as with parted lips, her breath coming quick and hot, she stood holding firmly the two horses, who were quiet under her hand. She had forgotten them, and was following in thought the man in his hurried race.

Just as the last step was before the little feet, strong arms arrested them, and he was saved.

A flood of tears came to Louise's relief, and bowing her head she sobbed aloud. She forgot Mr. Carrington—she forgot everything but the poor happy father—and so when suddenly she heard a step on the gravel, and looked up to meet Mr. Carrington's eye, she started in alarm.

"Where is Patrick?" he said. His voice sounded stern, and Louise, to vindicate the man, overcame her silence, and said, speaking quickly:

"Do not blame Patrick; his child was in danger, and he ran to save it; and he did," she added, her face glowing with joy as she brushed away the tears.

"His duty was here; he knows I always wish my horses to have an attendant—"

The girl interrupted him.

"Your horses had an attendant, and they are safe. I, for the first time in my life, played groom, to retain to Patrick his place. You are as unfeeling, as heartless as a stone;" her voice broke, and fearing she would burst into tears, she stroked once again the necks of her favorites, saying, "I am sorry your beautiful creatures have such a master;" and turning from him, she walked slowly away.

Until out of his sight her step was measured and dignified, but when once the little side-door was reached, with fleet foot she paced the corridor and burst into her own room—in so excited a manner that quiet Mrs. Whitney and Fanny Martaniere, its occupants, sprang to meet her.

The cause of her indignation was soon made known, told only as Louise could tell it; her cheeks flaming, her eyes flashing, and the words of scorn following each other in quick succession.

"But, dear," Mrs. Whitney had expostulated, "he never meant the child to die. You misjudge him; he has strict ideas of faithfulness to duty."

"Faithfulness to duty! and wasn't Patrick faithful, leaving a substitute? What was I, pray? No more nor less than Patrick Martyn's substitute. I wish he would leave the hotel; I shall hate to see him around, so handsome and polished, and so stern and cruel—a fearful combination in a man."

"Do not hate so hard; you will be going to the other extreme and loving him Louise," said Fanny, as the girl stopped in utter exhaustion.

"Never!" she exclaimed. "Now let us dress for supper." She was quiet and calm, a surprise to Fanny, who thought she knew her every mood, and a still greater surprise to the dark-eyed man who approached her in the evening, and to whom she spoke so quietly that he could not believe that she was the passionate girl who had stood before him in the afternoon and who had so misjudged him, never dreaming that he had been unobserved a witness of the whole scene, and that, partly to hide his admiration of her bravery, and partly to make her speak unreservedly to him for once, he had spoken so carelessly.

It was the following morning, and among the group of girls on the piazza sat Louise busy with a scrap-basket. Deep in the mysteries of fashioning a bunch of grasses and ribbon for its side, she discovered a great want; another variety of grass was required—a peculiar kind of reed.

"Patrick tells me," she said, "that they grow some miles from here; so I must wait until to-morrow morning, when I will take the pony and drive out for them."

"Miss Talbot, may I not have the pleasure of driving you out for those grasses this afternoon; it is so lovely a day, you had better make use of the sunshine—"

The speaker drew near and waited eagerly for the answer, which came unhesitatingly:

"No, I thank you, Mr. Carrington; Miss Martaniere will go with me to-morrow."

"But you wish them to finish the basket to-day!"

"My wishes must yield to circumstances, Mr. Carrington."

She spoke decidedly, and there was a deepened flush on her cheeks as she turned to her work. He was baffled again; within the past few days he had learned that his indifference to the society of women was fast vanishing, and that to see a certain bright-faced girl, to speak to her, and have her speak to him, was far greater pleasure than he liked to own—even to himself. Others should not see his annoyance, and so, openly repulsed, he laughed a polite regret at her refusal and bowed himself away.

In the evening a servant brought her a large bunch of the much coveted grasses, saying:

"Patrick gathered them for you, Miss!"

Enthusiastically she hastened from one to another, showing her gift, and talking of the kindness of the Irishman.

"I will thank him to-morrow," she said; but a day of rain was in store, and congratulating herself upon the possession of the grasses, Louise deferred her trip to Patrick's home.

All know how weary one becomes before the close of a rainy day in every country resort—how stupid one's fellow-boarders grow to be, and how the evening, with its dancing, bright lights, and music, seems the only salvation from utter ennui.

All at once, in the midst of a merry dance, some one thought of Mr. Carrington and inquired for him.

"He is ill," replied one of the gentlemen, "a sudden chill and cold."

"A chill in this weather," laughed the group, while Louise whispered to Fanny:

"The chill of his disposition has affected his body. He will be one big iceberg, *entirely*, as Patrick would say."

With the sunny morning, Louise plunged down the thicket path—the short cut across to the

cottage of the Irishman. She had a present for the rescued baby, and was, moreover, anxious to thank the father for the beautiful grasses.

As she neared the cottage, the little toddling Johnnie, in his bright plaided suit, his cap tied under his chin, and drawing a little wagon behind him, appeared, followed by his father and mother in their Sunday-best.

"Off for a day, Miss!" said the woman, bowing low, and smiling her good-morning to the pretty girl, who, having given Johnnie his toy, was now waiting for Patrick and his wife to approach.

"Yes, Miss Talbot, me and my wife and the young 'un has got leave to go for a trip to-day. Mr. Carrington sent word as he wouldn't wish his horses to-day. He caught an awful cold the other day, miss; it might ha' been his death."

"Indeed!" said Louise, indifferently; then with interest, "I want to thank you, Patrick, for the grasses—they were just what I wanted."

"Well, Miss"—Patrick scratched his head uneasily, as if not knowing exactly how to express his thoughts—"I am glad you did like 'em, Miss, but I didn't get 'em for you—leastways, I tried, and didn't have a long enough arm to get them big ones, and so Mr. Carrington he tried, and got 'em—only he got a cold besides; the log was so slippery he fell into the pond. He made me give them grasses in my name, saying you would like 'em better; but I didn't think that nohow fair."

"No, Miss; Patrick is too honest for that," said the woman, smiling proudly upon her lord, "and particular, too, when Mr. Carrington has given us such handsome presents. He sent Johnnie ten dollars as a present, 'cause Pat saved him."

Mrs. Martyn had finished, and stood waiting for approval. Louise had but little more to say, after receiving Patrick's thanks that she had held the horses for him, and after talking a minute more to the young mother, she bade them good morning, and walked on toward the glen, only looking back to watch the happy couple as they trudged on down the hill toward the highway, satisfied with themselves, and bright in the prospect of a day's recreation.

How little gives pleasure to such simple folk, she thought; and then came a vision of Mr. Carrington's politeness, her ungracious dismissal, and his subsequent efforts to obtain the grasses she admired, even at the risk of his own life and health.

"Well, the richer people get, the more they nave, the more they want. I am angry with myself for my silliness. If only that unlucky morning he had not overheard my remarks! I suppose if he had paid me any attention, I should have been delighted; but his very indifference piqued me, and I have been awfully rude. I'll try to do better," she thought; and, endeavoring

to banish the uncomfortable reflections, she hurried up to join her friends. Even to Fanny should she not tell of Mr. Carrington's instrumentality in obtaining the grasses; but she blushed a little consciously as they started off on their afternoon stroll, and the girls began rallying her upon the bunch of those same marsh grasses she had fastened coquettishly in the side of her sun-hat. Their walk was a charming one in the lovely summer afternoon; the birds had never seemed to carol more joyously; the flowers never had bloomed fresher and sweeter—so Louise thought; and as shadows from the great pine trees stretched out before them and told of the waning afternoon, she turned regretfully towards the hotel.

Passing through the park, the young ladies stopped by the children's ground, to watch the happy little things with their nurses, some playing, others singing and crowing; even the tiny babies seemed to have some thing to do and say.

"This life-giving air fairly transforms the children. See how pale and delicate some of these poor little things were when they came up from the city, and now look at the rosy cheeks, and hear their merry voices," said Louise, stopping to bestow a kiss on a pretty, blue-eyed baby, one of the pets in the hotel.

Suddenly there was a scream of terror. Nurses sprang to their charges; the young ladies, frightened and breathless, turned towards the hotel. Hearing the tramp of horses' feet, Louise looked to see Mars and Venus coming toward her. They were dragging an empty buggy, and a cloud of dust enveloped them. Mad with fright, they were making for the very spot where the children were playing. There was no time to run: certain death was before some. Quicker than a flash Louise sprang out on the drive, her white dress fluttering to the winds. She stood still for a second, calling loudly:

"Whoa! whoa! Mars! Venus! whoa, pets!"

Her voice was heard—they slowed in their maddening pace. She called again, and as they reached her, they seemed to stop. Louise sprang fearlessly to their heads, and held on with all her force. The sound of their names from the girl's lips, and her sudden, daring clutch on their bridles, had served to arrest the startled animals, and they stopped suddenly, throbbing and foaming, every nerve quivering.

A crowd collected: men and boys had followed from the hotel, and as Mr. Carrington arrived at the spot he found his horses secured and being led back to the stable.

The escape of the children had been almost miraculous; but she who had saved them by her bravery lay senseless. The excitement, and the sudden shock when the horses stopped, had thrown Louise to the ground, almost under their feet. People flocked around her, and her name

fell from many a lip in whispers, as Mr. Carrington pushed his way to her side. He saw as in a mirror, friendly faces hovering near, but only one face was clear before him. Pale and motionless she was lying, the blood flowing from an ugly wound near the temple. Her hat was lying to one side, and on it he noticed a bunch of the grasses he had gathered.

"Is she dead?" he murmured, as he bent over her seemingly lifeless form.

"No, I fear not," said one, "but we must take her to the house and send for the doctor immediately, or it may be too late."

Without saying a word, and never heeding the curious gaze of the crowd, Mr. Carrington pushed all others aside and lifted the girl in his arms, and silently carried her to the hotel, where startled faces met him, and loving friends relieved him of his burden.

The story of her bravery was echoed from mouth to mouth, and anxiously all waited for the verdict of good old Dr. Parker, who soon came to them, relieving their fears, and promising a slow recovery.

"She has had a narrow escape," he said: "one half inch to the right, and her death would have been instantaneous; the stone cut the forehead near the temple; her right side is bruised, and the arm badly sprained; but before long, with care, she will be among you again."

It was not easy to fill the place of the invalid; they missed her in all their frolics. Her enjoyment was always so intense that it became infectious, and it was almost like "Hamlet with Hamlet left out," when they started off on walks and drives without Louise. To Mr. Carrington, the very sight of his horses filled him with annoyance, so associated were they with the girl. He saw the truth for the first time; he had learned to love the bright, wayward Louise, and even loving the beautiful animals as he did, he would willingly have disposed of them, if he could have found a purchaser. One was not far away. A gay young sporting fellow had long coveted the horses, and soon proposed trying their speed, and it was whispered through the hotel that Mr. Belden was to become the owner of the English thorough-breds—and that Miss Talbot's accident was the cause of the sale.

Louise was very ill for several days, but soon she rallied and improved daily. Many were the inquiries made concerning her, many more the dainties sent to her room by loving friends and grateful mothers, who every time they looked at their children, gave a thought to the brave girl who had risked her life to save them. Fanny Martaniere came laden each day with the gossip of the hotel. The every-day doings and sayings were carefully treasured and repeated to Louise. And so it was that before very long she learned of the proposed fate of the horses.

"It will never do," she said, "Mr. Carrington must not sell those beauties. If you will not give him my message, I will write and ask him not to part with them."

"How much good do you think messages would do, if that man made up his mind to do a thing," said Fanny.

"Then I will write," said Louise, determinedly. She was excited, and Fanny, fearing to arouse again the fever and exhaust her little strength, refused to bring the required writing materials.

"Why, what is all this?" exclaimed the doctor, entering in the heat of the discussion, and amazed to find his patient sitting up in bed with flaming cheeks and excited voice, doing more to injure herself than whole days of quiet talking would have done.

"What is the matter?" he repeated, as Louise turned toward him, trying to explain, in the midst of her angry tears, the cause of her indignation.

"I want to, and *must* write a note, Doctor, and Fanny will not let me. If *you* will not let me have pencil and paper by fair means, I will get them by foul!"

"Well, my dear child, I think it would be far better to grant your request, than have you bringing on fever again, and putting yourself back in this way by your fretting. Miss Martaniere, you were right in trying to carry out my directions; but with a young lady like Miss Talbot, one has to act differently—make new rules, eh?" he added, looking laughingly at his patient. "Shall I say you may write as many letters as you wish, even if your arm is worse, and your eyes red and swollen?"

"Yes, doctor," humbly answered the invalid, who was very sure of her power, and rather gloried in the burning cheeks and quickened pulse which had gained her the favor. She could hardly wait for the good old doctor to finish his call, and leave her to the task of writing to Mr. Carrington. She could not bear to think of the fate of the two beautiful creatures, should Jack Belden, with his fast sporting tastes, get them. And then, too, way down in the depths of her heart, she felt a great compassion for the man whose love for his favorites was so strong that to part with them would be like severing ties which bound him to two tried and trusted friends. Fanny Martaniere brought her pencil and paper, and after promising not to tell of the intercession to be made, sat quietly down by the window to wait until Louise should finish—her offer to be amanuensis had been declined—and she sat wondering how the independent, high-spirited Louise could ask a favor of the man she affected to despise. It was no easy task the sick girl had taken upon herself; she could scarcely see, and her right arm, still suffering from the sprain, would not move at

her bidding. It was many minutes before the tired voice from the bed called Fanny to take a little envelope, directed in feeble, uncertain lines to Mr. Carrington.

"There, I am glad it is done; read it, dear."

And Fanny glanced down the slanting lines, where in irregular letters, every stroke witnessing pain and weariness, were the few words of entreaty.

"I hear, Mr. Carrington, you are going to dispose of your beautiful horses. If it is because of my injury, please alter your decision and keep them, for they are not to blame. I cannot bear they should belong to Mr. Belden; he is a hard master.

Sincerely,

"L. TALBOT."

Tired and sick, Louise could only lie and think of the note, and the probable fate of the horses—would her request be granted, she wondered—and the next morning an answer came. A beautiful bunch of roses with a note were laid on her little table. Eagerly she broke the seal, and read:

"Thank you, Miss Talbot, for your interest in my horses, and your willingness to forgive them their unkindly behavior. I will yield to your wishes upon condition that you will speedily recover, and will not a second time refuse to grant me a pleasure, but will allow me to take you one of your first drives. If I hear from you in the affirmative, I will re-arrange matters with Mr. Belden. Very truly yours,

"GIRARD CARRINGTON."

Fanny's aid was again summoned, and upon her card Louise wrote simply "Yes."

Now she must hurry and get well, and hurry she did. Her strong constitution had saved her a long and tedious illness, and now the girls could go to her room and tell of their pleasures, their walks and drives. She felt life had never seemed more to be enjoyed, and her impatience to enter on the new lease vouchsafed her knew no bounds. Bits of hotel gossip were now retailed, and among the busy Trojans one was found to tell of Mars and Venus and their proud owner.

"What do you think? Mr. Carrington is not going to sell his horses after all! He had made some arrangements with Mr. Belden, when suddenly he changed his mind. Jack Belden was furious, and Mr. Carrington had to pay a good round sum to keep his own horses. I wonder what possessed him?"

"Oh, one of his freaks probably," said Louise, burying her face in the lovely bunch of roses, which came in all their freshness and fragrance to her every morning—from but one source, she felt sure—and the very perversity of human nature made her prize them more than all the other beautiful flowers thoughtful friends showered upon her.

Slowly the weeks had passed, and one morn-

ing the prisoner was released. Gladly she was escorted to the bright piazza. She was thin and pale, but the winning smile lighted her face, and as her friends crowded around with congratulations, she met them with merry words, saying:

"I will soon be well again, and able to join you in your frolics. I begrudge the lovely weather I have lost; the summer is too short and too precious to spend in one's room, and I am going to make the remaining weeks compensate for those lost."

"May I help you spend the days, Miss Talbot?"

Louise blushed brightly, as she turned and extended her hand to Mr. Carrington, who had just joined the group. "Thank you," she said, "I am afraid I shall become very selfish, all are so kind to me."

Mr. Carrington looked admiringly at the golden-haired girl in her white dress, with the bunch of roses at her throat. He dared not show plainly how he rejoiced at her recovery, and at meeting again Louise Talbot, the girl who had so sedulously avoided his society during the past summer. So with light words he disguised his pleasure, and congratulated her upon her recovery, saying: "I feel a load of responsibility off my shoulders, and I fancy Mars and Venus would, could they see you again."

Fanny Martaniere was her constant companion, and Mr. Carrington found himself very often bringing some lovely flower, or article from one of the magazines to read, for their approval. Louise, still a prisoner to the veranda, began to look eagerly for these readings. They became a matter of course, and many were the hours they spent together. No reference was made to the past weeks of their acquaintance, and they became apparently ordinary friends. Mr. Carrington felt the time had not yet come for him to place his fate in her hands, and so he stifled his feelings, while Louise, thinking him at times, notwithstanding his kindness, almost indifferent, would try to conceal the little throb which she would feel when Mr. Carrington came to her side. At last the week of probation came to an end, and Mr. Carrington claimed from Louise the fulfillment of her promise to drive with him.

Great was the surprise of the good ladies of the hotel, when daintily dressed, she appeared descending the steps to the buggy, drawn by the very horses which had nearly proved her death.

"Let me pet them, Mr. Carrington," she said, and going to their sides, she fondled their glossy necks, murmuring words of endearment.

"They are here because of your request," said Mr. Carrington, in a low tone, as he noticed the delight of the dumb creatures as they received the petting of the young girl. She turned quickly away, extending her hand to Patrick, the faithful groom, who smiled his pleasure while he said:

"Glad to see you again, Miss; the horses have missed you, too—just hear them whinny now."

Louise's eyes sparkled with pride and delight as she sprang into the buggy and bowed her good-bye to her friends, who stood watching them as they drove swiftly away.

It was a lovely afternoon, and very happy were these two young people. Louise, in her enthusiasm, talked as Mr. Carrington had never heard her before. Unconsciously she spoke of herself; the old reserve had melted away, and he saw she trusted him. Could she love him?

A sudden turn in the road brought them to the pond where Mr. Carrington had gathered the marsh grasses. From Patrick's description, Louise immediately recognized the spot. Turning to Mr. Carrington, she said:

"Here are where my beautiful weeds grew."
"Yes; would you like another bundle?"

A rosy blush dyed her face as she answered, hesitatingly, "Not at the same price; Patrick told me I was indebted more to you than to him, and that the cold you caught was owing to your efforts for me—I thank you."

He was looking keenly into her eyes, and as she finished, he said:

"Was that the reason you wore them in your hat? Answer me truthfully," he added, as she started to speak.

Something in the tone of his voice arrested her—she looked up into his face: he was pale and earnest, and into her eyes his own looked with an entreaty of expression she could not mistake, and she falteringly whispered, "Yes."

"Miss Talbot—Louise—do not deceive me: do you, can you, care for the giver of those grasses as he cares for you? Is it because even then you had ceased to dislike him, that you carried what he gladly gave you?"

All had taken place so suddenly, the girl was too startled to realize her happiness. It was enough he loved her; and the smile which lighted up his face was more eloquent than words, when she said:

"I wore the grasses for your sake."

They were nearing the hotel, and to another question he asked her, she made no reply. Her heart was too full to speak, and he said:

"I will wait for your answer."

Silently they drove to the door, and without a word he lifted the girl down from the buggy.

"I want to say good-night to the horses," she said; and walking to their heads she stroked them gently, whispering, "I love you, dear pets, but I love your master better."

Some one beside the horses heard these words, low as they had been spoken. Unreservedly she had given herself to this man, who had offered her his heart, his life, knowing that to him in secret she had long ago yielded the love and respect which her pride had hidden.

Great was the surprise when a week later the truth was made known. The habitual hotel gossip attributed all to the accident of that summer afternoon; but back of it all dated the love which had sprung into being when first Girard Carrington had seen and heard that golden-haired girl in the glen that July morning.

"You were my hero, after all," she said, as he quoted to her the lines from "The Lady of the Lake; "but if Mars and Venus had not been yours, I never would have been: I loved them first, if not best."

A MAY DAY FROLIC.

BY KATHERINE J. DEVEREAUX.

The old village clock, of Grafton, was just striking six, as Nelly Lyle ran gayly down the wide stairs that led into the hall of the quaint old house, where she had been spending the past few weeks. The young girl paused for a moment at the door of the parlor where her aunt sat half dozing over her knitting; and the old lady seeing her niece equipped for a walk, said:

"Going out now, Nelly? Isn't it rather late?"

"Never mind, auntie; I will be at home for tea. This is May Day, and I must have one taste of May air before the sun goes down; it brings good luck, you know," and she ran lightly from the room, but not before she had dextrously possessed herself of one of the large balls of blue and white yarn which lay in her aunt's knitting-basket, and which she slipped into her pocket as she walked down the garden-walk, and let herself out at the gate.

It was plainly to be seen that pretty Nelly had some definite object in view, and that whatever might be her plan, she was determined to keep it to herself. Ever since she was a child she had heard that if a girl would go alone to an empty house on the first day of May, and throwing a ball in through a window, begin to wind it off from the outside, before it was finished she would feel something pull upon the thread, and if the winder would only have the courage to call out "Who holds?" she would distinctly hear the name of her future husband.

On the very first ramble she took after her arrival in Grafton, Nelly had chanced to come upon the old Stanhope house at Briarwood, shut up and deserted ever since the death of its last occupant, an old maiden lady. The desolate aspect of the old place attracted her attention, and at once suggested the thought that if she were ever going to try her fortune, here was the place, and she determined that nothing should prevent her making the attempt on the coming May Day, which was not far distant.

Her walk was lonely, but she fortunately had not very far to go before she found herself at the end of the long avenue leading up to Briarwood.

Here she paused for a moment to take breath, and her heart almost failed her as she saw how darkly the evening shadows were already falling over the old house.

But it was too late to turn back now, and Nelly walked boldly up the avenue, and after some little difficulty succeeded in opening the rickety gate which led into the flower-garden. Nelly soon gained the long-front piazza, found a half-open blind, and thanks to a broken window-pane, easily threw her ball into the great empty room which had once been the parlor, and carefully keeping hold of the other end of the thread, she descended the steps; and, standing in the path, she began to wind up the yarn, singing the magic verses which form a part of the ceremony:

"On this blessed day of May

In solitude I take my way,

Fast I wind and fast I bind,

May my true love come and find."

Nelly had repeated this several times and the ball in her hands had attained a considerable size, and she was beginning to wonder if she were to have the mortification of winding up the whole without anything happening, which, if there were any reliance to be placed on the oracle, would condemn her to a life of single blessedness, when suddenly she felt a decided pull and the yarn ceased running through her fingers. Yes, something surely held the ball! Nelly felt strongly inclined to run away, but she summoned all her courage and called out, "Who holds?"

A low and gentle, but decidedly masculine voice at once replied, "Edward Stanhope."

This was too much for poor little; Nell all her boasted courage fled, and giving a loud scream she dropped the fatal ball and turning ran as fast as she could. She did not run far, however, for her foot caught in a projecting root and down she came to the ground; before she had time to recover her bewildered senses, she found herself lifted by a pair of strong arms, and a torrent of regret, apologies and excuses, was poured into her ear. Nelly was completely overcome by the fright and pain of her fall, and rejecting most ungraciously all of the stranger's well-meant offers of assistance, she turned from him and burst into a flood of tears, while the guilty author of all the mischief, a tall young man of three or four-and-twenty, stood by, with a look of mingled vexation and amusement on his handsome face. He waited in silence for a few moments and let her tears have their course, then bending over her he said, eagerly:

"I hope you will pardon me, it was very thoughtless to frighten you so. I saw you coming and could not resist the temptation of carrying out the joke. Indeed, I am very, very sorry! I can never forgive myself if you are hurt."

"I had no idea there was any one really there," said Nelly, between her sobs; "I think it was very disagreeable in you; it was nothing to you, why couldn't you keep silent?"

"I am as sorry as I can be," said the young man, biting his lip to repress a smile, "but I was under the impression that when young ladies tried their fortune in this way they expected an answer, and as I happened to be there, I thought it was incumbent on me to speak, and indeed, I assure you I did have tight hold of the ball."

By this time Nelly had dried her tears, and began to think what her aunt would say if she could see her there, sitting on the ground at sunset, talking to an utter stranger; so making no reply to this last remark except to say that she must go, she tried to rise, but at the first movement her foot gave way under her, and she fell back with a slight cry of pain.

"I fear you are hurt," said her companion, anxiously, "do let me assist you!" But Nelly persistently rejected his proffered arm, and assuring him that her foot was only a little twisted, she managed to walk a few steps down the avenue. In a few minutes, however, she heard a quick step behind her, and the stranger was again at her side. "Excuse my persistence," he said, gravely, "but I know I am the cause of all the pain which you cannot deny that you are suffering; it will be quite impossible for you to reach home unassisted, and you must accept my support." There was a decision and authority in his tone which secured obedience; and by this time Nelly's ankle had become so painful that she felt that she had no alternative but to accept his offered arm, by the aid of which she limped slowly down the avenue.

They walked on in silence for some minutes when the stranger said, with some little diffidence, "Our first introduction was so singular that it did not occur to me that any other was necessary, but perhaps, I ought to tell you that my name is truly Edward Stanhope, I am the nephew of Miss Stanhope, the former owner of this place, whom you may remember; but I have not been here since I was quite a boy." He seemed to think that this announcement would at once put matters on an easier footing, but Nelly being a stranger to Grafton, the name of Stanhope had no particular prestige to her ears, and she was so nearly overcome by the pains she was suffering, that she felt that there imminent danger of another burst of tears, so trying her best to subdue a great lump in her throat, she murmured something about "having heard of Miss Stanhope," and again relapsed into silence. Young Stanhope having thus given an account of himself, began to think that it was his fair companion's turn to do the same, but he waited in vain; at last he ventured to inquire if she would have very far to go before she reached home?

"Not very," answered Nelly, "only to the top of the hill yonder."

"Ah, yes, I think I remember the place," said Stanhope, politely, "if I am not mistaken, old Mr. Briggs used to live there; and I suppose I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Briggs?"

"He takes me for the butcher's daughter," thought Nelly, with a little glow of indignation, but said: "No, not there; I am staying at the white house at the end of the meadow, with Mrs. Sinclair, if you know her."

"Of course, I remember Mrs. Sinclair," answered he, eagerly, "she used to be a great friend of my aunt's, and I shall be very glad to meet her again. I hope she is well; how odd that you should be staying there, and that we should have met in this way!" Then seeing that Nelly was not disposed to converse, he did not wait for a reply, but talked on, explaining that he had been spending a few days with friends in the neighborhood, and had walked over to see the old place where his aunt had lived, and was about leaving the house when he had caught sight of Nelly at the gate, and concealing himself by the closed window, he had watched her through the blinds, and divining her purpose, he had been unable to resist the temptation which seemed thrown into his hands, adding at the end, "and but for the fright and pain which my folly has given you, I fear I would not very much regret it, since it has given me the pleasure of meeting you." Nelly ventured to look up into his face for the first time, and said earnestly:

"I am afraid the folly is all on my side, but you can do me one very great favor. Please never mention this to a soul, and forget it yourself as soon as you can; I should be sorry for any one to know how very silly I have been."

"You may rely upon my secrecy, if you desire it," he answered with a smile.

Mrs. Sinclair's tea stood waiting on the table, the lamps were lighted in parlor and dining room, and were throwing a cheerful lustre over the shining mahogany and old-fashioned silver service, while the good old lady herself stood on the porch, peering into the dusk through her spectacles, wondering what had become of her niece, when, to her surprise, she descried two figures instead of one coming up the garden-path, and perceived that her niece walked slowly and was supported by a tall and unknown gentleman. She was soon reassured, however, by hearing Nelly's voice calling out, "Don't be frightened, Aunt Elizabeth; I have had a fall, but there is nothing much the matter!" while the stranger coming up introduced himself as her old favorite, Edward Stanhope, adding, "You may not have heard that the lawsuit is at last decided, and Briarwood now belongs to my sister and myself. I was looking over the old place this afternoon, and chanced to come suddenly upon your niece, who

was rambling around the garden, and unfortunately startled her so that she fell, and I am afraid has twisted her ankle rather severely."

Great was Mrs. Sinclair's surprise, concern and sympathy. Nelly was at once taken to her room, and every remedy which experience could suggest, was applied for her relief. Young Mr. Stanhope stayed and shared with Mrs. Sinclair the much delayed tea; but, greatly to his disappointment, he saw the fair sufferer no more that night.

He was more fortunate, however, the next morning, when he rode over to inquire after her, and found her on the sofa in the parlor, looking more charming than ever in her dainty morning dress. The sprain, however, aggravated probably by the walk home, proved far more serious than had been at first supposed; medical advice was called in, and Nelly was confined to her sofa for many days; while Stanhope could only prove his penitence, for the mischief he had done, by endeavoring as far as lay in his power, to while away the monotonous hours of her imprisonment. So his visits were repeated day after day, and grew longer and longer, and many were the conversations that took place in the shady old parlor, while kind old Mrs. Sinclair sat placidly by with her knitting.

Some weeks passed before Nellie could walk as usual, but finally the last afternoon before her return home, she was able to accompany Edward Stanhope to Briarwood, and review the scene of the singular commencement of their acquaintance. There sitting on the steps of the old piazza, under the drooping sprays of the honeysuckle which loaded the balmy air with its fragrance, Edward Stanhope suddenly turned to her, and asked if she would ever redeem her pledge.

"What pledge?" asked Nelly, wonderingly.

"This one," answered he, holding up his half of the ball of blue yarn.

A deep blush crimsoned Nelly's cheek, but half turning away, she answered lightly—

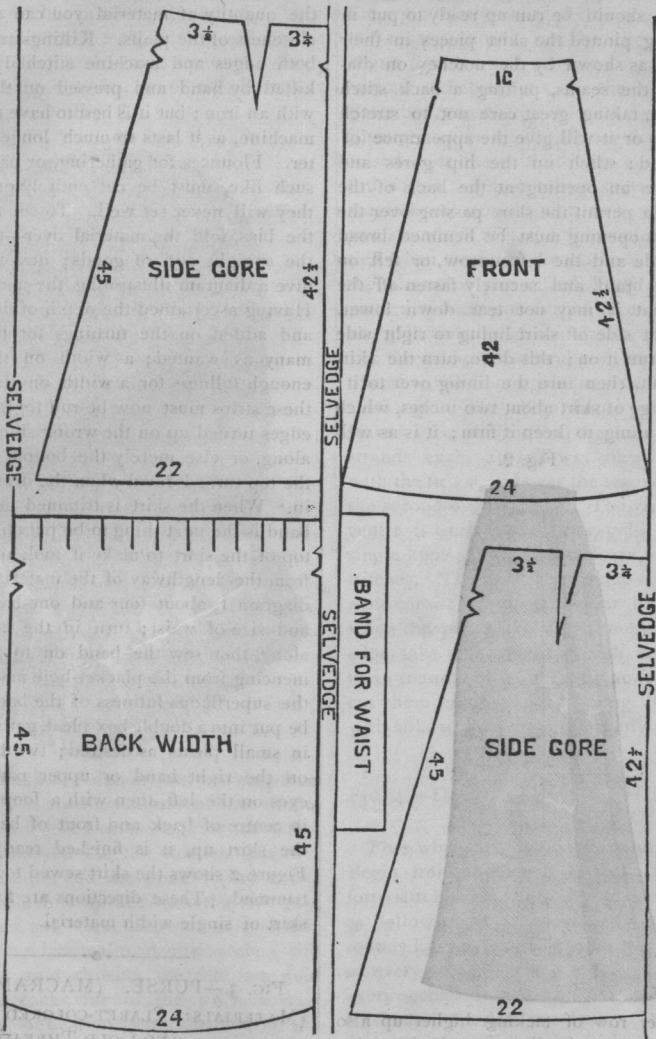
"You know very well that it is not mine at all, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir, to have kept Aunt Elizabeth's knitting yarn so long; she has been complaining for the past ten days that it is so hard to match. Give it to me, now, and I will give it back to her!"

"No," said he, holding it out of reach, "it was fate, not chance, that threw this to me, Nelly; and there is but one thing that can redeem it; I will never give it up till I have that. Say, darling, that it is mine now."

Nelly's answer cannot be repeated, but its tenor may be inferred from the fact that Briarwood is now being refitted, and it is asserted in Grafton that Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stanhope will go to housekeeping there before many months are over.

HOLY poverty is heavenly riches.

WORK DEPARTMENT.



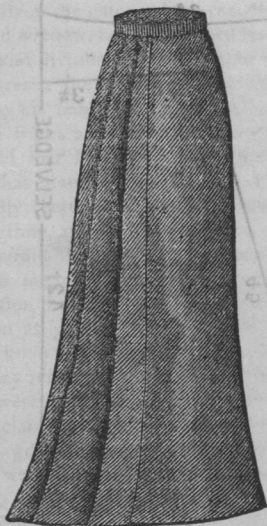
FIGS. 1 AND 2.—DRESSMAKING AT HOME.

The series of articles upon this subject which we propose publishing and which we commence this month, we feel assured will prove useful with their accompanying diagrams, to our many readers who are far distant from the busy hum of cities. To cut a good shape skirt is almost as difficult as cutting out a bodice, for unless a skirt is well shaped nothing can be done with it, and it will set badly. We illustrate a good shape walking skirt, suitable for any material, and diagram 1 will show the manner of cutting it out. Before cutting the material measure the depth from waist to instep, and allow a piece to turn up

for hem; then cut this length off, fold in half and shape it as front width on diagram, where the necessary measurements are given in inches; the side gore has the selvedge of the material to the side which joins up on the front, and the side which joins to the back is gored; then a hip gore is cut out which fits the skirt well on the figure, without pleats or gathers at sides. The back width of this skirt is merely a straight width of material as long as the gored side of side gore; the measurements given on diagram are for a moderately tall person, and the waist part would fit any one, as the back gathers or pleats up to the required size. Before joining up the skirt it is as well to shape the lining to the bottom of

skirt, although some prefer tearing off a straight strip and putting pleats to make it fit; but we think the first way is better and much neater, besides less tedious to put in; this lining being cut, the seams of it should be run up ready to put in skirt. Having pinned the skirt pieces in their right positions, as shown by the notches on diagram, run up the seams, putting a back stitch here and there, taking great care not to stretch the gored sides or it will give the appearance of being puckered; stitch up the hip gores and overcast; leave an opening at the back of the left side gore to permit the skirt passing over the shoulders; this opening must be hemmed broad on the right side and the left narrow, or fell on some tape or braid, and securely fasten off the bottom, so that it may not tear down lower. Place the right side of skirt lining to right side of skirt and run it on; this done, turn the skirt wrong side out, then turn the lining over to it; turn up the edge of skirt about two inches, which tack securely along to keep it firm; it is as well

Fig. 2.



to put another row of tacking higher up also, which will prevent the lining puckering when stitched down; turn in the edge of the lining and neatly hem it to the material, or machine stitch it. The lining usually extends to where the trimming is put on, say from six to nine inches deep. The edge of skirt is then bound with braid, or else it is put on flat; in either case hold the braid easily in the hand, and do not stretch it. If a pocket is required it is inserted in the first seam, right hand side, about five or six inches below waist, and previous to putting it in, face the inside of pocket with the same material as the skirt, as nothing is so unsightly as to see the colored lining. The skirt is now ready for trimming, and is suitable for any kind; if kilt-

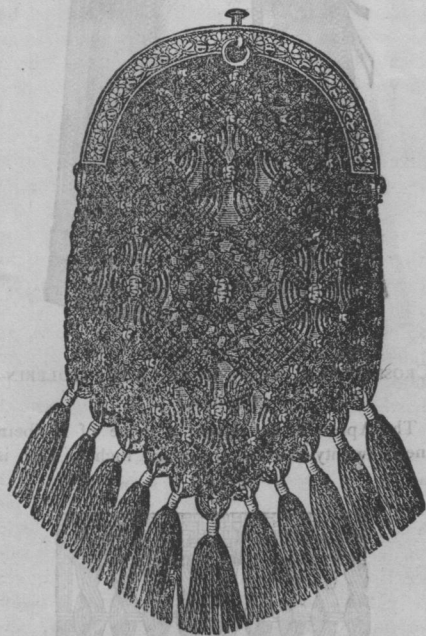
ings are desired, cut them the width of material, this is from selvedge to selvedge, straight across, and allow for every yard of kiling about two and a half yards of material; but this is regulated by the quantity of material you can spare, and the closeness of the plaits. Kiltings are turned up at both edges and machine stitched; they can be kilted by hand and pressed on the wrong side with an iron; but it is best to have them kilted by machine, as it lasts so much longer and sets better. Flounces for gathering, or bands, tucks and such like, must be cut entirely on the bias, or they will never set well. To cut any flounce on the bias, fold the material over—the selvedge to the straight end of goods; next month we will give a diagram illustrating the mode of cutting. Having ascertained the depth of flounce required and added on the turnings for hem, cut off as many as wanted; a width on the bias allows enough fullness for a width on the straight; all these strips must now be run together, then both edges turned up on the wrong side and machined along, or else merely the bottom hemmed, and the top turned down when the draw thread is run in. When the skirt is trimmed as preferred, the band is the next thing to be put on; first hem the top of the skirt to make it look neat, cut a band from the lengthway of the material as shown in diagram 1, about four and one-half inches wide, and size of waist; turn in the edges and tack along, then sew the band on to the skirt, commencing from the placket-hole made on left side; the superfluous fullness of the back breadth can be put into a double box pleat, gathered or pleated in small pleats as desired; two hooks are sewn on the right hand or upper part of band, and eyes on the left, then with a loop of braid sewn in centre of back and front of band for hanging the skirt up, it is finished ready for wearing. Figure 2 shows the skirt sewed together, but not trimmed. These directions are for cutting out a skirt of single width material.

FIG. 3.—PURSE. (MACRAME WORK.)
(MATERIALS: CLARET-COLORED PURSE, SILK AND GOLD THREAD.)

Claret-colored silk for lining. The purse is worked in two halves from center of upper edge to corners of clasp, then continued in the round, and again worked in two halves at the lower edge. Begin by tying to a double foundation thread, 5 strands of silk folded in half, and measuring about a yard long, and one gold thread on each side. Then proceed as follows: With the centre 8 strands, taking in two at a time, 1 double knot, consisting of a right and left knot. The four centre strands are used as a foundation; and for the right knots, put the 7th and 8th strands very loosely so that it forms a loop on the right side over the foundation, and holding it firmly in

place, pass the 1st and 2d ends of the left side over the 7th and 8th, under the foundation thread from below upwards, through the loops formed, and draw the thread fast; the left knots are done in the same way, but in reversed method. Then take the 2 strands on the right (they will be one gold and one silk), and work 2 buttonhole-loops with each, using the first 4 of the 8 strands

Fig. 3.



already begun as a foundation, and working from right to left in a slanting direction. A similar row of knots is worked in the contrary direction with the 2 strands on the left side, so that they meet in the middle, and are there joined in one double knot, which is worked with the two gold threads over the silk. On each side of the work, join to the foundation thread alternately 5 silk strands and 1 gold thread; use the free gold strand left on each side of the work already knotted as a foundation, with the first of the following silk strands, and work over them with each of the next four strands, two buttonhole loops. The first strand of the two gold threads is passed under the four preceding strands; one double knot with the above gold thread, and the gold thread used as a foundation over the two next silk ends. Then consulting the illustration, continue the pattern in reversed position, taking in the requisite number of strands, and working the knots as above described.

After the fourth pattern, begin the centre pattern with twelve strands, but not until the second half of the purse has been worked as far as the first half, so as to be able to continue in the round below the clasp; in the original this

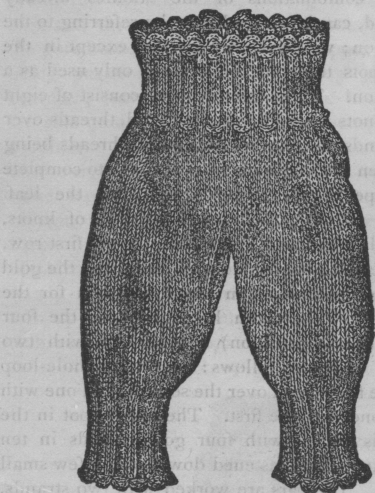
occurs in the sixth pattern. After the completion of the seventh, and until the completion of the ninth pattern, increase on each side twenty-one strands for the centre pattern, and then decrease the same number until the centre is finished, and the square pattern can be begun again. The centre figure, which consists almost exclusively of various combinations of the stitches already described, can be easily learnt by referring to the illustration; we need only say that except in the raised spots the gold threads are only used as a foundation. These raised spots consist of eight single knots worked with two gold threads over two strands of silk, the foundation threads being tied when the knots are worked, so as to complete the shape of the raised knot. For the leaf pattern, which consists of three rows of knots, use gold thread as a foundation for the first row, silk thread for the second row, and bring the gold thread to the front again as a foundation for the third row. The chain knots between the four leaves (see illustration) are worked with two strands each, as follows: one buttonhole-loop with the first strand over the second, and one with the second over the first. The raised spot in the centre is worked with four gold threads in ten single knots, and fastened down with a few small stitches. The bars are worked with two strands, and consist of three or four buttonhole-loops; when the purse has been knotted to the lower edge, take ten strands of each half together, tie them round with gold thread to form a tassel, and cut them even. Then having lined the purse with silk, sew on the clasp firmly with thick silk.

FIG. 4.—DRAWERS FOR CHILD OF FOUR TO SIX YEARS OLD.

Fine white Scotch wool yarn and steel needles. Begin from the lower edge as follows: Close forty stitches into a circle, and knit thirty rounds as follows: knit two, purl two. Then forty rounds knitted but for a seam, purl the first stitch of every second round, and for an increase in every second round, knit two out of the fourth stitch and the last but four. This is done by taking up a stitch out of the horizontal part. Then cast off the first two, and the last two stitches, and knit 40 rows to and fro. In these rows all the stitches must appear knitted on the right side, except the stitches for the seam, which appear purled in every row. At the back for an increase take up two stitches out of the fourth stitch in every second row, up to the twentieth of the last forty rows. The other part of the drawers is then knitted in the same way (of course in reversed position); then join the two together in front, and knit to and fro along all the stitches, twenty-five rows to appear knitted on the right side (continuing the seam at the back), and in the last but one of these twenty-five rows knit

two together after the first stitch has been knitted. Then a row as follows; knit two, thread forward, knit two together. Then follow twenty-five rows, knit two, purl two, one row, knit two, thread forward, knit two together; then another row, knit two, purl two, and cast off. The upper and

Fig. 4.



lower edge is then finished off as follows : Crochet one double in marginal stitch : one purl of four chain and one double in first stitch, miss one, repeat. A cord and tassels is threaded through the rows of holes.

FIG. 5.—SHEATH FOR KNITTING-PINS.

This little article is easily made, and will form a useful addition to the work-basket. Take two oak-galls, pierce a hole through each, making it large enough to hold the points of four pins;

Fig. 5.



through these holes pass a white silk elastic, measuring about six inches; fasten at each end under a bow of ribbon, and tie another bow of ribbon in the centre of the elastic.

Fig. 6.

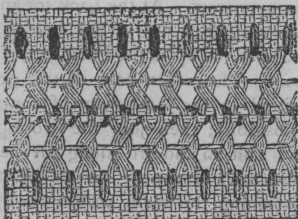


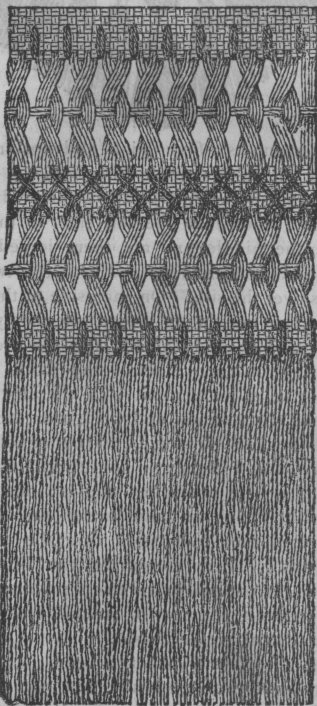
Fig. 7.



FIGS. 5, 7, 8, AND 9.—APRON.
(CROSS-STITCH, OPEN-WORK, AND HOLBEIN-STITCH.)

The Apron is cut out of a piece of Holbein linen twenty-five by thirty-six inches, and is

Fig. 8.

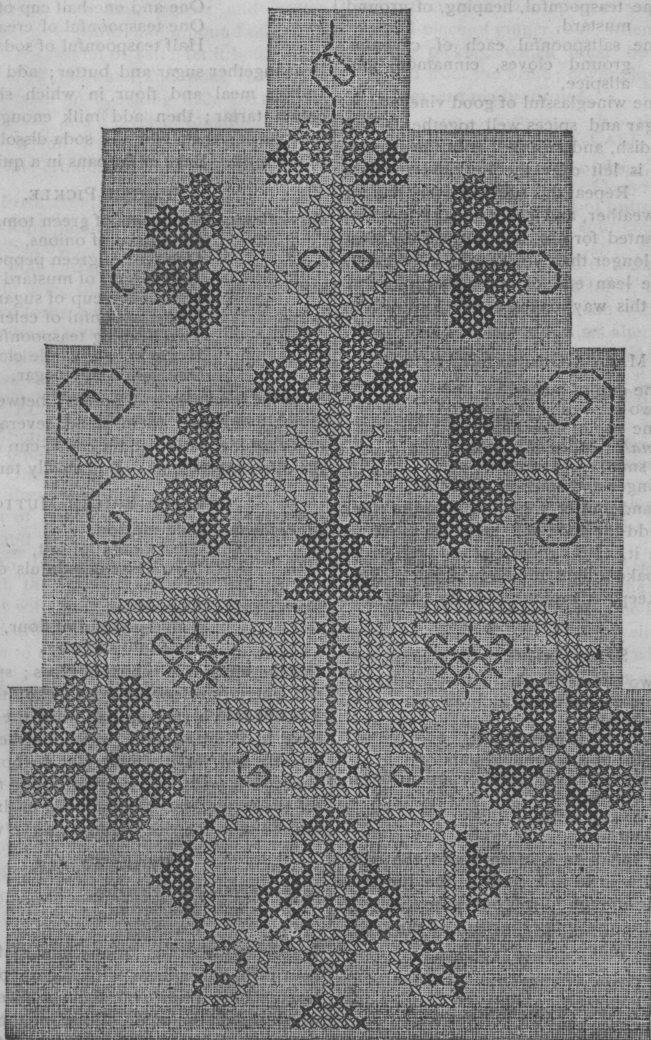


enameled for a fringe at the lower edge and the side-pieces. The apron is hemmed on each side,

and then at a narrow interval the threads are drawn out for the pattern given in Fig. 7. Draw out twelve double threads, leave six, draw out twelve, and cross every four of the remaining threads. The threads left untouched are worked with blue thread in herring-boning, while the threads which edge the open-work are made

the three compartments of the pattern, is an open-worked row, worked also according to Fig. 8. For each of these patterns draw out six double threads, leave two, and draw out six. The threads left in are crossed with blue thread as above described, and the open-work is edged with long chain-stitches of red thread. The two

Fig. 9.



firm with long chain-stitches of red thread, and the remaining threads are fringed out and cut even. Above the open-work the apron has a border worked with blue, yellow, and red thread, in cross and Holbein-stitch, and joined as is seen by consulting Fig. 8, to the larger pattern given in Fig. 9. The latter design, with the exception of the three upper flowers, is repeated on each side of the centre. At the sides, and between

square tabs, turned down at the waist, are then embroidered as shown in Fig. 8. The bodice is worked with the centre pattern of Fig. 9. Below the bodice are two rows of cross-stitch in reversed position, one worked with red and one with blue thread. Then at the top of the bodice work the open-worked pattern from Fig. 6. Round the bodice and the tabs work a row of buttonhole-stitches with red thread.

RECIPES.

A LEG OF MUTTON MARINATED.

Ingredients.—Two heaping tablespoonfuls of salt,
One heaping tablespoonful of good
coffee sugar,
One teaspoonful, heaping, of pepper,
One teaspoonful, heaping, of ground
mustard,
One saltspoonful each of cayenne,
ground cloves, cinnamon, and
allspice,
One wineglassful of good vinegar.

Mix the salt, sugar and spices well together. Lay the mutton in a dish, and rub well with the seasoning. Lay what is left over the top, and sprinkle with the vinegar. Repeat this rubbing every day for a week in cold weather, and several days in summer. When wanted for use, lightly rinse the meat and boil rather longer than you would a fresh leg, but slowly. The lean end of a roasting piece of beef treated in this way makes a delicious dish to eat cold.

AUNT MARY'S GINGERBREAD.

Ingredients.—One cup of butter,
Two cups of sugar,
One cup of sour milk,
Small teaspoonful soda,
A small glass of cider,
Ginger and spice to taste.

Rub the sugar and butter together, then the cider and sour milk, add the soda and make up as soft as you can handle it. Roll them out in squares or diamonds, and bake a light brown in a quick oven. This cake will keep six months in a dry place, and is all the better.

SEED CAKES.

Ingredients.—Two cups of sugar,
One cup of butter,
Two eggs,
Two-thirds cup of milk,
Scant teaspoonful of soda,
Heaping teaspoonful of cream tartar,
A little salt,
Caraway seeds,
Flour.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream; add the eggs, milk with soda, a little salt (unless the butter is quite salt); flour enough to roll out quite thin. If you prefer cookies, use ginger instead of the seeds, and do not roll so thin.

TOMATO CATSUP.

Ingredients.—One peck of ripe tomatoes,
One cup of salt,
Half cup of sugar,
One quart of vinegar,
Tablespoonful of pepper,
Tablespoonful of ginger,
Tablespoonful of cloves,
Tablespoonful of cinnamon,
One ounce of mustard,
Little cayenne pepper.

Stew the tomatoes four hours, strain them and all the other ingredients; mix well and boil fifteen minutes. Let this stand until nearly cold, then bottle tightly.

BREAKFAST CAKES.

Ingredients.—Half cup of white sugar,
Butter size of an egg,
One egg,
One and one-half cup of Indian meal,
One and one-half cup of flour,
One teaspoonful of cream tartar,
Half teaspoonful of soda.

Beat together sugar and butter; add the egg, then Indian meal and flour, in which should be the cream tartar; then add milk enough to make it pretty soft; then add the soda dissolved in a little of the milk. Bake in tin pans in a quick oven.

SPANISH PICKLE.

Ingredients.—Six quarts of green tomatoes,
One quart of onions,
One pint of green peppers,
Half teacup of mustard seed,
Half coffee-cup of sugar,
Dessertspoonful of celery seed,
Two heaping teaspoonfuls of ginger,
Horse radish, whole cloves,
One gallon of vinegar.

Slice the tomatoes and onions; between each layer sprinkle salt; let them stand several hours, then drain off the water; add a coffee-cup of salt and all the other ingredients. Boil slowly ten hours.

CURRIED BOILED MUTTON.

Ingredients.—Cold mutton,
Teaspoonful of salt,
Two dessertspoonfuls of Curry powder,
One onion,
Tablespoonful of flour,
Half pint of gravy.

Cut the mutton in nice thin slices; sprinkle it with salt, curry powder and flour; chop the onion fine. Put this into a stewing pan with the gravy, if you have it, if not, a little water; shake the pan frequently and let it simmer for an hour-and-a-half. Boil half a pound of rice twenty-five minutes, drain off the water; set it in the oven to dry. Serve the mutton with the rice round it; serve very hot.

FRUIT TRIFLE.

Ingredients.—Strawberries,
Maccaroni,
Custard.

Put the strawberries, or any kind of fresh fruit into your dish, cover them with sugar; put a layer of maccaroons; pour over them a nice soft custard, which should be cold. Place on top the whites of egg and a little sugar, beaten to a stiff froth.

SPICED PEACHES.

Ingredients.—Peaches,
Four pounds of sugar,
One pint of vinegar,
Cloves, cinnamon and mace.

Pare, stone and halve nine pounds of peaches; boil in water till tender; add the vinegar, sugar and spices, first pouring off the water in which they were boiled. Then boil half an hour, or less if they seem too soft and breaking.

MACCARONI AND KIDNEY.

Ingredients.—Kidney; one-half pound of macaroni,
One onion,
Butter,
Salt and pepper.

Wash and cut fine a kidney and one onion; fry a light brown in butter, add a teaspoonful of salt, saltspoonful of pepper; put the kidney in this, cover closely and stew two hours. Stew half a can of tomatoes; season with salt, pepper and butter. Boil in two quarts of water, half a pound of macaroni, and a tablespoonful of salt; let it boil twenty minutes, strain off the water and pour cold water on it. Put a layer in a baking dish, part of the kidney, little gravy, and a layer of tomatoes; repeat this till dish is full, leaving macaroni on top; sprinkle with fine crumbs, and bake half an hour.

PINE APPLE CUSTARDS.

Ingredients.—Ripe pine apple,
Sugar,
Soft custard.

The day before using the custard. peel and pick to pieces with two forks, a nice pine apple put plenty of sugar over it and set it away. Next day make a rich custard; when cool, mix with the pine apple, which will have become soft and luscious.

ECONOMY PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Softboiled rice,
One pint of milk,
One-half pound of sugar,
Preserve.

Boil half pint of rice in water till nearly soft, then add the milk and boil again, stirring it all the time; add the sugar. Dip blanc-mange moulds in cold water, fill with the rice; when hard, turn on to a flat dish. Eat with preserve of any kind, sugar and cream, or custard. This is a simple dessert, and very attractive to children.

BREAD-CRUMB OMELET.

Ingredients.—One pint of bread crumbs,
Handful of chopped parsley,
Slice of onion cut fine,
Teaspoonful marjoram,
Two eggs,
Teacup of milk,
Pepper and salt,
Butter, size of an egg.

Beat the eggs thoroughly; add the milk, spices, parsley, onion, bread crumbs and butter. Beat all together and bake in a slow oven till it is a light brown color; turn it from the dish, and send to the table at once.

GEORGIA SALAD.

Ingredients.—White cabbage and celery,
Salt and pepper,
One gill of vinegar,
Saltspoonful of mixed mustard,
Tablespoonful of olive oil,
Teaspoonful of sugar.

Shred the cabbage very fine, and cut the celery into small dice; mix these together and sprinkle with pepper and salt. Put the vinegar into a saucepan, and stir in a well-beaten egg; stir over a hot fire till as thick as cream. Add the mustard, oil and sugar, beat well, and when cold pour over the cabbage and celery.

PICKLED NASTURTIUMS.

Ingredients.—Nasturtiums,
Vinegar,
Pepper and salt,
Cloves,
Ginger.

As soon as you gather the nasturtiums, throw them in strong brine and let them remain two days. Boil the vinegar (quantity depending on how many nasturtiums you have), pepper and salt, cloves, and a small piece of ginger root; when boiling hot, pour on the pickles, which must be first thoroughly drained from the brine; cover closely for one week, and they are ready for use.

BOSTON CAKE.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour,
One pound of sugar,
Half pound of butter,
One cup of sour cream,
Five eggs,
Teaspoonful of soda.

Cream the butter, add the sugar, beat the eggs separately, add the yolks, cream with the soda in it, then flour and beaten whites alternately; flavor to taste. This makes one large loaf, and is nice.

DANDY PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Four eggs,
Five tablespoonfuls of white sugar,
Four heaping tablespoonfuls of brown sugar,
Two tablespoonfuls of corn starch,
One quart of milk,
Vanilla.

Beat the eggs thoroughly, first separating whites from yolks; to the whites add the five spoonful of white sugar; to the yolks add the brown sugar, and starch, and boiling milk; stir well and flavor with vanilla. Pour into the dish in which you serve it. Put the whites on top, and brown nicely in the oven. Can be eaten cold, and is very nice.

ASPARAGUS OMELET.

Ingredients.—Asparagus,
Salt and pepper,
Butter,
Six eggs,
Six teaspoonfuls of milk.

Boil the asparagus, cut in half inch pieces; add a little salt, pepper and butter; put this on the stove to keep warm. Beat the eggs thoroughly, and add the milk, saltspoonful of salt, and a pinch of pepper. Brown two tablespoonfuls of butter on a frying pan; pour the eggs in, and as soon as it sets on the edges, turn them up, and shake to keep from sticking; it will cook in five minutes. Put in the asparagus, double the omelet, and serve at once on a hot dish.

BAKED BEETS.

Ingredients.—Eight large beets,
One tablespoonful of butter,
One tablespoonful of lemon juice.

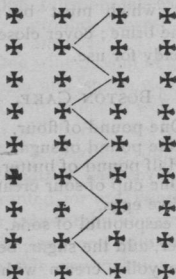
Wash the beets and bake them in a moderate oven for one hour. Peel them, split them in half, and put on a dish. Baste each half with the butter and lemon juice; set in the oven a few minutes, and serve hot.

HOME AMUSEMENTS AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

PUZZLES, ETC.

CORKSCREW PUZZLE.

The points of the corkscrew, reading from the top to the bottom, indicate the letters which form the name of a dainty that is specially delightful at this season.



The upper word is the name of a material used for summer clothing.

The second is something good to eat.

The third is what you will do with it.

The fourth makes a pleasant summer retreat.

The fifth is also good to eat.

The sixth is a tree.

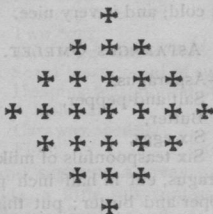
The seventh a trial of speed.

The eighth is the prize often won by the seventh.

The bestowal of the eighth at the close of the seventh frequently excites the ninth into dangerous activity.

A DIAMOND PUZZLE.

The central lines express a word which is considered to be both the blessing and bane of childhood's hours.



1. Is the beginning of sin.
2. An Indian.
3. What many consider him to be.
4. The special delight of the scholar.
5. A person often burdened by the preceeding.
6. The instrument used by the fifth in pursuit of the fourth.
7. The end of all happiness.

RIDDLE.

Two letters often tempt the weak,
And yielding, they need never seek
Two others waiting to enforce
The suffering that comes, of course.

CONUNDRUM.

When a ship is dressed what does she wear?

LADDER PUZZLE.

The uprights read downwards will present the names of a great poet and a great novelist, who were both born in the same country.



The upper or fifth round is a musical play.

The fourth is an occurrence.

The third a small drum.

The second is a man's name.

The lowest round is a division of time.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in city, but not in town,
My second in jester, but not in clown.
My third is in lantern, but not in lamp,
My fourth in water, but not in damp.
My fifth in negro, but not in white,
My sixth in wrong, but not in right.
My seventh in Erin, but not in Greece,
My eighth in African, but not in Chinese.
My ninth in couple, but not in pair,
The whole is known as the great world's fair.

A TRANSPOSITION.

Entire through boundless space I roam,
And many millions call me home.
If then you choose me to transpose,
I will in every man repose;
A letter drop, and in the grove
An animal I'm free to rove;
Another drop and beauty see.
For it's the aim proposed to me.
Transposed again, a sailor see,
Or else look for me in a tree.

ENIGMAS.

NO. 1.

While I enrich both the beggar and the lawyer,
I often impoverish the client; at the same time, I
am a fashionable necessity for both men and women,
and I am precisely what pleases everybody.

NO. 2.

A tiny instrument used in the peaceful art of
healing, I need only to be shortened to lengthen me
into a long and murderous instrument used for
killing.

CHARADE.

My first is part of the human body.
My second is an article of dress made to adorn my
first.

My whole is a variety of my second, and yet it
destroys the whole comfort of my first.

GAMES.

THE TESTY TRAVELER.

This character, if well acted, can be made quite the star of a small social party, as his irascibility is displayed for the general entertainment.

The party is seated around the room, and each player accepts the name of a person acting in some capacity in a hotel, such as landlord, landlady, clerk, porter, waiter, chambermaid, boots, etc. If the company be large, newspaper, supper, chair, table, and articles of food can be added to any extent.

The leader, who performs as the Testy Traveler, then enters the room, bewailing that he has been too late for his train, angrily calls for the Landlord and all his officials, demands a newspaper, supper, and everything else with confusing ingenuity. At the mention of any of the assumed names, the person bearing it must rise and turn round once before seating himself, and at any general term, such as tavern, house, hotel or inn the whole company must rise at the same time. Forfeits may be exacted for failures.

QUAKER MEETING.

Despite its name, this game is specially popular as providing a noisy frolic for young children.

The members of meeting are seated soberly in a circle, when the Head of the Meeting turns calmly to his next neighbor, and asks with the utmost possible gravity of demeanor, while shaking his own right hand up and down like a paw :

"Quaker, Quaker ! How art thee ?"

The person addressed must answer in the same manner :

"Very well, I thank thee."

The Head then inquires :

"How is the neighbor next to thee?"

The second player replies :

"I don't know, but I'll go see !"

Then waving his right hand in the same grotesque manner, he propounds the same questions to the player sitting next. This is continued round the circle until the Head is reached, when he leads off with the same questions, only waving both hands.

At the third turn the Head stamps his right foot ; at the fourth his left one ; at the fifth wags his head, and finally rises up and down on his chair.

The sobriety of the meeting is by this time utterly destroyed, and the Quakers disperse usually in the most admired confusion. If any thing further is desired to add to the effect of this game, forfeits may be exacted.

NEW STILTS

Many small boys have recently substituted discarded tin preserving cans for stilts. With a nail, two holes can be made in the bottom of the can towards the sides, through these two openings the ends of a stout cord or rope can be passed and fastened on the inside to pieces of stick, which secure their position, and make a long loop or double that can be grasped in the hand. The foot is slipped between these cords, and the boys mounted thereby, clatter along in delight, regardless of the fact that a fall therefrom may be quite serious in its consequences, as the rounded cans precipitate the unwary in unexpected directions.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

Casement Puzzle.

C	—	H	—	I	—	M	—	E
H	—	E	—	L	—	E	—	N
I	—	L	—	I	—	A	—	D
M	—	E	—	A	—	C	—	O
E	—	N	—	D	—	O	—	W

A Frame Puzzle.

	F		L	
		E		
	G		M	
A				A
T				L
E				E
S				S
P				C
I				L
C				I
U				P
R				S
V				S
E				S
S				S

Riddle.

Bug—bear.

Charade.

Cap-it-a-list.

Decapitations.

No. 1.

Sash—ash.

No. 2.

Wasp—asp.

No. 3.

Rice—ice.

No. 4.

Kale—ale.

Rebus.

Switch—witch.

Transformation.

No. 1.

Lush—flush—blush—plush—slush.

No. 2.

Andy—handy—sandy—dandy.

Enigmas.

No. 1.

Pair of skates.

No. 2.

Pair of spurs.

LITERARY NOTICES.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Phila.:—
BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS; a novel; by the author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," "Airy, Fairly Lillian," etc.

A most delightful novel, written in the sprightly style in which the author excels. The story is interesting, the characters life-like, and if there is a great deal of what the English call "chaff," it is 'chaff' so witty, sparkling, and readable that the reader would not omit one line of it. The love story of "Gretchen" is a prose poem, full of pathos and tenderness.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York:—
FRENCH MEN OF LETTERS; by Maurice Mauris (Marquis of Calenzano).

A small volume containing brief but interesting biographies of Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Theophile Gautier, Henri Murger, Sainte Beuve, Gerard de Nerval, Alexandre Dumas fils, Emile Augier, Octave Feuillet, Victorien Sardou, Alphonse Daudet, and Emile Zola.

DR. HEIDENHOFF'S PROCESS; by Edward Bellamy.

A wild story of a strange theory, that, however, is explained in the end.

LITTLE COMEDIES; by Julian Sturgis.

A number of short parlor dramas, full of vivacity and spirit, requiring little scenery, but good acting. They will prove very attractive to amateurs who are looking for pleasant parlor plays.

All of the above three works are in the "New Handy Volume Series."

THE STORY OF AN HONEST MAN; by Edmond About.

A novel whose evident purpose is to point out means for elevating the condition of the French working-men. It is full of suggestive hints, however, for any country, and the solid information conveyed is woven into a very pleasing story of French domestic life.

APPLETON'S SUMMER BOOK, for the seaside, the forest, the camp, the train, the steamboat, the arbor, and the watering-place.

A profusely illustrated guide-book, the reading matter of which is full of interest for tourists at any season.

HEALTH; by W. H. Corfield, M. A. M. D. (Oxon) F. R. C. P., Professor of Hygiene and Public Health at University College, London; Medical Officer of Health and Public Analyst for St. George's Hanover Square; Examiner in Sanitary Science at the University of Cambridge.

A collection of lectures delivered in London, and containing valuable information on the subject of which they treat.

THE MYSTERY OF ALLANWOLD; by Mrs. E. Van Loon.

A sensation novel that will keep the reader's interest on the alert throughout; full of the most startling incidents and most romantic scenes.

From H. P. HUBBARD, Advertising Agent, New Haven, Connecticut:—

HUBBARD'S RIGHT HAND RECORD AND NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY; giving in alpha-

betical order, towns in each State, with population, papers in each town, with circulation, with blank space for recording contracts, estimates, offers, acceptances, or any other data; a complete list of all American newspapers and all the leading newspapers of the world.

An invaluable book for those desiring the information it contains, in a compact and convenient form, easy of reference, and most complete in all the items which its title page covers.

From LUTHERAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY, Philadelphia:—

THE PARSONAGE OE LIBENAU; by Franz Hoffmann. Translated from the German; by Rev. Chas. A. Smith, D. D.

This will prove a valuable addition to the well-known "Fatherland Series" published by this house. We esteem the whole series among the very best books for young people published in this country; and this pleasing story of domestic life, written to impress Christian principles upon the minds of young readers, is deserving of all praise and the widest circulation.

MUSIC RECEIVED:—

From GEO. D. NEWHALL, Cincinnati, O.:—
THE LITTLE OLD LOG CABIN BY DE STREAM; song and chorus. By Happy Billy Radcliffe.

HANNAH, IS YOU DAR? song and chorus. By Will S. Hays.

WE'RE ALL HERE; song and chorus. By Louis Murray Browne.

QUEEN OF THE MEADOW; polka caprice. By C. Kunkel.

→*OUR ARM CHAIR.*←

SEPTEMBER, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not answer correspondents through the BOOK. All communications requiring an answer must give name and address, and have a return stamp enclosed.

There is, perhaps, no month in the year when the fashion magazines are more eagerly scanned, more generally consulted, than September. The great Saratoga trunks being unpacked as their owners once more settle down at home, reveal the fact that sea air has faded, mountain rambling has torn, boating has ruined, lawn tennis has strained out, summer holiday showers have drenched, all the pretty costumes that were so crisp and fresh a few weeks ago. "Nothing fit to wear," the despondent beauty cries; "I must have a lot of new things."

The editors of the LADY'S BOOK, mindful of this demand, have selected most carefully all that is novel and desirable to guide these ladies in their choice. Our fashion pages are full of suggestions for dresses, mantles, ulsters, jewelry, bonnets and underclothing; while the children have been remembered, as will be seen by the pretty costumes especially for their use.

In the Work Department will be found an entirely new feature, which we are sure will be

greeted with favor—"Home Dressmaking"—this being the first of a number of articles. The diagram of a short skirt is very desirable, and easily followed, and is given in addition to our usual diagram. The latter is for a full wrap, at once stylish and easily made.

Darley's exquisite picture is one of the home scenes in which he excels. "Come, baby, come," are words that will find an echo in every mother's heart, even though stalwart men and grey-haired women may now replace the wee toddlers of "auld lang syne." Domestic love, the first, the strongest, of all affections, finds a charming interpreter in Darley's pencil.

The literary matter comprises many well-known names popular with our readers. Christian Reid's novel has reached a point of absorbing interest, and all who have followed Roslyn through her love stories will look anxiously for the next chapters. "The New Housekeeper" is concluded, and there is a variety of entertaining stories and poems, by M. B. Horton, Ethel Tane, Hollis Freeman, and other popular writers.

Every department is full of attraction for those who seek household information, recipes, entertainment, fashion's caprices, or home amusement.

HINTS ON HOME ADORNMENT.

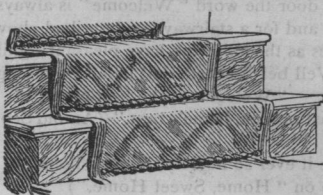
No. 32.

In large and elegant houses the entrance hall is now as elaborately furnished as any apartment of the mansion; and frequently has open fire place, rich rugs and hangings, and all the appurtenances of a favorite sitting room, so that the effect on entering is very cheering and pleasant. In dwellings occupied by those of more moderate means there is not such scope for artistic display, yet even in a cramped and awkwardly arranged city house a person of taste can transform the hall—which is generally so stiff and dreary looking—into a very pleasing interior, and thus make a harmonious keynote of the whole domicile. Lighter colors are now used for halls and stairways than those formerly in vogue, and in city houses this is an important change, as, by the use of lighter tints, the contracted passage-ways are made to appear more spacious.

A very pale Pompeian red, or a creamy yellow, are good shades for the walls of an entry, producing a cheerful glow, and giving a pleasant sense of home comfort as one comes in on a gloomy day. For a great many years it has been the custom to have the stairs painted at each side of the part which is covered by the carpet, but of late the natural color of the wood is allowed to show, and this is much more elegant. The stairs should be made of oak, ash, or walnut, when intended to be left unpainted, and the wood must of course be oiled or coated with shellac to bring out the grain. Stair rods are no longer a necessity; they are superseded by twisted worsted cords which match the colors of the carpet. These cords are about as thick as one's finger, and have each a loop of small cord at the ends; and these loops are slipped over nails which have a flat porcelain head screwed on—the same kind of nails as are used for hanging pictures. The loop at one end of the cord is put over the nail head, and the

cord is then twisted before the other loop is put in place, and thus the carpet is held tight and smooth. See Fig. 1.

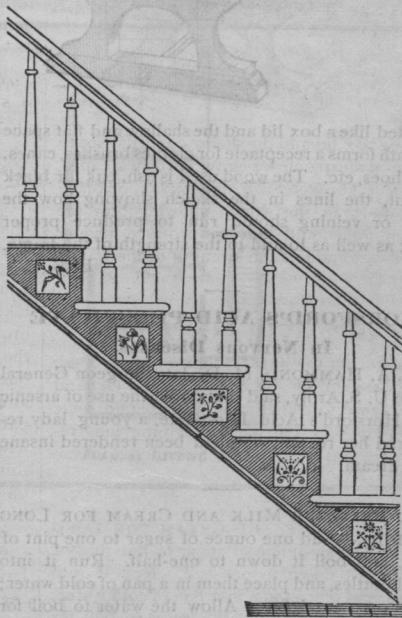
Fig. 1.



wood, it is naturally the desire to leave as much of the wood visible as is possible; a regular stair carpet is dispensed with, and small pads for each step are used instead. These are made of strips of carpet with wadding under them, and they are finished round the edges with carpet binding. At each corner a small brass ring is securely attached, and these slip over small brass-headed nails on the stair, which hold the pads in proper position and prevent their slipping.

As the side of the stairway is generally visible from the hall, tiles or painted panels are often inserted at the end of each step (see Fig. 2), and so

Fig. 2.



add to the decoration and beauty of the entrance hall. Sometimes, in place of tiles or panels, squares of plain white India matting are painted (in tile designs) and tacked on; then these can be changed or varied to suit the taste.

Still another fancy is to have some appropriate motto painted on the ends of the stairs—the lettering being sufficiently large to be easily read, and the sentence long enough to extend down the whole side of the stairway. Chromo mottoes, such as one often sees in halls and rooms, and generally of

a (so-called) "religious" character, are not in good taste, and are (fortunately) disappearing. A well-known author truly says of them that "they degrade art without elevating religion." But over an entrance door the word "Welcome" is always appropriate, and for a stairway (as described above) such mottoes as the following have pleasant significance:

"Well befall hearth and hall." (Old English.)

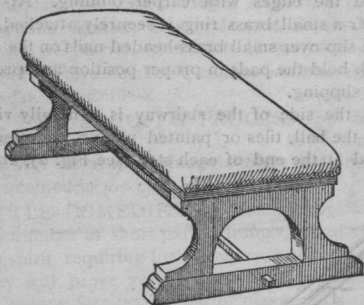
"Welcome is the best cheer."

"East or west, home's best." (An old Scotch proverb.)

"Be it ever so homely, home is home." (A paraphrase on "Home, Sweet Home.")

A convenient and useful hall seat is shown by Fig. 3. It is in "Eastlake style" or modern Gothic; the frame simply and solidly made, and the upholstered top has hinges at the back so that it can

Fig. 3.



be lifted like a box lid and the shallow and flat space beneath forms a receptacle for clothes brushes, canes, overshoes, etc. The wood used is ash, oak, or black walnut, the lines in the sketch showing how the grain or veining should run to produce proper effect as well as to add to the strength of the frame.

E. B. C.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

In Nervous Diseases.

W. A. HAMMOND, M. D., late Surgeon General of the U. S. Army, said that under the use of arsenic and Horsford's Acid Phosphate, a young lady recovered her reason, who had been rendered insane by a dream.

TO PRESERVE MILK AND CREAM FOR LONG PERIODS.—Add one ounce of sugar to one pint of milk, and boil it down to one-half. Run it into small bottles, and place them in a pan of cold water; put it on a good fire. Allow the water to boil for an hour, and then, while still hot, close the mouths of the bottles with very good and tight-fitting corks, and let them become cold. When cold, dip the cork and neck of the vessel in a ladle containing melted sealing-wax or common pitch, so as to render them perfectly air-tight. Cream is preserved by evaporating it down to a quarter of its previous bulk, without adding sugar, and then preserving it in bottles as directed for milk. The bottles containing it should, however, only be boiled for three-quarters of an hour.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria, because it is sweet and stops their stomach-ache. Mothers like **Castoria** because it gives **health to the Child and rest to themselves**, and Physicians use **Castoria** because it contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

DURING the Franco-German war, a man named Teule was captured by the Prussians and taken to Germany, but on the way he attempted to escape, and in so doing nearly killed a sentry, and was condemned to be shot. By a mistake of the jailors, however, Teule was placed in the cell of a prisoner condemned to ten years' confinement in a fortress, and this latter was led out and shot in error. When Teule comprehended the mistake that had been made, he resolved to leave the authorities in their error, and abstained from writing to his family in France. Meanwhile his wife and father made inquiries at the War Office, and were informed that Teule had been shot for assaulting a German sentry. On the strength of this his wife married again, and has a child now four years old. Nothing was wanted to make the confusion complete but the return of Teule to his native village, which took place a few days since, and he was, of course, received by his wife as one returned from the grave. He had gone through the remainder of his ten years' confinement, and left Germany without arousing suspicion as to his identity.

WHAT THE THUMB DOES.—Have you noticed that when you want to take hold of anything—a bit of bread, we will say—that it is always the thumb who puts himself forward, and that he is always on the one side by himself, while the rest of the fingers are on the other? If the thumb is not helping, nothing stops in your hand, and you don't know what to do with it. Try, by way of experiment, to carry your spoon to your mouth without putting your thumb to it, and you will see how long it will take you to get through a poor little plateful of broth. The thumb is placed in such a manner on the hand that it can face each of the other fingers, one after another, or all together, as you please; and by this we are enabled to grasp, as if with a pair of pincers, all objects, whether large or small. The hands owe their perfection of usefulness to this happy arrangement, which has been bestowed on no other animal except the monkey—man's nearest neighbor.

GOLD IN ANCIENT TIMES.—Whatever may have been the source whence the ancients obtained their gold, there is abundant evidence that this metal was admired and valued by them as much as it is at the present day. Many of the accounts given by early writers dazzle us with the supposition that the stores of gold in those days were much larger than can be commanded at present. Thus, Semiramis is said to have erected statues of Jupiter, Juno, and Rhea, forty feet in height, and made of beaten gold. Drinking vessels made of gold, and weighing twelve hundred talents, are also spoken of. The sumptuous display of precious metals in the palaces of the great are frequently alluded to.

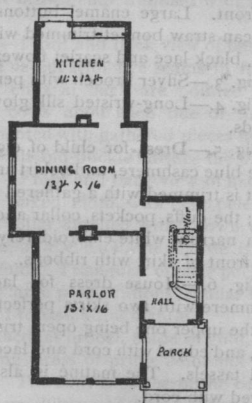
FASHIONS.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

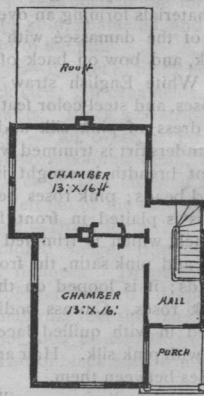
My dear Madam, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, however, unable to say whether or not the same will be published, as the same is now in the hands of the proper authorities. I am, however, unable to say whether or not the same will be published, as the same is now in the hands of the proper authorities. I am, however, unable to say whether or not the same will be published, as the same is now in the hands of the proper authorities.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Waistcoat of two-colored cloth, the skirt is trimmed with three rows of black ribbon. The lower part of the skirt is of a light color, and the upper part is of a dark color. The skirt is trimmed with three rows of black ribbon. The lower part of the skirt is of a light color, and the upper part is of a dark color.



PLAN OF PRINCIPAL FLOOR



PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR

ITALIAN SEA-SIDE COTTAGE.

DRAWN expressly for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, by Isaac H. Hobbs & Son, Architects.

520 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

We have organized this design for a cheap, comfortable residence. It is planned to obtain the most comfort at the smallest possible expense. If built of frame weatherboard, balloon frame, with a cellar under the rear part, all un-

derpinned with brick walls, it can readily be built in any situation adjacent to Philadelphia, for \$1000 complete, and with good materials and workmanship.

FASHIONS.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent application for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's ward-ropes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice.

The publishers of the *LADY'S BOOK* have no interest in this department, and know nothing of its transactions; and, whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the *Fashion Editor* does not know.

Orders accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, are to be addressed to the care of the Godey's Lady's Book Publishing Company (Limited).

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editors nor the Publishers will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of two shades of steel color, plain silk and damasée. The underskirt is of the plain silk trimmed with a plaiting of the same, drapery of the two materials forming an overdress. Plain jacket bodice of the damasée with rolling collar of the plain silk, and bow on back of jacket and at the throat. White English straw bonnet trimmed with pink roses, and steel color feathers.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of pink silk and white satin damasée, the underskirt is trimmed with one plaited ruffle, the front breadth is caught in puffs by ornaments of pearl beads; pink roses head the ruffle. The overdress is plaited in front, forms a court train in the back, which is trimmed with a quilling of white lace and pink satin, the front with a fringe of pearl beads; it is looped on the sides with bunches of pink roses. Cuirass bodice, low neck, cut square, filled in with quilled lace. The front is embroidered with pink silk. Hair arranged in puffs with pink roses between them.

Fig. 3.—Carriage dress of olive-green silk made with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with two gathered ruffles, the overdress forming plaits across the front diagonally. Wrap made from an India shawl. Olive silk bonnet trimmed with écreu and olive color satin and ribbon.

Fig. 4.—Dinner dress of two shades of violet silk, the underskirt is of the darkest shade, made with a long train, the front trimmed with plaited ruffles, the back with a single ruffle. The overdress and basque bodice are of the lighter shade, embroidered with silk in different shades and black. The neck is cut surplice with collar of the darker silk; elbow sleeves.

Fig. 5.—Walking dress of two shades of blue albatross. The skirt is of the darker shade puffed across the front, divided by narrow bands of the lighter; the back is draped panels, of the lighter shade embroidered upon each side. Hat of Tuscan straw trimmed with satin and feathers of the two shades of dress.

Fig. 6.—Dress for child of five years, made of navy-blue bunting; the skirt is trimmed with narrow ruffles. The waist is of white cambric muslin, made full, with ruffle extending below the waist, and trimming of insertion falling in loops, in front. Jacket of the bunting with elbow sleeves, trimmed with narrow braid. White chip bonnet trimmed with blue ribbon and pink roses.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of fawn-colored cashmere; the skirt is trimmed with three narrow pleated flounces—the lowest of fawn-colored satin, centre one of brocaded foulard and the upper one of cashmere. Above these is a deep box pleated flounce of cashmere trimmed with a band of plain satin. The overdress is trimmed with the brocaded foulard, and satin ribbon bows pale blue and fawn color. Jacket bodice of cashmere and foulard, with ruchings and narrow pleatings of fawn-colored satin. Fawn color chip bonnet trimmed with satin ribbon and gay colored flowers.

Fig. 2.—Black silk dress made with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with pleatings; the upper one with fringe. Ulster of gray Tricot, with hanging sleeves, deep pelerine, and box pleatings of the same material. The ulster is piped with red, and stitched with silk of the same color. Round the neck a stand up collar and deep triangular revers in front. Large enamel buttons down the front. Tuscan straw bonnet trimmed with black satin ribbon, black lace and scarlet flowers.

Fig. 3.—Silver brooch with pendant of garnets.

Fig. 4.—Long-wristed silk glove with four elastic bands.

Fig. 5.—Dress for child of eight years made of pale blue cashmere, underskirt and polonaise. The skirt is trimmed with a gathered ruffle with a heading; the cuffs, pockets, collar and front of polonaise with narrow white embroidery; it is tied across the front of skirt with ribbons. The vest is of silk.

Fig. 6.—House dress for lady made of pink cashmere with two skirts perfectly plain; the front of the upper one being open, trimmed with damasée, and edged with cord and laced across with cord and tassels. The matiné is also of the damasée edged with cord.

Fig. 7.—Bonnet of black chip with crown of black satin, and trimmed with satin ribbon and feathers.

Fig. 8.—Lace bow made of figured Breton lace and trimmed with a wide lace.

Fig. 9.—Handkerchief with embroidered edge.

Fig. 10.—Handkerchief with border of Duchess lace.

Fig. 11.—Handkerchief with Mechlin insertion and lace border, and embroidered palms around it.

Fig. 12.—Bow of white India mull trimmed with point d'esprit lace.

Fig. 13.—Dress for girl of six years, made of plain blue cambric, tightly gored; trimmed with a broad row of white insertion down the front, around the skirt, sleeves, pockets, and collar. Ribbon sash; gipsy hat with blue satin ribbon trimming it.

Fig. 14.—Dress for girl of nine years made of écreu bunting, skirt and polonaise; the skirt is

trimmed with one pleated ruffle and four narrow standing ones. The polonaise with écu-colored embroidery and ribbon bows. Ecru straw hat trimmed with a long feather.

Fig. 15.—Suit for boy of five years made of navy-blue flannel. Straw hat with blue ribbon band and small wing at side.

Figs. 16 and 18.—Front and back view of mantle made of camels hair and trimmed with chenille fringe and passementerie down each front and down the back. The front tabs are finished by tassels, as are also the two ends that are cut upon the back and are tied there. Bonnet of white chip trimmed with satin ribbon and feathers.

Fig. 17.—Gold necklet, crossed in front, and holding a black enamelled locket encrusted with pearls.

Fig. 19.—Walking dress made of gray silk and figured wool damasé; the underskirt is kilted, the overdress is untrimmed except a ribbon bow in front. Mantle of heavy black satin-faced silk trimmed with lace quilled, and passementerie ornaments. Bonnet of gray straw trimmed with feathers and satin.

Fig. 20.—Walking dress of biege color silk and cashmere; the underskirt is of silk, the overdress and bodice are altogether and of cashmere; it is made with a yoke full in the back, plain in front, crossed diagonally. Coat sleeves with puff at elbow. Bonnet of brown chip trimmed with satin and feathers.

Figs. 21 and 24.—Front and back view of basque for house dress; it is cut with five seams in front, four in back, the ends in back are pointed and gathered in, with bows upon each one of them. The front is ornamented with gathered pieces forming a trimming; a belt and buckle finishes the front.

Figs. 22 and 23.—Front and back view of mantle for lady of brown mixed cloth, with deep pelerine and turned down collar stitched with brown silk. Below the pelerine, at the back, the mantle is arranged in vertical folds. Triangular outside pockets trimmed with very large pearl buttons, similar buttons down the front to fasten the mantle.

Fig. 25.—The Racquet brooch made of gold.

Fig. 26.—Walking dress of prune color silk and lilac satin broché. The skirt is of the prune color, trimmed with a deep kilting of satin. The front consists of a long draped breadth formed into coquillés upon each side, lined with satin, and ending in a point near the edge of the skirt. At the back the trimming consists of four fan-shaped plaitings. Pointed jacket bodice surrounded by a deep cross-cut satin kilt. A mother-of-pearl buckle is placed at the point. Collar and cuffs of satin. Straw bonnet with lilac plumes, and bunch of flowers.

Fig. 27.—Brooch set with pearls or brilliants. These slender brooches are designed expressly for pinning the lace bows that are now so fashionably worn.

Fig. 28.—Promenade costume of steel gray. The underskirt is trimmed with two plaitings headed with a deep band of embroidery. The first overdress is trimmed all around with a band of bias embroidery, like that on collar and cuffs of jacket

bodice. The second overdress, open at the end, is gathered at the sides above the opening, and raised at the back, which is cut sixty inches longer than the rest; this part of the back is draped in a pouf, and falls on the skirt at the same place as the side pieces and front. With this costume is worn a cashmere mantle, cut of a single piece. The seam of the sleeve, instead of drawing round the mantle, stops at the shoulder; it is trimmed with fringe and three folds. Bonnet of gray and colored straw, trimmed with variegated flowers and cashmere ribbon. Steel colored parasol with bow of cashmere ribbon upon the top.

Fig. 29.—Ruffle and chemisette; the centre of the chemisette is cut out of pale blue surah, 16 by 14 inches, and of a piece of Turkish brocade of the same size. These two materials are joined together, the long way of the stuff, and are then gathered into narrow puffings. Then cut out of the surah and the brocade another piece, 16 by 15 inches, and graduated along the lower edge. These two materials are then sewed on a narrow band of stiffened net, 1 inch by 18, the loose ends being covered with blue and broadened ribbon. A ruffle of Valenciennes lace, three inches deep, is then pleated on to the silk and brocade, the ends are loosely knotted together, as shown in our illustration, and around the neck is a close box-pleated ruffle of crêpe lisse.

Fig. 30.—Brooch in the form of a palette; it is made of gold, enameled, and a large pearl forms the head of the pin.

Fig. 31.—Bonnet of black net, trimmed with rows of black lace; gilt ornaments, and old gold ribbon and flowers. Black lace strings.

Fig. 32.—Fall overcoat for boy of eight years made of fawn-colored cloth, stitched with silk of the same color, and fastened with large buttons of horn. Felt hat of the same color.

Fig. 33.—Dress for girl of ten years, made of dove-colored beige, trimmed with two closely pleated flounces. Drapery a laveuse, turned up with brocaded foulard; deep square collar of the latter material. At the back the skirt is arranged in a wide box pleated flounce, with bow of ribbon. Hat of black chip trimmed with foulard and feather.

Fig. 34.—Costume for boy of three years. Short pants and blouse of small gray check cloth. Passementerie girdle with ends of drops; large gray buttons down the front.

Fig. 35.—Ulster for girl of seven years, made of gray cloth, with hood lined with cardinal silk, cord and tassel of cardinal, and stitching of the same.

Fig. 36.—Child's drawers, with bodice fastened to them, made of muslin or flannel for winter, if desired.

Fig. 37.—Combination skirt and bodice for girl of twelve years, gored in front, gathered on to bodice in the back.

Fig. 38.—Lady's underskirt made with yoke and pleated flounce across the back. It is made of gray cashmere with band trimming it, embroidered in gay colors.

Fig. 39.—Combination drawers and chemise for girl of twelve years.

Figs. 40 and 41.—Front and back view of house dress, made of beige color satin, cashmere, and damassee. The front of skirt is deeply kilted, over which falls long tabs of damassee, which is in gay colors. Two satin scarfs are draped across the front and knotted at the side; the upper one terminates with two kiltings. The trimming on the back of skirt is similar to that on the front. A breadth of cashmere, gathered at the waist, is draped beneath a satin scarf which terminates with ends. The front of the bodice is a blouse buttoned down the front; at the back it is gathered in fine drawings, and this is attached to a plain yoke. The belt and pocket flaps are of damassee. Large cambric collar and cuffs edged with lace.

The diagram pattern is for a lady's mantle, which is particularly adapted for early fall wear. It can be made of cashmere, and trimmed with lace or fringe. Our pattern is given in full size and consists of three pieces—half of front, half of back, and sleeve. The ends of front are drawn together, and finished by a bow or tassel.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Although our calendars inform us that we have commenced the autumn, neither our feelings from being revived by the cool and refreshing winds of the early fall, nor the world of fashion, give much indication of any marked change in the season. The weather has continued so oppressively warm that all the openings of dress goods have been delayed, so that we will have to wait another month to give our readers any reliable information as regards the colors and fabrics that will be most fashionable, and confine ourselves to noticing the many novelties that attract attention at this intermediate season, and to the description of traveling dresses that are always required this month.

Costumes for traveling are made of fancy woolen goods, arnure, camel's hair, cashmere, or of any of the innumerable varieties so popular; the favorite color appears to be that peculiar green called "*puree de pois*," which is not, however, in our eyes as *distingue* as steel gray. Deep indigo blue, seal brown, and garnet are also popular as well as all gray and beige tints. The Pelerine costume is a favorite for traveling, and is in good taste, as there is no exaggeration of style or make about it. The skirt is trimmed with flounces, which we think are most assuredly superseding kiltings. The overskirt is bordered with silk, and the nun's sleeves have a revers of silk at the cuffs. A pelerine is always added.

Another popular style has the skirt cut round and trimmed with a pleated flounce or deep kiling. The front part is then shirred, and the back is looped up into a narrow drapery. The bodice is a long-waisted jacket, either buttoned all the way down in front, or slanted off over the hips, and forming square lappets in front.

Traveling cloaks, following the lead, are also becoming very elegant. They still affect a certain look of simplicity; but this is by no means to be relied upon, for the special tissues of which they are composed are extremely expensive. A very

pretty model is in the shape of a very long paletot, tight-fitting at the back, loose in front; sleeves in the Chinese style, very wide, and turned back with a revers of prune silk ten inches; by way of trimming; nothing but a very narrow red bias band all around, and a cape formed of five collars of graduated size, all trimmed with one prune and one red piping. The material of the cloak itself is a thick tissue of twilled wool, very soft, with an imperceptible check pattern, *chined* with green and red upon a beige ground; the whole in quiet attenuated tints. This tissue is of English manufacture. Others are made very long, of gray cloth, and provided with a very large and useful hood. Some are edged with bias bands of fine cashmere put on inside and showing just beyond the edge, called *depassants*. The trimmings for beige or gray cloaks are mostly of some dark shade of brown or prune. A few unique models, however, have the *depassants* of deep red silk. Buttons are large and ornamental.

The elegance of the *chaussure* is greater than ever this season; and if a lady consents to wear a simple dress of fancy material, she is all the more difficult to please in the matter of shoes and stockings, which of all the minutiae of the toilet are considered as the true test of a well-bred woman. Nothing can be prettier than fashionable boots, shoes, and daintily-embroidered slippers. The toe is slightly rounded at the point, but not so much as it was last year. The city *chaussure* is ever the high boot, either buttoned all the way up or cut out in open work straps over the instep to make it lighter. What is called the American shoe, a name given it on account of its great popularity with our fashionables, is still much worn; rather high and laced, it is convenient to wear and in good taste, but not "dressy."

For home receptions, dinners, and small evening parties, the shoe with open work stripes in the upper part of stuff, dull kid, shagreen, or bronze kid, is that most generally adopted; with very light colored dresses it is also worn in white kid. For the evening it is the shoe of satin or sicilienne, black or white, or of the color of the dress. These dainty shoes are so much open over the foot, that one might almost predict a return to the gilt sandals so much in vogue in the time of the Directoire.

As for stockings, it would be difficult to make them richer than they are already, unless they were composed entirely of point lace. A lady can always be known as such from her foot gear. She may go out dressed in a very simple dress of dark-colored fancy woolen material, but her boots and stockings, as well as her gloves, will be faultless, and the bow of real old lace artistically arranged at her throat will proclaim at once who she is.

The silk stocking is of course the most elegant. It is self-colored, with embroidered clocks, or else it has some tiny pattern in two shades or more; or again the clocks alone are of a different tint. The *filoselle* is not very pretty, and still less durable; therefore the fine Lisle thread stocking is to be preferred to all but the fine silk ones. Thread stockings with a pattern of dots, flowers, or stripes, are exceedingly pretty, and look well with all summer toiles.

White underskirts are made very short, and gored, trimmed around the bottom with three flutings edged with narrow thread lace. All under-clothing is more fashionable at present trimmed with lace and fine tucking than embroidery.

For this season of the year the walking costume is often finished with a jacket of some pretty brocaded material different from the skirt, but not black. Thus with all gray and neutral-tinted dresses, a jacket of seal brown or prune brocaded wool and silk fabric looks very elegant. Bodices in cashmere colors are also very fashionable, and are very convenient to have, as they can be worn with a variety of different-colored skirts, the waists of which have become defaced.

A very elegant *cachepoussière*, or carriage wrap, is made of black Indian chasmere, lined with crimson surah. Its shape is that of a pelisse, but very slightly gathered round the neck; the seam in the middle of the back is open, to show a thick crimson pleat trimmed with black lace and jet fringe; gathered sleeves, with pleat of crimson silk down the outer seam, trimmed with lace and fringe to match that of the skirt. This mantle can also be made with a long India shawl, but it must be cut into two pieces. In our colored fashion plate of this month, we give another shape mantle that can also be made of an India shawl.

Even thus late in the season it is marvelous to see the elegant parasols that are exposed for sale; satin is more popular than earlier in the season, either in self colors or covered with very small patterns; all are lined with silk, white, pink, red, or jonquil colored, which forms a delightful frame to the head and hair; other shades are apt to be very trying to the complexion. The edge is trimmed either with fringe or with a border of white Spanish blonde six inches deep, put on plain all around, or again with a fluting of very narrow white blonde. But it is more especially in the handles that the greatest variety and richness are displayed; some are very expensive, but they are exceedingly pretty. The most elegant are simply of wood with a knob of painted porcelain; a real jewel, upon which one may have one's initials reproduced; a piece of real lapis-lazuli, a cat's eye, the head of a King Charles dog, finely chiseled, are also most stylish. Other handles of less aristocratic pretensions are of *celluloid*, imitating malachite, lapis-lazuli, coral, ivory, or tortoise shell.

The Marguerite chatelaine bag is one of the most useful introductions of the season. We all know how our new dresses are now sent home pocketless; and even if such a necessary addition is remembered, it is placed so inconveniently in the back breadths that it is impossible to get at it without some awkward contortions. Chatelaine bags made of satin, and covered with a bouquet of flowers, now replace pockets; a small handkerchief is seen peeping out from the centre of the flowers, perfumed with the same scent. They are made in black satin trimmed with lace and loops of satin ribbon, in white satin covered with a network of jet; in fact, in a variety of styles, and many are ornamented with flowers of the most delicate hue. The Marguerite chatelaine bag will soon be considered a necessity.

Fans intended for day use are quite a show; they differ widely from evening fans. They are

neither too large nor too small, but that desirable size—the happy medium. Oriental taste is conspicuous in the feather fans; peacock feathers, ostrich feathers, cocks' feathers, are all pressed into service, and the mounts are more or less elegant according as they are ivory, pearl or shell. The silk fans, painted with water colors by hand, are quite works of art in their way. Incroyable subjects are in vogue this season. The white ostrich feather fans are reserved exclusively for brides.

Fichus are a very important feature in toilets at present, and appear in various ways. Sometimes it is made of the same material as the dress and forms the drapery on the bosom; when made of white muslin and very small, it takes the place of a collar or ruche, and the fichu mantle of black lace, surah, or camel's hair, is the fashionable wrap for city streets or drives. The fichu, as part of the dress trimming, is made of four folds of the material cut bias, and edged at the top and bottom with a narrow pleating, or else a ruffle of the goods taken double. This passes around the back of the neck, and extends down the front as far as the top of the darts, where it is rounded off, or else it may be lengthened so that the ends will be concealed under the belt. A ruffle of lace or a linen collar is worn around the neck. Very small fichus of white soft mull are made with a point behind, are turned over at the top and rounded in front; they are then edged with lace two inches wide, and this lace is also put on the upper part, which is turned down, thus making two rows in the back. When completed, this fichu is scarcely larger than a lady's pocket handkerchief folded triangularly, and is worn close and high about the throat, thus dispensing with a collar, and is very dressy. Ladies who make braid laces, and who do fanciful patterns of tatting, make this small fichu without muslin, and entirely of the tatting or lace. White silk muslin fichus are made to use instead of laces with dressy toilets, and are trimmed with embroidery of white silk done on the muslin. New black fichus, to be worn in the same manner, are of transparent square meshes, like those of grenadine, and are brightened by being elaborately wrought with iridescent beads and gold threads. The Spanish lace fichus are popular in both white and black laces, and in the small sizes like mere collarettes, as well as the large mantillas.

Long looped bows of white surah silk are used for cravat bows to wear with woollen dresses. They are of irregular shape, and are edged with point d'esprit lace. Full ruches of point d'esprit lace are worn high around the neck, while below this ruche wider lace of the same pattern is pleated to form a round collar broad enough to reach almost to the tips of the shoulders. White satin ribbon loops trim the front and back of the ruche.

Dark blue silk handkerchiefs with Scotch plaid borders in gay colors, are knotted in fanciful ways of irregular loops and pleatings to form cravat bows to wear with light dresses. Polka dots of white on navy-blue handkerchiefs are chosen to wear about the neck when traveling, or for morning wear. They are fastened with large pins that have silver heads. Cream-white silk handkerchiefs with a narrow hem that is hemstitched, are used with dark dresses by ladies whose clear complexion will permit the use of much thick white near the face.

For morning dresses for the early fall there are quaintly pretty suits made of the wool handkerchief bunting in queer colors, such as olive-green with the gray border striped with cardinal and pale blue, or perhaps the handkerchiefs are of navy-blue bunting with red polka dots and borders. These are made up in the designs illustrated in last month's magazine for handkerchief dresses. The white

wool buntings now worn in the afternoon and evening are very pretty when made entirely of the wool and worn with a sash of white satin ribbon. Some of these have four deep pleated flounces covering the back breadths, while the front has an apron diagonally draped, or else three or four broad box pleats are down the front and sides. A coat basque, or a belted basque, or else a gathered round waist, made surplice and finished with a fichu, is pretty for such dresses.

HINTS UPON THE DOINGS OF THE FASHION- ABLE WORLD.

In our last number, we spoke of a fancy dress picnic; this month we will speak of an entertainment somewhat similar, called a pastoral or garden party, where the only refreshments given were five o'clock tea, served upon small tables scattered over the grounds. At five o'clock tea the viands are all cold, nothing being served hot, and no formality being observed. At these pastorals the guests appear solely in shepherds' and peasants' costumes. At first thought many may imagine that but little variety can be developed, in case a hostess may confine her guests to strictly pastoral dresses, *i. e.*, shepherds' and shepherdesses'; we must emphatically insist that this is not the case, and that all drawbacks with regard to sameness in costumes, which would mar the effect from an on-looker's point of view, may be at once considered as dispensed with, when we mention that even if a hostess has issued this limitation, we have the whole range of time and clime to travel over in our descriptions before our list of costumes for selection is exhausted; and, moreover, none need fear that out of so many they cannot choose a becoming dress, for amongst them there will be found costumes suitable for the short, the tall, the thin, the stout, the brunette, and the blonde. Beginning then with a dress from a very early period, we would suggest a Greek shepherdess's dress for a pretty fair girl. It consists of a full white skirt coming just below the knees, trimmed with a blue border of the Greek key pattern; a full low bodice with short sleeves, edged with a like blue pattern; a blue ribbon girdle, white stockings, and blue shoes, laced across, and rather high. A wreath of wild flowers around the head; some should also hang loosely from one shoulder across the bosom; and a crook with wild flowers on should be carried in the hand. If the low neck and short sleeves are not cared for in the open air, an underwaist high and long sleeved can be worn. Then there is a becoming shepherdess's dress of the fifteenth century for a dark or stout lady, consisting of a long deep blue, full skirt and sleeves, over which is a red wrapper to below the knees, and bell sleeves of the same color. The upper dress is confined by a ceinture, in the shape of a loose bag, deep on one side, for use, and narrow like a band on the other side. A headdress is composed of blue, white or red linen or merino, folded across the head, and left to hang down rather deep round the neck and ears, after which all that is needed to complete the costume is a crook. Again, there is the popular dress of the "Watteau Shepherdess," which consists of a full, short, yellow skirt, with a deep flounce about two inches up from the edge, over which comes a full all-round panier of yellow and pink stripes. The bodice is made deep in front, broad at the top, and narrowing down to below the waist, to show a full white chemisette, over which it is laced with pink cord, a small pink bow covering each eyelet hole, there being altogether nine bows for this purpose, four each side of the bodice, and one at the point below the waist. There are two sets of sleeves, full white elbow sleeves with pink bows, and short

upper sleeves of purple to match the bodice. The hat is slightly turned up on each side, and ornamented with pink bows and flowers, whilst the crook, the *sine qua non* of the costume, is likewise adorned with bows and flowers. There is the simple Little Bo-Peep dress. The bodice is yellow, full and rather low in the neck, where it is gathered into a band; the upper skirt is blue cotton, full and looped up over a bright pink underskirt, which is just long enough to leave the yellow clad ankles and feet clearly visible. A folded yellow waistband completes this portion of the costume. The hat is of a pretty Dolly Varden shape in straw, trimmed with flowers or bows, and tied on the head with a piece of pink ribbon; the crook is of a tolerable length, with a sort of curtain-hook bend at the top, the commencement of the head being ornamented with a bunch of blue, pink, and yellow ribbons. But we must not forget the shepherds. Those who wish may go back to the very earliest form of pastoral costumes, such as that worn by the shepherds of the East; for this they merely have to cover themselves in rough sheepskins, and provide themselves with a rough club. But for those who do not care to adopt anything so antique, there are plenty of other pastoral dresses. A French shepherd's dress of the ninth century consisted of a loose blouse reaching nearly to the knee, sleeves tolerably tight to the waist, high stockings, long pointed shoes, a girdle with a long curved horn attached, and a crook with a spear-like point. The shepherds of the Abruzzi, again, wear a very picturesque dress. Dull brown trousers, outside of which, at the knee, come brown leather gaiters, tied with a strap of leather to match; a dark brown coat and sleeves, just revealing a white shirt, round the waist of which is bound a bluish stuff band, and a portion or the whole of a sheepskin thrown carelessly over one shoulder. A Watteau shepherd wore pink knee breeches, with blue puffings down the outer side of the legs; a white waistcoat with small frill; a coat coming slightly below the hips, opening out to show the waistcoat, and having tight sleeves to the elbow, with big white puffing and frill to the wrist, a band of pink with blue rosette being bound over the upper part of the puffing; a circular cape of violet and yellow. A Gainsborough shaped hat, silk stockings, low shoes with large blue rosettes on the instep, and a crook with a bunch of blue and yellow ribbons on the top. Little Bo-Peep must have a Little Boy Blue. If the gentleman be short and juvenile looking, the dress will, of course, be very appropriate; but it gives a no less pleasing, and certainly far more comical effect, if adopted by a tall stout man. The color of the dress must be a bright blue and quite uniform throughout; it should be made in the form of a simple high Norman tunic, reaching nearly to the knees, and confined by a blue girdle, to which the indispensable "horn" is attached. The colors of any of the dresses but this one can be altered if desired. On a lovely summer's afternoon, and in a charming old garden, the costumes we have described will, if worn by those whom they suit, produce as picturesque an effect as artist or hostess could wish, and make us verily believe ourselves carried back to the days when Christopher Marlowe sang his pastoral love ditty:

And I will make these beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.
A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love. FASHION.



F.O.C. Darley

John C. McRae

*"Take your arm away directly,
Mr. Joseph, or I'll call Miggs."*

"Barnaby Rudge"



GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER 1880.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK NOVELTIES.



EMBROIDERED STRAW HAT WORK BASKET.

(See Work Department.)

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 7.

Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.

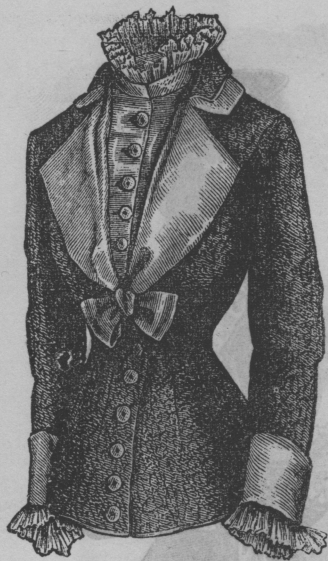


Fig. 10.

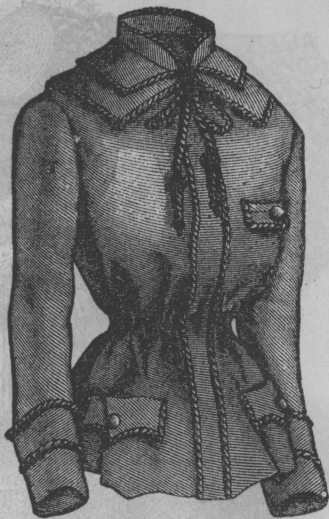


Fig. 11.

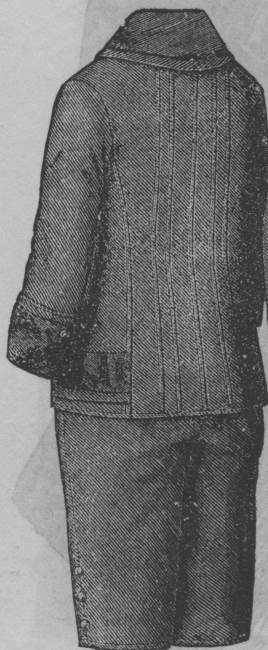


Fig. 12.



Fig. 13.



Fig. 14.



Fig. 15.

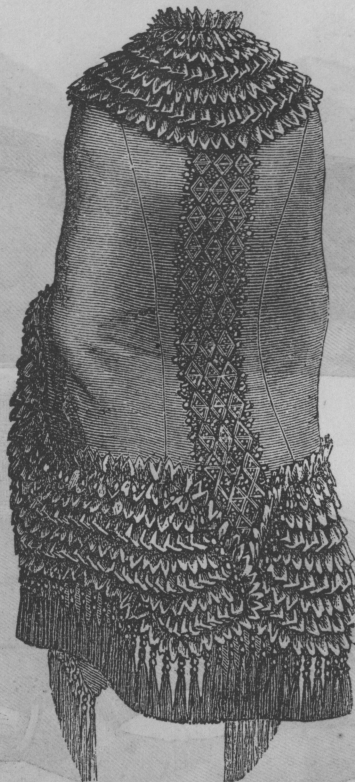


Fig. 16.

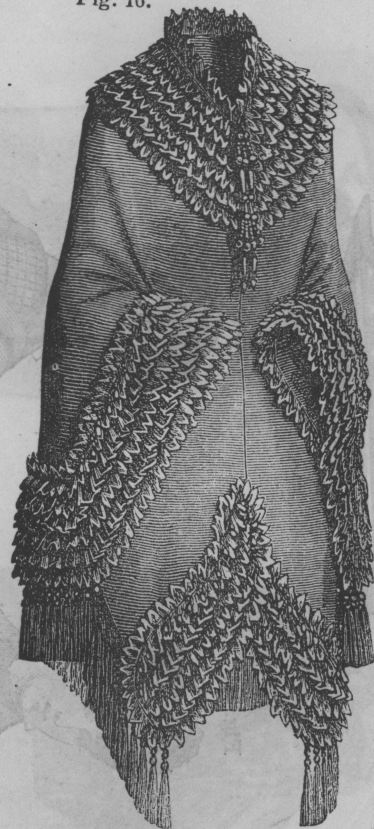


Fig. 17.



Fig. 18.

Fig. 19.



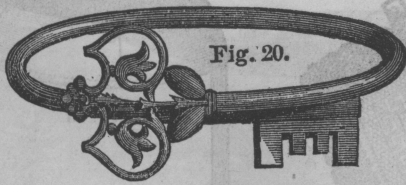


Fig. 20.

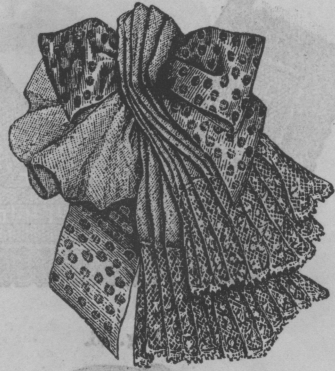


Fig. 21.



Fig. 22.



Fig. 23.



Fig. 24.

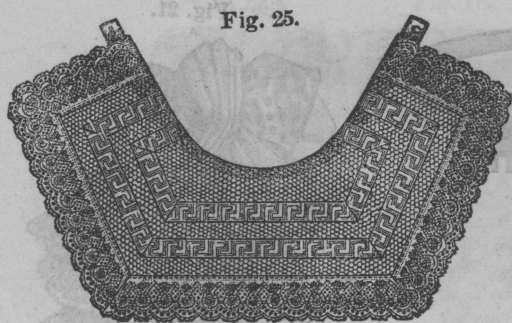


Fig. 25.

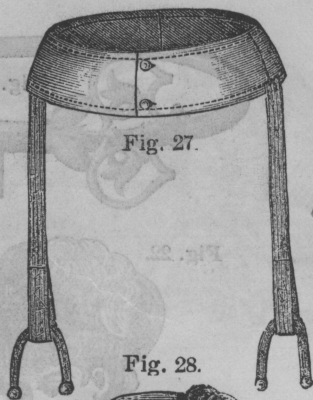


Fig. 27.

Fig. 26.

Fig. 28.



Fig. 29.

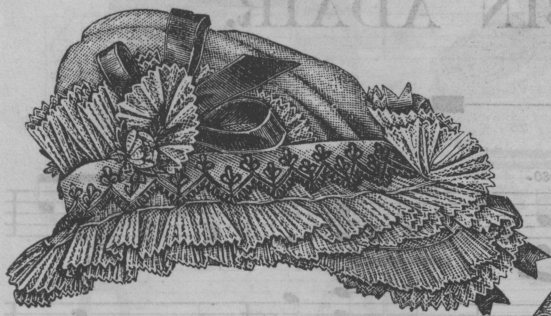


Fig. 30.



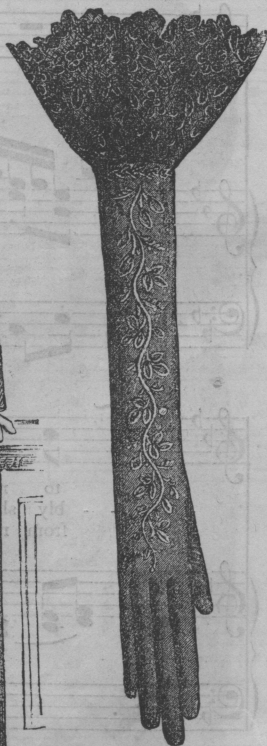
Fig. 31.



Fig. 32.



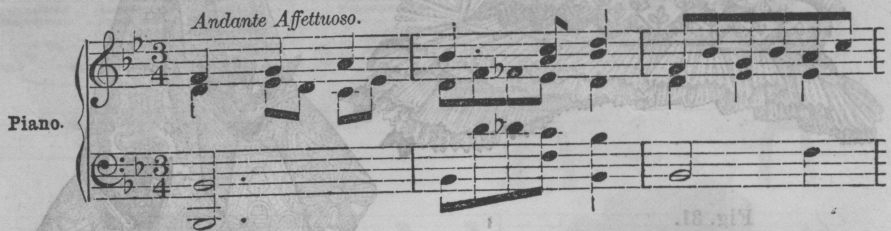
Fig. 33.




ROBIN ADAIR.

Andante Affettuoso.

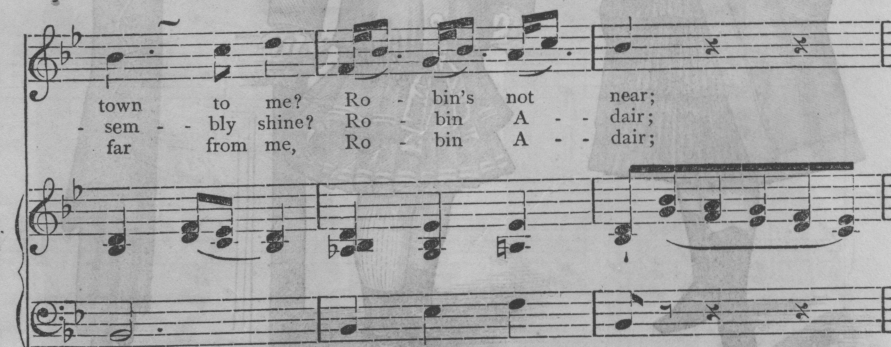
Piano.



1. What's this dull
2. What made th'as -
3. But now thou'rt



town to me? Ro - bin's not near;
sem - bly shine? Ro - bin A - dair;
far from me, Ro - bin A - dair;



Published in sheet form, price 30 cts., by WM. H. BONER & CO. agts.,
No. 1102 Chestnut Street, Phila.

He whom I wish'd to see, Wish'd for to
What made the ball so fine? Ro - bin was
But now I nev - er see Ro - bin a

hear, there, dair. Where's all the joy and mirth,
What when the play was o'er
Yet him I lov'd so well

Made life a heav'n on earth, Oh! they're all
What made my heart so sore, Oh! it was
Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh! I can

fled with thee Ro - bin A - - - dair.
part - ing with Ro - bin A - - - dair.
ne'er for - get Ro - bin A - - - dair.

38

Fig. 34.



Fig. 36.



Fig. 35.



Fig. 87.



GODEY'S Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME CI. No. 604.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1880.

ROSLYN'S FORTUNE.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Author of "A Gentle Belle," "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," "Nina's Atonement," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

The latter hesitates a moment—but then he replies a little reluctantly, "Well, yes; he ought not to be thwarted, certainly—for *that* is the sort of thing to irritate and excite him. If his mind is set upon it, I suppose he must have his own way. I'll see, however, if I can't induce him to put off attending to his business, until he is better able to talk."

Accordingly, when he pays his parting visit to Colonel Duncan after breakfast, before leaving for the day, Dr. Kirke endeavors to convince that gentleman of the propriety of letting his business matters take care of themselves for the present.

"The more entirely you discharge your mind of all thought whatever," he says, "the better it will be for you. Every exertion you make, whether physical or mental, accelerates the circulation, and thereby increases the danger of fever, you see. Nor is it merely fever which we apprehend—though in your weak state, that would be dangerous, to say the least. But besides this, we have another thing to consider. We find that a stray shot glanced from the direction which the others took, and lodged in the arm-pit—in close proximity to the brachial artery. This is serious. We have not yet ascertained its exact location, because it is impossible to do anything about it at present, and it would be useless, therefore, as well as injurious to harass you by an examination. The moment that your strength permits, we will see to it, as we fear the formation of an aneurism. I need not explain what the result of that would be, if not attended to in time."

"I understand," says the wounded man, in a faint voice. "I heard what Dr. Chelmsom said

on the subject, yesterday morning, and that is why I am so anxious to accomplish this business, which is important. It is to make my will."

"To do so, is, I hope and believe, unnecessary," says Dr. Kirke, with gravity. "If I see reason to change my opinion on this point, I will give you immediate warning of the fact."

Colonel Duncan smiles faintly.

"Let me see Shelbourne for five minutes," he says. "I will not excite myself, I promise you. A few words will explain all that is requisite; and when the thing is done, my mind will be tranquil—which is not the case while it remains undone."

"Very well," says the doctor; but he does not look or speak as if he thought such obstinacy well. "A wilful man must have his way, I suppose. I will go and send Mr. Shelbourne here; but, recollect, I warn you distinctly, that in exerting and exciting yourself, you are risking your life."

He puts his finger on the pulse of the hand that lies like a piece of marble—as white, almost, and as inanimate-looking—on the coverlet, and finds it, though very languid, increased perceptibly in strength since he felt it last, about two hours before.

"Your pulse is improving," he exclaims, with a glow of satisfaction. "You are doing very well indeed: so well, that I can conscientiously assure you that you may safely let the making of you will stand over for the present. However"—seeing the expression of his patient's countenance—"since you are so set on it, it may be better for you to get it off your mind."

Colonel Duncan proceeds to do this in the most expeditious manner possible, when, a few minutes afterwards, Mr. Shelbourne appears at his bedside. He was never a man to waste words needlessly about anything; and on the present occasion he says tersely—speaking slowly, and with evident effort:

"Shelbourne, I want you to write my will," He pauses an instant, takes breath and then proceeds:

"Being sound of mind, but apprehensive that I may die of the wound with which I am suffering, in the name of Almighty God, I make this my last will and testament.

"I give and bequeath everything—both real and personal estate—of which I die possessed, to Roslyn Vardray, her heirs and assigns; and constitute my two friends, Charles Shelbourne and George Vardray, my executors."

Another pause. Even the exertion of uttering these few sentences has tired him very much. But he has not finished. He motions to his friend to wait, and closes his eyes.

Mr. Shelbourne remains silent—looking at him with an expression of some doubt and anxiety, but not thinking it worth while to remonstrate against farther effort; and at this moment Mrs. Knight comes in softly and approaches the bed.

"Here is your beef-tea, Colonel," she says. "I'm sorry to disturb you; but the doctor charged that you must take it regular."

She lifts his head, and holds a cup to his lips, and he swallows willingly the tea and wine that he hopes will give him the strength he needs, and especially wishes for just now. "Thank you, Mrs. Knight," he says, as she lays his head back on the pillow—"I am very glad to get it." Then, when she has left the room as noiselessly and quietly as she entered, he looks up at Shelbourne, and resumes his instructions:

"I desire that she—Miss Vardray—shall enter into immediate possession of the property, and enjoy the uncontrolled possession of it, so long as she remains unmarried; but that when she marries, her estate shall be settled on herself in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of its alienation from her, even by her own act."

He draws a deep breath as if of relief, as he concludes—then after a moment's silence to rest, says, "Put that into legal form, and let me sign it." Geoffrey Thorne and Mrs. Knight can witness it."

Mr. Shelbourne assents. "I will go down stairs and write it out," he says—"and you can go to sleep meanwhile. Kirke insists very much upon your keeping quiet."

"Yes, I know. Don't lose any time, Shelbourne."

"You may depend upon it that I shall not," answers that gentleman, emphatically, "for I see plainly that you will not be satisfied until it is done, and so I shall get it over as soon as possible."

He keeps his word. In a very short time he returns, reads over the instrument he has prepared, to the testator—who approves it—Geoffrey and Mrs. Knight are summoned, and it is signed and witnessed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"DUST TO DUST—ASHES TO ASHES!"

As Geoffrey predicted, his letter to Mr. Vardray, written the day after the accident occurred, is not received for nearly a week. As soon as he does receive it, however, that gentleman hastens home, and is more than glad on his arrival, to find the wounded man so much better than he had dared hope. Colonel Duncan is still confined to bed, but is beginning to regain his strength somewhat, and though his face is perfectly colorless, and his eyes look hollow and unusually large, his smile and voice are quite natural as he extends his hand, when on awaking one morning, he sees his friend and host standing by his bed.

"This is kind of you, Vardray," he says, "but I am sorry you should have been at the trouble and inconvenience of coming back so soon after you left, on account of this awkward escapade of mine. Mrs. Vardray and the rest of the family are well, I hope?"

"Upon my word," says Mr. Vardray, with a laugh, "I call that a warm welcome to give a man who has been traveling all night post-haste to see you! No, the children are not well—or Ellen would have come with me. One or two of them have taken measles."

"Indeed!" exclaims Colonel Duncan in a tone of much concern. "I am extremely sorry to hear it."

"It is a very mild form of measles, the doctor who is attending them assures us," is the reply.

"I'm rejoiced to hear that you are getting on so favorably."

"Thank you, but I don't feel as if I deserved any sympathy. And if I had had my thoughts about me, I should have requested Geoffrey not to disturb your visit by mentioning the matter."

"I am afraid I could not have regarded such a request as that, Colonel, if you had made it," says Geoffrey, who is standing by. "I knew my father would wish and expect to hear of it."

"Unquestionably," Mr. Vardray responds.

"And you would have heard of it through the newspapers, even if I had not written," adds the young man.

"Yes," says Mr. Vardray. "The same mail that carried your letter, took *The Journal*—a Kirton paper—containing a circumstantial account of the affair. We were shocked, I assure you, my dear Duncan!—and Ellen regrets exceedingly that she is prevented from coming to you, by the illness of the children."

"Pray don't be concerned on my account," says Colonel Duncan, smiling. "Geoffrey has proved an excellent host. You see how well I am coming on under his care."

Geoffrey laughs. "With every disposition to make myself useful, there has not been much

opportunity for me to do so," he says, "except in the way of a watch-dog to keep your room free from all invasion of friendly visitors."

"Well," remarks Mr. Vardray, "the result is highly satisfactory, whoever deserves the credit for it. I must write to Ellen by this evening's mail, to relieve her and Lavinia's anxiety. They sent more messages than I can remember—or than it is prudent for you to be kept listening to, Geoffrey is thinking, I see," he concludes with a laugh.

Roslyn and Lettice are sitting on the piazza steps that evening in the gloaming, when Geoffrey joins them. He has just come from Kirton, whither he went with Mr. Vardray to see him off on the train—for the latter, finding Colonel Duncan getting on so well, was persuaded to return at once to Mrs. Vardray and the children.

"On condition," he had said to the invalid, "that you don't leave Verdevale until we are at home again." A stipulation to which Colonel Duncan very readily agreed—as he desires nothing better than a good excuse to linger under the same roof with Roslyn.

"Papa got off safely, I suppose," says Roslyn, when Geoffrey appears.

"Yes," is the reply, "though, as usual, he was sure that he would be left, until he was actually standing on the car-platform."

Roslyn laughs—but it seems to Geoffrey that, though soft and musical, the sound lacks its accustomed ring of genuine and enjoyable mirth. She has been very subdued in manner during the past week—whether from anxiety about Colonel Duncan, or because of the house being necessarily very still and dull, or from uncertainty about Lovelace, the young fellow has not been able to decide in his own mind; notwithstanding that he has given the subject considerable thought while occupied with duties which precluded the possibility of his seeing much of her.

As he settles himself now at the feet of the two girls, half-reclining on the lowest step, while he rests his elbow on the one above, and props his shoulder against a third—he is flattering himself that at last he is about to secure a little of her society. Lettice will be going home presently, he knows; and, feeling himself off duty for the time—Mr. Shelbourne having come out to spend the evening with Colonel Duncan—he is at liberty to attend her: and of course Roslyn will go also. He is so happy in the anticipation of this coming pleasure, that the disappointment is correspondingly great, when a chance interferes to prevent his enjoying it, after all.

Lettice always goes home early, and as soon as the soft, purple, half-light of the gloaming is gone, she rises from her seat, saying, with a sigh:

"This is very pleasant, but I must tear myself away. You will both walk home with me, won't you?"

"Of course, if you will go," answers Roslyn. "But it is early yet; why should you be in such a hurry? Don't you know that our having taken tea so much earlier than usual on account of papa's going away, has made it seem later than it really is? Sit down again."

But Lettice demurs to this. "I had much rather stay longer, if I had the choice," she says; "but it is time for me to go."

Roslyn does not press the point further, but rises herself, and they both go into the hall—

Lettice to get her hat, and Roslyn to throw over her head a rose-colored web of worsted net which is entrancingly becoming, her companions think.

Geoffrey is standing in the hall-door gazing at her with all his heart in his eyes, when there is a step on the stair—rather a heavy step—and he looks up and sees Mr. Shelbourne descending.

He, too, is much struck by Roslyn's appearance. For the first time, he is half inclined to think that there may be some little excuse for what he has always considered "poor Duncan's infatuation" about this girl. "It is well that he cannot see her as she stands there now! She is certainly handsome—very brilliant-looking," he says to himself.

"I have a message for you, Miss Vardray," he says to her, stopping as she is turning to leave the hall—for it has not occurred to her to suppose that he was coming to speak to her. "Duncan says he knows that it is your custom to sing every evening at this hour, and he begs that you will not refrain any longer from doing so on his account. It will not disturb him in the least; on the contrary, he would like to hear some music."

"Would he?" says Roslyn, simply. "Then it will give me great pleasure to sing or play for him. But, I assure you, it is not an invariable custom with me to open the piano of an evening; and if there is the least danger of its disturbing him, please tell me so, Mr. Shelbourne."

"There is not. It would really give him pleasure, I am sure," Mr. Shelbourne answers.

"O, I shall be glad to do that!" she exclaims. "I have been wishing ever since he was hurt that there was something I could do for him."

She speaks so unaffectedly, and with such evident sincerity that Mr. Shelbourne smiles on her quite cordially—though he is not inclined to like women, knowing very little about them, and caring less.

"You will have to excuse me, Lettice," Roslyn says; "unless you will wait awhile. You cannot? Then good-night."

So she goes into the drawing-room to the piano, while Lettice and Geoffrey pass out into the still, clear outer air.

It is not difficult to imagine what the subject of conversation between them is, as they walk slowly through the woods, that are dim but not dark, for myriads of gleaming stars are looking

down through the partly bare branches above them. This is the first time that they have had an opportunity to be alone together since Geoffrey's return; and Lettice does not wait for him to ask the questions which she knows are rushing to his lips; she tells him at once, for his comfort, that Mr. Lovelace is not occupying a pedestal of reverence or even of respect in Roslyn's opinion. "Not that the latter has said so much in words to her friend and confidant. But Lettice is too shrewd not to be able to read signs as well as words; and too sympathetic not to understand the fluctuations of Roslyn's feelings, as well as if they were indicated like the changes of natural temperature on the face of a thermometer. She sees plainly that the lover lately considered so fascinating, is now regarded with sentiments neither kindly nor flattering.

"I can tell by the little she has said, and by her manner, that Roslyn is half-angry and half-disgusted with him," Lettice goes on. "And as for herself—I doubt if he will ever make another effort to see her, unless—"

"Unless what?" asks Geoffrey, as she hesitates.

"Unless Colonel Duncan should die," answers Lettice, slowly. "In that case—"

"But what under the sun would Colonel Duncan's dying have to do with it?" interrupts Geoffrey, who had been silent for an instant, literally from surprise. "Lovelace surely cannot fear him as a rival!"

"Fear Colonel Duncan as a rival!" repeats Lettice. "O, certainly not. But don't you know that Mr. Lovelace—or, at least, Mr. Lovelace's mother—is Colonel Duncan's nearest relative now living?—what is called in law nearest of kin."

"No, I did not know it," answers Geoffrey, in a tone of not pleased surprise. "I only knew that he was some hundredth cousin of Duncan's. The relationship must be very distant, I am confident."

"I suppose it is distant," says Lettice; "but what of that! If it is a hundred times removed, and at the same time there is nobody else—no other relatives—intervening between him and Colonel Duncan—why, that is equivalent to the nearest relationship."

Geoffrey does not answer at once. He is thinking. At last he says:

"Then if Colonel Duncan were to die—die intestate, that is—these Lovelaces would inherit his estate, you think?"

"I know they would," Lettice replies. "But if he did not die intestate?" suggests Geoffrey. "What then?"

Lettice shakes her head. "I don't know how it would be then."

"He made his will a day or two ago," says Geoffrey, dryly.

"Is it possible?"

"Why should you be surprised at his doing so?" asks her companion. "He knew that he was in a dangerous condition; it was very natural that he should arrange his worldly affairs."

It is Lettice's turn to be silent. She lifts her hand to the side of her cheek, bending her face a little to meet it, and so remains for a moment in the peculiar attitude very habitual with her when she is turning over in her mind some thought which has just presented itself to her, and which she has not yet considered. Geoffrey sees the characteristic movement, and does not interrupt her meditation—which lasts, it is true, a very short time.

"So Colonel Duncan has made his will!" she says. "If I am not asking an impertinent question, Geoffrey, who is his heir?"

"That I can't tell you, from the fact that I don't know myself," answers Geoffrey. "Shelbourne wrote the will, which is very brief, only two or three short paragraphs, and Mrs. Knight and myself witnessed it. That is all I know about it."

"I have an idea," says Lettice, thoughtfully, "that he has left his fortune to Roslyn."

"That is what I think," answers Geoffrey; "though you must understand that I have no reason other than your own for the opinion—or the supposition, rather. I have no doubt he cares more for her than for anybody else in the world, and so I infer that he may have given his property to her."

"I hope he will not die," says Lettice, earnestly.

"I hope he will not; and I don't think he will," says Geoffrey. "He is getting on excellently at present; and Chelmsdon don't apprehend that he will find any difficulty in taking up that artery safely. You will hardly credit it, I dare say, Lettice," adds Geoffrey, with a half laugh, "but I have really become attached to Duncan since he was hurt—and I have been with him so much."

"You used to be very much attached to him, I remember," says Lettice, "before you grew jealous of him. I always liked him; and I should be sincerely sorry on his own account if he were to die. But when I spoke awhile ago, I was thinking of Roslyn. On her account I should be more than sorry."

"On Roslyn's account!" repeats Geoffrey, thoroughly puzzled. "What can you mean?"

"If he dies," says Lettice in a very deliberate tone, "Roslyn will marry Mr. Lovelace. If he does not die, I don't think she will. Don't you see?" she asks; "Mr. Lovelace is poor and overwhelmed with debt; and Roslyn has no fortune. To marry her under these circumstances is utterly out of the question with him. But if she had Colonel Duncan's fortune, he would not

hesitate an instant, I am sure, to break his engagement with his cousin in order to marry her; or even if he got the fortune himself, he is enough in love with her to forsake the heiress for her. Though"—adds Lettice—"he would afterwards regret having done so, probably."

"You think Roslyn would marry him," says the young man in a troubled voice; "and yet you said just now that she is angry and disgusted with him. That sounds to me inconsistent."

"Not at all," answers Lettice. "She has not seen him for nearly three months; and she did not hear any good of him this summer. So long as she don't see him, and come under the influence of the personal attraction which he exercises over her, she remembers all that she has heard about him, and it affects her opinion. But if he came and told her he had broken his engagement for her sake, and urged her to marry him, there would be a revulsion of feeling toward him—she would believe that he had been unjustly accused of being a fortune-hunter, and would accept him."

Geoffrey sighs deeply. "I don't think I am prejudiced against the man," he says in a meditative tone. "I don't believe the fact of his being my rival would distort my judgment of him. I have been jealous of Duncan for a much longer time; but that never made me doubt him in any way. And so I can't but think that my estimate of Lovelace is just. I consider him shallow, artificial, altogether without either mental or moral stability of character; and that is why it is death to me the thought of Roslyn's marrying him. Yet," he adds, in a tone of honest candor, "I may be mistaken. It is mere instinct with me, this opinion."

"It is not instinct alone with me," says Lettice. "I have had the same feeling about him from the first moment that I saw him; but added to this, I *know* him to be, not only without stability, but without a shadow of principle."

"You do! And have you told Roslyn so?"

"Yes. But don't you know that love is blind? She sees and feels nothing of all that has impressed us with regard to him. He is simply handsome and charming to her."

"But why? I don't understand in what the charm consists," says Geoffrey. "I have never heard him utter a word which might not as well have been spoken by the most commonplace man in existence—so far as the sense of it went. What is there to admire in a person of that sort?"

Lettice shrugs her shoulders. "It is the manner, not the matter of what he says, that is captivating to Roslyn," she says. "Everybody has their own peculiar world to which they belong by nature—though circumstances may prevent their living in it or even knowing that they belong to it. Roslyn belongs to the world of fashionable

society—and that is Mr. Lovelace's native heath, you know. They have tastes and sympathies in common."

Again Geoffrey's broad chest heaves with a profound sigh. "Yes," he says, "I have long felt that, besides the rooted determination which she has so often expressed, not to marry me, we stand apart somehow. I can never come as near to her as other men do—men that she don't care a straw for, either. Before I worried her so last summer, she liked my companionship well enough, and would be very sweet and lively with me; but I have often felt that she never seemed so animated, or as if she *enjoyed* being with me as with other men—Fraser and Gilray, for instance. Her eyes sparkle in a different way when she is talking to them. And I noticed the same thing at once about this Lovelace."

"You must not blame her for it," says Lettice. "It is just as natural to her to love the light, sparkling talk of social life, and the admiration she receives constantly in words and looks, as it is to you to think of your intended profession, and of what you mean to do in the world."

"I see," says Geoffrey, sadly. "We live in different worlds. She cannot come to mine, and I cannot go to hers—and so it is better for both of us, perhaps, that she will not marry me. But she will never find a man to love her better than I do. As to Lovelace—"

"I hope she may never test the quality of *his* love," says Lettice. "She certainly never will, unless Colonel Duncan's fortune helps her to it, in one way or the other. And there is no danger at all of that *now*, I suppose?"

"I hope not," says Geoffrey, with fervor—"and I think not."

"If I was in your place," says Lettice, "I should not give up hope. Just now she prefers Mr. Lovelace to you: prefers that kind of man. But she is so young, she may change—and when once she is married, she is too true a woman, and has too sound a heart, not to love her husband devotedly—whoever he may be. Of course, I mean if he deserves to be loved—as you assuredly would."

They are crossing the lawn as Lettice says this, and Geoffrey makes no reply. A few minutes afterwards, having parted with her at her own door, he is retracing his steps homeward. He walks rapidly until he has left the Stanhope grounds and is in the woods. Then his pace slackens; he saunters along slowly—meditating as he goes.

He is thinking over the conversation just passed. Sometimes a truth will be dawning on the mind for a long time, like an object seen in the dim twilight of the coming day; a dark, formless thing at first, but gradually acquiring shape and color as the light increases—until finally, in the broad rays of the sun, it stands

fully revealed to sight. Thus it is with Geoffrey. He has often felt, but never knew until now, the truth which Lettice's words have disclosed—that he and Roslyn live in different worlds: that, even if he should succeed at last in persuading her to marry him—and of this, notwithstanding Lettice's encouraging words, he has no faintest hope—he could never expect from her sympathy and appreciation in his pursuits and labors: there could never be that oneness of thought and feeling between them, which, in his opinion, constitutes the happiness of married life. "Lettice is right in saying that she will love her husband, whoever he may be, if he deserves it—and no doubt she will feel a certain interest in the things that interest him. But it will be a faint and reflected interest: not the appreciative sympathy which I should want," he thinks. "It is bitter to give her up—my Roslyn, my Roslyn, as I have always called her in my heart! But her woman's instinct is right!—she would not be happy with me. No: whether she marries that pitiful puppy or not, I feel that she will never marry *me*!"

He folds his arms tightly over his breast, as if to still the agony of regret that is rending his heart. It is the hope of years, the dream of his boyhood, the passion of his manhood, that he is giving up, as he strides on with a tread slow and hard and heavy: but he *is* giving it up. He realizes to-night, for the first time, that it is a vain hope. Heretofore, amid all his jealousy and all his fears, he has never positively believed that there was not an ultimate chance for him. But now he does realize this; and to his nature, anything like insincerity, even to himself, is impossible. Nor is it possible to him to hesitate in doing what his conscience tells him he ought to do. He knows that already the unsettled state of his mind has interfered with the execution of the plans he had laid down for himself. When he returned to Heathdale in the summer he had meant to enter at once upon the study of the profession he had chosen—the law—having agreed at his uncle's earnest and reiterated entreaties, to make Heathdale his headquarters, while studying. But racked as he was at the time by love and jealousy, he had further allowed himself to be persuaded into delaying the fulfillment of his purpose just then. "Warm weather is not the time to study, boy," his uncle had said. "If you will persist in making a drudge of yourself, when there's no necessity whatever for you to do so, wait at least until October or November to begin. Your system will then be braced, and in a better condition to stand the drain upon the strength which any form of mental labor entails." Though—in the conscious possession of a youth and health which he felt might encounter harmlessly any amount of mental labor—he had smiled at the latter clause of this sentence, he nevertheless complied with the advice thus given;

and when he heard of Roslyn's return home, the uncontrollable temptation to make one more desperate effort to win her, made him write to Lettice, with the result already related. He had said to himself, when he started from Heathdale, that this was his *last* venture: that if he saw reasonable hope of final success, he would wait any length of time—would gladly serve the twice seven years of Jacob—but if, on the contrary, there seemed no probability of a change in Roslyn's feelings toward him, he would no longer remain the slave of a hopeless passion.

Now that the time has come to prove the sincerity of that resolve, he does not falter. "Dust to dust—ashes to ashes, O! ill-fated love!" he feels, if he does not say in words, as the dry autumn leaves, with which the earth is covered, rustle and are crushed beneath his feet. The wind is rising, and comes sweeping through the forest with a low wailing monotone that sounds to his ear like the death-dirge of all the sweetness and joy of life to him. What will life be, he asks himself with a sense of despair, when that which has so long made its promise and desire, is taken away? Toil, weariness, darkness! He is not so mere a boy, or so mere a sentimentalist, as not to know that time will bring relief to the pain he is now suffering—time and resolution, and the distraction of study and labor. But he knows, too, that he must pass through deep waters of heart-sickness and loneliness, before he can reach the shore of resignation—and a barren strand, he feels that it will be when he does reach it.

"For me," he says to himself, "the beautiful has vanished, and returns not!" he is saying to himself, as he approaches the house, and sees Roslyn sitting on the steps, evidently waiting for him.

"How long you have stayed!" she exclaims, as he sits down and takes off his hat—congratulating himself as he does so, that the starlight is too dim for her to see his face distinctly. "You must have walked very slowly. I thought you were *never* coming back."

"I thought that you were singing, and would not miss me," he answers, "or I should have been here long ago. We did walk slowly going, and I sauntered along still more leisurely as I came back. It is a beautiful night."

"Yes—but what is the pleasure of sentimentalizing on the beauty of the night to one's self? I confess I never could appreciate the charms of solitude," she says.

"No—you are a typically social being," he replies, with a little ring of pain in his voice—which, however, she does not perceive. "I don't myself mind a little solitude occasionally; but there was no pleasure in the present case, I assure you. I was listening to a dirge."

"A dirge? What do you mean?"

"Don't you hear the wind? It was just rising as I left Mr. Stanhope's door, and when I got into the woods, it was sighing through the pine forest behind the house in such mournful and fitful cadences, that it sounded like a dirge."

"I suppose it was a dirge: Nature's dirge over the departing summer," says Roslyn. "But it certainly was not a cheerful accompaniment to your walk. How unsatisfactory almost everything in this world seems to be!" she goes on with a sigh. "We thought we were going to have such a delightful month—and how much the reverse of that it has been so far! It is just a week since mamma and all of them left, isn't it? and since Colonel Duncan's accident occurred—let me see!"

"A week yesterday," says Geoffrey.

"It seems to me a year at least," she remarks, musingly, "everything has been so dreary and uncomfortable. I am a social being, as you say—and I have been thrown so completely on my own resources for amusement, that the consequence is I have been bored to death. I have seen nothing at all of you—to speak of—and even Mrs. Knight has not been available to talk to. I like to talk to her sometimes—or rather to hear her talk—she is so quaint and straightforward in all that she says. But you have been on hospitable cares intent, and she has spent the time in traveling laboriously up and down stairs, carrying cups of beef-tea and wine to 'the Colonel,' and seeing about dozens of other things for him. I think that but for Lettice's occasional visits, I should have hanged myself from *ennui*. She has promised to come early and spend the day to-morrow. But, oh Geoff! how selfish it sounds to be talking in this way! Only you know I don't mean it! I should have been very glad to be able to do something myself for Colonel Duncan. I hope you told him so."

"Yes—and the hearing of that, and the flowers you sent—you forget the flowers—have done a great deal for him. I used to be so jealous of him," Geoffrey goes on, in a tone between melancholy and amusement, "that I am afraid I should have been glad sometimes, if he had had a bullet through his heart, instead of a handful of shot in his shoulder. But I have got over that feeling entirely, and I am as sorry for him now as—"

He pulls up in time to stop himself from saying, "as I am for myself"—and Roslyn takes up the broken sentence.

"Sorry for him! Yes, indeed! It must be dreadful to be pinned down to bed in that way! Anybody accustomed to such an active life as he is, too! O! I am as sorry as possible for him."

"The confinement is tedious, of course—and his shoulder is painful yet when he moves," says Geoffrey. "But that was not what I alluded to as being sorry for him about."

"What did you allude to, then?" asks Roslyn, unsuspectingly.

"I pity him more than I can express, when I see how passionately he loves you, Roslyn," is the reply. "A fellow feeling, you know. All the time that he was awake during the first days after he was wounded, his eyes were fixed on the flowers you sent, and he was thinking of you, I could see. And once when his door happened to be open, and you stood outside a moment speaking to Mrs. Knight, I noticed his eye light up—but I beg your pardon!" there is a slight movement on Roslyn's part which tells him that she does not like the turn which the conversation has taken. "Having sworn off from persecuting you on my own account, I don't mean to begin a system of vicarious worrying. I assure you"—he laughs—"so we will change the subject. What do you say to a ride before breakfast to-morrow morning? I say before breakfast because the weather is evidently changing, and I am afraid we shall have some days, at least, of rain. I should like you to have one ride anyhow, before it sets in. It was very careless of me to forget that you needed exercise."

"Careless! when you have been so busy all the time!" cries Roslyn. "You had better say that it was very selfish of me to speak as I did awhile ago. But you know I was only jesting."

"Of course I know that. But I might have found time for an occasional ride, if I had only thought of it. Why didn't you remind me?"

"I never thought of it, either. How should I have done so, when I saw you so fully occupied?" She pauses a moment, and then says, warmly: "Dear Geoffrey, how good you have been to Colonel Duncan! How generous and self-forgetful—"

"Stop!" says Geoffrey in a tone of pain—"don't talk in that way—you hurt me!"

"I don't want to do that, heaven knows!" the girl says, earnestly, and adds after a short silence, "What you said about Colonel Duncan a few minutes ago, hurts *me*. Why is it that he should give his love—and such love—to one so unworthy of it as I am! It is not my fault—you know I cannot help it—but oh, it pains me so to think that I should be the cause—"

Her voice falters, and ceases—but Geoffrey knows what she was going to say, and answers gently:

"The unintentional cause. He understands that. We both"—for he is aware that she is thinking of himself as well as of Colonel Duncan—"understand it. Certainly it is not your fault. You never, in either case, encouraged but, on the contrary, repressed to the utmost of your power, the love that was forced on you against your will; so do not distress yourself about what is simply a law of nature."

"A cruel law!" she says, almost indignantly.

"Cruel both ways. I can't help feeling guilty and miserable"—she speaks vehemently now, though in a low tone—"when I see two such men as Colonel Duncan and yourself made unhappy because I, a foolish, frivolous girl, cannot love you—as you wish."

"Don't let it worry you!" says Geoffrey, worried greatly himself by her distress. "I was wrong to have said what I did about Duncan. Some evil spirit must have prompted me to speak of it. You will go to ride in the morning, won't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"I will have you waked at half-past six, then—if it is not raining—so that we can start at seven."

"As I am to be up so early, I will go to bed, I think. It is getting late, too. Good-night."

She extends her hand as she utters the last word, and Geoffrey takes it and holds it while they stand for a moment looking at the sky, over which dark masses of clouds are driving.

"Good-night," he says aloud, when he releases it—adding in his own heart, "and good-bye."

CHAPTER XXV.

NEW ARRIVALS.

The morning is overcast, but the clouds, angry though they look, have not yet begun to "pour the vengeance of the skies." So Roslyn and Geoffrey enjoy their ride, and return—the latter at least—in high spirits.

Lettice, true to her promise, makes her appearance before they have risen from breakfast, and is welcomed eagerly by her friend.

"I am so glad to see you, Lettice," she says. "I was so afraid it would commence raining before you started from home. Now, it may begin this minute, so far as I care; and if it pours in torrents for a week, so much the better—as you will have to stay with me then."

"That would not be a necessary consequence of a week's rain," says Lettice. "There are such things as waterproofs—to say nothing of the possibility of Geoffrey's taking me home in the carriage—or, more probable still, of mamma's sending for me."

"We won't think of those uncomfortable contingencies, but will enjoy the passing hour," says Roslyn, as they rise from the table, and she leads the way into the sitting-room. "Come along, Geoff, and make yourself agreeable," she adds, pausing at the door she is about to enter, on seeing that Geoffrey, after gathering up his newspapers from the breakfast-table, on the corner of which they were strewn, is about to leave the room by another door.

"Unfortunately, I must go and make myself useful, instead, by reading the newspapers to

Duncan," he answers; and proceeds to fulfil this duty.

"I don't want to be selfish or unreasonable," says Roslyn, deliberately, throwing herself on the end of a sofa and leaning indolently back; "but I do wish—" she hesitates, blushes, and laughs, then goes on, but in a somewhat different tone—"I wish there were nothing but pleasant things in the world."

"In other words," says Lettice, in her tone of quiet irony, "you wish that this world was heaven."

"I should not object to that—provided it remained just as it is at present, minus all worries."

"Which means, you wish that Colonel Duncan were well and at Clifton."

"That would be wishing him no harm," says Roslyn. "I am sure *he* would like to be well and at Clifton."

"I suppose he would; yet I imagine he is not ill-pleased to be here; and he would be still better pleased if *you* were his nurse, instead of Mrs. Knight. By all the rules of romance, you ought to have played ministering angel—and I wonder you did not."

"I think he has had ministering angels enough without my assistance—Mrs. Knight, and Geoffrey, and Mr. Shelbourne, not to speak of the doctors. But see!"—she springs suddenly to her feet—"yonder comes some one who will play ministering angel, indeed—Aunt Lavinia!"

"Mrs. Parnell?" says Lettice, also rising. "Why, so it is! I thought she was with your father and mother."

Roslyn does not answer, for she has opened a window and darted out on the piazza, where she stands at the head of the steps as Mrs. Parnell's carriage drives up.

"O, Aunt Lavinia, how glad I am to see you!" she cries, running down to it before that lady can alight. "What happy wind has blown you here?"

"I did not think you ought to be left here alone," says Mrs. Parnell, "so—as there was nothing to detain me—I decided to come and stay with you. I am glad to see you looking so well. How is Colonel Duncan?"

"Better, much better, the doctors say."

"We have been wretchedly uneasy about him, and I felt like coming to look after him, as well as you. Well, Lettice, my dear, so *you* are here! How do you do?"

"Lettice has been my mainstay," says Roslyn. "O, Aunt Lavinia, how glad I am you have come to take the reins of management and responsibility. I have had no trouble—I don't mean that—but I have felt as if the situation was too much for me."

"Decidedly too much; you ought not to have been left alone so long. I was amazed at your father's going away again."

"He thought Colonel Duncan was doing so well—"

"That may have been; but you—he ought to have thought of *you*. However, it was like a man not to think—they rarely do—and, after all, it was better for me to come than for him to have stayed. Now, my dear, let me have something to eat, for I am just off the train. I did not even stop in Kirton."

The cheerful, bustling lady is escorted into the house by the two girls, and after doing justice to a substantial luncheon, she sends a notification of her presence to Colonel Duncan, and an expression of her desire to see him. The message brings Geoffrey down quickly.

"Why, Aunt Lavinia," he says, "this is a most unexpected pleasure. I am delighted that you have come. Colonel Duncan is very much pleased at the idea of seeing you; but I am sorry to say that he does not seem so well this morning."

"Why, Geoff, I have not heard that before," says Roslyn.

"I had not heard it either, until I went up to see him," answers Geoffrey. "He seems a little feverish, and says he did not sleep well last night."

"Then I had better not disturb him—for the present, at least," says Mrs. Parnell. "I am sorry, very sorry, to hear this. But I suppose it is temporary."

"O, certainly—quite temporary—and very slight, I should say," is the reply. "I only mentioned it as a warning to you not to let him persuade you to stay long. Mrs. Knight tells me that old Kirke used some emphatic language on hearing that Shelbourne talked to him until nine o'clock last night, and gave very strict orders again as to quiet. But you must certainly come up for a moment, Aunt Lavinia. He will not be satisfied unless you do."

Mrs. Parnell accordingly follows the young man to the sick chamber—but she does not stay long, and looks rather grave on her return.

"I don't at all like his appearance"—she says to the two girls—"or his pulse. He has decided fever, it strikes me."

"Yes, he has fever," says Geoffrey, who has accompanied her down stairs, "but I have no doubt that is the effect of over-exertion. He sat up a short time yesterday—and was reading awhile, besides talking to Shelbourne, for several hours in the evening. He is getting awfully tired of his confinement, and is inclined to be imprudent. However, this will be a lesson to him, it is to be hoped."

A severe lesson it proves. Dr. Kirke, coming back late in the afternoon, finds his patient with symptoms which so much excite his apprehensions, that he decides to spend the night at Verdevale. This he does, and watches carefully, using

every possible means to check the attack of fever which he sees is coming on—but without avail. Geoffrey is wakened the next morning by a knock at his door, and in answer to his "Come in," Dr. Kirke appears, with a note in his hand—looking both serious and irate.

"I wish you would send this by your messenger, who goes for the mail," he says. "It is to Chelmsion."

"I hope Colonel Duncan is not worse?" exclaims Geoffrey.

"He has done just what I have been warning him against from the first," answers the doctor, dryly—"brought on an attack of fever which as likely as not will finish him."

The circle around the breakfast-table, two hours later, is a very silent one. Dr. Kirke's face is as black as a thunder-cloud; Dr. Chelmsion's as impassive as a sheet of blank paper. Both feel that they have just cause to be aggrieved, and every reason to apprehend the most serious result, in a case which, but for a reprehensible disregard of their orders on the part of the patient, would certainly have issued successfully. As to the other members of the party—Mrs. Parnell, Geoffrey and Roslyn—they do not require any verbal expression of opinion from the medical men, to understand the condition of affairs. They comprehend instinctively that Colonel Duncan's life is in danger, and feel profound concern and regret.

During the next few days, gloom and anxiety overshadow the usually cheerful household of Verdevale. The physicians make a desperate fight against a desperate foe. Inch by inch they dispute the ground, but inch by inch find themselves baffled; and the danger grows greater, until at last the life of the sick man may be said to hang upon a thread.

While matters are at this crisis, Roslyn leaves the house one morning—the morning of a brilliant October day, when the glory and beauty of nature seems to mock the thought of death—and with an impulse to escape, if possible, from the sense of sadness and depression that weighs upon her, takes her way down the lawn to the gate, and from thence passes out on the road. She has not walked far—having unconsciously taken the direction of Kirton—when the sound of horse's hoofs causes her to glance up, and she sees a horseman riding toward her. The sunlight in her eyes dazzles her, so that she does not immediately perceive who it is; but *his* recognition is instantaneous, and as he quickly checks his horse and springs to the ground, she knows—Lovelace.

Her astonishment is so great, that she is unable to tell whether or not it is pleasurable. She is only glad that she does not lose her outward composure, but that after the first words of greeting, when holding her hand he expresses almost incoherently his delight at meeting her, she is able to say quietly:

"It is a very unexpected surprise, seeing you here. What has brought you?"

This direct question—to which involuntarily she gives utterance—disconcerts him a little. Looking at the radiant beauty of her face, which has suffered the dimness of absence in his memory, he feels that he would like to be able to reply, "*You* have brought me." But he knows that she will be likely to discover very soon what *has* brought him; therefore, he checks himself in time, and says instead:

"I don't think you should need to ask. My return has been only a question of time; but it is hastened a little by the news of Colonel Duncan's accident."

"Ah!" Upon Roslyn's mind there flashes instantly the thought of Mr. Stanhope's letter—"You have heard of his accident, then?"

"Yes, a few days ago; and after having enjoyed his hospitality so long in the summer, I felt bound to hasten my intended visit, in order to be with him in case the matter was serious."

"It is likely to be very serious," say Roslyn, with the shadow of sadness, which for a minute had been lifted, falling again over her face. "Colonel Duncan is so ill that the doctors hardly think he will recover."

"Indeed! From the nature of the accident, I thought I should probably find him convalescent, if not recovered."

"He *was*, if not exactly convalescent, at least a great deal better; but he committed some imprudences, and fever came on. Then, there is trouble about an aneurism, which the doctors say is forming, so that his situation is *most* critical—in fact, I do not think the doctors have any idea that he will live."

She speaks with sorrowful decision, her eyes filling with tears at the fresh realization of the fact she states; and Lovelace says:

"Good Heavens!" with genuine feeling.

"I had no expectation of hearing such news as this," he adds, after a moment, in a low tone. "It is terrible—poor Duncan! Poor fellow!"

There is a short silence, and then, as they both involuntarily turn and walk toward the gates of Verdevale, he says in a different voice, looking into her face,

"Tell me something of yourself. I have been starving for news of you—and you would not write to me! I think you would have written if you could have known how I longed to hear."

"You are mistaken," she answers, coldly. "Whether you longed to hear or not, would not have influenced me in the least. I told you that I did not mean to write. But," (changing her tone quickly, in order to avoid dangerous ground,) "you asked how I have been? Very well indeed. How could I fail to be well, when I had a most delightful summer of travel and gayety?"

"I heard of your triumphal progress," he says,

"and you may rest assured that I bestowed liberal malediction on the fate that took me away from the White Sulphur only a few days before you reached it. You see" (coming back to his point with reproachful obstinacy), "such an accident could not have happened if you had written a line to let me know your plans."

"Was it an accident to be deplored?" she asks, lightly. "I hardly think so. We had seen so much of each other here, you know, that it was as well we did not meet abroad—the element of novelty would have been so wholly lacking in our intercourse."

"And is novelty all you care for?" he asks, in the tone of one so wounded, that the girl quickly relents and feels ashamed of her assumed flippancy.

"Not at all times," she answers; "but when one is out for a summer pleasuring, *then* it is appropriate and desirable. I felt like a butterfly—all that I asked was just to flutter my wings in the sunshine."

"You fluttered them to very good purpose," he says, feeling his vanity sharply stung by her apparent indifference, her brilliant looks. Here, evidently, has been no pining, love-sick maiden, who counted the hours until his return. He is doubtful, indeed, whether this return has even pleased her.

"I enjoyed the fluttering very much, at least," she says, with a laugh—a laugh that comes quite irrepressibly from her lips, for she is glad to find herself so much stronger than she might have feared (had the meeting been foretold to her) she would be.

By this time, fortunately, they find themselves at the gate of Verdevale, and pausing, he says, a little stilly:

"Since you give me such bad news of Colonel Duncan, I think that I better ride on to Clifton at once. I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again, as soon as possible."

"To Clifton!" she repeats. "But he is here with us. I forgot that you would not know."

"Here yet?" says Lovelace, with surprise. "I heard that he was brought here at first, but I fancied that of course he had been removed to Clifton."

"He has never been well enough to be removed," answers Roslyn. "You will come in?—though I must warn you that it is not likely you can see him."

So, as Mrs. Parnell and Geoffrey stand gravely talking on the piazza, this is the unwelcome sight which they see—Roslyn advancing toward the house, with Lovelace walking closely by her side, his horse's bridle over his arm.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FALSEHOOD always endeavors to copy the mien and attitude of truth.—*Johnson.*

THROUGH A LOOKING-GLASS.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

At Maplewood Hall people did as they pleased. They paid handsomely for the privilege, and enjoyed it to its fullest extent. It was a large boarding-house, or a small hotel, just as one chose to regard it; and it stood well back on a broad lawn, thickly dotted with the noble trees from which it took its name. It had the appearance of a very large, spreading, family mansion; and, in a quiet way, its appointments were all first-class.

So were its inmates, for it was not a popular place with the multitude. A select clique occupied the same spacious rooms year after year, and thronged the piazzas and parlors, and croquetted or hammocked and read on the lawn. They came early, these people of elegant leisure and abundant means; were off to the seashore or mountains for a month or two in mid-summer, and back to their cosy nest again almost until the glittering jewelry of frost replaced the Tyrian dyes of autumn.

Such a bright, cheery place as it was indoors! when the grand organ of October sounded a requiem through the dying woods, and mornings and evenings were crisp and cool. The east parlor, a great, low-ceiled room, with the broadest of window-seats, and the most comfortable of lounges and chairs, crimson curtains and plenty of books and papers, was crowned and glorified by an open wood-fire, that at twilight, with fresh logs and skillful handling, made the room

"Burst flower-like into rosy bloom,"

gathering the inmates within its warm glow as though they had been the members of a patriarchal family.

After days of hard work, too, comparatively speaking, for it was harvest-time for bright-hued leaves and ferns and lichens, and all those beautiful things which those who go to the country for the sake of its out-door side so dearly love; and the guests at Maplewood reaped stacks of maple and sumac sprays, and canes, and acorns, until their trunks were half full of these treasures, and clothing had to be rather disrespectfully crowded on top. To be sure, when they disinterred their spoils in the practical glare of the city, they were apt to lose their glamour, and become classified as "trash;" but they did the same thing over year after year, and seemed to enjoy it.

October had slowly trailed her gorgeous robe through wood and field for thirty-one beautiful days; the fringe of her vanishing skirt was fading from the distant mountains, and the fires of All-Hallow E'en were lighted here and there. The group around the fire-place in the east parlor at Maplewood Hall had sat gazing into the flames for the last five minutes in almost perfect silence; and as it is an unconscious moment—that best of

all times for a portrait—we may as well sketch a few of them.

The most prominent figure was a young lady, who, without any regular beauty, produced its effect by a certain charming ease and naturalness. The clear paleness of her face, framed in very abundant brown hair, was beautiful in the glow of firelight or of moonlight; and every movement of her finely-proportioned figure was grace itself.

Miriam Santelling was always the best-dressed woman in a room, for she dressed beyond fashion, and scorned Worth; an artistic gift alone could fashion her belongings, which, while they varied enough to prevent monotony, always represented the particular season in which they were worn.

Her dress, this evening, a soft cashmere, of a dead-leaf tint, with a plain, trailing skirt that fell in the most graceful of folds, was relieved by a broad scarf of garnet foulard, arranged as an upper skirt, the scarf being embroidered with sprays of sumac and golden-rod. Miriam's deft needle was said to accomplish the varied embroidery that adorned her dresses, with marvelous celerity and skill. Real sumac leaves and asters were on her bosom and in her hair; and the dead-gold of some of the maples gleamed in the buttons that fastened her dress and the narrow bands on her wrists.

Miriam Santelling always made a picture; and the gentleman opposite to her, under cover of a book, regarded her as steadily as if she had been framed. He was a particularly elegant-looking man; and all he said and did was characterized by that intense quietness which is born of reserved power. He had spent some years abroad, with every advantage of wealth and leisure, and had come back to Maplewood for his autumn dip into nature as the most thoroughly comfortable and home-like place he knew of. This life suited him as the dreamy, floating life on the Nile boats did; it was so thoroughly independent, and required so little effort. He had his books and his dog, and cultivated society when he pleased; he was perfectly content.

For some little time past, Mr. Miles Daring had been intently studying Miss Santelling, much to that young lady's quiet indignation; for the quickness of her mental vision made this fact at once apparent to her. He did not quite understand her, and he was uneasy to find that the admiration with which she inspired him when he saw her for the first time at his old haunt, a month or so since, was fast becoming something warmer.

Miss Santelling was under the nominal chaperonage of her cousin, Mrs. Clyster—a gay little lady, not much older than herself, the uncle and aunt with whom she lived having preferred settling down in their town-house for the winter, while Miriam declared that she always considered

herself defrauded without her October in the country.

Her friend and satellite, little Miss Wharton, was never very far off from the object of her enthusiastic admiration; and her favorite style of disposing of herself at Miriam's feet always brought up the parallel of "Miss Moffet." She was now in her usual attitude on a hassock—a fair, pale girl in white and blue; *petite* in figure, and by no means strong in mind. Her nature was decidedly ivy-like; and from babyhood she had been the object of fondest care, as an only child, to elderly parents whose ample means enabled them to indulge her in every possible way. They, too, were sitting in the warm glow of the fire, pleased with whatever pleased their child, and doing little at all times but smiling benevolently upon the world in general.

Dr. Phelps, a magnificent-looking man, at the age when some one says a man is the most fascinating, stood twisting his silvery mustache, while a very pretty girl repeated to him a charming poem supposed to be addressed by a young wife to her old husband, and the lines:

"I would not seek, had I the art,
Thy vanished summers to restore,
Lest with each year some grace depart,
Thine early manhood never wore!"

were given most effectively. Dr. Phelps was a widower without encumbrances—except a magnificent piece of property in the neighborhood, and a substantial amount of bank-stock. While his fair companion had, as she said, a hand to hand struggle with the world to obtain the necessities of life—which, in her case, meant pretty Paris dresses and unlimited gloves.

Jupiter was pleased and interested; but, nevertheless, his glance turned frequently from the Venus beside him to the Clytie on the sofa at the other end of the room. He had already offered himself twice to Miss Santelling during the four weeks of her sojourn, and he still craved the forbidden fruit.

Some of the inmates of Maplewood Hall were enjoying headaches in their rooms, and some were writing letters; so that it was not a very large audience to whom Miriam addressed herself, as she suddenly exclaimed:

"Do you know, good people, that this is Hallow E'en? that weird sort of uncanny season when the spirits of the dead flit about the churchyard, and the spirits of small boys impel them to more impish tricks than ever? It is a season of 'Snap-dragon' and 'Forfeits,' and all sorts of queer games. But what, I should like to know, are *we* doing to celebrate it?"

Every one started up with animation, and proposed various plans at once; while Mr. Daring said, laughingly: "I confess to a weakness for *bonfires*—the uncivilized boy element in my nature not being quite eradicated. Suppose then

that we get up a respectable flame outside, and dance around it like an amiable party of savages?"

"How funny!" exclaimed Eva Wharton, with an admiring glance at the speaker. She did not think the bonfire so particularly funny—the funniness consisted in its originating with so elegant a personage as Mr. Daring.

"The very thing!" exclaimed Dr. Phelps, heartily; "we will charter the omnibus, that will hold us all, and ride over to my place, where there is plenty of brushwood on the edge of the woods—and have a grand good time of it. You will go, Miss Santelling?"

That young lady signified her cordial approval, Miss Wharton was in ecstasies, and the project gave general satisfaction; so the omnibus, a huge lumbering vehicle for the conveyance of passengers to the station, was forthwith bespoken.

But meanwhile, Mr. Lode, the generous proprietor of Maplewood Hall, had not been unmindful of his guests; and there entered presently a huge bowl of "Snap-dragon" a basket of apples, and various other refreshments that had no particular bearing upon Hallow E'en.

Great was the merriment that ensued. All entered into the spirit of the thing; and snapped for the dragon only to get their fingers burned, and paid forfeits generally to their utter rout and dismay, while long apple-parings curled themselves into fantastic shapes on the floor. It was quite noticeable among these rude hieroglyphics that Miss Santelling's attempts invariably resolved themselves into a very respectable D, while Dr. Phelps evinced a decided partiality for the letter S. A lovely color tinged Miriam's usually pale cheek, as that persistent D stared her in the face; while Mr. Daring was rather disgusted with a rollicking W that curled itself up at his feet, as the result of his one effort in apple-skin penmanship.

Pretty Miss James persuaded Dr. Phelps to discover a P in her rather shapeless mass—though some one declared it looked much more like a pod; while poor little Miss Wharton was haunted by a dreadful O, the recognized property of Mr. Oakey—a fair, small youth, with red lips and white teeth, who looked like a girl in boy's clothes, and his mother declared that he would look pretty in a low neck and short sleeves. He was the fair Eva's shadow, and her especial aversion.

Every one laughed good-naturedly at his or her neighbor's discomfiture; and all were wrought up to the true gala spirit when the rolling of the omnibus was heard, and a merry party speedily packed themselves into it. Elderly people rushed wildly after the pleasure-seekers with shawls, and hoods, and mufflers of all kinds; and shouted frantically that the late evenings were cold—they would get their deaths, etc.—and disported themselves after the manner of faithful guardians generally.

"And but the booming shot replied, and still the fire raged on." And quoted some one most abominably out of place; for there was not a Casabianca among them.

Away they went over the crisp Autumn road, with the stars like great solitaire diamonds in the steely sky, and the air full of the fragrant aroma of dying leaves, while the soft brilliancy of October moonlight lay like a luminous cloud over everything.

"Woodacres" deserved its name—the trees were magnificent, and brushwood plentiful; a splendid bonfire was soon in operation, and the gay party danced around it after the most approved fashion of boys and Indians. The light of the flames was extremely becoming, and the young ladies had never appeared to such advantage before; while the figures of the gentlemen assumed an heroic cast that was a decided improvement. Mr. Daring appeared to enjoy his bonfire with all the zest of a boy; and showed such an attractive side of his reserved character, that every one was delighted with him, and Miriam Santelling almost wondered if he had not undergone some sort of transformation.

"Fancy now that we are a party of Druids rejoicing over the fire of Beltane," said their host, as they disposed themselves in groups around the leaping flames.

"Then we must also fancy that it is May, instead of October," responded Miss Santelling.

"True," said the Doctor, with a sigh, "if one could only always fancy that!"

"October comes laden with harvest fruits—May brings only the buds of unfulfilled promises," whispered a soft voice in his ear.

"And what is so rare as a day in October? Then, if ever, come perfect days," misquoted the same poetist who had spoiled Casabianca.

"A night in October, you mean," was the reply; "can anything be more charming than this? And how glorious to be able to wander as one pleases on impromptu excursions, and drink deep draughts of the intoxicating season, without a thought of such drawbacks as harvesting, housecleaning, and winter clothes? Suppose that we form a colony here for permanent settlement?—it is so deliciously peaceful."

Scarcely were the words uttered, when wild yells from the neighboring copse rent the air, and three men burst suddenly upon them. The girls shrieked, and huddled together for protection—the men of the party started to their feet, and turned to attack the intruders.

The new-comers were breathless and indignant. The good-natured sons of Erin had run all the way from the station, a distance of two miles, to lend their aid in extinguishing the destructive fire they supposed to be raging, only to find a useless party of pleasure-seekers bivouacked around a bonfire of their own making?

The gentlemen laughed, when they understood their errand, which made matters worse at first, but presently they rewarded their would-be rescuers with some prime Havanas, and the imaginary conflagration ended amicably, as was proper, in smoke.

But something dreadful had come of it.

On the first alarm, Miriam Santelling had started up as the gentlemen did—leaving her ivy-like friend prone on the ground; and scarcely conscious of the movement, Mr. Daring caught her impulsively in his arms to shield her from the threatened danger—while for one brief moment she clung to the offered shelter as her natural protection. She speedily freed herself, however, and stood erect with crimson cheeks, while her indignant eyes seemed to flash with light. Perhaps no one had noticed this episode, in the confusion—she devoutly hoped so—but how could she ever regain her self-respect?

"Will you forgive me?" whispered the offender, humbly.

"No!" was the proud reply; and the young lady moved as far off as possible.

Not another look did she vouchsafe him during the evening; and Mr. Daring bit his lip fiercely, and raved inwardly at his want of self-control.

But outwardly, at least, the Hallow E'en frolic was a brilliant success, and the stars blinked sleepily at the midnight revellers as they rolled back again in the ungainly omnibus, vociferously singing, "We won't go home till morning," and other kindred melodies.

"There is one thing," said Mrs. Clyster, "that you girls have not done this evening, which ought by no means to be omitted—indeed, midnight is the most favorable time for it. You should look into a mirror, walking backward, to discover the face of your future husband."

"Say that we do!" cried Miss Jones, who was at that stage of exhilaration which is described as being "ready for anything," "I will if the rest of you will!"

"Oh, no! I wouldn't dare," replied Eva Wharton, with a shudder; "I should be afraid of seeing some dreadful looking object!"

"You could not see anything dreadful in a mirror," murmured Mr. Oakey.

"As I have not the slightest curiosity on the subject," said Miss Santelling, calmly, "I shall not look into a mirror to-night for any other purpose than to see my own reflection."

"What an old, old custom that is," observed Dr. Phelps, speculatively; "I wonder how it ever originated?"

"In a sham," replied Mr. Daring, "for the truth of the test consists in the fact that the face which the maiden sees in the glass will be that of her future husband when she is married to him."

"I think," said Mr. Oakey, in an injured tone, "that the gentlemen should have a chance, too. I would do a great deal more than looking into a mirror to get a glimpse of my future bride."

"They have a chance," replied Mrs. Clyster, who appeared to be thoroughly posted in Hallow E'en lore; "a table can be spread at midnight by either gentleman or lady, to entertain the spirit of the future bride or groom."

"I am afraid," continued Mr. Oakey, with a wistful glance at the fair Eva, "that no one would come to my table."

"I'll promise to come," volunteered Dr. Phelps, "if you'll have deviled crabs and champagne jelly."

It was really too bad to laugh at him so mercilessly; and Miriam Santelling whispered kindly: "Do not try it, Mr. Oakey—if she must be not only out of her mind, but actually out of her body, to make you any response, her love is not worth having."

The little man looked up gratefully, and thought that if he had never seen Eva, very possibly he might have become the bond-slave of this handsome Miss Santelling.

"Good night, all," said Miriam, as she rapidly escaped to her room; "it has been a delightful evening."

No sooner was she safe, with the bolt slipped into its socket, than she burst into a passion of angry tears. But down in her heart of hearts, she was obliged to own that this was not so much because Mr. Daring had unguardedly published the fact that she was his first thought in a moment of danger, as that she should have taken his action as a matter of course. Very slowly pondering the subject and her own future line of conduct, she removed her dress, replacing it by a white wrapper, and sat with unbound hair before her dressing-glass.

As she looked into its depths, she was arrested by her own eyes, which seemed to gaze at her strangely from out the half gloom. She had extinguished her lamp, and let in the moonlight; but a passing cloud frequently darkened the face of the moon, and left her in a sort of twilight, when the old superstition came up to her rather unpleasantly.

There was a fascination about it, though; and while wondering how the strange belief had ever originated, the young lady found herself involuntarily framing the wish that she might see the reflection of the conquering hero who was, some day, to claim her—when, suddenly, the mirror revealed the shadow of a face and figure that were anything but prepossessing. The face wore a half-sardonic grin—the figure was that of a Hercules.

The girl's heart seemed to stop beating; the blood to freeze in her veins, as gradually came to her consciousness the dreadful realization that

she had bolted herself into the room with a burglar!

Her first impulse was to escape through the window, for her room was on the ground-floor, and the windows opened to the piazza; but before she could make a movement in that direction, she was suddenly gagged and her arms pinioned from behind. Only one smothered scream escaped her; and satisfied by the silence that no one had heard it, the intruder proceeded at once to business, and swept the watch and jewelry from the toilet-table.

The next moment a pistol-shot rang through the room, and the burglar fell, seriously wounded, while Miss Santelling became insensible from terror.

When the Hallow E'en revelers dispersed to their own rooms, Mr. Daring, in no very happy frame of mind, had seated himself to the reading of Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes*, but with a Miriam, instead of a Madeline, constantly before his eyes. If he did not quite understand Miss Santelling, he certainly understood himself by this time; and he liked the young lady all the better for her haughty repulse. It had made a decided breach between them, however, and he did not well see how it was to be bridged over.

He was not inclined for rest; the witchery of Hallow E'en seemed to be upon him, for, half-unwillingly, he left his room, and walked out into the night. It was a queer fancy, certainly, that Miriam Santelling was leading him on; but the feeling was strong upon him, and her influence seemed to be in the very air he breathed.

After wandering on past houses shrouded in gloom, and tenanted only by sleeping inmates, while the melancholy bay of some moon-sick watch-dog smote dimly on his ear—past dark woods, where the trees seemed to stand like stern sentinels of those gloomy recesses—he turned and walked rapidly back toward his starting-point.

He could not tell why he felt impelled to reconnoitre the side of the house on which he knew Miss Santelling's room to be; but he did feel so impelled, and when, as he reached the piazza just outside of it, a smothered scream burst upon his ear, he used very little ceremony in entering the open window, and dealing summarily with the intruder.

A loaded revolver was his favorite companion on his nightly walks, and it stood him in good stead now; but the burglar muttered a curse as he shook his fist at him in the moonlight. The shot had entered his thigh, and effectually prevented him from moving.

It was rather humiliating for Miriam, after her late haughty bearing to her deliverer, to be rescued by him from so ignominious a position; and this, and the thought of her very negligé attire, brought a damask rose-flush to her face that was infinitely becoming. For the candles

on the dressing-table had been speedily lighted, and a remarkable tableau was presented to the astonished eyes of the other inmates of Maplewood Hall, who had rushed tumultuously to Miss Santelling's room at the sound of the pistol-shot, clothed in a style that was eminently suggestive of a sheet and pillow-case masquerade.

The burglar being disposed of, and Miriam taken to her cousin's room for comfort and protection, peace again folded its wings over the house; but several heads were deeply puzzled over the question how Mr. Daring got so quickly to the scene of action.

Dr. Phelps sighed over the explanation, and wondered why he had not been seized with a fit of restlessness that night, instead of Mr. Daring; but he finally consoled himself with the reflection that if he had been, his wretched luck would have led him anywhere but to the rescue of Miss Santelling.

"Have you forgiven me yet?" asked Mr. Daring, very humbly, as he encountered the heroine of the night before in a secluded part of the grounds.

"Forgive you!" she repeated; "you, to whom I owe so much?" and a reproachfully surprised face was raised to his, only to grow rosier at what it saw there.

"Will you give me, then, the kiss of peace?"

For one moment, she looked like Miss Santelling at the bon-fire alarm, but a glance at those beseeching eyes changed the frown to a smile.

Mrs. Grundy demanded that the engagement should be published at once; and after her first surprise and delight at the communication, Mrs. Clyster remarked:

"You really tried the looking-glass spell, after all, Miriam; and it has turned out remarkably well."

"How so?" asked the young lady, in some confusion.

"Why, you certainly looked into the mirror at midnight—and although you did not exactly see your future husband, you saw what speedily led to him. Had it not been for that exciting episode, you and Mr. Daring would probably have gone through a long chapter of misunderstandings and estrangements. So I think you ought to feel very much indebted to the Hallow-E'en superstition."

It is quite possible that Miriam agreed with her; but she made no reply.

In the history of John Newchomlee, a wealthy draper of Newbury in the days of Queen Elizabeth, we find the following description of a bridal ceremony:—"The bride being attired in a gown of sheep's russet, and a kirtle of fine worsted, her head attired with a billiment of gold, and her hair, as yellow as gold, hung down beside her, she was led to church between two boys with bride-laces and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves."

ST. LUKE'S LITTLE SUMMER.

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

Lo the winter days are nearing,

Grim and gray,

And the shadows hearts are fearing

Fall to-day.

Oh, the summer lieth lowly,

And the autumn gold is slowly

Gilding all the forest slopes of green

With a chill and heavy mist between

Its fair crown of splendor, fading,

Oh! I see

Each tint of brown and crimson shading

Hope's gay tree,

And life's wreath, which in youth's spring-time

Bloomed so sweet,

Lieth dead beneath the frosty rime

Of winter's feet.

Not a single floweret blooming,

Let a tear

Fall from out yon sky, dark looming

On its bier.

Lo, the odor of the summer

Wakes to-day,

And the chilly mists and shadows

Steal away.

Gold and brown and crimson glory,

Where we tread,

And the deepest, bluest, cloudless sky o'erhead.

Oh! the pomp of all the hedge-rows,

As the flickering sunlight glows

Through the thicket's tangled briars,

Where the scarlet berries' fires

Catch the glowing sunshine like a flame,

Mid the shimmer

Of the feathery grasses waving

In the glimmer

Of the shady wood-glades glowing—

For a space

Chill winter holds his breath, while summer

Shows her face.

Lo the winter days were nearing,

Dark and dread—

Days of sorrow, sad hearts fearing,

Sunshine fled.

Mists of gloom and chilly shadows,

Warn of tears;

Doubt and anguish of the spirit,

Crushing fears.

So the summer sun swift flashing,

Waves of golden sunshine dashing,

Swept across the fading vision,

And like fairy fields elysian,

Gleamed the summer world renewing

Its sweet youth.

And the billows mild upheaving

Of calm truth,

Rolled o'er my peaceful spirit, soothing

All its fears,

And as glittering diamonds sparkling

Flowed my tears,

For through tempest fiercely driving

For a space,

God has through the sunshine smiling

Shown his face.

RUTH.

BY A. WESTON.

An autumn twilight had fallen on the New England coast, but nowhere did it form a portion of a more weird and desolate scene than at the head of a quiet bay where once had stood what promised to become in time a prosperous fishing village. Why it had been deserted, it would be difficult to say, unless the hurry and bustle of the present generation had made itself felt among the fishermen, for they had moved to a point nearer the roar and the splash of the ever restless ocean. Not a boat was to be seen; not a sign of life anywhere. Only one dwelling was visible, and that a modest, unpretentious one near the edge of the water. Back of it, over the brow of a hill, could be seen the square tower of what was once the "meetin' 'us," but the bell had become loosened from its support, and lay on its side, the clapper taking a long rest. The intense silence and solitude rendered the scene a perfect representation of desertion, and yet the one cottage that remained had not been allowed to become a ruin like the "meetin' 'us." Possibly the addition of a few shingles to the roof would have rendered it more nearly water-proof during the severe storms that swept along the coast, but the house held its own in spite of the changes around it. The fence, enclosing what was once a garden in front, gave no sign of decay, and the gate did not hang listlessly on its hinges, half open, but was latched neatly. There might even have been flowers there during the summer, but there were no signs of them left, only everywhere silence and desolation. No restless dog watched eagerly for his master's return, no cat lay stretched on the door-step proclaiming a mistress; only a leafless tree stretched forth its giant branches, and standing out boldly against the sky, had the appearance of a grim spectre with outstretched arms left to guard the old house. Not another tree was visible in the landscape. It stood alone by the home it was guarding, another emblem of solitude and desertion. Not a sound—not a motion anywhere.

Through a window on one side of the house could be gained a view of the interior of one of the rooms. In front of a wide-open fireplace stood a spinning wheel. Yes, reader, this one place had not yet been desecrated by the presence of a speculator in antiquities, and there it stood as it had doubtless stood day after day in the years that were gone. There were evidences of work it had accomplished, but the sound of its busy wheel was hushed. It too was silent, and yet by its side, in a large old-fashioned rocking chair, sat a woman. She had long since passed the prime of life, and the wrinkles in her forehead were evidences that she had not found life all that youth looks forward to. Her hands were

folded in her lap, and one of them held between its fingers, a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles; but her head was slightly inclined to one side as it rested on the back of the chair, the closed eyes telling of slumber, and the expression of the mouth showing that it was pleasant sleep. How long had she been there? The fire-place told no tales, for the coals and ashes it held were lifeless. Still silence everywhere. The twilight deepened and the chill of approaching night made itself felt, but the figure by the spinning-wheel, growing more and more dim and indistinct by the failing light, moved not. Was she, too, an emblem of desertion, as well as silence and solitude, and would she wake to find, like Rip Van Winkle, that she had slept years instead of hours, and that she belonged to an age that was past?

Still the darkness deepened until the spinning wheel and the old lady became undistinguishable the one from the other; and then the moon, rising like a great ball of golden flame out of the water, spread its rays abroad until they reached the old house, entered this room, played softly about the spinning-wheel, and fell at the old lady's feet.

At this moment the outer door was opened, and the stillness was broken by the one word,

"Grandma?"

There was no answer, but a lamp was quickly lighted and placed on a table near the door, and then a bright, fair-haired maiden stepped forward and, bending over the rocking-chair, kissed the old lady lightly on the cheek, murmuring a complaint against the individual who had allowed the fire to go out. A search over the house, and a repeated calling of "Betsy, Betsy," failed to discover any one else in the house, and the young girl returned to the room she had first entered, and moving the spinning-wheel aside she knelt down on the hearth, and in a few moments had succeeded in making a bright and cheerful fire.

"Ruthy, dear, be ye ter hum, chile?" said the old lady, roused by the fire, and looking at the girl before her.

"Yes, Grandma; but where is Betsy? and how did she happen to let the fire go out?" said the girl, taking the grandmother's hand in hers. "O, grandma," she continued, "your hands are as cold as ice. How could Betsy do so? I'm afraid you'll be sick—see, you're beginning to shiver now. I must find Betsy, and tell her to get you something hot to take."

The girl put her own shawl round her grandmother's shoulders, but as she was about to move away, the old lady spoke.

"Ruthy, Betsy ain't 't' hum."

"Isn't at home; what do you mean, grandma; tell me all about it?"

The girl knelt by the side of her grandmother, who placed her hands lovingly on hers, and said:

"There, dear, ye know I couldn't hender 'er when Jerry cum an' ses that her darter's chile were tuk 'ith th' croup an' they ca'clated on hev'in' 'er cum an' help 'tend it."

"But, grandma, she ought to have waited till I came home."

"Wal, wal, she hed sot 'er mind on goin' and she lef' the wood jes' whar I could tetch it, an' keep th' fire burnin'; but seems es ef I's feelin' kind o' quare like this arternoon, fur I kep' a doz'n off like an' a dreamin'. I's a seein' yer gran'ther cum frum Chany, chile. I's back in th' good ole times."

"Well, grandma, I'm glad you had such pleasant dreams; but I must get you something to eat, for I'm late to-night and you must be hungry."

"Seems now I don't hanker arter nothin' tue-night, Ruthy. Ye kin git me a dose o' catnip arter a spell."

But Ruth thought her grandmother needed something hot, and prepared her a tempting little supper; but she herself did the most of the eating, and when she had removed the dishes, she took a low seat by the side of the old lady, and said sadly:

"You don't feel right well, grandma, do you?"

"Yes, yes, dear, but it's enea most time fur me tue be a meetin' uv yer gran'ther; an' all my dreamin' this arternoon makes me hanker arter it more'n ever. Ruthy, I was lookin' at yer father, tue."

"My father!" exclaimed the girl excitedly. "Where?"

"There, there, Ruthy, set still; it was only while I's a dreamin'."

"Well, grandma, I'm sorry anything so unpleasant should have come between your happier thoughts."

"There, yer allers roused when I speak ov 'im. Ruthy, if yer poor mother furgive 'im—but there, there, ef so be is ye'd ruther, we'll talk on su'thin' else."

"No, Grandma, I'm going to let you talk of him now, and then you can warn me, and tell me never to marry a rich man. I ought not to think ever of doing such a thing, ought I, dear?" and the speaker looked up and smiled.

"Yes, yes, ther's a heap o' difference now; fur yer see yer mother never hed more'n 'nuff eddication, but she's maizin' pretty, and thet jes' tuk yer father, who's a visitin' uv the Square's folks; an' he's allers loiterin' roun', an' they's a parin' off tell it cum tue th' pint, an' they's cried in meetin'. We had a quiltin' bee, an' was agoin' t'he hev a big weddin', when they cum in one night an' said they's man an' wife, an' the parson jes' tied th' knot. I 'clar fur't and I's all beat eout, and yer gran'ther, he sot kinder stern like, tell yer mother flung 'er arms roun' his neck and axed 'im not ter think hard on 'er

when she's goin' away. Wal, thet was the fust. Arter a spell they came back, an' she tole how she'd ben tue Bosting an' down tue Quinset tue see some uv 'is folks. Then you see he hed to go, fur he's a captin'—"

"Yes, grandma, I know the rest. He never did go to sea, but he came here from time to time, as though he had come from a voyage; and he gave my mother money and went away again. Grandma, I never want to see him as long as I live, for he's a selfish, heartless wretch; and the fact of his being my father gives me no charitable feelings towards him, for I remember how my mother wasted away when the whole truth dawned upon her, and she knew she was deserted by the man she loved. Grandma, I believe she really did love him, for I can remember the way she used to talk of him when I was a child. I remember, too, when the time came, that she stopped me and told me I musn't talk about him, because it would make her cry. Child as I was, I saw and believed much of which I was supposed to be ignorant. Grandma, if it was not wicked, I believe I should hate my father. Why it was that he so generously provided for my support from the time I was born until I should have received a finished education, I do not know; unless, as I sometimes think, he feared the time might come when he would be forced to acknowledge me, and he did not want to be ashamed to introduce me to his grand friends. Well, thanks to Judge Dalton, the money has been spent as he desired. I wonder if he would be willing to recognize me now, and what he looks like, or if I have ever seen him without knowing it. Do I look like him, grandma? I hope not."

"Ruthy, yer hain't nothin' but powerful hard feelins agin' yer father—"

"Well, grandma, let's talk about something else, for it only worries you to hear me. Only think, I'm not to go back to the judge's any more; the governess is well. Tell me you'll be glad to have me at home again, grandma."

"How long hev you ben agoin' there?" asked the old lady, ignoring the latter part of the remark.

"Three months."

"Yes, yes, thet's how es he said."

"Who, grandma?"

"The young man es was a visitin' me tue-day."

"Who was that, grandma?"

"He's ben avisitin' up tue th' jedge's."

"Do you mean Mr. Lea, from Boston, grandma?" asked Ruth, in a tone of surprise.

"Thet's jes' how he called it."

"Well, tell me about his visit, grandma; did you like him?"

"Yes, Ruthy, I 'low es how I liked the young man oncommon well."

"Tell me what he said."

"I dunno ef 't 'ould be th' square thing, seein' 's he cum ter talk 'bout yeou."

"About me! grandma," said Ruth, starting up, a bright color mantling her cheeks.

"Wal, 'tain't wuth gittin' scart 'bout. Ain't he got jes' es much jedgment es 'nuther? Ef he wants ye ter jine 'ith 'im—"

"Wants me to marry him! What right has he to come here and talk to you in that way?" And the girl's look changed to one of indignation.

"Wait a spell, Ruthy," said the old lady, lovingly caressing her grandchild. "I calc'late es how he's done a heap better ner some. Ye see he knowed 'tain't no sorter use axin' ye fust, 'cause ye ain't agoin' ter be tuk away frum yer grandma, an' so 'e cums an' axes 'er ter cum ef ye'r greenin'. Yes, chile, 'e 's thet humble he ses, ses 'e, 'I'll go way an' never bother 'er, nor tell 'er all what's deown tue my 'eart, ef yer calc'late on bein' tue lonesome-like away frum yer ole home.' He ses es how he's loath ter part 'ihtout speakin'; but he ain't never agoin' ter ax yer ter part frum yer grandma."

"I'm sorry, grandma, that he came and talked to you so, for it has only worried you, and has done no one any good."

"Wal, wal, Ruthy, I calc'late es how it's th' Lord's work arter all."

Ruth sat with her face turned towards the fire, her head resting in her grandmother's lap, and for some time neither of them spoke. Ruth was silenced by what her grandmother had just told her. It was a revelation, and yet it caused such a mixed feeling of pleasure and pain that she almost wished it had never come. Her thoughts went back to the time when she had first seen Gordon Lea at the judge's, where he had brought his invalid mother, the judge's sister, for a visit. She herself had taken the place of governess for the judge's grandchildren, in place of the one who was sick. Mrs. Lea had become very fond of her and had in time persuaded her to give up the afternoons to her, reading, writing or going about with her; and in that way she had been constantly thrown in contact with the son, whose devotion to the invalid had first won Ruth's heart. He had always been courteous and polite to her, and seemed to enjoy having her near him; but when Ruth had once or twice fancied for an instant that his manner and actions might mean more than ordinary friendship, she had forced herself to do penance for the thought; but now, now she knew and understood it all. He did care for her—yes, but she had no right to be glad of it, for they could not be more to each other than they were. She felt that she ought to blame him more than she did for coming to her grandmother; but it was a noble thing in him to be willing to go away without speaking rather than distress her

to take her grandmother away from her old home, if she were unwilling to leave it. He had never thought of asking her to leave her grandmother, and for that she thanked him, and felt that he understood her better, far better than she had ever imagined. It was noble in him to ask the old lady, who was almost on the verge of eternity, to share his home before asking her; yes, it was noble in him, and she knew that had it been possible, he intended, in spite of their different modes of life, to do all in his power to make the few years remaining to her in life, comfortable and happy ones. Yes, it was a noble thing in him to do, and though she was sorry on her grandmother's account that it had happened, she found herself excusing him on the ground that he did not understand the love her grandmother had for the only home she had known since she married. She was glad too that there would not be a chance of his speaking to her, for she would dislike to see the sad look of trouble that would come into his face when she told him it could not be.

"Ruthy."

"Yes, grandma," said the girl, raising her head and looking up at the old lady.

"He's an uncommon likely young man. Ef ye's all tue yerself like an' thare warn't no one to hender, yer'd go 'ith him?"

The look that came like a flash into the girl's face and disappeared as suddenly, answered the old lady before she

"Hush, grandma, don't let us talk any more about it dear, and don't think anything of it now. Are you glad I don't have to leave you again to-morrow?"

"Ter-morrer, yes, I ses es how he kin cum agin' ter-morrer."

"Come again to-morrow! what for, grandma?" asked Ruth, startled.

"Wal, wal, he's thet feelin' he ses 'tain't woth mysayin' nothin' tell I hed time ter think a spell, an' I ses es how he kin cum agin' ter-morrer."

"I'm sorry, grandma, that you didn't answer him at once. It would have been just as easy."

"Wal, wal, Ruthy, ye see I was kind o' tuk all on a heap like at fust, but ef yes see him ter-morrer yer kin tell 'im I'm goin' when he ses."

"Going! Going to leave your old home! Grandma what do you mean?" and Ruth put her hands on the old lady's shoulders and looked at her in a troubled way.

"'Tain't fur long, Ruthy chile, fur it's ene almost time fur me ter jine yer gran'ther, an' I calc'late es how ye'd be kind o' lonesome like when I'm gone."

"Grandma," cried Ruth, throwing her arms round the old lady's neck, "You'd leave the old home for me. O, do you think for a moment I'd let you do such a thing? No, never! As long as you live, grandma, you and I stay here."

The old lady drew the younger head down

quickly that he did stop, first, from surprise, and then from the effect of a certain look she gave him, a certain flash of her eyes, that made him, angry as he was, admire her for the moment, and as she spoke she reminded him of her mother.

"Go!" she said, quietly, pointing to the door; "and never again enter this home. Go down to the old church-yard, and there on your knees, by her grave, ask God to forgive you for all the wrong you have done her. She was her daughter, my mother, and we forgive you. Go, before it is too late, and ask God to forgive you."

Something, was it the apparition of his dead wife that seemed to stand before him bidding him be gone, or was it that his conscience was pricked by the words, made him tremble; and the look of anger gave place to one of alarm, but he did not speak as she stood waiting for him to leave.

"William," began the old lady in a voice that trembled; "be ye—"

But her voice seemed to rouse him, and saying in a low tone: "I had better come back to-morrow," he turned and walked towards the door.

"Ter-morrow, yes ter-morrow," muttered the old lady as he moved away.

When he reached the door, he stopped, put his hands to his eyes as he had done when he entered, and looking at Ruth, said, pleadingly:

"Have you nothing more to say to me? Do you send me away forever thus?"

Moved by an impulse she did not understand, she went to him and touched him for the first time. It was only a light touch of her hand on his arm, but the strong man trembled.

"As I hope God may forgive you, I now forgive you for all the wrong you have done us," she said, simply. "And perhaps—sometime—"

But before she could finish her sentence he had laid his hand for a moment reverently on hers and was gone. She went at once to her grandmother, whose head had fallen forward as though she slept.

It was a sad and lonely night that Ruth spent by the bedside to which death was approaching with rapid strides to take from her the one being who had been father, mother, sister, and brother to her. There was no one she could send to the town for assistance, and until the sun rose in all his splendor, she waited and watched alone. It seemed strange that she had not had more intimation of what was before her; but doubtless, she thought, the afternoon her grandmother had spent in the cold room, and the excitement that had so suddenly come into her quiet life had helped to snap the thread that kept life together.

When it became known that the old lady was near her end, there were many and kindly offers of assistance to the lonely girl; and gladly did she accept some that would leave her free from all outside care and able to spend all of her time with her grandmother.

There was nothing to be done for her but to make her as comfortable as possible while life lasted; and eagerly Ruth watched each movement, even to the trembling of an eyelid. When she was not dozing, she was continually referring to the interview she had had the previous day. She would constantly look up as if expecting to see some one who was not present, and would ask Ruth if he had not come yet.

It was a source of great distress to Ruth, who guessed at the true cause of the non-appearance of Mr. Lea, and as the day wore on and her grandmother's uneasiness increased, she tried once again to soothe her.

"Grandma," she said, taking the old lady's trembling hand in hers; "I think Mr. Lea has heard that you are sick, and does not care to trouble you to-day. Won't you try to forget it all?"

"Ruthy," said the old lady, trying feebly to raise herself, "ye kin go, an' tell 'im ter cum, quick. 'Taint fur long. Tell 'im 'e kin cum."

She continued in the same strain for a few moments, when she fell into a doze, and Ruth, thinking her mind had been wandering, sat quietly by her side until she awoke and said, feebly:

"Be ye back, Ruthy? Where is he?"

"Grandma," said Ruth, "won't it do just as well for you to leave a message for him?"

"No, no, Ruthy, he kin cum."

"Would you be happier, grandma, if you could see him and talk to him?"

"Yes, Ruthy, dear. Yer gran'ther's waitin', an' then I kin go. 'Tain't fur long, Ruthy."

Ruth was alone with her grandmother when Richard Lea entered the room. She stooped over, after silently extending her hand to the visitor, kissed her grandmother tenderly, and then turned as if to leave the room.

"Be ye goin', chile?"

"Would you rather have me stay, grandma?"

"Yes, dear."

"I am afraid," said Richard Lea, taking the hand Ruth had dropped; "that my visit yesterday has troubled you. Won't you try to forget it now?"

"I ses es how ye kin come ter-morrer, ye know."

"Yes, yes, but when I heard you were sick I did not like to disturb you."

"Wal, I ses ter Ruthy—I ses es how—I's agoin'—ye know—"

"Won't you try not to worry about that now?"

"I ain't aworryin'—ye know—it kind o' makes—this easy fur—she'll be lonesome like—when it's all over—Ye'll be kind—"

The old lady fell into a doze while she was talking, and Richard Lea turned to Ruth, who was leaning against the bed-post with her face hidden in her hands.

quickly that he did stop, first, from surprise; and then from the effect of a certain look she gave him, a certain flash of her eyes, that made him, angry as he was, admire her for the moment, and as she spoke she reminded him of her mother.

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It was a sad and lonely night that Ruth spent by the bedside to which death was approaching with rapid strides to take from her the one being who had been father, mother, sister, and brother to her. There was no one she could send to the town for assistance, and until the sun rose in all his splendor, she waited and watched alone. It seemed strange that she had not had more intimation of what was before her; but doubtless, she thought, the afternoon her grandmother had spent in the cold room, and the excitement that had so suddenly come into her quiet life had helped to snap the thread that kept life together.

When it became known that the old lady was near her end, there were many and kindly offers of assistance to the lonely girl; and gladly did she accept some that would leave her free from all outside care and able to spend all of her time with her grandmother.

There was nothing to be done for her but to make her as comfortable as possible while life lasted; and eagerly Ruth watched each movement, even to the trembling of an eyelid. When she was not dozing, she was continually referring to the interview she had had the previous day. She would constantly look up as if expecting to see some one who was not present, and would ask Ruth if he had not come yet.

It was a source of great distress to Ruth, who guessed at the true cause of the non-appearance of Mr. Lea, and as the day wore on and her grandmother's uneasiness increased, she tried once again to soothe her.

"Grandma," she said, taking the old lady's trembling hand in hers; "I think Mr. Lea has heard that you are sick, and does not care to trouble you to-day. Won't you try to forget it all?"

"Ruthy," said the old lady, trying feebly to raise herself, "ye kin go, an' tell 'im ter cum, quick. 'Taint fur long. Tell 'im 'e kin cum."

She continued in the same strain for a few moments, when she fell into a doze, and Ruth, thinking her mind had been wandering, sat quietly by her side until she awoke and said, feebly:

"Be ye back, Ruthy? Where is he?"

"Grandma," said Ruth, "won't it do just as well for you to leave a message for him?"

"No, no, Ruthy, he kin cum."

"Would you be happier, grandma, if you could see him and talk to him?"

"Yes, Ruthy, dear. Yer gran'ther's waitin', an' then I kin go. 'Tain't fur long, Ruthy."

Ruth was alone with her grandmother when Richard Lea entered the room. She stooped over, after silently extending her hand to the visitor, kissed her grandmother tenderly, and then turned as if to leave the room.

"Be ye goin', chile?"

"Would you rather have me stay, grandma?"

"Yes, dear."

"I am afraid," said Richard Lea, taking the hand Ruth had dropped; "that my visit yesterday has troubled you. Won't you try to forget it now?"

"I ses es how ye kin come ter-morrer, ye know."

"Yes, yes, but when I heard you were sick I did not like to disturb you."

"Wal, I ses ter Ruthy—I ses es how—I's agoin'—ye know—"

"Won't you try not to worry about that now?"

"I ain't aworryin'—ye know—it kind o' makes—this easy fur—she'll be lonesome like—when it's all over—Ye'll be kind—"

The old lady fell into a doze while she was talking, and Richard Lea turned to Ruth, who was leaning against the bed-post with her face hidden in her hands.

"Miss Ruth," he said, "this is a strange time and place for me to make the avowal I had hoped to to-day, but I judge from what has just happened that you know something of my visit here yesterday, and its object; and for your own sake it would be better for me to speak of it. Do not think," he said quickly, as she moved a little uneasily, "that I mean to worry you by enlarging upon my feelings towards you. Only let me say that if, in this great trial that has come to you, you will still accept me as a friend it will be all I shall ask or expect. Do not let what has happened estrange us. You know that I love you with a strong, true love that would share and sympathize with you in this as in all other trials that might come to you; but if you can never give me more than a feeling of friendship, at least, do not now withhold that. May I feel," he said, pleadingly, "that in spite of what has occurred, you will still treat me as the friend I have been considered?"

She raised her head to speak, but a voice from the bed stopped her.

"Ruthy," it said, "be ye here, chile?"

"Yes, grandma," she replied, as she bent over her.

"I want the chany bowl."

"The china bowl, grandma? which one?"

"Th' one yer gran'ther got tue Chany."

"Do you mean the old bowl in grandfather's big desk?"

"Yes, chile. He put it thar hisself when he come from Chany, the night ye's born, an' 'tain't ben moved."

"And you want it now, grandma?"

"Yes, Ruthy."

Ruth opened the old desk that had stood in the corner of her grandmother's room as long as she could remember, and looked at the India-china bowl for a moment before touching it. She had never been allowed to do more than look at it, and it seemed almost like sacrilege to do so now. When she did move it, she was surprised to find it so heavy. When her grandmother saw it, her face brightened, and she tried to raise herself, but could not; so Ruth placed it by her side, and putting her arms under her, raised her on the pillows, and then supported her and let her head rest on her shoulder. The old lady motioned to Richard Lea to open the bowl; and when he had done so, it was found to contain money.

"Ye know," said the old lady, "the night she's born, he come from Chany—an' he brung th' bowl an' a heap more money 'n before—an' 'e put it all by tell she's growed—an' she's agoin' ter jine 'ith some one. Ye see he calc'lated on makin' a lady uv 'er—an' givin' 'er money—an' 'e kep' a addin'—ye'll be kind—"

"There, grandma, don't try to talk any more," said Ruth, putting her back on the pillows. "We understand it now. Won't you rest a little?"

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"Yes, dear; he hed ter know, ye know, an' it's all fur you—an' 'e kep' a addin'—"

"Yes, grandma; but don't talk any more. Rest dear."

"'Tain't fur long, Ruthy—'tain't fur—"

But she had fallen asleep, and Ruth dropped on her knees by the side of the bed and hid her face in her hands. Richard Lea covered the bowl once more and set it aside; then bending over the kneeling figure, he said gently:

"I do not think she wants me any more, now. May I come again?"

"Yes, to-morrow," said Ruth, looking up.

"Ter-morrow—ter-morrow—ye kin—come—ter-morrow," murmured the old lady; but she did not open her eyes. He did come, but the old lady did not look up and greet him for she had passed away quietly, in the night. She had talked very little after he had left her, in fact had hardly said anything to any one or about any one but Ruth, who did not leave her side for a moment. She grew weaker and weaker as the night wore on, and Ruth knew the end would come sooner than she had expected.

"Grandma," said Ruth, bending over and speaking in a whisper, "you can tell mother I've forgiven him, and I'll do what I can for him, because she loved him."

"Kiss me, Ruthy."

Those were the last words she uttered, but just when she passed away no one knew. Richard Lea thought she must have had very pleasant thoughts at the last, for she looked so happy and contented. He found Ruth where he had left her the day before, but she rose when he had stood for a moment by her side, and holding out her hand, said sadly:

"She is all I have had for years, and yet, if I could, I would not ask her to come back to me. It was kind of you to come to-day."

"Thank you. I wanted to see her once again, and to know if I could do anything for you. My mother sent her love, and the Judge wishes you—after she has been laid away—to make his house your home. You will not let my being there prevent your going? I shall leave as soon as my mother is able to bear the journey."

"Mr. Lea," said Ruth, her color rising, and speaking with an effort, "you have been kind to me—very kind—and you have been kind to my grandmother; but I am not returning all that kindness by leaving you undecided in regard to my feelings towards you. It is, a strange time and place for such thoughts; and yet I owe something to the living, as well as to the dead."

"Miss Ruth, I had hoped you would not worry over what has happened, as far as I am concerned; but if you think best to have it decided at once, I will hear your decision. You know how gladly I would make you my wife, Ruth: will you let me hope for it some day?"

When Ruth came from her grandmother's room, some little time after, Richard Lea had left the house. The neighbors who were kindly staying with her noticed that she had been weeping, and they said among themselves that it was a good thing, for she had not shed any tears before, since her grandmother's death.

Richard Lea came again that afternoon, and finding himself alone with Ruth, said tenderly:

"I found your father."

"O Richard, I am so glad, for I was very harsh. Did you give him my message?"

"Yes, and he seemed very much overcome. Something has touched him, and I think a little kindness will do the rest."

"And you will help me?"

"My darling," he said, folding her in his arms; "we will work together in this, as in all else in the future. Ruth, my mother sends a very warm greeting to her daughter."

Ruth did not attempt to speak, but Richard knew it was because her feelings were too deep for expression.

"THE LEGEND OF THE HORSE-SHOE."

BY KATE CROSEY.

In days of old, we have been told,
That witches were abounding,
That sprites and elves amused themselves,
With pranks the most astounding,
On honest folks they played their jokes,
In manner quite alarming,
'Till all agreed there was great need,
To keep these de'ils from harming.
'Twas on a night, one hardy wight
Some bolder than his brothers,
Did hie him out, to spy about,
Into affairs of others;
When home he flies with wide-stretched eyes,
And tells the lads and lasses,
The wondrous news that horses' shoes,
No sprite nor witch ere passes,
Then, scared to death, below his breath,
He whispers; "In the meadows,
A horse-shoe hedge, my word I'll pledge,
I saw by Farmer Leddow's;
And 'round about, and in and out,
Crouched low the witches yellow,
And sporting 'round, with many a bound,
The goblins howl and bellow.
But ne'er a sprite, try how he might,
Could pass the horse-shoe hedges,
Though 'neath each shoe a face peers through,
And near the border edges,
But howling then goes back again,
And vainly fumes and rages,
So free from harm, the magic charm,
Will keep us through all ages."
They sally out, and hunt about,
And all the horse-shoes pillage,
And o'er each door, they hang e'er more,
So peace reigns through the village.

THE USUAL RESULT.

BY DAPHNE LAUREOLA.

"I suppose there'll be the usual result," Allie says, with a little sigh. She is on her knees before the one trunk of the family—a huge, moth-eaten, shabby affair—from the appearance of which these two facts will be inferred, viz: that we are poor, and that we seldom travel. As Alice speaks, she drops the dress she has been folding, and clasping her hands behind her head, fixes her gray eyes meditatively on me.

"The usual result?" I asked.

"Yes. There is sure to be some brother, or cousin, or son, or nephew there, and he will fall in love with you, and you with him—that is what always happens to governesses."

"In books," I answered, shortly. "But listen, Isabel, don't heed Allie's romance—let me read my letter!"

So I read:

"Miss Lovell:—Your letter of application for position as governess received. References quite satisfactory. Duties begin on the 1st. On that day, therefore, the carriage will be at the landing at the Cove to convey you to our home.

"Respectfully,

"J. N. WEAVER."

"Terribly business-like," remarks Isabel Slater, the friend for whose benefit I have read this letter. She, too, is busy helping me—repairing a pair of dilapidated kid gloves, as if she were quite accustomed to such work. And yet she looks fit for a queen, with her rich bronze crown, and an air of lazy majesty from the top of her stately head to the arched, long foot, visible beneath her skirt. Her hands move softly to and fro, giving even in their delicate curves an impression of the reposeful strength which is her chief charm. She sits up, too, in the stiff mahogany chair, as if it were a throne—while Allie, with disordered hair, and eager brown hands flashing here and there, kneels on the floor—and I, with a like disregard for propriety of deportment, loll on the bed, surrounded by a chaos of dry-goods. Isabel's majestic mien has always been my admiration and envy. I am sure, if I were a man, I would most certainly fall in love with her.

"I like it," I say. "This is the first business letter I have ever received, and I like it."

Allie and I are orphans; and, though we have a home here with our brother, he is poor and has his own family to look after; and Allie and I, having a dread of being "burdens," are ever on the look-out for something to do. For months we have been searching the column of wants in the "News," in the hope of finding some want of another which may dovetail with *our* wants. About a week ago I found one which I read to Allie, and then boldly applied—though feeling great qualms of doubt as to my ability to "teach

the young idea how to shoot." Allie, of course, had a comfortable cry over her "uselessness" and our first parting; but I was so eager to break through the monotony of my life, and try something new, even though it might be hard, that, until to-day, no shadow had darkened the horizon of my expectations. But now, after Isabel has gone, and Allie, having locked my trunk with a click, goes to the window, and leaning her head against the sill, looks sadly out into the dusk—a very disagreeable lump rises in my throat, and incomprehensible tears stir in my eyes. I am going to leave her alone, I think. How can Allie and I sleep even one night apart from each other?

When I think of this, I go and put my arm round Allie's waist, and we stand there—not daring to be otherwise than silent, lest we should betray to each other the pain we feel.

CHAPTER II.

"But I must know how I look," I say, tremblingly. "You know, first impressions are everything."

"Just as neat as a pin, Lotie;" and Allie, with tender touch, adjusts the soft gray drapery of my traveling-dress. I look discontentedly at myself in the glass—at the light hair I thought pretty till I knew Isabel—at my common-place gray eyes—at my uncomfortably bright complexion—at the whole undignified, small figure reflected there; and then I forget everything but Allie, as a ring at the bell starts the tears swimming in her eyes.

"Good-bye," we say, and turn swiftly and blindly away from each other.

My tears are soon dried when I am once seated on the deck of the *Undine*. The sun is too bright, and the waves and sky too beautiful, to be looked at through a mist; so I dash them away, and set to thinking, not of Allie, but of Allie's foolish words of the day before. What with the castles I build, and my study of my fellow-passengers, the time goes very swiftly, and before I have had time to grow tired, we land at the Cove. It is a glaring, treeless place, where the foaming waves lap up along the south and east, and grim rocks tower at the north and west, and all the houses look to me like great spiders, they are built so high. A little distance from the wharf stands a carriage, the driver of which accosts me.

"Miss Lovell?" he says, with his hand to his hat.

"Yes," I answer, and step, without hesitation, into the carriage, whence I watch, lazily, the combined efforts of two ragged boys to drag my trunk up from the steamer. A young man whom I have noticed among the passengers on the *Undine* comes to their assistance, and, after set-

ting my poor rusty trunk under the driver's feet, and exchanging a few words with him, to my great surprise opens the door, and seats himself opposite me.

"I must apologize," he says, "for this apparent intrusion." He twists his fingers in and out as he speaks, and utters the words so slowly that I have time to stop blushing, and venture to steal a glance at him. "I do hope he isn't the brother, or cousin, or son, or nephew," I say, mentally. I have a private picture in my mind of the man I should fancy, and this one doesn't at all approach it. His eyes are calm blue, instead of liquid fiery brown; his hair is light like mine, and he has a calm, immovable face, and speaks with such aggravating precision and solemnity!

"Mrs. Weaver has sent to offer me a seat in her carriage," he goes on; "as she has borrowed my mother's, and these are the only two in the neighborhood."

A pause, during which I steal another glance at him, and find that he is gazing thoughtfully over the white sands, instead of at me, and slowly twisting his hands, as before.

"Ah—as I was saying, I hope you will allow me to introduce myself, as we are your only neighbors. This is late in the season for the seaside; all the other families have gone back to the city; but Mrs. Weaver and my mother agree in their love for the sea, and never leave till actually driven away by the cold. My name is Murray—and—?"

"I am Miss Lovell," I say, with a little affectation of dignity, which I am conscious does not suit me at all.

"Oh, yes; the lady Mrs. Weaver expected—to—to—"

"The girl who is paid to teach Mrs. Weaver's children," I burst in defiantly. I imagine that all governesses are hardly treated, and that the more lady-like they are, the more likely they are to be insulted; so I determine to forestall all such insults, by proving that I am not "above my position."

Mr. Murray looks so amazed that I laugh.

"You—you are a very impetuous young lady," he says, hesitatingly.

"Am I?" and I laugh again. "Don't you like impetuous people?" I am quite at my ease now.

"No," he says, thoughtfully, as if it were some deep question worthy to be pondered; "I do not. I think one should always think seriously before he speaks or acts, if he desires his words and actions to be good and useful."

"And I," I say, piqued (for has he not called me impetuous?); "I hate sensible people who look before they leap! Any one who has a good heart may safely trust to impulse. If one stops to think, some mean suggestion is sure to creep in."

"Have you a good heart?" Mr. Murray asks, looking at me meditatively.

The question is so point-blank, and so gravely uttered, and he waits so persistently for the answer, that I turn red and hesitate. I am saved, however, from the necessity of answering, for we stop before a house which seems all blinds, and Mr. Murray assists me first, and then my trunk, from the carriage to the front door; and then, with a solemn bow, takes his departure.

A little round woman, who stands on the piazza, untying her bonnet-strings, calls out, "Just here in time."

To my surprise, as I move shyly towards her, she kisses me, and says, "I am Mrs. Weaver, my dear." Then, before I can utter a word, she points to Mr. Murray, as he enters the next house, and whispers, "How do you like him, my dear? A fine catch! A fine catch, I assure you!"

I feel disgusted, and say, stiffly, "I do not know Mr. Murray well enough to form any opinion whatever with regard to him."

"Oh, no offense, no offense, my dear," the little woman says, turning her shrewd eyes kindly on me; "wait a while. All things require time. You are a pretty little thing, and so young," she goes on, putting her hand on my shoulder. "I am sure we will get on well together. I feel already as if you were my child. Come now to your room, and then to dinner, where you will meet Mr. Weaver and my little girls, Alice and Rose."

"Wait," I say. "You did not write to me, surely!"

"No," she answered; "oh, no! Mr. Weaver, my dear; Mr. Weaver, is a splendid business man! He writes all the letters, and writes them beautifully! He is *intellectual*!" I immediately conceive an aversion to Mr. Weaver. My reception strikes me as peculiar—both more agreeable and less agreeable than I had expected. I had looked for a stately woman, who would awe me with her superior dignity; and I find a little creature, who is, I instantly perceive, my inferior in culture and refinement—but as sweet and kind-hearted as possible.

CHAPTER III.

It is a month since I arrived at the Cove. A great deal can happen in a month. I am sitting between Mr. Murray and his sister on one of the high benches that dot the beach. Our feet swing over the curling waves which roll up far beyond us.

"We will have to sit here till tide goes down now!" Maude Murray said, just now, laughing gleefully. And I laughed too, for I do not mind sitting here, at all. Now we are all silent, for the moon is floating up there—so round, so pure, so grand—and the waves are singing such a

wonderful hymn, that we feel as if it would be sacrilege to take our eyes off the one, or to break with our voices the harmony of the other. So I fall to thinking. I haven't found my position as governess at all galling. Maude Murray ran over to see me the very day after my arrival, and every day since then, just at the stroke of twelve, her blonde head is visible at the window next the door; and her clear voice makes itself heard in my little school-room. "Come over, Lotie, I am waiting on you." (At first it was Miss Lovell, but soon Lotie). Then I dismiss my little pupils, and run over and chat and play duets with Maude till dinner time. My duties are not arduous. I teach till twelve, and in the afternoon assist the little girls to prepare their lessons for the next day. The rest of my time is my own—and most of that time I spend with the Murrays, for Maude has charmed me. Mrs. Weaver treats me as if I were a queen, but she is very tiresome. Mr. Weaver is simply odious—and I should certainly die of ennui if it were not for the Murrays. We have some very pleasant, quiet evenings, sitting round the shaded lamp with our crochet, while Mr. Murray reads to us. He reads well, but when he talks he is prosy, I think, and aggravates me all the time with his well-pondered words and his slowly-twisting hands. Maude thinks him perfect. Mrs. Weaver fairly gloats over the deep books he hands me—taking them as "marks of attention"—but I, I always feel small and uncomfortable with him. He seems to consider me so insignificant, and dissects my wild words in such a prosaic way. Then, too, the fact of my being a governess always seems such a joke to him. I cannot be dignified in his presence! I do ridicule unmercifully, in my letters to Allie and Isabel, his trick of twisting his hands, and his slow speech, and his solemn ways—but I cannot say cutting things to him, as I wish. His eyes are so calm and sensible, and rest upon me always so thoughtfully. Allie was quite disappointed when she found there was no "brother, or cousin, or son, or nephew"—but became reconciled when she found there was a neighbor.

"Yes, one of the loveliest women I have ever met!" I hear Mr. Murray say, and I know immediately that he is speaking of Isabel. I am sure I agree with him; and yet, somehow, I grow hot and angry, and say, "Yes, lovely! A sort of Undine. It is well she has beauty, for she has nothing else!" The next minute I can bite my tongue out—for I know that Isabel's soul is as lovely as her face.

"I don't think you mean exactly what you say," Mr. Murray says, gravely. "I have known Miss Isabel for some time, and she appears to me as good as she is beautiful."

Maude's soft eyes turn on me so wonderingly in the moonlight, that I feel a mad impulse to

jump down into the foaming water, and run home to Mrs. Weaver's. I restrain this impulse, however.

Mr. Murray is gazing up at the moon now, slowly twisting his hands. "Any one who has a good heart may safely trust to impulse!"

He is quoting my own words. He does not add. "Have you a good heart?" but I add it to myself; and the answer I hear within me, is "No! a wicked, jealous, mean, evil heart!"

Then they go on with their talk—laying plans for a grand pic-nic they wish to give before they leave the Cove. I wonder whether Mrs. Weaver will wish to retain my services after she returns to the city. Although I need the money sorely, I hope not. I do not feel the happiness that honest labor is said to impart. I feel more as if I am shamming—playing at "school," as Allie and I used to do as children. I feel miserable. I want to get back to Allie. With this, the tears stir in my eyes.

"Won't it be nice?" Maude asks suddenly, giving every hand an energetic squeeze. My hand lies unresponsive in hers.

"For those who attend," I say, coldly.

"Why, you are coming, surely!" Maude exclaims, "we couldn't have our picnic without you. Oh! Lotie, don't be stubborn. Albert is going to bring all his pictures, and statutes, and lovely things from the city, and have a band, and charter a steamer to bring all the people, and we will have a grand dance at night. And there will be such crowds of people—and among them Isabel and your sister."

"I have no doubt Isabel will come with pleasure," I say, "but, as for Allie—don't trouble yourselves to ask her on my account, especially as I will not be present."

"What has come over her?" Maude asks, plaintively.

"I am sure I can't tell," Mr. Murray's indifferent voice answers. Then he glances at me with just such an amused smile as one might give a naughty child, whose wrath is comical because so impotent. That smile stings me. "I am a fool!" I say to myself.

"The tide has gone down, now!" I add, aloud, and jump down on the white sands, "Mrs. Weaver will be anxious about me. Good-night," and with swift steps, I pass over the short space intervening between us and the house. From my window, I can see that they talk there in the moonlight long after I leave them; and when they go home, they walk slowly, hand in hand. Somehow seeing this makes me feel lonely, and I lay my head on the sill, and say from the very depths of my heart, "I want Allie."

It is some time after this that I sit at my desk and write a letter to Allie, telling her all about the beauties of the seashore—about the phantom ships I watch at twilight, climbing the horizon—

about the tinted shell I find—about the silver-sands and sea; and then I write a postscript, in which I say, "Don't write any more nonsense about what you call 'the usual result.' 'Forewarned is forearmed,' and I have been well warned by you and Mrs. Weaver. Of course such a thing would be quite like a story—and he is rich (as you say), but there is this slight drawback—he doesn't like me, and I—I *hate* him.

"P. P. S.—Isabel will be able to inform you with regard to his lady-love."

CHAPTER IV.

I am sitting in my little school-room, with the blinds tightly closed—but I cannot keep out the gay, distracting music that surges in with the beat of the waves. I try not to yield to the impulse, but somehow I find myself at one of the blinds peeping through at the bright picture next door. It is early twilight—but dark and cloudy—and the dance has begun already. Some few strollers are scattered along the beach, and among them I see two, who have been seated on my own especial bench, who, now rising, walk arm in arm past the house, and off towards the myrtles, (the only vegetable growth for miles around—a small wood of low, wild myrtles) a short distance up from the shore—just where the rocks begin to jut out, and the beach ends. I know Isabel's stately, slow motions well, and I recognize too the broad shoulders and swinging gait of her companion. I turn my eyes resolutely away, and look through the open windows next door. It is a fairy scene. Curtains of foamy lace part and wave back, revealing glowing pictures, and pale pure statues, all gleaming from among masses of deep cool green. Everything that money can procure to add enchantment to the scene is there; and the bright faces I see, though a little burnt from the morning picnic on the beach,—are bewitching in their gayety. I see Allie's dark head, with its one white rose, floating about in the light. She has been with me most of the day, but I insisted upon her going over to-night. I watch Maude smiling among her guests. Why did I not go? I am perfectly aware that I am acting like a child, and yet my obstinate mood continues. When Maude begged me to go, I said, bitterly, "I am paid to do my work here—not to enjoy myself!" And when she showed me the folly of this excuse—as my duties surely do not last all day—I said, "No one wants me: I shall only be in the way, I would rather not go!" Then, when Mr. Murray said, "Maude, do not press Miss Lovell; she is quite right to stay at home if she prefers it." I bit my lips hard, and vowed to myself that I would not go—and I have kept my determination. Mrs. Weaver used all her persuasions in vain—even little Alice has

gone. I saw her run off towards the Myrtles just now. Isabel and Allie implored me in vain, and Isabel smiled as she went. I know they all despise me, and think me a silly child, and I can give them no reason for my conduct. But I will be honest with myself. It is because I cannot bear to see him with Isabel—I cannot bear to move in the fairy scene which I feel he has conjured up for her. I draw back suddenly and hold my breath, for they are passing under the window. Mr. Murray is talking in a rapid, earnest way, quite unlike him, “I have looked forward to it for so long,” he is saying; “do you think I would have tried so hard to make every thing beautiful to-night, if it were not for—” My mind easily fills up the blank, though I hear no more. “What a fool I have been!” I say, with burning cheeks. Never mind! We all separate to-morrow, and I go back with Allie. I hear steps outside, and have barely time to seize a book when they enter.

“We have come to try again to induce you to join our party,” Mr. Murray says, twisting his hands as he stands before me.

“Again?” I ask, in what I imagine to be a very cutting tone; “I was not aware that you had tried before!”

“Only because I was sure my persuasions would not avail, where others had failed,” he said, with a little stir visible in his habitual calm.

“Isabel’s, for instance,” I say, and glance at her. She is standing erect and graceful by me with the delicate folds of her pale green silk lying still about her feet, and her stately head rising out of a mist of creamy lace. How well she suits that splendor yonder, I think, and look down at the shabby brown dress I have scorned to change since morning. Isabel is looking at me with a peculiar expression—a sort of quizzical amusement. It makes me indignant. “I prefer my solitary quiet,” I say, decisively, “to *everything* beautiful, next door!”

Mr. Murray moves quickly towards the door, but Isabel puts her hand gently on my shoulder. “We hate to leave you here alone,” she says; “even Mrs. Weaver is next door. Think better of it, dear, and come.”

I shake her hand off, roughly. “I usually mean what I say—I prefer to be let alone!”—and as they leave me and go in among the dancers next door, I feel that I have lowered myself. I have acted throughout from impulse. “Have you a good heart?”—again I hear the calm question, and indignation, grief, disappointment and shame, overwhelm me, and I sit and moan to myself in the dim room.

Now I go out to cool my hot cheeks. All the strollers have gone in now, for it has grown strangely chill, and the sky is very dark—but I glory in the wild breeze that has sprung up, and fly along the beach like a spirit. Suddenly, I

remember that I have not seen Alice return, and I start off swiftly towards the Myrtles. Surely the child cannot have fallen asleep! I take the route along the beach, for the heavy sand further in makes fast walking difficult. Then I make a straight cut across the rocks, and in towards the Myrtles. Alice is not here. I search through all the bushes and spreading paths, but with the same result. Then a low, moaning sound strikes my ear—a strange murmur. I look back and see that a white sheet of foam has spread far up on the beach over the path I have taken. The sky is inky black, but the light from the Murrays’ windows spreads far enough for me to see that the waves are creeping up in their awful whiteness, almost to the door. One path still remains to me—the path Isabel and Mr. Murray took a while ago, across the sands. I do not understand such a tide at this hour—but I make a rapid calculation, and decide that this must be “the gale” predicted for the month of September. And, as if in answer to my thought, the wind seizes on my skirts and whirls them furiously about. The dancers have become conscious of the strange movements without, and I see heads, none of which I can recognize at this distance, thrust from the bright windows—then I hear a cry of many voices, “To the Fort!” and now the curtains flutter and whirl round empty windows. I see a picture of frightened girls and their attendant cavaliers gleam for an instant by the door, and then it seems blotted out, and I know they are flying away from me, and towards the Fort. The Fort is a great rocky cave far up among the rocks, high above the beach—so called from its natural fitness for purposes of defense, and always used as a refuge from the terrible gales which sometimes sweep along this coast, blowing the roofs off of the houses and deluging them with mad waves. I have been walking rapidly towards the Murrays, but suddenly a thought strikes me, and I turn. “The Half Moon!” I say, with cold lips. Out beyond the Myrtles, toward the sea, I see a faint glimmer of gray rocks edged on one side with foam. They are in shape like a half-moon, and are a favorite spot for adventurous children of all ages. Only this morning, Alice told me of her determination to search there to-day for shells. Could she have fallen asleep there? I grope in the darkness, and find that the narrow bridge of rocks is still dry—the waves have not yet encroached so high. One moment I hesitate and look back to the gleaming windows. If I cross, this path, too, may be covered! “Have you a good heart?” The question seems to mock me. With a prayer rushing up to God, I step on the rocks and pass over. “Alice!” I cry, “Alice!” Then I stumble and grope about the rocks, feeling everywhere, but feeling only clinging sea-weed, and shells that cut my hands.

"Alice, Alice," I cry, in agony. "Alice," and my own sharp gasp frightens me. She is not here. Oh, it is so dark! "Alice!" once more, and the sobs of the surging water seem to beat on my brain. Then I sink trembling on the wet rocks. I pass my hand over them with a chill at my heart. "In vain!" I think. "Oh, Alice, I must die, in vain!"

Then, with a great effort, I crawl out towards the bridge of rocks. It is black and dim above, around, and everywhere. I step out blindly. My feet go down, down through the pulsing water. Now it reaches my knees, now my waist, then a sudden rush of salt waves over my head and face wakes me from the dumb despair overpowering my senses. In the darkness I clamber, I know not how, back to the Half Moon, and up to its highest point. Here I watch the line of foam creeping, creeping up, with its awful musical murmur. To die here alone, in the dark! I grow frantic. I have lost all idea of locality; and as I lean over the steep edge of the rocks, I cannot tell whether the awful black gulf below me leads down into the depths of the cruel sea, or whether, under that curling foam, somewhere, the path back to the Myrtles lies hidden. I am alone—on a spot of slippery rock—with the foam wreaths entwining my feet, and around me the world, black and drowned. All this while the mad wind has been tugging at me, and sometimes it smites me till I fall on my knees, and then again it pauses; while the heavens seem falling with a crash, and flashes of ghastly light show me the awful tomb awaiting me.

"Oh, Allie!" I cry, shrilly. "Allie, I am dying!"

"I am coming to you!" I hear it above the roar of the hungry waves, and the booming of the sky.

"I am coming to you!" It is a man's voice, strong and hearty; and the blood leaps back to my heart and my cheeks.

"Are you on the Half Moon?"

"Yes," I cry back, panting.

I am standing erect, and the water is at my waist, and creeping higher. I feel my head reeling, but I make a wild effort to keep it above the awful foam. A flash comes, and I see a man whirled about in the boiling waves.

"Oh, the sharp rocks!" I sob. Then there passes an awful age, during which the water reaches my shoulders, and my feet slip and slide about the little spot between me and Eternity. Then Mr. Murray's arms are about me. "My darling—my poor little darling!" he cries in a strange, eager voice.

"Put your arms around my neck," he says, "hold on tight. The water is only to my shoulders across the rocks. I can carry you over."

His voice sounds fainter and fainter—further

and further off. I put my arms tightly about his neck, and smile above the waves. Then the whole world seems to swing off, leaving me in space, and every thing seems blotted out.

* * * * *

Some one is sobbing. Some one is saying, "Oh, Lotie, Lotie."

I wonder dimly who Lotie is—then I become conscious that my own name is Lotie; and after thinking it over, I open my eyes on a strange scene. The awful roar is still going on outside, but I feel safe and sheltered. A bright fire, is flickering yonder, and a group of tired girls and men are gathered round it—some trying to keep up the semblance of gayety—but most, quiet and pale, glancing out to where the rift in the green rock lets in the blue lightning and the boom of the waves.

Then my eyes fall on Mr. Murray, standing near me. He looks anything but handsome. His clothes are dripping, and his forehead cut—one hand has a great gash across it. His eyes grow bright as they meet mine. He looks very grotesque; but I am too weak even to smile. He wasn't sobbing, surely! Then I find that my pillow is heaving strangely, and become aware that it is Allie's faithful breast, and that it was her sobs I heard.

"Allie," I say, faintly; and tears and kisses rain down on my face.

"He saved you! He saved you!" she says.

"Don't speak of it." (It is the voice that aggravates me). "I would have done it for any one;" and the wounded hands are twisted in and out.

"I have no doubt you would," I say, ungraciously, struggling to find my lost strength. "Of course you saved Isabel first—"

A low laugh sounds beside me.

"We saw little enough of Mr. Murray when it was discovered that you were missing," Isabel says, rising out of the shadow. Her lovely silk is wet and stained, and her face pale, but beautiful as ever.

"But Alice?" I ask, suddenly. "Alice?"

"Did you go after Alice?" they all ask, surprised. "Why, she was safe at home long before the gale!"

A pause, during which I gaze sadly at Isabel's lovely profile.

"Why did you save me?" I ask, turning my eyes suddenly on Mr. Murray. All his aggravating calmness has deserted him.

"Because—because—" he stammers, glancing despairingly at Isabel; and then, as she walks off, shrugging her shoulders, he comes nearer. Then I remember some words I heard just before the world swung off and was blotted out, and I blush hotly.

"I was right, and Miss Isabel wrong!" he says, in a bitter voice, quite unlike his usual one.

"I was sure of it, after I made all those foolish plans about this picnic, and was disappointed—when you refused to make one of the party that was assembled only to give you pleasure. She told me to hope on—and this is the result. Allow me only to ask pardon for some words I rashly let fall, and then—" the wounded hands are about to twist again; but they do not, for I seize the one with the gash, the grimmest one, and kiss it, with sudden strength. Then he is on his knees, with eyes alight, and I am in his arms. Allie moves off, and glances back, smiling, with the tears still on her cheeks.

"The usual result!" she says, with triumphant emphasis.

When I wrote those last words, Mr. Murray put his hand on my pen and stopped it.

"Don't tell them any more," he said; "you have told them too much already."

OCTOBER.

Spirit of summer! thou art here,
Returning, on the south-wind's wing,
From thy new dwelling, far away—
Leaving behind a dreary day
In this thy kindly visiting,
That thou may'st see the fields, once more,
Where stood thy fairy tents of yore.

Deep sadness is there in thy step,
And sorrow in thy hazy eye;
And fluttering round the scattering leaves,
We know thy gentle bosom grieves,
As evermore we hear thee sigh;
For thou dost see a deathful hand
Hath thickly sown thy favored land!

O leave thy kiss upon my cheek,
For thou wilt soon be on thy way,
And Frost, the minister of Death,
Far-riding on the Winter's breath,
Shall robe the earth in white array;
And lonely shall I sit, the while,
Without thy parting kiss and smile.

And take with thee thine own rich hues,
The odors of thine own sweet flowers;
The birds of tender heart and note;
The balms that ever round thee float;
The twilight's dim, enchanted hours;
And keep them safe with thee, till spring
Thy welcome steps again shall bring!

REMEMBER that just in proportion to the quantity of work and thought we have spent on any subject is the quantity we can further learn in a little while, and the power with which new facts, or new light cast on those already known, will modify past conclusions. And when the facts are wholly trustworthy, and the lights thrown precisely where one asks for them, a day's talk may sometimes do as much as a year's work.—*Ruskin*.

A MILD FLIRTATION.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Clare read over her brief letter just before sealing it, to be sure she had dotted her i's and crossed her t's.

Dear Walter: I have been at aunties a week, and already I feel better physically; the air is so pure and fresh, the calm restfulness of the home so unbroken, the new milk so sweet, and no wearisome dressing, or calling, or dining—just perfect rest, that, Dr. Peters said, was all I needed.

But, O, Walter! it is fearfully lonesome here; and the liberty you so kindly accorded me, I shall have no opportunity to carry into practice; for I haven't seen a male biped in the shape of a man, except uncle and the "hired help," since I came. I hope to hear from you by next mail.

Affectionately,

CLARE MAXON.

Finding the i's and t's correct, she sealed and directed the envelope to Mr. W. A. Landen, London, England, and donning her broad brimmed hat, and gathering up her fresh pink draperies in one gloved hand, she sauntered forth in the June sunlight to post her letter.

She walked down the dusty highway to the village post office, half a mile distant, and dropped in her letter, and turned homeward, without having seen a soul. The day was so still—so still, and the sun seemed very hot; and her pretty pink dress was dusty about the bottom in spite of her care.

"I wonder," she soliloquized, "if I cannot take a cross cut home? why of course I can—for there is aunt Sarah's house just across that meadow and clover field. Two fences to climb—but I have no doubt I can manage that, and there is no one to see me."

So she left the dusty highway for the green field. The clover field was one great bed of bloom, and Clare walked very slowly through it, watching the yellow-coated bumble bees, and drinking in the delicious perfume. Then by and by she came to the fence. It was a four-board fence, and looked formidable. But casting a sweeping look about to see if there were any observers, and finding none, Clare essayed her first gymnastic feat since she had left school. It was successfully accomplished, with only a very fleeting display of curious Nilsson ties, and white skirts, and handsome hose. And now there was a poplar grove to pass through, and then a stretch of meadow, where a few rather formidable cows were browsing, and another fence, and she would be almost home—just in the rear of the orchard.

But after the grove was passed an unlooked for obstacle presented itself. It was nothing less than a wide brook that ran the whole length of the meadow, between her and home. No bridge—no point narrow enough to leap—no stepping

stones. Clare tipped her hat back from her flushed flower-like face, and uttered a troubled and amazed "Oh!" And at the same time she made another discovery. A tall young man dressed in brown jean, with a gun slung over his shoulder, stood on the opposite side of the stream, laughing at her dismay, out of a pair of the handsomest brown eyes she had ever beheld.

So soon as he met her eyes he lifted his straw hat, and bowed with easy grace.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I think you would like to cross. If you will wait a moment I will assist you."

Before she could speak, he had put his gun down, had wrenched a loose board from the fence beyond, and had thrown it across the stream, forming a narrow bridge. Then he reached out his hand.

"Take hold of my hand," he said, "and step very carefully—there—here you are."

And there she was, standing beside him, with flushed cheeks, and softly-lifted eyes.

"I thank you," she said.

"Not at all," he rejoined, as he slung his gun over his shoulder again. "And if you will allow me, I will assist you over the fence."

"Oh—but—" began Clare, with a deepening color in her cheeks, but the handsome young rustic interrupted her.

"Indeed it will be necessary," he said, "for this fence has a wire at the top and you might catch your clothing in the barbs, and be seriously hurt. Now just please put your arms lightly about my neck—and give your whole weight to me—I am very strong in the arms and will set you safely on the other side—there." And before she could realize how it was all done, Clare was standing in the lane just back of her uncle's orchard, and the young man had touched his hat and walked away.

"Oh, auntie, such an adventure," cried Clare, bursting into the kitchen, where Aunt Sarah was preparing dinner, and proceeded to relate her story.

"Law sakes!" laughed Aunt Sarah; "that was young Hugh Weber, our nearest neighbor's son. Nice boy, too. Just like his mother, for all the world—the very picture of her. I took care of her in her last sickness. Died of consumption when Hugh was five years old. I've always thought he would go the same way, but he seems healthy enough. Only he has just her look in his eyes when he gets tired."

"What was he doing with that gun, I wonder," queried Clare.

"Shooting gophers, very likely," Aunt Sarah responded. "Your uncle said this morning the pesky creatures were fairly over-running the fields."

That evening, just after tea, Clare and Aunt Sarah sat out on the rose-shaded veranda—Aunt

Sarah knitting, Clare sewing on a bit of lace—when the gate clicked, and a quick step sounded on the gravel walk.

Looking up, Clare saw her hero of the morning advancing without his gun, but with a long lace scarf in his hand.

"Beg pardon," he said, touching his hat again; "but I found this in the clover-meadow, after I met you this morning, and thought it must belong to you."

"It does; thank you," said Clare, rising, and then Aunt Sarah introduced the two.

"My niece, Miss Maxon, Mr. Weber. Won't you take a seat, Hugh? How is Amanda to-day?"

"Well, thank you," answered Hugh, as he sat down on the steps at Aunt Sarah's feet, facing Miss Clare, and fanned his handsome, flushed face with his broad hat.

"Amanda is Hugh's sister," explained Aunt Sarah to Clare. "She was thirteen years old when their mother died, and I heard her promise her on her death-bed, to be a mother to the little brown-eyed boy, who was only five years old then; and I think she has kept her trust, Hugh. If ever there was a faithful girl it's Amanda."

Hugh's handsome eyes grew soft. "Yes," he said, "she is a good girl. She gave up her youth—her hopes of a home and children of her own—and resolutely devoted her girlhood to father and me. It seems almost cruel to me now, as I think of it. She is old beyond her years, and has had so little to make her life bright. And now, after twenty years, when the sacrifice is no longer needed, she finds her youth and youthful friends passed away."

"But she finds *you* left," said Aunt Sarah.

"Yes," answered Hugh, and a gleam of fun came into his grave eyes; "and she seems to think me just as young and dependent as the day mother died. My six feet and twenty-five years fail to impress her utterly."

Then he turned to Clare.

"Are you to spend the summer here?" he asked.

"Yes—I think so; until September. My physician said I needed to go to a country home, and stay all summer, or I could never hope to regain the strength I have been losing for a year or two; so I came to Aunt Sarah, whom I had not seen since I was a wee girl, and she has kindly taken me to stay as long as I will."

"You will find it very dull, I fear, after the city."

"That is what I fear," said Aunt Sarah. "And Clare is so used to a gay time and hosts of young people, and there are *no* young ladies out here at all, and no young men for several miles, save yourself. I hope you will be neighborly, Hugh, and drop in every day. We might get a—what is it?—cro—cro—*croket*—set—"

"Crouquet!" laughed Clare. "O, I have one

in my trunk, and bows and arrows, too. And if Mr. Weber will help me place them, we might have a good deal of pleasure."

"Certainly, I will be delighted," said Hugh, rising. "I will drop in to-morrow. Good-night."

"What a nice figure," said Clare, as she watched him go down the walk. Such handsome broad shoulders; but his chest is hollow; I fear he hasn't good lungs."

"No; and did you see how white he was as soon as the flush died off his face," added Aunt Sarah. "He looked so like his mother to me as he sat there. She was the handsomest woman ever *this* town saw. But I wouldn't wonder if Hugh lived to be a good deal older than she was."

"Why does he stay here?" queried Clare. "He would make an elegant man, with a little polish."

"It's the saving of him, working on the farm," said Aunt Sarah; "and, besides, it would break Amanda's heart to part with him. They set the world on each other. I don't know what Amanda *would* do if Hugh should marry. But he never seemed to care for girls, somehow."

The next night Clare wrote another letter which began and was addressed like the other, in which she described her adventure, and added: "I am tempted to use the liberty you so kindly accorded me, and get up a mild flirtation with this handsome, unsophisticated rustic. It would relieve the monotony of these changeless summer days very much. If I do, I will keep you posted as to its progress."

A week later, Aunt Sarah, sitting on her porch, with her knitting, and watching Hugh and Clare on the little lawn before her, mentally told herself that her niece, Clare, was the sweetest, most natural, and unaffected girl she had ever seen from a city. "No airs, no ways calculated to mislead; no coquettish or flirtish notions," she soliloquized. "But just a dear, sweet, natural girl, that likes to be friendly with the young men. Just the girl to make life a little pleasanter and brighter for Hugh, poor boy, who sees so little of the world."

Ah, unsuspecting Aunt Sarah. You did not know that the most dangerous artfulness in the world, is *artlessness*.

That night Clare wrote to Walter Landen.

"My rustic swain and I have been playing at croquet and archery two hours this afternoon; and to-morrow I am to ride with him to see a wonderful ranch some miles away. He is very kind and pleasant, and really very intelligent; but not at all used to society, of course, and wonderfully honest. I do not think he could understand how we could do or say anything under any circumstances, which was not meant from the bottom of the heart. You see he is a poor speci-

men to get up 'an affair with.' My flirtation perforce must be very mild, indeed."

Behind a handsome span of bays, seated in a light, easy carriage, beside her pale, dark-eyed escort the next day, Clare bowled along the country road, feeling that she might well be proud to be seen by any of her city friends, who had so commiserated her upon her desolate summer.

Fully as interesting, too, she found the conversation of her companion, as that of many of her town admirers. It was not theatre and opera chat, to be sure, or empty compliments, in silly praise; but it was full of information on things pertaining to nature—birds and insects, and animals, whose habits were as familiar to Hugh Weber as his own, for he was a passionate lover of nature. And, too, she found him well read in books, for he had a poet's soul, and a fine ear for melody and rhythm.

"It is so strange to me," she said to him that day; "so strange you stay here. You should go out into the great world. You are fitted for it; and it holds so much pleasure."

"I don't know," he said, musingly. "I think I could never be quite happy away from the fields and the brooks, and the old farm where my boyhood was spent. Every spot is dear to me. But I have often thought I would get away to the city for the winter. It would benefit me, I know. I think I will next winter. You will be there then, very likely?"

For a moment the truth trembled on Clare's lips, as she looked into the honest face and handsome brown eyes that shone upon her with a new interest their beautiful depths. Then the temptation to sound the depths of that interest—to make it serve her selfish pleasure, got the better of her good impulse; and she answered:

"I am usually there in the winter; and should you come to town, you must surely let me know, next season."

As they drove homeward through a narrow valley, between the steep hills, Hugh remarked:

"We must come up here a week or two later—this valley will be just red with the wild lilies. And some time, when the day is pleasant, and you care to go, I know where there is a lovely lake; and I own a little boat just large enough for two. It is only a mile from home—in another direction."

"You are so kind," answered Clare. "But I do not want to tax your time too much. I know how many things you have to do, more important and more profitable, than amusing an idle young lady."

And then she looked up into his face with a childish smile and glance of her eyes no man could resist.

"It is a great pleasure to me," he made answer very earnestly, "to be able to add to your stay among us in any way. You have brought

me the pleasantest hours of my life. And I am not so much tied to the farm as usual. I was not at all well in the spring—just weak and tired all the time; and we hired an extra hand for the season; a man who is experienced and trusty, and seems to take a personal interest in the farm business; and I am relieved of a good deal of care. I am glad it chanced to be this summer you come to us, for it enables me to see more of you than I could have done any previous season."

In her next letter to Walter Landen, Clare wrote:

"My mild flirtation progresses with such earnest solemnity, that I am inclined to be more saddened than amused by it. My brown-eyed rustic informed me recently, that I had given him the pleasantest hours of his life. But while that same remark by a society youth might have been delightfully edifying as the proof of the progress of a flirtation, from his lips it sounded so earnest and honest I grew quite grave—as I might if he had told me I had converted him from Atheism to Christianity. I have done so little to give him pleasure—indeed he has been the one to confer that; but the poor fellow has known so little of life, he is starved. You will agree with me, Walter, that this flirtation is indeed mild—for he has never even paid me a compliment or taken my hand unless compelled to. He is a queer specimen of a man to find in this nineteenth century."

Had Clare been writing a few days later, she could not have truthfully added the closing sentences.

They drove—she and Hugh—to the Valley for lilies. It was a superb day in midsummer. Clare was a vision of loveliness in a suit of soft white, a straw hat covered with fine lace ruching shading her lovely, innocent face. With her lap and hands full of the beautiful red and spotted lilies, she made a beautiful picture as she sat in the carriage, its light top thrown back.

Hugh, standing by the side of the carriage, holding the lines in one hand, his head resting against the other—his elbow on the carriage-rim—his dark eyes raised and resting upon its lovely occupant, found his voice at last. It was very low, and very calm, and very earnest, as were the beautiful eyes.

"You are the most perfect woman in the world," he said. "Physically, mentally, morally. God was good to put you in this world, that we might see you."

Clare looked down in surprise, and met the impassioned dark eyes, so full of almost unearthly beauty.

She reached out her fair hand and stroked his white brow, and ran her lithe fingers through the dark, moist hair. But she did not speak; she only looked at him and smiled.

"Why is it," he said, presently, "that if your hand or your garments touch me, I tremble from head to foot? No other person ever affected me so. Why is it?"

"How can I tell?" answered Clare, still smiling. But she knew.

Somehow, she did not relate all or any of this occurrence when she wrote her next letter to Walter Landen. She only said her friend continued to be kind, and gave her many pleasures she would otherwise be debarred from.

After that it was nothing unusual for Hugh to take her hand and hold it in his when they drove, or stroke her soft hair with reverent touches as they sat on the old veranda in the moonlight; and he talked of his future in a new, strange way, it seemed to Clare—of the city—of travel—of the great world he seemed eager to know and be known by.

"I should like," he said, "to have a home in the city, and live there winters; but I should always want to come back to the old farm in the summer."

And then Clare would adroitly change the conversation, and lead him away from dangerous ground.

"The flirtation grows in interest," she wrote to Walter, in early August; "though it must remain mild to the last chapter—of that I am convinced. This dark-eyed youth has a good deal more of the poet and dreamer, and the woman, about him than he has of the man. I think he admires me in a vague, dreamy way; indeed, he tells me so, but not like other men. He seems to dwell in dream-land, apart from common mortals."

Indeed he did just then—a dream-land so beautiful it glorified the world for him with wondrous beauty, and caused the grave-faced, plain-featured Amanda to watch him with serious concerned eyes.

"What has come over Hugh of late?" she said to her father one day, after Hugh had gone out. "He seems unlike himself, somehow—do you notice it? And where does he go so often? He never used to go away that he did not tell me where."

The old farmer smiled.

"He goes down to see neighbor Maxon's pretty niece, I should think from appearances, Amanda. We can't expect Hugh to be a boy always—he is a man in years, remember."

Amanda's heart stood still. Hugh a man? and Hugh in love—and with her? She grew numb, even to her extremities, and sat down to gather her thoughts.

She had seen this niece of Neighbor Maxon's—a pretty, fair, graceful creature, she remembered—but so dainty, so elegant, so soft-figured and white-skinned; she seemed a part of another world than the one Amanda and Hugh had always known.

"Oh, it must not, must not be!" she cried. "He must not love *her*, for it will only bring him pain and sorrow. O! Hugh, my own dear boy, Hugh." And spinster Amanda buried her face in her hands, and the tears fell through upon her checked apron.

Then she arose and wiped her eyes, and put on a clean collar and apron, and went over to neighbor Maxon's.

She found Aunt Sarah quite alone, busy at her ironing table.

"Your niece hasn't left you, has she?" she queried as she took a proffered chair near the open window.

"O, no," answered Aunt Sarah, as she continued with her ironing. "She has gone out for a forest ride, I believe, with Hugh. They seem to take a sight of comfort with each other; and I'm glad enough, for I thought I'd have a homesick girl on my hands before the summer was over. She's so used to having a good many folks about her. But Hugh, he's with her so much, and they seem to get along so well; she seems to be quite contented. They're like two children together."

Amanda fanned her flushed face with a newspaper that lay conveniently on the window-sill.

"Your niece intend to stay long?" she asked, looking out of the window.

"Until September, I think," Aunt Sarah replied, polishing a shirt wristband. "Her beau is coming back to the city from Europe in September; and they are to be married in October. She was sent out here to get a good rest, and sort of recruit up. She's been up so of nights, at parties and the like, all winter, the doctors said she'd be an invalid, like as not, if she didn't take a long rest. So she came out here; and I must say she has improved every day since she came."

"So she is to be married, is she?" said Amanda, with a queer feeling of pleasure and pain at her heart, she could not define.

"O, yes—to a Mr. Landen—quite an oldish man—and rich; and in some Government business that took him off to London for all summer. Guess he thinks the world of Clare; but I fancy sometimes it's more respect than love she gives him. But no doubt they'll be very happy. You are not going, are you, Amanda? You come in so seldom. I think you might make a little longer stay. You haven't been over for six weeks before."

"No; I'm always busy, you know. I just ran over to see how you were getting along. Left my bread in the oven, and must go back."

"I wonder if Hugh knows this," she mused, as she walked home. "Well, if he don't, it's time he did."

She watched him keenly as he sat at the tea-table that night. How bright his eyes were; how red his lips; how like marble his brow; and

how absent-minded he seemed—she repeated her remarks twice and thrice before he heard her.

After tea, he sat down by the western window with a book; but Amanda saw he was not reading. The sun set and the twilight fell, and still he had not spoken.

Amanda cleared her throat. It was a hard thing she was about to do—but it must be done. Better give him a blow, than wait for another hand to give him a stab.

"Hugh; I called on Mrs. Maxon to-day, while you were gone," she said.

"Did you," said Hugh, looking up, with languid interest. "It's quite a while since you were there before, isn't it, Amanda?"

"Yes—quite a while—I've only been in once since her niece came. She's a very pretty girl, I thought."

She saw his cheek flush slowly through the gathering dusk as he answered, "She is a beautiful girl, Amanda, and as sweet as beautiful."

Amanda clears her throat again.

"Mrs. Maxon tells me she is to be married in October. Very likely you know all about it, though. It seems strange to think so young and pretty a girl will marry an old man—her lover is quite old, Mrs. Maxon says, but rich. I'm sure I hope she will be happy; she seems a nice girl!"

Hugh has turned his face toward the skies where the sunset had faded into dull gray. Not a gleam of color was left.

"Did you hear the name of this—this lover of Miss Maxon?" he asks presently, in a very quiet way.

"Landen, I believe; and he is now in Europe. Comes back in September. He is very devoted to her."

Hugh rose and went out. When he came back, an hour later, he went directly to his room.

During that hour he had seen Clare. Had appeared to her suddenly as she stood all alone by the gate in the moonlight—appeared to her so pale and white she had started in actual terror.

"I thought it was your ghost," she said, laughing; but her laugh died out suddenly, when he took her hand in his, which was as cold as ice, and said:

"It is my ghost, I think, Clare—I have just this moment heard of your approaching marriage."

She looked up with confused, startled eyes.

"Who told you?" she said.

"Then it is true?"

"Yes, Hugh."

"My God!" he cried, and flung her hand from him. "You have been cruel—cruel to me, Clare—you have given me my death-blow. O, God forgive you!" Then he strode away from her in the pallid moonlight.

She crept up to her room, frightened and conscience-stricken. She had not thought he would take it so to heart. His words rung in her ears; but after all, he would get over it. Men always did—men who were far more ardent lovers than he lived down their passion and their pain in a few months, and wooed anew. So she comforted herself and fell asleep at last.

They were at breakfast the next morning, when Amanda appeared in the door-way, white as a sheet and trembling in every limb.

"Hugh is dying," she said; "I want you all to come. He was taken with a hemorrhage of the lungs at dawn, and we cannot stop the flow. He cannot live till noon, the physician says—and he is calling for Miss Clare."

He only spoke once after she entered the room. His voice was very weak. "Lean down," he said, and she bent very close to the white lips, her own almost as white, her eyes frightened and tearless.

"I wanted to say," he gasped, "that I am sorry I spoke as I did last night. I had no right to blame you—I alone am in fault—I was mad, wild to love you—love you so, Clare—and may God make you very happy. Kiss me, Clare." She leaned down and kissed him. He smiled, and then he opened his eyes very wide.

"Amanda—my sister," he said, and reached out his hand to her—but before she could clasp it, it had fallen lifeless. He was dead.

"He spoke *my* name last—he thought of me last," said Amanda. "O, thank God!" Then she turned to Clare:

"Go now," she said, and pointed to the door. "He is nothing to you now—he can no longer contribute to your pleasure or amusement. Leave him to me."

They were bitter words, and Clare felt them in all their stinging force, as she went out with bowed head.

When she wrote to Walter again she only said, "It is very sad—the young man I wrote you of died suddenly last week with hemorrhage of the lungs. He inherited it from his mother. Poor fellow!"

But she could not stay the two weeks out. The days and nights were one awful nightmare to her, and she saw the accusing face of the desolate Amanda in her dreams.

One summer day Mrs. Walter Landen sat in her handsome morning room, when the door burst open, and a pretty child bounded in.

"Mamma, O mamma!" she cried, "see what lovely flowers Jennie Hart brought me—she has just driven in from the country with her papa—and she gathered these on the way," and a great handful of red and spotted lilies fell in Mrs. Landen's lap.

She turned deathly pale—"Child, child," she cried, "take them away *quick*—they stifle me."

And when the child had gathered up her flowers and gone, the handsome young wife and mother fell into a wild passion of tears.

But Hugh slept on, and did not know.

MISS PATSEY.

BY MRS. A. C. MAFFITT.

She was Miss Patsey! That she was the possessor of anything additional in the shape of a name, never once crossed my mind, for I was a child then. Since that time, with the little story which I shall give my readers in its simple pathos, there came to my knowledge, that she wrote herself, "Patsey Nicholls."

Miss Patsey lived in a cottage, on the outskirts of the village, where I was born, and passed from childhood to youth. It was a small bit of a place, but more homely within and without, than any belonging to the humble folks, who were her neighbors.

Raised a low half-story above the ground, it gave a basement, where the rougher and coarser of housekeeping duties were carried on; and where a stove, much out of repair, smoked off its sullenness, and responded to blows which were not those of strife, but persuasion, with puffs of unexpected flame, blared out into the face of the coxer, but finally became more amenable and docile, and settled down in a quiet frame of mind, to do its whole duty consistent with its disordered condition.

Above this basement was the sitting-room, entered by a flight of six or seven steps, from which step peeps could be taken into the basement precincts, aforesaid; over the little half-curtains, which, despite that indefatigable smoker, "Old Tenplate," preserved an unaccountably snowy whiteness.

A knock at the door, which owned no fastening save a latch, always brought a pleasant voice to one's ear; and the words, "Come! Come!"

The open-door disclosed a neatness almost indescribable. A rag carpet, which never looked new, and never got old, though the home-made dyes of blue and red paled into neutralities; a chest of drawers, (seven, I counted them scores of times,) of a hard wood, simulating mahogany, decorated with brass handles, which, together with the lion's jaws, from which they stood out or lazily hung, were bright as a rub with good will could make them; an old time wooden settee, with cushions and pillows of gorgeous calico, successor to a covering of well-worn circassian; a small table, which two lifted leaves made round; a queer little stand, the top of which was partly raised and held by two wooden uprights (lead pencils I used to think them); and below, many small drawers, each one of which contained "gyarden" seeds; a solemn clock that repeated,

"Take care! take care! take care!" to my childish fancy, with a pertinacity which kept my ears always strained to catch the admonition, before I entered, and long before I left; two hard-bottomed chairs, one short-legged one, evidently brought down to its stumps, for the convenience of some small person; and, right at the little eight-paned window, a rush rocker with arms and back, and in it, usually—Miss Patsey.

In summer an open fire-place, held a pitcher much decorated with singular maroon and indigo floriculture; and this was again the repository of the pretty, graceful asparagus, the tops of which adorn every country kitchen, and keep the speckless tins from the sacrilegious and uncleanly fly. In winter, a stove gave more heat than any other of its size; and behind it was a box (each season freshly painted) well filled with wood.

I think I might have called upon Miss Patsey, once or more in each week for several years, and I can see now this room and all that it contained. In the top of the stand, were the implements and accessories of plain sewing, for by this means Miss Patsey earned her living. The drawers of the chest were some full size, clear across, and some divided in the middle; but the bottom one was wide and deep, and held—patterns. Not such as fashion journals supply in these days, but such as Miss Patsey's knack of fitting authorized her to shape to the little people, whose tailor and dressmaker she was. She constructed shirts, too, worn by the pater familias of the afore-mentioned youngsters with unqualified approval.

(Young "Smiffles," who has a sandpapered head, a shadowy mien, but much compensation in the way of shirt-collar, asks me if that was a century back? I *might* reply that his father, the Hon. Augustus Smiffles, now an M. C. and successful politician, used to be *his* father's assistant in the little shop, which I passed on my way to Miss Patsey's, and that it is, as well as I can reckon, some twenty-five years since his father, the now Honorable, gave up *his* father's business.)

There was a staircase which led to a room above, where presumably, Miss Patsey wooed that sleep which is indeed a balm to the weary, but so coy and elusive to the invalid, that the solicitations of the most needy are oftentimes those which meet with tardiest response; and Miss Patsey was an invalid.

She had very old-fashioned habits, and often told me that she was going to bed when others were rising. I remember asking her once "what she meant?"

She said, "Child, I am so tired when dark comes, that I want to go to bed, and go; it saves light, too. Then I am so tired before daylight, that I want to get up, and I do."

"But Mith Patthey, you mutht have a light then?"

"Yes, child; but not for long; as soon as we have God's light of day, we can work at downstairs jobs, and when people are getting breakfast, *we* are ready to sew."

We, meant herself and Hetty.

Hetty was her niece, and had lived with her—always. No one seemed to know how old Hetty was; the children thought her the senior of Miss Patsey; because her hair was so white, and because she looked so—so how? Well, she looked so ninimy-pinimy, and talked with such little jerky efforts, as if a very small catapult within her, forced out the trite common-places against her will. Recalling now my childish impressions, I believe that Hetty relished a bit of gossip as well most people, though she divested herself of all *appearance* of interest when catechising the youngsters, who were her frequent visitors.

And *why* were they? Miss Patsey was the neatest of needlewomen; in fact, she was the embodiment of neatness; the needle was the weapon with which she fought poverty, but beside that, she drove a small trade in one specialty—yeast cakes. Any housekeeper might trust to her to compound these, light and sweet, and where all bread of every sort was home-made, Miss Patsey's yeast cakes soon obtained, or always had, a deserved reputation and ready sale.

Opposite the steps which entered her house, was a door opening into her "gyarden," and as one went down, just at the right hand, was a portable shelf covered with gauze. The sun fell aslant upon it, and baked, as I supposed, its great cakes, which were cooked and replaced by raw ones so constantly that the shelf was never empty; when it rained, the shelf's contents was brought inside. Indeed every neighbor was familiar with the oft-repeated injunction laid upon Hetty in threatening weather: "Hetty, Hetty, watch the shelf!" or "Hetty, bring the shelf inside."

Then in winter, the shelf was one of the household gods; it occupied a prominent place over the stove, protruded itself from right under the mantel-piece, with an assurance no usurper could maintain.

Every one was kind to Miss Patsey, and the village carpenter (it seems to me his name was "Smiffles") had arranged a couple of strong rests, upon which the shelf with its active load, sat lightly but firmly.

Every child in the village sought the privilege of going for yeast cakes; to send a servant was to encroach upon said privileges, except in very bad weather; and beside this, Miss Patsey made jackets and trousers for boys, and fine shirts; also frocks for little girls, to a limited extent. She said "she liked tailor-work and shirt-making, but she couldn't abear ruffles nor complicates." The garb of young Misses of the

present day would have struck her as double or triple complicates.

I am sorry to say that some of the more unprincipled and roguish of the boys, once in a while, mimicked Miss Patsey, whose stereotyped question to the child newly arrived was, firstly: "How's your folks?" and unless the visitor was partly or entirely orphaned, the second was: "How's your father?" and thirdly: "How's your ma?"

Then she would point to the nice little stumpy-legged chair, and say: "Sit right down," when glancing all over the little one from above her spectacles, she would inquire: "Want to be fit, or yeast cakes?"

She liked children, and to her favorites would tell, when she felt strong enough, her recollections of revolutionary times, though "she was but a slip of a girl then."

When there was necessary waiting for unfinished work, it seemed to excite and "worrit" Miss Patsey, to have the caller looking straight at her and unemployed, so she occasionally offered the choice of her library, enjoining strict care about "dog's ears, and wetting the fingers in turning over."

Sometimes when I had waited patiently, looking at that weird clock till my poor little eyes ached, yet not able to distract my attention, and feeling each heart-beat knock: "Take care! take care! take care," I would heave one of those long-drawn sighs, which come from excess of weariness in childish hearts, and the kind old woman would say: "Bless me, Hetty, I forgot—Child! would you like to see my Bunyan?"

This would seem a very awkward question now, and manifestly improper; but she asked me with a "yan;" had she asked me with a "ion," however, it would still have given me the same pleasure.

"If you pleethe, Mith Patthey," I invariably lisped; and Hetty, with great reverence, handed me that "Pilgrim," whose progress has fastened itself upon the memory of many a child, to come back helpfully to him when wrestling with doubts, difficulties, and temptations. Many a time the "Giant" seemed so really real, though, that when the clock warned me to "Take care! take care! take care!" I shuddered and laid the book down, and asked Miss Patsey would she mind if I played with "Tony."

"Antony" was a finely-developed cat, who knew all of his mistress' acquaintances, but held himself quite loftily, and only deigned to recognize them by a languid movement of the tail, and a quiver (of course it couldn't have been a wink?) of the eye. Sometimes the old fellow was sociably inclined, and would elevate his back and rub against me a welcome he could not speak. Then Hetty would jerk out tales of his prowess, and of the rats he had slain or disabled, and his

intelligence when a neighbor's barn was on fire; how he cried, or rather mewled, "fire," and responding to his cry of alarm, she sprang up and saw the light; and how, when the "varmint" had gotten into their hen-house, and was making deadly havoc with the population thereof, "Tony" gave a prompt and distinct alarm.

"Tony" knew full well when his praises were being sung, and after straightening himself up in a dignified way, and looking as *people* often do when trying not to *seem* conscious, would slowly advance to his mistress' side, and purr a grateful "thank you." So Hetty interpreted to me his action, and I dare say he understood it.

Miss Patsey had an old-fashioned "gyarden," too. Oh! the sweets with which it was filled. Early in the season, violets, daffys, and jonquils; then the spicy shrub; then the "laylocks," and so on through the whole list of old-time-y garden beauties—primroses and lady-slippers, marigolds and sweet peas, ragged robins, larkspur, and princesse feather, bachelor's buttons, China asters, and chrysanthemums. The beds were crude attempts at ship-shapeliness, and straggled around like the imaginary lines which form geographical divisions, but were trimly bordered with pale, sweet-breathed pinks, the delicateness of which no chemist has endeavored to duplicate. The favor was accorded well-behaved children to go into that garden and gather for themselves a nosegay.

The "gyarden" held another treasure—an apple tree. How beautiful looked the tempting balls as they ripened into scarlet globes, streaked with gold. "Red streaks," she called them, and red streaked they were; and I don't think one was ever stolen, for Miss Patsey told the children that she kept every one for them, which she did, and they believed she did.

Miss Patsey was always "poorly," and usually entertained her visitors, old and young, with the minute details and history of her ailments. She had experienced a succession of disasters and personal injuries, and had at divers and sundry times broken her arms and legs and bones, till scarcely anything was left to break but her back or neck. Her endurance and powers of recuperation were remarkable, indeed, and now I know that she must have been an intense sufferer; then, I thought the relation of her afflictions a sort of entertainment, which had to me the aspect of fiction, and no reality whatever.

I can remember hearing my mother say that it seemed Miss Patsey's pride and aim to have anything that any one else had, in the way of ailments; but my gentle mother said it very, very gently, and with an amused smile I could not then understand.

Hetty was "poorly," too, but worked, worked, worked, always, and so, with unabated industry, the closest economy, and help from

many a generous neighbor, of a nature so discriminative that it left them with few unsupplied needs, the two worthy women lived, suffered, toiled, hoped, and enjoyed, doubtless, the simple pleasures which fell to their share, appreciating them, too, for they were humble-minded and full of gratitude to God and their friends.

Leaving my home and my gentle mother, never alas! to lay my head again upon her bosom, as I have longed and yearned to do, I was sent to a large school, and from there to relatives abroad, for several years. When I returned, my father had left the old home, and though he gave me most hearty and cordial welcome, and the grasp of his hand thrilled me with pleasure, I soon sought the narrow house, where the willows swayed mournfully to the dirge sung by the winds. In the distance I heard the lowing of the cattle, and the plaintive bleating of the sheep; sunbeams laid lovingly about her, and sweet odors filled the air. Peace was written upon earth and sky, and lying prostrate upon the short velvety turf, which covered a heart whose every throb was one of care and tenderness for her child, a great peace seemed to fall upon me—even "the peace which passeth understanding," and my proud, restless, unquiet, sensitive nature was soothed and calmed by proximity to that sacred dust.

The little village had grown into a town of considerable proportions, and I found most of my old haunts swallowed up and wiped away by improvements. Recalling my oft-traveled route, the cottage, its contents, "Tony," and his mistress, I started in search of it; but it had vanished as completely as though it had never been—every trace of it absolutely blotted out; villas, ornate and perky, had grown up mushroom-like all about the locality, and I began fairly to lose the sense of my own identity.

Seeking the old homestead, I saw immediately that the iconoclastic hand of the railroad capitalist had laid a finger-mark upon it, and it was being transformed into a picturesque station-house.

Presenting myself before an old friend of my mother's, the venerable lady gave me hospitable cheer and welcome, and entreated my stay prolonged. I passed two days of steady inquiry in her lonely home, and left, with regret amounting to sadness, the aged but sweet-voiced matron.

In reply to my questioning about Miss Patsey, she gave me what she knew of her history, as told by a woman somewhat older than herself, who had been the companion of her youth, and with her when she answered the summons which all alike must obey.

Patsey and Hester were twins; their affection for and devotion to each other was so strong, so limitless, that each esteemed a sacrifice for the other more a pleasure than a duty.

They were likely girls, and had their share of

admirers. The manliest of them all, Stephen Watson, had captured the heart of Patsey; and happy was she when she confided to Hester, that he had asked her to be his wife.

Hester's congratulations were of the sort to be expected under the circumstances; she laid her arm about her sister, and hiding her face, whispered; "May you be happy, dear!"

Stephen had asked Patsey to hasten the simple preparations which were necessary ere the twain became one flesh; and the honest, sturdy fellow proceeded at once to invest his small earnings in a little cottage, upon the land owned by his parents.

A few weeks passed, and Patsey felt that something disturbed the quiet relations of her life with those about her; and especially with her darling other self, as she often called her sister.

No word of coldness, no act of reserve, no mentionable fault, omission or commission could she call up on the part of her sister, when satisfied that something was truly wrong; she examined herself with rigid, unsparing scrutiny, and also tried to discern wherein laid the secret whose power was making a changeling of her sister; in spirit, if not in fact.

If wayward for an instant, the arms of the offender were soon about the elder, as Patsey was called; and demonstrations of affection, protestations of love, and acts of helpfulness and careful forethought followed, and dispossessed poor Patsey's mind of a shadow which her imagination had conjured up—the dread that her sister no longer loved her.

Added to this, she thought (for she had almost lost confidence in her own sense of discernment) Stephen was not the same; that he was abstracted, cold, and sympathetic by turns; and at last, tortured by suspicion, for which she blamed herself, and to which she could give no form nor substance, she confided to this friend that she was unhappy—that a mystery hung over them all—that she would give her life for either of these two loved ones, and that her heart was breaking because a wall was springing up between them, which was thin as air, but dark as night, and heavy as stone.

The confidante was a woman of larger experience in the workings of human nature than her poor, simple friend, and divined at once the nature of the trouble; but she refrained from enlightening her visitor, and only bade her take care that she did her own duty, and the mists would clear up of themselves.

So by and by Hester's moody fitfulness deepened into a settled sadness, and from that to a feverish illness of body and mind, which prostrated the once strong and blooming girl upon a bed of suffering. Even in delirium, however, she wrestled with her secret, till her strength was

well nigh spent, and the medical attendant gravely said that her life hung upon a thread—the fever would die out, and most likely the life with it.

Stephen, who had haunted the house, and now listened to this terrible verdict, buried his face in his hands upon the table, and made his moan like a child with the heart-ache—"I wish I could die with her. Oh, Hester! Oh, my love!"

"Stephen," said a broken, quivering voice beside him—"Stephen! can this be so? Is it Hester instead of Patsey who holds your heart?"

"Dear Patsey, good Patsey, forgive me! I could not help it; we could not help it! We do love each other dearly, but we both love you. We hadn't meant to wrong you; we never mean you should know it! I would have been to you a husband true and faithful, but my love to Hester is deep and strong, and if she dies, my heart will be buried in her grave;" and the poor fellow wrung Patsey's hand, upon which fell big tear-drops.

"She will not die," calmly said this heroic sister; "she will live to be your wife; what matters it, so you and Hester are happy, and both love me?"

"Oh, Patsey! you are too good; you are an angel. God bless you, Patsey," and he wrung her hand again, till the pressure was like a vice.

"Come with me, Stephen," she said, and led the way to where the sinking girl was paling under the critical period of burnt-out fever; with closed eyes and faint breath, she seemed to lie unconscious; but as the watchers waited hour after hour, the sleep grew more natural, the breathing more regular, and at twilight she opened her eyes, and said feebly, "Patsey!"

Patsey pushed Stephen to the bedside; placed the thin white hands in his, while the invalid stared, with increasing color coming into lip and cheek; and as Stephen bent down to kiss her, the unselfish sister silently left the room.

The struggle between Patsey and her heart, was known only to her Maker; and she told her friend the story in its details, passing over herself entirely. She also said, that to keep down tittle-tattle she should tell the gossips that "Stephen and Hester had always been the parties most interested, and the clothing she pretended to be making for herself was really Hester's; that partly for mischief, and partly for a blind, she consented to keep up the mystery; but now her sister would be married as soon as she got well."

She *was* married; and no cottage held two happier hearts, nor a more thrifty couple.

Patsey was changed; people said "How old Patsey looks! how staid she is!"

A year passed; and one day there came a scared-faced boy, and said: "Mrs. Watson, your husband has had a fall; he's hurt bad; they

sent me ahead to tell;" and the boy was followed by a kind-hearted neighbor, who begged her to be calm; "and hoped it was not such a *very* bad accident—Stephen had only fallen from a haystack;" and following the neighbor-man, Stephen himself, borne upon a door, and already in the coldness of death.

"Dear wife," gasped Stephen—

"God's will be done," sobbed the heart-stricken Hester, sinking faint into the arms of the sympathizing Patsey.

Only the next day, and the pitiful wail of a motherless babe was heard through the cottage; and Stephen and Hester were buried in one grave.

Patsey took to her heart and home the wee bit of a thing; but though nursed with great care, little Hetty grew up puny and *queer*. When seven years old, Patsey left her native village and went to a factory, where she worked on good wages to give the little one doctors' advice and medicines, and good nourishing food; but as she grew to womanhood, she failed in strength, and both of them pined for the country and the pure air they had been accustomed to; so Patsey sold the little home, and came to H—, where she lived to respected old age, and died at peace with her Maker, commending Hetty to the care of some relatives who were with her.

NEVER AGAIN.

THOS. S. COLLIER.

Never again, though years may come and go
And stars and suns may shine,
And blue waves beat the shore with restless flow,
Will your small hand clasp mine.

Never again, though orchards may grow sweet
With blossoms pink and white,
Will come the subtle music of your feet,
To fill me with delight.

Never again, when robins blithely sing
Songs that all souls rejoice,
Amid the many melodies of spring,
For me will sound your voice.

Never again, when through the shadows cold,
The moaning of the tide
Up from the sea in sad refrain is rolled,
Will you stand by my side.

Never again, while through the morning mist,
The opal glory streams,
Will we, where love has sanctified a tryst,
Tell over night's bright dreams.

Never again, oh! love so sweet, so fair!
The tides may rise and fall,
And bird songs echo through the fragrant air,
And you not hear my call.

Never again! The purple clovers toss,
And lilies vigil keep,
As soft south winds go wandering across
The grave wherein you sleep.

FUN FOR THE FIRESIDE.

A HELP TO MOTHERS.

NO. 22.

Playing With Water.

JESSIE E. RINGWALT.

The air has been described as the obedient servant of man, standing ever ready to wait upon him; and the water is equally useful—ministering always to the sustenance of his bodily health, as well as serving in many ways to lessen his labors. Fresh air and pure water move side by side with man upon the earth, as the guardians of his life, and they act and react upon each other, and upon him, keeping him healthy, strong, and cheerful.

Water, clear and sparkling as it trickles from the spring, would seem to be a simple thing of unmixed purity, but the discoveries in the science of chemistry have proved that it is a compound that can be broken up or divided into its original parts.

A pretty and easy experiment can be used to show the separation of this compound. To do this, take a glass jar or large bottle, and place in it a bunch of fresh green leaves; then fill the jar full of fresh spring-water. Provide next a deep dish or basin, also containing the water, and turn the jar mouth downwards into the basin, so that the water and leaves are kept suspended in the jar, as in Figure 1. Place the whole in the

Fig. 1.



strong sunlight for a couple of hours, and the leaves will appear covered with tiny bubbles. By chemical discovery, these bubbles are known to be made of pure oxygen, which has been found in the carbonic acid—an invisible thing made of oxygen and carbon—which has become mixed with the water.

All plants live upon this carbon; it is the bread and meat from which they get strength and growth, and they seize upon it greedily, wherever they can find it. Thus the leaves may be said to pluck their food of carbon from the carbonic acid leaving behind the oxygen, which becomes visible as little bubbles in the midst of the water. That the sunlight assists the growth of the plants can be very easily proved by placing the same

arrangement of leaves and spring-water in a dark cellar. Even after several hours, no bubbles will be seen, for without the help of the sun the leaves are unable to detach the carbon from the oxygen, and the poor, pale sprouts that grow in the dark on the potatoes are starved for want of food.

Another easy experiment will furnish a proof of the manner in which vegetables grow. Spread mustard seed or cress seed on a piece of common flannel, laid on a dinner-plate. Keep it constantly moist with water, and in a short time the seeds will sprout and grow, producing a pretty little crop. These plants, having no soil, find enough food to sustain their delicate growth by detaching the carbon from the air and water which has surrounded them.

By the beneficent ruling of Providence, this very oxygen which is rejected by the plants and thrown loose into the air, is the food most desired by men, who draw it eagerly into their lungs, and after a time send some of it out again so mixed and changed as to be carbonic acid gas, a substance unwholesome to mankind, but again ready to provide, in its treasure of carbon, the requisite food of the plants. Thus the animal world and the vegetable world act directly upon the air and water, each preparing food and sustenance for the other, by an involuntary labor which is both silent and unseen.

That plants are chiefly formed of carbon, can be shown to the eye by burning a piece of wood. The blackened or charred remainder, which is called charcoal, is itself a form of carbon. If a little of this charcoal is mixed with the earth it will strengthen the color and growth of flowers, acting upon them somewhat as beef-tea acts on an invalid, giving much nutriment in little bulk.

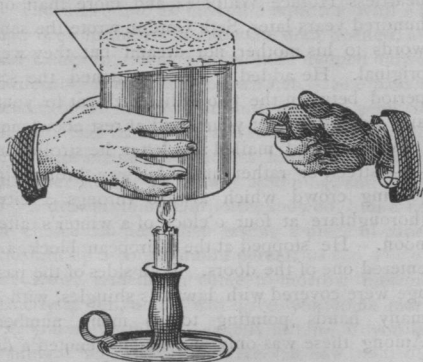
The efficient service of water rests, in a great degree, upon its rapid changes of position, and the fact that any movement in surrounding objects will throw it into motion.

A very neat way of exhibiting these vibrations may be made without difficulty to serve as quite an imposing experiment for the fireside. It is only necessary to provide a rather short and broad glass jar, such as is used to hold preserved fruit, it being, however, important that the bottom be smooth and clear. Any glass dish with a plain or unfigured bottom can be used. Fill the vessel partly with water and lay a piece of white paper upon the top so as to be safe from contact with the water. The room must then be made entirely dark, and a burning candle held just beneath the jar. By touching the side of the vessel with the finger, as in Figure 2, the water will be set in motion, and its vibrations can be distinctly seen in waving lines of light upon the white paper.

Water is formed by a combination of the oxygen already mentioned, and another gas called

hydrogen. This latter when pure cannot be recognized either by taste, sight, or smell, and is so light that it is used to fill the balloons, which float high into the air.

Fig. 2.



Besides these two substances, water often contains many other things, which are gathered into it during its passage down the hills and through the valleys. Among these things is lime, which renders the water what is called "hard," and unwilling to mix with soap. Magnesia is also found in water, and when a good deal of iron appears in it, the water is considered very wholesome and strengthening as a drink. When mixed with sulphur, it becomes a famous medicine, which increases in value as it increases in odor until it is almost as strong as a bad egg.

The idea that water must be a pure and un-mixed substance because it is without color, can be readily disproved by adding either salt, sugar, or hartshorn to it. A considerable quantity of either of these substances can be added to a glass of water without changing its color, and many powerful homœopathic medicines are dissolved in drinking water without altering its color or taste.

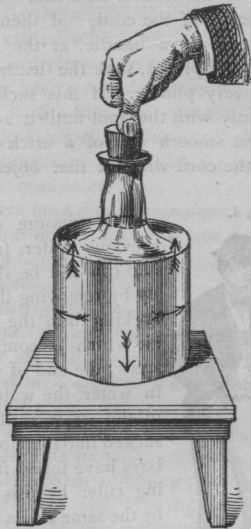
The various substances held in solution in apparently pure water will often have an injurious effect upon colors, and little artists should remember that their toy paints will often give better results when dissolved in rain water, or in water that has been boiled. Rain water is usually really pure, and on that very account is tasteless and unpleasant to persons accustomed to relish a drink flavored with the minerals and earths which have been drawn into it.

Water, when rightly directed, moves the machinery of mills and manufactories, and men have devoted much attention to the methods by which its weight and action can be most effectively applied to assist human labor. The effect of pressure is of so much importance that much consideration has been given to it, and one of the most important rules by which it is governed is illustrated by Figure 3.

It is found that when a cork is forced down

into a bottle filled with water, the pressure is directed downwards, sideways, and upwards, exactly in the way that the arrows are seen to

Fig. 3.



point. To measure the strength of this pressure it has been proved that when the cork is one square inch in size, every square inch of water in the bottle receives exactly the same pressure as that given to the cork. Thus, if ten pounds weight rests upon the square inch of cork, each square inch of water in the bottle will receive also ten pounds' weight of pressure.

The strength of running water under an object will support and float it on the surface as the raft is carried upon the breast of the river. A tide falling downwards upon a wheel can often turn it with great force, and it is sometimes convenient to so place a wheel in a running stream that the water, striking the lower edge, causes it to revolve. Dams also are made to gather and restrain water, so that it may be directed by the hand of man upon the very point where its service is needed.

The force with which water resists a blow is readily proved by striking the surface with the open palm of the hand. The oars used in propelling a boat act on this principle, as they are so used as to strike the water, the resistance of which sends the boat forward. A piece of slate used in the game of "Ducks and Drakes," can be made to skim the water for a considerable distance by the exertion of skill in the way in which the slate is made to strike the water, from which it will rebound.

It may be said that by the use of water, the play-thing known as a Sucker is made, although it depends for its strength upon the pressure of the air. The sucker, see Figure 4, is prepared by cutting a piece of leather perfectly round, and

about two or three inches in diameter. A hole is made in the centre just large enough to permit the passage of a strong cord, which should be somewhat more than a yard in length. On the under side of the leather tie a firm knot, to prevent the escape of the cord, and then tie a short stick, to serve as a handle, at the other end. When thus completed, soak the leather in water until it is very pliable. If this sucker is then pressed firmly with the foot until it adheres perfectly to the smooth side of a brick or stone, a pull upon the cord will lift that object from its bed.

Fig. 4.



The pressure of the air prevents water from rising, and this can be shown readily by removing the air. By sucking into the mouth the air which is contained in a straw, the end of which rests in water, the water will rise in the straw until it can be sucked into the mouth. Many boys have found fun in sucking cider by this principle; by the same rule a baby draws the milk through the long tube of its nursing-bottle, and invalids who are very weak find much refreshment in

drinking through a bent glass tube, which permits the fluid to reach their lips without the effort of turning the head.

Water in motion obeys certain rules—thus a river flows fastest on the surface at the middle. In the pleasant pastime of throwing leaves, chips, bark or pieces of paper into a stream for a mimic boat race, the victory will most probably be won by the lucky chip that swims in the middle, its unlucky rivals being delayed in their course by the slow passage of the water nearer the banks.

The curative effect of warm water should be explained to children. It is natural to apply cold water to bumps and bruises and it is necessary to explain to them that the soreness of a bruise or sprain is most quickly reduced by the application of warmed water, frequently as hot as it can be borne. The heat prevents the collection of blood in the injured part, and by driving it back into its accustomed channels, relieves many bruises.

NOTHING.

BY K. C. H.

And hearts are awakened by love's warm breath,
And an hundred hearts are the same as one;
And lips have sworn to love till death,
And what is it all, when all is done?
The heart awakes to fade and break
And the lips but smile at the pain they make.

LOIS LANDOR, ARTIST.

BY SUE CHESNUTWOOD.

"I am neither young enough nor old enough to fall in love." So wrote the accomplished and heartless Horace Walpole; and more than one hundred years later, Seth Gordon wrote the same words to his mother, nor dreamt but they were original. He added, "I have reached the safe period between the two follies incident to youth and old age; so set your mind at rest about me."

After he had mailed his letter, he strolled up — street, or rather made his way through the jostling crowd which always throngs a city's thoroughfare at four o'clock of a winter's afternoon. He stopped at the European block, and entered one of the doors. Both sides of the passage were covered with lawyer's shingles, with as many hands pointing to as many numbers. Among these was only one which denoted a different occupation. It read, "Lois Landor, Artist, room 16." He did not glance at any of the shingles; he evidently required no directions, but went up stairs and through the long halls as one traveling a beaten route.

At number 16 he rapped. A lady of about fifty answered; she was stylish and self-possessed; she greeted him with dignity, then placed a chair for him, and sat down at the corner of the grate fire with a slight shiver, as if opening the door had chilled her. The room was a handsome parlor, and seemed retired and elegant, although the rush of life in the street below sent up a steady rumbling like distant thunder.

"Lois is not at home," said the lady; then added carelessly—"She is having a sitting from Mrs. —. You know she is too much of an invalid to come here."

It was growing rapidly dark. The artist must have stopped work some time ago. If Mrs. Landor did not wish him to stay, she was impolite in mentioning what was her daughter's errand abroad. He had no intention of leaving until Lois returned. He got up, went to the window, and looked down at the crowd below; he was evidently very much at home there. Presently he turned again into the room.

"I got a letter from mother, to-day; would you like to read it?" and he placed the open sheet in her lap.

She looked a little stiff, as if she would rather not touch the letter, but glanced it through and returned it, saying, "She seems to be uneasy about you. Who is the cause of her perturbation?"

He laughed. "I answered her at once," he replied.

"Well?" said the lady; her tone was simply a well-bred question, which he evidently expected her to put, and which was but a reply to the expectation; it implied no curiosity, and scarcely more interest.

"I told her I was neither young enough nor old enough to fall in love," he said, and went back to the window to watch for Lois.

Mrs. Landor smiled as she looked into the fire.

The artist had entered the building while he had been in the room; now the door opened, and she came in. She had a little ragged boy of noticeably beautiful face with her. She paid no attention to her mother, and did not even see Seth. Her nature was full of that concentration that is an element of success. She led the child into her studio, which was adjoining, and opening a drawer in an *escritoire*, showed him a box of choice candies; then taking a piece of paper, did him up a considerable parcel.

"Now, remember, come to-morrow morning exactly at ten, and I will give you some more. Do you understand? exactly at ten; if you are a minute late, I shall not give you one."

"Begorrah! miss!" replied the urchin, devouring the sweets.

"Well, then go," she said, closing the drawer; then added—"Come looking just as you do this minute. Don't you wash your face anew."

"Begorrah, miss!" replied the urchin again with a laugh to think he should receive a caution on that score. Then he made his way out.

Seth had followed them, and stood watching and listening. Lois turned now and saw him. She was certainly very handsome. She held out both her hands.

"I am so glad to see you. It seems a thousand years since you were here," she said, with a frankness that disarmed her words of any deeper feeling than she could have expressed in the presence of a room-full, though they were quite alone.

He took her hand eagerly.

"Yet it was only last week," he said, laughing.

"I have been so busy since you were here; I must show you what I have done—but did you look well at my little tatterdemalion; his face looks as if he might belong to the cherubic choir, so innocent, so sweet; but there is original sin in the quirk of his elbows when his arms are akimbo; and that is the way I intend to draw him." There was an enthusiasm about her that was refreshing.

At that moment she discovered that he still had on his great-coat. Mrs. Landor had not invited him to lay it off. Lois did so now.

He threw it on a chair, saying, "I am afraid your faith in cherubic and saintly qualities is weak."

"What have I ever said to make you think so?" she said, looking troubled; then added, "There never was but one head worthy of a halo, though."

She had been divesting herself of cloak and

hat; now she led the way before an almost completed picture. It was a strong sketch, in which physical suffering and spiritual victory were depicted.

"That is the picture of a martyr," he said, in the calm critical tone of a connoisseur.

She looked pleased.

"I have been perfectly happy while producing that. It is St. Stephen. Father Nellare, the priest at St. Michael's, ordered it," she said.

He was looking gravely at the picture. Suddenly he turned to her.

"Forgive me a thoughtless speech; any woman who could conceive of such a face, has the strongest faith in her race."

She smiled.

"It is all right now—only, for all we are such good friends, I suppose we hardly know each other after all."

In the parlor there was the rattle of dishes and the aroma of coffee.

"Come, tea is ready," she added, and led the way into the next room.

A waiter from an adjoining restaurant had just spread the meal, and Mrs. Landor was already seated. All the rest of the evening Seth was thoughtful and a trifle abstracted.

"She is beautiful; and I don't suppose I know her at all. I'd like to have Burke meet her."

This was what he was occupied with.

Burke was his chum. He was considerably endowed with talent; had met with more than average success in business, and was handsome and brilliant; in fact, in every way desirable. He had been much courted by society, and as a natural result, was self-contained to a degree. In the words of quaint Robert Herrick, he

— "Was full of himself,

And answered his own notions."

He considered his opinion final, and had fallen into the common error of men of his calibre, of depreciating the ability of the other sex. That was why Seth wished him to meet Lois—it was the one fault he found with his friend. He himself had a chivalrous regard for women, and had been their staunch defender in many a wordy conflict. He felt confident that if Burke should once see Lois, all such conflict would be at an end. Fox has said: "A single fact is worth a thousand arguments;" he wished to offer Lois as such a fact. As he was taking leave he said: "I have a friend whom I would like to bring with me some time."

He called the very next evening, and then a few evenings after, and took some flowers with him, but did not take his friend; he thought of it both times, but put it off as if there was something disagreeable about it. When he had come the third time within one week, Mrs. Landor received him with marked coldness; but Lois

greeted him in her usual heartsome fashion, holding out both her hands, and saying: "What, you have come again so soon? how good of you!"

"I thought you intended bringing your friend with you," said Mrs. Landor, disagreeably.

Seth was like a thermometer; he felt every change in the social temperature. Mrs. Landor's greeting took off the fine edge of the enjoyment he had experienced in Lois'. "How did one woman ever give birth to such another?" he queried. Lois was talking gayly, trying to dispel the unpleasantness. He stayed and spent the evening as usual. Mrs. Landor made a number of disagreeable remarks, and he took them all away with him. It is astonishing what capacity we have for carrying such things. He wondered why she disliked him, also why he should wish that he had never thought of taking Burke there. When he reached his apartments he sat down and read the evening paper right through. When he had finished, it occurred to him that he had already read it after tea, before going to see Lois. He did not smile at himself, and would have been angry if anybody else had. Instead, he thought, almost aloud: "I will go there and take Burke to-morrow evening."

He did so; and experienced some such pride as ownership prompts, in seeing his friend's evident pleasure in Lois' intelligent, fresh conversation. Mrs. Landor was unusually affable to Burke. To Seth it seemed as if she was trying to mark her difference in treatment of his friend and himself. When the evening was spent, and they were out on the street, Burke remarked:

"She is handsome and brainy, quite above the average. How did you get acquainted?"

Seth would have been angry if he had not appreciated her, yet it made him uncomfortable to hear him praise her.

"Our parents, when they were young folks, lived in the same town, and were intimate," he answered, shortly.

"It is a curious way for them to live, quite novel and charming," Burke remarked. There was no reply. It seemed impertinent for him to comment on their mode of life, or anything concerning them.

Seth did not go to the Landors' for a full week after that evening; when he did, he found Lois at work; her mother told him so with a sort of polished ungraciousness, and invited him to be seated. "Lois is much hurried with a portrait; it is to be a gift at the holidays, from a lady to her husband; she has worked for the last three evenings," she explained, coldly.

"Yes," he replied; he was sitting before the fire and looking absently into it. Mrs. Landor evidently expected him to say good-evening and leave; but he had not seen Lois for a week. Suddenly it occurred to him that he had punished himself every evening in staying away.

"Mr. Burke was here Tuesday. We think your friend charming," broke in Mrs. Landor's voice upon his musing: it sounded harsh, and there was an unpleasant emphasis on the *we*.

"Yes," he said again in exactly the same tone as before, and not removing his eyes from the fire. He appeared indifferent. Mrs. Landor looked gratified. She failed to see under his face, hence could not know of his rage at what he deemed Burke's impertinence in calling alone within a week of his introduction.

"He is really quite brilliant, and so distingué," continued the lady. Seth acquiesced. Then there was a brief silence; he seemed unconscious of the fact, Mrs. Landor keenly alive to it. She became embarrassed and fidgeted in her chair. At length she made a comment on the weather, which had been rough all day; he certainly did not hear her, or he would not have been so discourteous; for with sudden resolution, as if he had just made up his mind, he arose and went directly into Lois' studio. Mrs. Landor turned white; she seemed possessed of some unpleasant memory. Far back in the past, she had seen his father as quietly make up his mind and leave her.

He found Lois seated before an easel—she seemed spent and tired; her face looked as if she was sitting in the shadow of something; she did not work with any spirit. Suddenly, possessed of that mysterious electric consciousness of another's presence, she glanced up and saw him.

"Are you absolutely compelled to work?" he asked, and took a chair beside her easel.

She began putting away her drawing utensils.

"What makes you think so?"

"Your mother told me."

She made no comment, but the shadow in which she seemed to be sitting deepened until her face became quite dark. He was both hurt and angry. She had been able to spare time for Burke. "I will come again when you are less occupied," he said, and arose.

"You do not understand. I am in no hurry with my work. Please stay!" She spoke impetuously, and put out her hand as if to detain him. He instantly sat down again.

"Why do you not lay off your overcoat?" she asked.

He did so. He had forgotten that he still had it on. He was very much pre-occupied. He wanted to know what she thought of Burke, but could not bring himself to ask her.

The picture of the ragged urchin with his arms akimbo stood in full view; it was almost completed, and was a most attractive sketch. He got up to examine it.

"Let me be the purchaser?" he said.

She flushed. "I have already refused to sell it to Mr. Burke." Then she added a trifle coldly, "I never make personal sales. My fancy pictures all go to Darne's gallery."

The next morning, on his way to business, he stopped at Darne's.

"The picture has already been bespoken by Mr. Burke," was the information he received.

He was very angry; he could not get over it. He was a lawyer, and that day had a case on hand. He was short with the witnesses, with the lawyer on the other side, with his own client. He had a reputation for good humor and suavity; so when the case was closed, his opponent asked him if he was ill.

He was ashamed of himself.

"I am no better than a big boy," he thought. The next time he went to see Lois, he found Burke there. He had evidently been there frequently, for he made several references to former conversations. Mrs. Landor was unusually affable; and Burke did the talking. He was a finished conversationalist; his natural powers were considerably above the average; and he had cultivated them. He could fill an evening, without effort, with wit, humor and eloquence. He always spoke and acted like a man who expected to have his biography written. He seemed thoroughly at home. It irritated Seth beyond endurance. He had never seen faults in his friend before; to-night he saw nothing else.

"He is an egregious egotist," he said to himself.

Lois had lost her old unconstrained manner. She seemed like a person on her guard, as if she was studying to be non-committal.

Seth could not stand it. He left early, and Burke went with him. They had little to say to each other, and parted as soon as practicable. Their friendship seemed fast ending.

Seth was out of humor with the whole world, himself included. He remembered uncomfortably the letters he had written to his mother.

"After all, there is no safe period," he said to himself, and winced, for he knew that he was in love.

About this time he learned that Lois was taking Burke's portrait. His friend was handsome; and he appreciated the fact. He had had his picture taken in every conceivable view; and he looked well in each.

Seth had never had a picture taken in his life; he had never thought of such a thing; but then he was not handsome, which is a sufficient reason. It made him perfectly miserable to think of Burke's sittings.

One afternoon he went in and found her alone, seated before the portrait. He took her by surprise. She held another picture just the same size, and seemed to be critically comparing the two. He did not see the second portrait, for when she discovered him, she instantly turned it face to the wall, and looked embarrassed.

"She is making a duplicate for her own benefit," he thought, and left almost instantly, railing at fate.

Two months went by, and Burke was untiring in his attentions. He sent flowers every day; Lois would not have accepted anything else.

Mrs. Landor expected each week that he would offer himself; and she was justified in the expectation, for he had done everything but commit himself.

Miss Van Rensselaer, a little blonde heiress, on whom he had been in the habit of calling, and who had made a hero of him, grew pale and distracted, because he never came any more.

Seth was morose and uncompanionable; he was perfectly conscious that he was growing abominable; but he did not try to mend his mood.

"I come of a long-lived stock, and shall probably live to be eighty," he said to himself.

When things were at this pass, he got word that his parents would sail for America by the next Cunard. They had been abroad for a year. For a moment he was as joyous as a boy over the intelligence, and took his hat with the impetuous intention of going to tell Lois, but hung it up and sat down to his desk again.

When at length he did go to the European block, she was not in, so he told her mother, instead. That lady listened with cold indifference; and when he expressed the hope that their old-time pleasant acquaintance might be renewed, did not reciprocate in any way. He felt cut up and embarrassed, and resolved never to go there again.

He did not for some time, and grew constantly more wretched. His father and mother were due in a few days.

"I must brace up," he said to himself; and that night went to the opera. It was the first time he had been there that season.

He saw Burke there, and he looked as if he too might have come for the purpose of bracing up, for he did not pay the slightest heed to the music, and looked absorbed.

Seth could not catch his eye. When it was over they went their separate ways without meeting, although they passed out the same door almost at the same instant.

The next day each of these men neglected his business; and each wore an expression as if he meant to have it out and quit.

This is the way one of them had it.

Burke went to his hotel and sat down before his fire with his slippered feet on the fender. He was naturally calculating, hence he calculated Lois was poor, quite dependent upon her own resources since her mother's income was only sufficient for her own elegant wants. Then she had not the entrée to society. She was unknown by it save through her little fame. He had always intended to marry and have a family; it was quite the proper thing for him to do; but he had expected his wife to be a leader of the ton, per-

haps some patrician widow of wealth, or maybe little Van Rensellar. If he married Lois he would have to give all and receive nothing, save her bright, handsome presence. He weighed one situation against the other with cool accuracy; then calmly, as if with dissecting knife, began to analyze his sentiments toward her. To most of natures love comes with a mighty rush like a torrent over a precipice, overflowing all that stands in the way. Hence the incongruity of so many marriages; but there are a few exceptional natures so analytical and self-poised, that their strongest emotions are subject to their own keen criticism.

Burke's was such. He knew that he was in love with Lois; and in the face of that knowledge, was able to conclude that his love could be conquered, and that it was wise that it should be; that a bitter dose was forgotten soon after swallowing; and that there was tonic in bitterness. He never considered Lois in the matter for one minute; did not think that the artist might have got a hurt; that he had gone too far in this to thus coolly withdraw. He did not for a moment regret the past. He never regretted anything that he did, hence was never absolutely unhappy. It occurred to him that she might marry Seth.

He had a cigar in his mouth at the time, and when the thought came, he bit it clean in two, then spit it out and said, "bah!"

Seth, in his apartments, also had it out in this wise. He walked then up and down and up and down again, his arms folded behind him and his eye-brows meeting in a heavy scowl. He had his great coat on as if ready for a start; he had had it on for an hour.

"After all, the choice is for her to make, not for either Burke or me," he thought, with a sudden surprise, that he had not seen it so before. His eye-brows went back to their respective positions; and he felt kindly toward his friend for the first time in many weeks. Either one or the other of them was bound to suffer. He had a sense of pity. He took his hat and went out. He did not go direct to the European block, but took in the — Hotel on his way. He intended to tell Burke exactly what he was going to do; and let him speak first if he chose. When he rapped at the door he found his old chum just completing an elaborate evening toilet. He looked very cool and handsome.

"Well, what is on the tapis, old fellow?" Seth asked with a nearer approach to his former manner than he had been able to command since the first evening he had taken him to see Lois.

"Going to spend the evening with Miss Van Rensellar. I have neglected her sadly of late, but intend to renew my devotions." He spoke with a quiet self-assurance, as if announcing his engagement.

Seth colored to his very temples. He could

find but one explanation, Lois had refused him. In his pity for his friend for the moment, he forgot the promise for himself. He had not sat down, Burke had not asked him to, now he took a step forward with a boyish impulse of saying how sorry he was, when he caught sight of his friend's face reflected in the mirror, before which he stood tying his cravat with exquisite care. It was smiling and amused, as if enjoying the evident perplexity he had caused.

"I am delaying your toilet; pray pardon me, and good-evening," said Seth, in confusion, and he went out. All the way to the European block he was seeking a solution to the difficulty.

"It was because he did not wish my sympathy," that was his final summing up.

Mrs. Landor answered his rap. She had a lady friend in the parlor; she did not introduce him.

"Lois is in her studio at work," she said coldly. He went in carrying his hat in his hand, she had not offered to take it. The studio door had been closed, so he closed it after him. Lois was seated before a small table with her arms folded upon it, and her face buried in them. She was so intensely quiet that he knew she must be sleeping. Such tenderness as he felt toward her. He came and stood directly beside her; the soft, yielding carpet gave no answer to his footfalls. He stood thus full three minutes. He was hesitating whether or not to speak, when she stirred, drew a long sigh, and sat up. She had cried before she went to sleep. The traces were evident. It was the supreme moment of their lives. They understood each other.

"O, how I love you!" he said, and stooping kissed her forehead; a few minutes later he kissed her lips.

"Your mother does not like me. She wished you to marry Burke; that is why you cried," he said.

She smiled at his directness.

"Mr. Burke did not want to marry me any more than I wanted to marry him," she replied with an evident effort to direct his thoughts from her mother. For a moment she was successful. The face of his friend as reflected in the mirror arose before him. It was a selfish face. If she had loved him it would have been all the same; he would still have been making his elaborate toilet to call on Miss Van Rensellar. Seth saw it now plainly. Their friendship was quite ended. Then his thoughts reverted to her mother.

"What makes her dislike me?" he asked.

Lois averted her face and looked distressed. He waited for her answer. She gave it at length in a low embarrassed tone:

"When she was young, she loved your father; she never forgave your mother, and she says you are like her."

He comprehended it all. She was a woman to hate strongly. He put his arm around Lois and

drew her tenderly toward him. She had loved him in the face of opposition; he was very proud; he did not stop to consider that nothing so nourishes love.

"Then she will not wish to meet them," he said.

She shook her head. "She intends returning to her old home," she replied.

"We must be married at once," he said. He would have been glad of any combination of circumstances that made it imperative.

Then he crossed the studio to where the picture that had made him so miserable still stood face to the wall. He turned it to the light. It was a portrait of himself.

EXHORTATION.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

O, life that is lost in the living!

O, soul grown a-weary and cold!

That seeks not the gladness of giving,

And clings to its purple and gold.

We mourn for your dark days and dying,—

We mourn for your silence and gloom,—

For who, when with death you are lying,

Will garland your grave with sweet bloom?

The sorrows of desolate nations,

The tears running bitter and wild,

The blood that war drinks in libations,

The coffins by famine up-piled;

The darkness so dense that it presses

The beauty from youth's ruddy lips,

The skeleton hid by long tresses,

The wine turning sour as one sips.

These, these are the treasures you cherish,

Who smile when the keen knife is thrust

Through young hearts, that wither and perish,

And slowly fade back into dust:

But far in the years that come sweeping

Up from the dim distance of space,

What love will grow glad in your keeping?

What joy will illumine your face?

O, soul that clings unto self only,

That like to a cloud comes and goes,

That wanders in by-ways, made lonely

By chill winds, and blighting of snows,

That seems but a ghost as one passes,

Why shun the fair glory of lands

Made bright by sweet blossoms and grasses,

And rich with the clinging of hands?

The high waves come tossing and foaming,

The great winds rush by strong and free,

And from vast, purple reaches of gloaming,

The far stars shine down to the sea:

O, infinite depths, that bend over

The paths where our footsteps must move,

In your wide realms our souls can discover

The crowning and splendor of love.

HOLY poverty is heavenly riches.

HOW IT CAME BACK TO HER.

BY L. A. CHURCHILL.

It was very hot outside and hotter still in the kitchen where Barbara was ironing. There was a roaring fire in the stove; and the windows were closed, for the air, warm as it was, would cool the irons. With flushed cheeks and moist forehead, Barbara worked on, smoothing ruffles, polishing cuffs and collars, and rubbing away on sundry garments, till not a wrinkle could be seen upon them.

It was not agreeable work, to be ironing with the mercury at 90 above zero in the shade; but Barbara was not in a mood to be cast down by trifles. She remembered that many of these articles of apparel were soon to be worn up among the White Mountains. Yes, among the dear, grand, old, delightful hills, of which New Englanders are so proud. She had thought so much about this trip! She had wished and expected to take it the summer before, but her mother had been taken sick; and as the Elwells only kept female help when the spring house-cleaning and haying were in progress, she had been obliged to give it up. But she was glad now that she did so, for she was going then with an old aunt, who was one of those nervous people, who often have the term *fussy* applied to them; and who labored under the impression that nineteen-year-old Barbara was still a child, and needed "seeing to;" and her anxiety that the seeing to should be properly done, rendered herself anything but an agreeable companion for her niece. But as there seemed to be no one else for Barbara to go with, she had decided to accept her aunt's invitation to accompany her; but determined to get out of that lady's society as often as possible when the journey was accomplished.

But now her companion was to be May Merrill, the dearest, merriest school-mate she had ever had; and then Fred Burton was going to the mountains in a week or two to sketch.

Fred Burton was a handsome young artist, the son of Esquire Burton, the richest man in the village, two miles beyond Barbara Elwell's home. Rumor called him a reckless young fellow; and asserted that in the three years he had spent in Paris for the purpose of studying art, he had studied also how to make money at the gaming table; and had thoroughly learned how to quaff the red wine.

Fred was in love with Barbara Elwell; and one day, two years before our story opens, had called on her father, and asked permission to address his daughter as a lover.

Farmer Elwell was by no means a hard hearted man; and he believed that his child loved Fred, and would gladly have given his consent to the young man's wooing, had he considered him worthy of his daughter. But he could not ac-

cept, as Barbara's lover, one who did not deny the charges laid to him, and frankly told Fred so. But his heart was full of pity when he saw the look of sorrow his words had brought to the handsome young face; and he said:

"My Barbara is worth reforming to gain, Fred; and when I am satisfied that you have left behind you the vices you do not now disown, I will give my free consent to your seeking her hand. I trust to your honor, and do not think you will ask for her heart till you are a better man."

Fred went away determined to begin a new course; but during the months that followed he was tempted again and again, and sometimes yielded. He was in many things a noble fellow at heart; and he remembered, that not until he had left his vices entirely behind, was he to address Barbara as a lover, and kept back the words he longed to utter.

Barbara had learned from her father of his interview with Fred; and with a sweet womanly patience, a firm faith that all would come right at last, and many prayers, she waited for him she loved to become conqueror of himself.

And so on that hot June day, as she went on with her work, she thought how delightful it would be up among the cool hills with Fred and May Merrill so near; and burnt fingers and aching feet became as nothing; and she rubbed away as nimbly, and sang as blithely, as though that stifling kitchen was the most comfortable place in the world. But at last the last garment was hung on the clothes-rack to air; the cuffs and collars put away with the handkerchiefs ironed yesterday; and she went to her room, took a bath, changed her dress and went down to the sitting room. She found a neighbor, a Mrs. Andrews, sitting with her mother.

It was said this woman had consumption. A neglected cold had certainly left her very miserable; and when Barbara entered the room she could only nod to her by way of greeting, so violent was the fit of coughing that came on at that moment.

"I see your cough doesn't seem to leave you," said Mrs. Elwell, when the fit was over.

And Mrs. Andrews leaned back in her chair nearly exhausted.

"You ought to go somewhere for your health this summer."

"Yes, I know it," said Mrs. Andrews, faintly; "but I cannot afford it. Our crops were poor last year, and we had a hard time to get through the winter. John scarcely had money enough to get the children clothes, decent to wear to school this term. This weather has taken away what little strength I had. I have been longing for the mountain air. I lived among the hills when I was a child, and it seems to me my poor lungs would stop aching and grow strong again if I

could fill them with the kind of air I got then. But it's no use talking about it." And the poor woman sighed as she changed the subject.

Long after their visitor had left did Barbara sit silently looking out of the window, taking no heed of her mother's conversation. The troublesome question, "Ought I to go to the mountains, and let this woman stay at home?" had come to her mind, and she could find no satisfactory answer.

"How absurd to think of staying at home for her sake," whispered self. "Here I have been going without everything I possibly could for the past three years in order to take this trip; and to give it up would be too silly to be thought of."

"If any man would be my disciple, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me," answered conscience.

"Then there are May and Fred; it would be too bad to disappoint them," pleaded self, glad of so wily an argument.

"Not as bad as it would be for the little Andrews children to be left motherless," replied conscience.

"But what is she to me, anyway?" questions self, half-petulently, seeing the case growing weaker on its side.

"She is your sister in Christ," whispers back conscience. "'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.' 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you.' He gave *Himself* for you; can you not give up a few week's pleasure for her?"

Barbara went into the kitchen to get tea, but it didn't seem like the same place it had two hours before. Her heart had been at rest then; now it was anxious and troubled. Still the battle within her went on; but she said nothing to any one; but when she sought her room she opened her Bible, and the first words her eyes fell on were, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God."

Laying aside the book, she knelt down and told her story to Jesus. She remained some time on her knees, and when she arose, her mind was made up to send Mrs. Andrews to the mountains, instead of going herself.

The next morning after the dishes were washed and put away, and the beds made, she called on May Merrill. She found her friend putting the finishing touches into a suit she had made on purpose to wear on their proposed expedition, and looking very bright and happy.

"Good-morning, Barby; proper glad to see you," was the salutation Barbara received. "Was just wanting some one to loop this overskirt for me. You ought to have come a minute or two sooner. Fred Burton has just gone out."

"Good-morning, May," replied Barbara. "Slip your overskirt right on, and I'll loop it now. I can't stop long."

When she was on her knees behind her friend, she said, keeping with difficulty a choking sound out of her voice:

"May, I want you to do me a favor."

"A dozen, if you say so, my beloved," replied May. "Please draw that tie-back a little tighter; I look baggy in front. That's better. Now tell me what the favor is. 'Make all your wants and wishes known.'"

"Well, May," began Barbara, "I propose—"

"It isn't proper to kneel *behind* one to propose," interrupted May.

"Do be serious, May," said Barbara, "for this is something I am really in earnest about."

"I'm as sober as a graveyard. Do go ahead."

"Well, I want you to take Mrs. Andrews to the mountains with you instead of me. I will furnish the money."

"Barbara Elwell!" cried May, in a tone suggestive of a score of exclamation points, and turning short about. "What do you mean?"

"Mean what I said, dear," replied Barbara. "Please turn around. You spoil a lovely loop I was making by moving so quickly."

"No ma'am, I sha'n't turn around; I mean to face the music, if it does sound dirge-like, and I felt like spoiling something. How long since you lost your senses, madam?"

Then Barbara told of Mrs. Andrews' visit to her home; of her—Mrs. A's—poor health, poverty, and longing for purer air, and of her own—Barbara's—struggle and resolution.

May's heart was as kind as her temper was sunny, and she could but acknowledge that her friend was right. And so it was decided that May should call on Mrs. Andrews and tell her she was in need of a lady companion, whose expenses she should expect to pay, to accompany her to the mountains, and that as her—Mrs. A's—sister was with her, she—May—thought perhaps Mrs. A. would go.

Both knew that if Mrs. Andrews was made aware of Barbara's sacrifice, she would refuse to become the recipient of the favor offered her.

"I shall feel like a hypocrite playing Lady Bountiful with your money, Barby," said May.

"I know how you hate anything underhanded," replied Barbara; "but something of that kind seems necessary in this case; and," she added, softly, "that will be a little cross for you to bear for *His* sake."

Well, they had a little cry and kissed each other, and Barbara started for home.

As May watched her going down the street, she said to herself in an admiring tone: "Dear old Barby! I don't believe I *could* have done it."

The summer days went on one after another, and with a stout heart Barbara performed the tasks which generally fall to farmers' daughters. Never once did she regret what she had done.

Rather was she thankful that strength had been given her to do the right thing. Saturday evening was the happiest time of all the week to her, for then she always received a long letter from May, telling her how strong Mrs. Andrews was growing; how the color was coming back to her face, and her cough becoming less troublesome every day. Of the lovely sketches made by Fred Burton, and the beautiful views, exhilarating walks, and all the many things enjoyed by the writer.

If these letters, seeming to bring with them something of the breath of the hills from which they came, sometimes made her for a little time discontented, she shook the feeling off, saying:

"A gift which is not *cheerfully* given is only half given."

With the first red leaves came her friends. The autumn slipped quietly away, and things settled down for the winter. Fred Burton only remained a day or two at home after his return from the mountains, and then went to New York, and by and by it began to be said that the young man had signed the pledge, and was working away diligently at his painting. He sometimes wrote to Barbara—free, frank, letters, telling her of his work and plans, but never tracing one word of love.

Letters which did the receiver more good than all the temperance lectures he had ever heard, did Barbara send as answers to Fred's epistles. Reading much more in his letters than his pen had written, she knew he was struggling bravely with his weaknesses, and had full faith that he would be the victor.

When the winter had glided by, and spring had given place to summer, Fred Burton, just arrived from New York, called one day on the Elwells. Sitting in the shady old porch with father, mother, and daughter, he said:

"Mr. Elwell, two years ago you very wisely denied me the privilege of addressing your daughter as a suitor until I should become a better man. I resolved then to be all you would have me, but tried without asking help from heaven and, as you know, failed."

"Just a year ago to-day I called, in the morning, on May Merrill. When I had finished my short visit, and was going out by the front way, I spied some roses blossoming near the sitting room window; and knowing May would be quite willing, went near them to pick some of them to take to a friend of mine. As I stood there gathering the flowers and removing the thorns from their stems, the person for whom I had intended the bouquet came into the sitting-room, having entered the house by the back door. I had no thoughts of eavesdropping; but soon became so interested in what May and her friend were saying that I forgot to think whether I was doing so or not. May had been telling me how Barbara

had for two or three years been saving as much of the money you gave her for clothes as possible, in order that she might spend a few weeks at the White Mountains. She could not, I knew, be well spared to go away from home to earn money, as the housework here would be much too heavy for you, Mrs. Elwell, and servants are too expensive for your husband. May told me how much delight the thought of this mountain trip had given your daughter; and how much enjoyment she expected to derive from it.

"Standing there beneath the window, I heard Barbara propose to give up the longed-for pleasure, that another might be benefited by the money which would have purchased it for her."

"She didn't tell her mother or me for a long time what she'd been up to," said Mr. Elwell, blowing his nose very hard; "and I 'spose she never would if we hadn't pumped her so hard to find out what changed her mind about going. If I'd known in time, she should have gone if it had taken the last cow on the place. I suppose she knew how hard I was working to pay for that land I bought of Clark."

"Friends," Fred continued; "as I stood there listening to the words spoken by a brave, kind woman, I felt my unworthiness as I had never done before; and blushed to think I had dared to ask for this noble girl for my wife."

"I went home a very humble man; and seeking my room, prayed as one does when he has lost all faith in himself, and feels that only God can take away the degradation that has grown so loathsome to him, and breathe into his soul the breath of a pure life. From that day I have drank no wine, sat at no gaming-table; but with God's strength for my weapon, and his loving kindness for my encouragement, have fought a good fight, and through Him I believe the victory will be mine. I may never be worthy of Barbara, but if you will trust her to the man whom she has done so much to save, I would like her for my wife."

Need we say what answer Fred received?

"The days were not many before my bread cast upon the water came back to me," said Barbara, when she and Fred were alone.

Drawing the womanly head down to his shoulder, Fred questioned:

"Do you not think three hundred and sixty-five *many*, my darling?"

GENIUS.—The only difference between a genius and one of common capacity, is, that the former anticipates and explores what the latter accidentally hits upon. But even the man of genius himself more frequently employs the advantages that chance presents to him. It is the lapidary that gives value to the diamond, which the peasant has dug up, without knowing its worth.—*Abbé Raynal*.

"NO TREASURE THERE."

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

In that gay city where the rosy hours,
On golden wing,
Speed 'mid soft sunshine, while fair Pleasure's
flowers

Wild odors fling,

There lived a singer of old time, and she

Was wondrous fair,

With rose-flush'd cheeks, and sapphire eyes of light,
And gold-crown'd hair.

Enthroned in glittering splendor long she lived,

'Mid purple sheen,

And princes strove to win her smiles, and Song

Hailed her as Queen.

When lo! one day, amid her triumphs crept,

Through her proud door,

A silent something, which a shadow cast

O'er palace floor.

With eyes of dread, with terror's beating heart,

With awe-struck breath,

She whisper'd, "Is not this that nameless thing
That men call Death?"

She rallied, and a conflict fierce and wild

Witness'd each day,

While youth and strength, and beauty, strove to
keep,

Grim death at bay.

But beauty faded, rounded arms of strength

Grew ghastly thin,

And youth's high spirit droop'd; and then she knew
That Death must win.

"Bring me," she cried, to those that waited by

"My jewels rare,

The emeralds, diamonds, that I wreathed among
My gold-hued hair.

"Bring me the rubies flashing darkly red,

The wave-kissed pearl—

That gem itself would once have ransom bought,
For some proud earl.

"Bring me the necklace that an emperor gave:—

Oh! sunny hours,

When kings brought gifts, and princes honeyed
words,

And queens sent flowers."

She took the diamonds in her wasted hands,

They glisten'd fair;

She looked up to God's sky of blue, and cried,
"No treasure there.

"My gems are all of earth, that time, the thief,

Can filch and steal,

Their brightness cankered by devouring rust
Doth death reveal.

"My woven garments of the golden fame,

My rose-hued bloom,

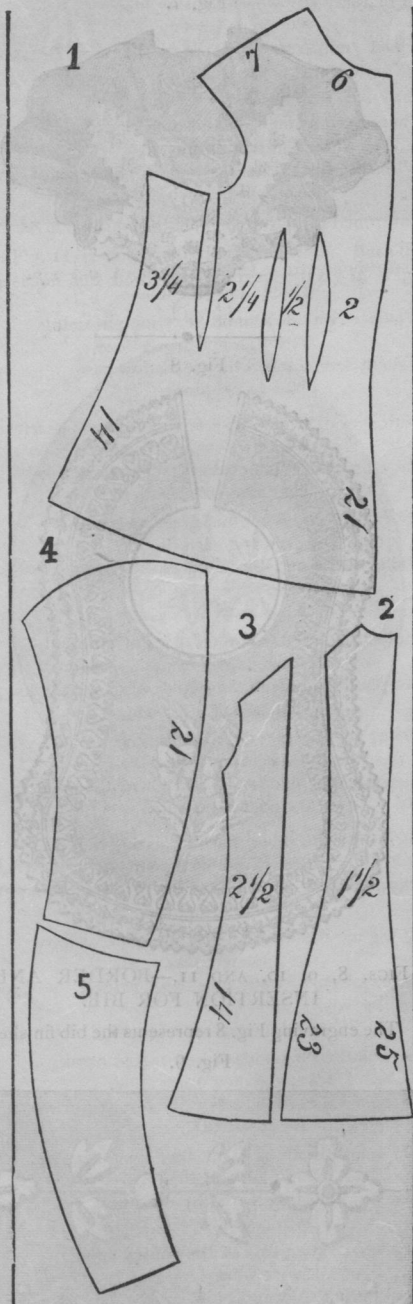
My glittering triumphs, now are shadow'd o'er
By moth and tomb.

"All worthless: what I treasured up as gold

Is dross," she sighed.

Rich, honored, flattered, this fair singer lived,
But poor she died.

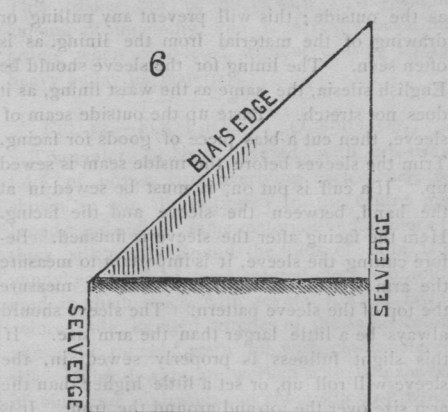
WORK DEPARTMENT.



FIGS. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 AND 6.—DRESSMAKING AT HOME.

In the August number we gave the directions for making a short walking-skirt, which, when

finished, requires a basque bodice to complete the costume; this month we give the diagram for this basque. Our design is for a medium sized figure; waist 24 inches, bust 36 inches. The first duty to be observed, is to enlarge the diagram to the size required; then having cut your pattern upon paper, take and cut out your lining from this pattern, allowing a hem upon each front; pin it together, and try it on, making any alterations necessary, and see that the breast gores are in their right position, then take it off and mark



the seams with a lead pencil; it will save trouble, giving you a guide to sew it up by the machine, and also to baste up to try on again after the material is basted upon the lining. Many persons do not consider this necessary, if the lining fits well when tried on; but we do, as frequently the material does not give as much as the lining, and causes the bodice to wrinkle. Fig. 1 shows the front, Fig. 2 half of back, Fig. 3 side back, and mode of cutting out the basque with ordinary width material; the figures indicate the number of inches at each of the spaces where the figures are placed; this is for single width material, double width sometimes cuts to greater advantage. Before cutting out your material, be careful to trim all the seams off the lining carefully, so as to economize as much as possible in not wasting the goods. After all the parts are cut out, place the lining upon your cutting-out board or table, right side down, and place your lining over it; then baste all the seams closely together, and try your bodice on; if not requiring any alterations, it is ready to be stitched up upon the sewing machine. After the seams are all sewed, press them open on the under side, and place bone casings upon the front gores, side and back seams, also carefully overseam all the edges of seams to prevent their ravelling. Next make your button holes up the

front, from neck to end of basque, and sew on your buttons. Face the basque all around with a piece of the material, placing a narrow piping of silk or the same material around the edge before you sew on your facing; after putting a small standing collar around the neck, your basque is completed, except the sleeves; the collar is made of the material with a lining, and an inner lining of stiff wiggin to keep it in shape. Fig. 4 and 5 show the mode of cutting the sleeve; one of the first rules in obtaining an artistic and workman-like sleeve, is to cut it on the right grain of the goods; our diagram shows the correct way of cutting a coat sleeve in the present fashion. The lining for sleeve should be cut on the same grain as the outside; this will prevent any pulling or drawing of the material from the lining, as is often seen. The lining for the sleeve should be English silesia, the same as the waist lining, as it does not stretch. Baste up the outside seam of sleeve, then cut a bias piece of goods for facing. Trim the sleeves before the inside seam is sewed up. If a cuff is put on, it must be sewed in at the hand, between the sleeve and the facing. Hem the facing after the sleeve is finished. Before cutting the sleeve, it is important to measure the arm size of the waist, and also to measure the top of the sleeve pattern. The sleeve should always be a little larger than the arm size. If this slight fullness is properly sewed in, the sleeve will roll up, or set a little higher than the arm size over the top and around the front. It is important that such result may be obtained, as any tight or drawn appearance of the sleeve in this particular is a serious defect. The sleeve should be sewed into the arm size from the sleeve side. If the sleeve is large enough to lay a small plait just under the arm, it will make the fit easier over the elbow. If it is corded, the cord should be held a little tight in basting it around the arm size, avoiding any puckering of the waist. The material for covering the cord should be a true bias; the mode of cutting, which is shown in Fig. 6, and the cord, if used, should be basted closely. For a very thin arm, it is well to place a thin sheet of wadding between the lining and outside; upon the upper side of sleeve, it is sewed in the seams and arm hole, and adds to the fit of the sleeve, which is now considered as essential as the fit of the dress.

FIG. 7.—COVER FOR SCENT FLACON.

The cover, which is intended to be placed over the stopper of a scent bottle to prevent evaporation, is cut out of cardboard and stands nearly two inches high, and is covered with blue satin, and fitted with a double box-pleated frill of blue satin ribbon two and a-quarter inches wide. Across the top is an embroidery of chain, feather, and knotted stitch, worked on a ground of white

flannel with pink, reseda, blue and yellow silks. The flannel is then vandyked, as shown in the illustration.

Fig. 7.

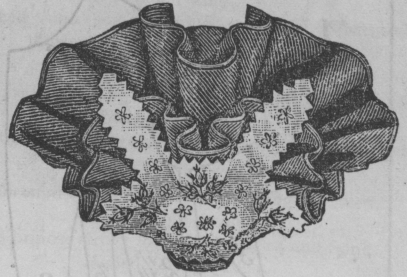
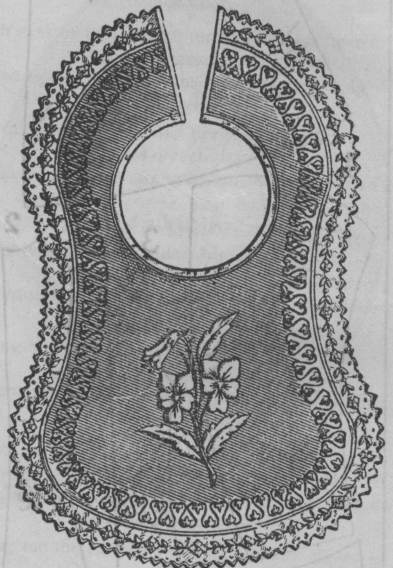


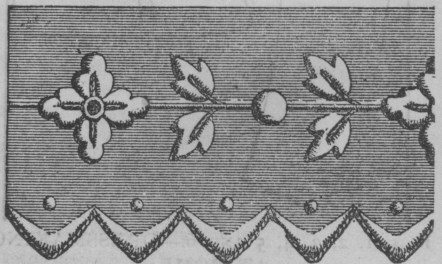
Fig. 8.



FIGS. 8, 9, 10, AND 11.—BORDER AND INSERTION FOR BIB.

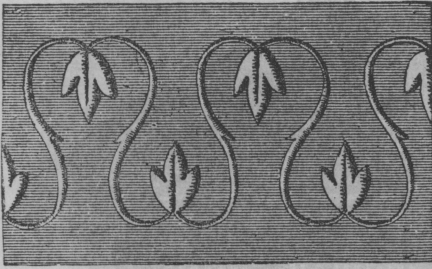
The engraving Fig. 8 represents the bib finished.

Fig. 9.



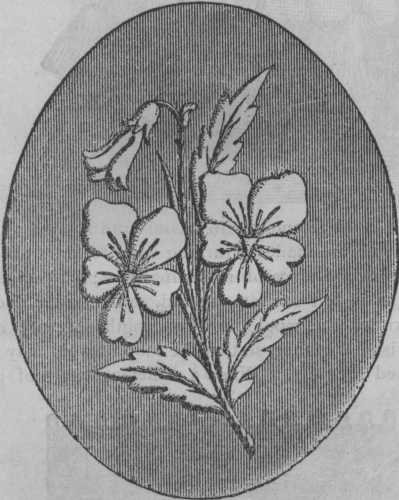
It is in white piqué, and the small bouquet ornamenting the centre, represented full working si. e

Fig. 10.



in Fig. 11, is embroidered in satin stitch. Both the insertion and border given respectively in Figs.

Fig. 11.



9 and 10, are also worked in satin stitch and overcast.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PAGE.

(See Front of Book.)

The colored design we give this month, is for a lady's work basket. For this basket, a common straw hat, price ten cents, is required; the softer the better, as it can more easily be drawn into the proper shape without splitting the straw. The edge of the hat is turned over and embroidered in crewels, silks, and in flowers in their natural colors; the price for this embroidery is from \$1.00 upwards. The edge of the hat is then wired and trimmed with a ruching of satin ribbon, with a bow of ribbon at one side. Inside of this is fastened a satin bag, which is drawn up by ribbon strings, which forms the receptacle for work. This basket can be made with a very slight amount of ingenuity, and is a really beautiful article when completed, without causing a very heavy outlay for materials.

FIG. 12.—FOOT REST. (Embroidery.)

Triangular cushion covered with crossway folds of brown satin overlying each other, as shown in our illustration. In the centre are broad bands of the same material, and a knot of thick silk cord. Round the folds of satin is a vandyked band of fawn-colored cloth, embroidered in chain stitch, with several rows of fawn-colored silk, knotted stitches of the same color, and gold threads sewn on with claret-colored silk. The flowers are worked with two shades of blue and pink silk, and chain stitch of white silk, the stamina with yellow silk in knotted stitch, the stems in overcast stitch and point russe, with olive silk. In the scallops are knotted stitches in brown silk; in the hollow of the scallops the cloth is fastened on to the satin with stitches of gold thread. The sides of the cushion are covered with a box-pleated frill of brown ribbon, and between the pleating and the fawn-colored cloth is a border of silver fox fur.

Fig. 12.

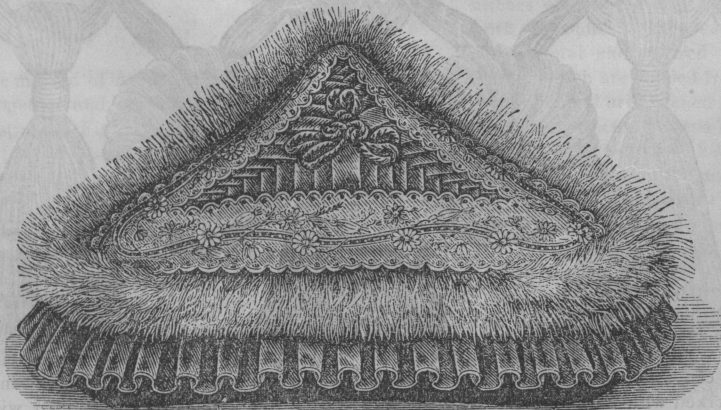
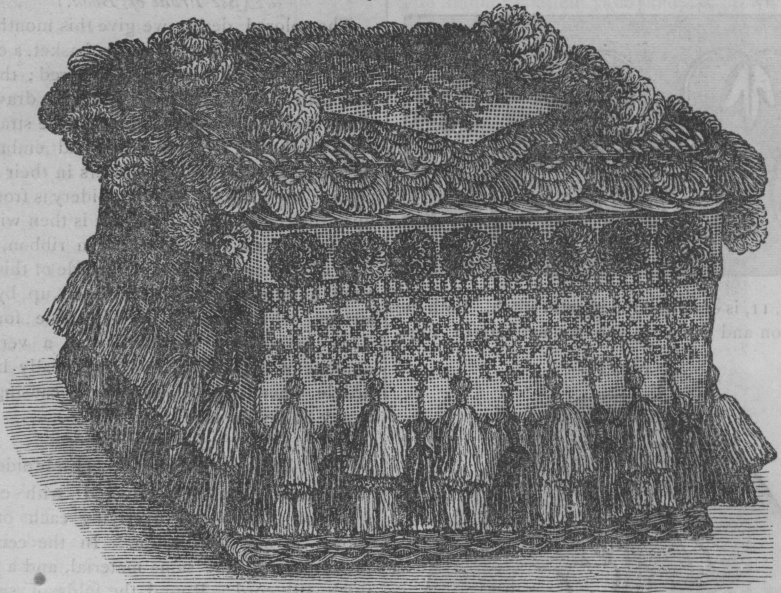


Fig. 13.

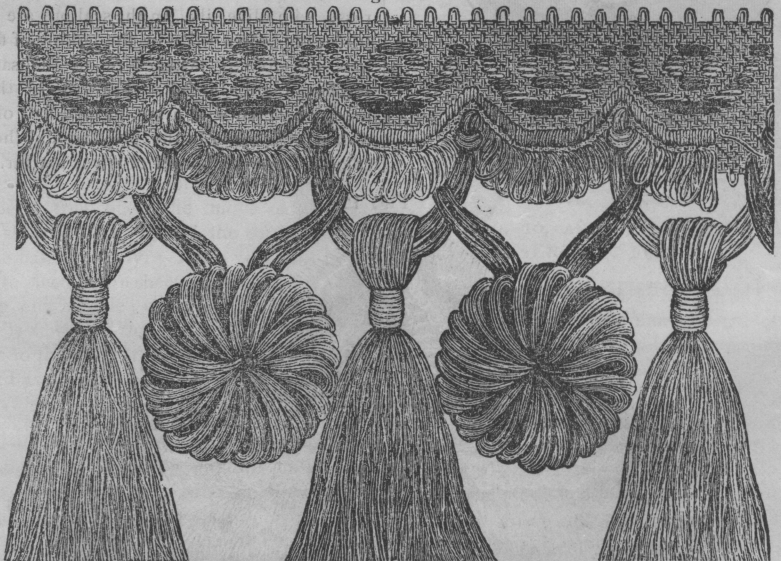


FIGS. 13 AND 14.—BASKET FOR CAPS, BONNETS, ETC.

Baskets of this kind, when prettily trimmed, will be found both useful and ornamental, to be placed in bedrooms, to hold bonnets, caps, etc. A large wicker basket is used, which is lined

and is ornamented with tassels and rosettes; the rosettes are made by turning wool round a pencil and over a piece of mounting-wire; part of the wire is left out at one end, so that after every turn of the wool the two lengths of wire are twisted together, so that the loop of wool may be fixed securely. When a sufficient length of the

Fig. 14.



with blue cambric; the sides are ornamented by a strip of canvas, embroidered with a cross-stitch design worked with Berlin wool. Many suitable designs for this purpose have been given in previous numbers. The strip is fringed at one side,

loops has been made, it is formed into rosettes, which are sewn to the top of the canvas. The lid of the basket is ornamented with a square design worked on canvas, and edged with a trimming of the heading shown in Fig. 14.

Fig. 15.

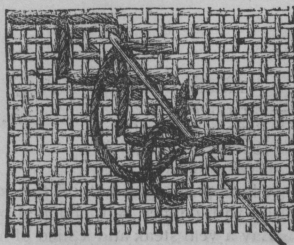
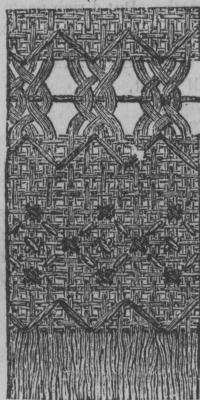


Fig. 16.



FIGS. 15, 16, 17, 18, AND 19.—CRAVAT-BOW.

The bow is of fine cream-colored congress canvas. The design for the ends is shown in

Fig. 17.

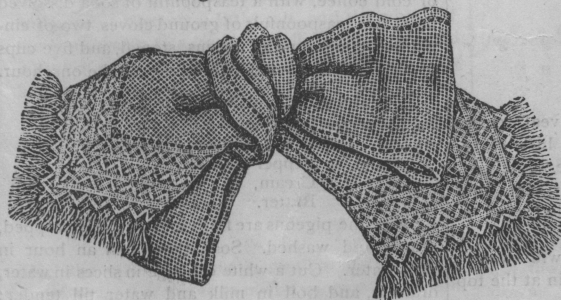


Fig. 18. The method of drawing the threads of the canvas together and working the stitches is shown in illustrations Figs. 15, 16, and 19.

SHAVING TIDY.—The cover should be made of book form, 10in. long, 14in. broad, folding in the middle. It may be of crash, embroidered, or of piqué or cloth, braided. It must always be lined, and two pieces of tape or ribbon are placed an inch from either edge across the inside, through which strips of tissue paper are slipped for the razors to be wiped upon.

HAMMOCK.—The mesh for netting these should be $3\frac{3}{4}$ in. in circumference, and the needle made

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Fig. 18.

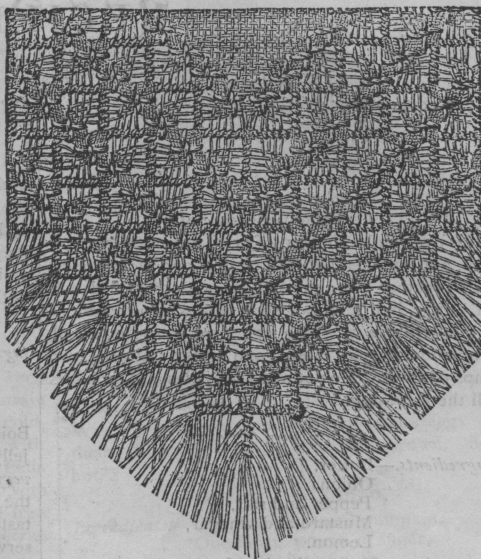
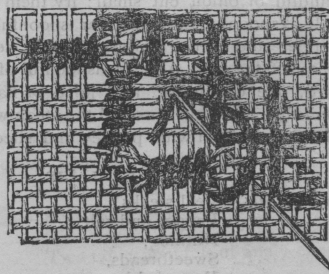


Fig. 19.



on purpose, in the form of a thin wooden board, cut the shape of a netting-needle; no ordinary one would hold the twine. When it is wound, make a foundation of 20 stitches on a mesh $3\frac{3}{4}$ in. round; work 30 rounds. Trim each knot with several ends of red tapestry

worsted $1\frac{3}{4}$ in. long, which are slipped in before the knot is drawn tight, and are fastened into the latter. After finishing the netting, slip a long bar 28in. long by $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter, with notched ends, into the foundation stitch on the upper end of the netting, which forms the head of the hammock. Through the edge stitch on the sides, and on the under end run coarse twine; to do this take $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards of twine, and divide it so that 2 yards 6 inches are allowed for each side of the hammock, and 28 inches for the under end. The surplus twine forms the loops by which the hammock is hung, and the loops should be fastened carefully on four corners of netting on the bar at the upper end.

RECIPES.

FRUIT CAKE.

Ingredients.—Sour dried apples,
Molasses,
Sugar,
Butter,
Sour milk,
Soda and flour,
Cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg.

Soak over night one cup of dried sour apples, chop fine, and simmer two hours in a cup of molasses. Mix together one cup of sugar and one-third cup of butter, half a cup of sour milk with a teaspoonful of soda in it. One egg, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, ground cloves, and a little nutmeg; two cups of flour. Do not add the apples and molasses till the last thing.

SAUCE FOR STEAKS.

Ingredients.—Butter,
Onions,
Pepper and salt,
Mustard and vinegar,
Lemon.

Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into a saucepan over the fire, and when browning put in a handful of onion cut small; fry them brown, add half a spoonful of flour, four spoonfuls of gravy, pepper and salt. Boil this gently ten minutes; skim off the fat. Add a teaspoonful of made mustard, one of vinegar, and juice of half a lemon. Boil this, and pour it round the steak when served. Garnish the dish with parsley and slices of lemon.

RICH VEAL PIE.

Ingredients.—Veal steaks,
Pepper and salt,
Nutmeg,
Sweetbreads,
Eggs and ham.

Cut steaks from a neck or breast of veal, season them with pepper, salt, nutmeg, and a little clove. Slice the sweetbreads and season the same way. Line your dish with paste, put in your meat and sweetbreads, yolks of four hard boiled eggs in slices, and some oysters. Lay over all slices of ham cut thin, and fill up your dish with water; cover it and bake. When done pour in at the top a few spoonfuls of gravy.

SCOTCH BROTH.

Ingredients.—Neck of mutton,
Carrots,
Turnips and onions,
Scotch barley,
Parsley.

Soak a neck of mutton in cold water one hour, cut off the scrag and put into a stew-pot with two quarts of water; as soon as it boils, skim it, and then let it simmer an hour and a half. Then take the best end of the meat, cut it in pieces and put it in; when this boils, skim it. Add four or five carrots, turnips, and three onions, all cut in pieces; boil till tender, then add four large spoonfuls of Scotch barley wet with water. The meat should stew three hours. When done add a little parsley.

PARTRIDGE PIE.

Ingredients.—Partridges,
Pepper and salt,
Parsley, thyme,
Veal and ham.

Pick and singe four partridges, cut off the legs at the knee, season with pepper, salt, chopped parsley and thyme. Lay a veal steak and a slice of ham at the bottom of the dish, put the birds on it and half a pint of good broth. Put a rich paste on the edge of the dish and cover with the same. Bake one hour.

COFFEE CREAM.

Ingredients.—Calf's foot,
Coffee,
Cream,
Sugar.

Boil a calf's foot in water till it wastes to a pint of jelly, clear of sediment or fat. Make a teacup of very strong coffee, clear it with isinglass, pour it to the jelly and add a pint of rich cream, and sugar to taste. Give it one boil, and pour it in the dish you serve it in. It should be jelly, but not too stiff. Be sure that the coffee is fresh.

COFFEE CAKE.

Ingredients.—Coffee,
Sugar and molasses,
Butter,
Cloves, cinnamon,
Raisins,
Flour.

Beat together one cup of sugar and three-quarters of a cup of butter; one cup of molasses, one cup of cold coffee, with a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it; two teaspoonfuls of ground cloves, two of cinnamon, one pound of raisins, stoned, and five cups of flour. This makes two loaves; bake one hour.

TO STEW PIGEONS.

Ingredients.—Pigeons,
White cabbage,
Pepper and salt,
Cream,
Butter.

Be sure the pigeons are fresh and carefully cropped, drawn and washed. Soak them half an hour in cold water. Cut a white cabbage in slices in water, drain it, and boil in milk and water till tender; drain again, and lay some in the bottom of a stewpan. Put the pigeons on it, seasoning them with pepper and salt; cover them with the cabbage, add a little broth or butter, and stew gently till the pigeons are tender; then add a piece of butter and flour braided together, two or three spoonfuls of cream. After this has boiled a minute or two, serve the birds in the middle, and the cabbage placed round them.

TO BROIL PIGEONS.

After cleaning, split them on the backs, salt and pepper them, and broil a nice brown; pour over them when cooked either stewed or pickled mushrooms in melted butter, and serve as hot as possible. If for a sick person, omit the mushrooms and serve on nice brown toast.

LOBSTER CURRIE.

Ingredients.—Lobsters,
Veal gravy,
Cream,
Currie-powder,
Mace,
Flour,
Butter,
Lemon.

Take the meat from the shell and lay in a pan with a little mace, three or four spoonfuls of the gravy, four of cream; rub smooth two teaspoonfuls of currie-powder, one spoonful of flour, and one ounce of butter; mix these all together, and simmer an hour; juice of half a lemon, a little salt.

CRANBERRY ROLL.

Ingredients.—Cranberries,
Paste.

Stew the cranberries in just water enough to keep them from burning; make very sweet; strain through a colander, and set it to cool. When cold, make a paste as for apple pudding; spread it with the cranberries an inch thick; roll it up and tie in a floured cloth; steam it two hours, and serve with a rich sauce. Stewed apples or any kind of fruit may be made by this rule. Currants or cherries are very nice.

POTATO PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Potatoes,
Eggs,
Sugar,
Cream,
Butter,
Lemon.

Boil and mash fine six mealy potatoes; beat into them the yolks of five eggs, half pound of white sugar, quarter of a pound butter, the grated rind and juice of a lemon, a little salt, and the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth; stir all together, and add a pint of rich milk or cream. Bake about an hour and a half in a moderate oven.

PRESERVED MELON.

Ingredients.—Citron,
Melon,
Sugar,
Alum,
Lemon,
Ginger.

Peel the melon, and cut in small strips; have the same weight of sugar as melon; put a little alum in the water and boil the melon till tender; take it on a dish, sprinkle it with sugar, and let it stand till the next morning, then pour off the syrup, let it boil till clear, then put in the melon and let it scald; then put it on a platter to cool; add to the syrup the juice of lemon and a little preserved ginger; boil the syrup again and pour it hot on the melon. When cold, seal up the jars.

PRESERVED GRAPES.

Ingredients.—Pound for pound of grapes and loaf sugar.

Stem the grapes and put them in a preserving kettle, with sugar; a layer of grapes, then one of sugar. Stew over a slow fire, stirring constantly. As the seeds rise, take them out. Stew for one hour; set aside to cool, and put away in jars.

PRESERVED PEACHES.

Ingredients.—Peaches,
Sugar,

Weigh your peaches, and to each pound allow a pound of sugar. Put your fruit into a preserving kettle, and turn on boiling water; let them stand ten minutes; take them out on a flat dish to cool, then peel with your fingers; take a little of the water they were boiled in, add the sugar, and let it boil till it becomes a syrup. Put in a few peaches at a time; when tender, put on a dish to cool; then put in jars and pour the boiling syrup on them. Cork tightly.

APPLE OMELET.

Ingredients.—Six apples,
Four eggs,
One-fourth pound white sugar.

Pare and core the apples; fill the core with sugar. Put them in a dish, with a little water, and bake till tender. Beat the eggs till very light. When the apples are done, pour the eggs over them, and return to the oven until brown. Serve hot.

PUMPKIN PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One pint of stewed pumpkin,
One-fourth pound of sugar,
One-half pint of milk,
Eight eggs,
One-fourth pound of butter,
Wine glass of rosewater,
Teaspoonful of mace,
Cinnamon and nutmeg mixed.

Press the pumpkin through a colander. Melt the butter and sugar in the milk, and stir all together. Beat the eggs and add to the mixture. Stir in the seasoning. Bake very slowly in a well buttered pudding-dish. Serve hot, with sweet sauce.

BAKED APPLE PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One-half dozen of apples,
Three eggs,
Two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped suet,
Three tablespoonfuls of flour,
One pint of milk,
Nutmeg.

Mix the flour to a smooth batter with the milk; add the eggs, well beaten, and pour the whole into a well-buttered pudding dish. Wipe the apples clean, but do not pare them; cut them in halves and take out the cores. Lay them on the butter, flat sides down. Shake the suet over the top and grate on a little nutmeg. Bake one hour in a moderate oven; serve with a rich, sweet sauce, highly seasoned.

GRAPE BUTTER.

Ingredients.—Grapes, sugar,
Vinegar, cloves,
Nutmeg, allspice.

Stew the grapes, and squeeze out each pulp from the skin, removing the seeds. Keep the skins in a small thin bag. To each pound of pulp, allow one pound of sugar, half pint of cider vinegar, teaspoonful of cloves, one of cinnamon, and one of nutmeg, all powdered. Boil this very slowly, putting in the bag of skins tied securely. When it jellies by dropping in cold water, it is done. Put away in jars. For an ornamental dish, it can be heated over, and put into moulds to jelly.

HOME AMUSEMENTS AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

PUZZLES, ETC.

A GREEK CROSS PUZZLE.

The cross to be constructed is formed of four words of four letters each, and eight words composed of eight letters each.

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The short words signify :

1. A company of persons.
2. A drink.
3. A Chinese musical instrument.
4. To walk—a word used in Scotland.

The longer words may be defined thus :

1. The sound made by a stream.
2. The sound made by a hog.
3. The sound made by a lion.
4. The sound made by a goose.
5. The sound made by a turkey.
6. The sound made by the teeth.
7. The sound made by a sick person.
8. The sound made by a merry child.

AN ELLIPSIS.

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— — — R — —
— — — R — —
— — — R — —
— — — R — —
— — — R — —
— — — R — —
— — — R — —
— — — R — —
  
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Supply the omissions in the above, and find :
One of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

A town in the State of Pennsylvania.

A county in Ireland.

The passage of a river.

A small fruit.

A nickname for a man.

A kind of liquor.

Jovial.

A SCRIPTURAL PUZZLE.

Each of the three characters used in the following half-square represents a letter.

```

M — X — X
— X — X
X — X
— X
X
  
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1. An Asiatic people mentioned in the Revelation of St. John.
2. The character given to the Athenians in the book of Acts.
3. Another Asiatic people mentioned in the New Testament.
4. A giant mentioned in Scripture.
5. The beginning of Galilee.

CHARADE.

No. 1.

My first on the sea is a fixed regulation,
But on land is used to express botheration.
My second in weakness often is bent,
And my whole is always something sent.

No. 2.

My first stands fast upon the same road that it
traverses rapidly. My second is the very heart of
both good and bad management. You communi-
cate with your friends by my first, and assure the
reception of the tidings by providing my whole.

AN ENIGMATICAL ORCHESTRA.

1. A banner; two-thirds of a lion; to permit.
2. A very popular grain; the French word meaning *and*.
3. The end of a muff; the head of a lance; a wild Indian.
4. A human being; a note in singing; a common name for the equator.

LITERAL CURIOSITIES.

1. A word of twelve letters signifying outgrowths, composed entirely of short letters.
2. The name of a country composed entirely of long letters.

A VERBAL INVERSION.

One-fourth of the words in the following paragraph are written backwards; an improvement in the sense will be manifest when the errors are rectified.

Some boys found a loop in a room. A trap cried: "See the wolf! We can get a topful if we have a ten and nap. See the loop meet with fish!" Taking care to draw harm from the ten lest a pool might be broken, and so ram the fun, net boys brought the ten instantly.

QUEER THINGS.

1. Having wings, they never fly.
2. Having feet, they never walk.
3. Having joints they never bend.
4. Having arms, they hug nobody.

GAMES.

THE GALLERY OF STATUARY.

The success of this game depends greatly upon the cleverness of the Leader, requiring him to possess considerable of the dexterity of the showman.

A chair is so placed as to be in full view of the company, and the first victim is seated upon it, and entirely covered with a sheet, arranged as drapery. The Leader then announces the opening of a grand Art Gallery, and proceeds to describe the wonderful beauty, rarity or absurdity of the statue, which is to be first exhibited. When this description is supposed to have reached some point confusing to the victim, the sheet is suddenly lifted, and the description may be continued until he is compelled to laugh, or vary the expression of his face, which is punished by the exaction of a forfeit.

A change in the actors adds to the fun, and the Leader should submit to the ordeal in turn.

THREE THINGS

Is a very simple game which has met much approval from very little folks, as a variation upon the ever popular play of "The Old Witch."

The Leader selects from the company some confederate, and retires with him for a moment to arrange their plan of action. The Leader then returns to the room and asks the players to provide him with any three small articles, such as a pocket-book, a penknife, a thimble, a pencil, or a handkerchief. These Three Things are then placed in a row upon a table, and the confederate summoned. The Leader points to each thing severally, asking: "Is it this?" The confederate unerringly and instantly detects the right one. The sign agreed upon is made with the tongue—thus, if the object lies on the right, the Leader in asking the question seems unintentionally to moisten the right corner of his mouth, or when the object is on left, he puts his tongue out on the left side, while the middle can be shown by a very slight movement. By varying the questions, or seeming to mark the choice by certain gestures, tones of the voice, stamping with the foot, or other tricks which distract the attention of the company, the real system of signs may often remain undiscovered through many repetitions of the play, while the members of the company guess the signs to be the very tricks used to mislead them.

To touch either ear, and the chin or the forehead, serves equally well for a hint, and can be readily used to disconcert any players who are suspected of being acquainted with the original secret system.

THE TURN TABLE

Is also suited to a group of small children. Each child assumes a name, such as Cream, Sugar, Butter, Toast, etc. The Leader assumes the name of Tea, and starts the game by whirling round on one foot while she chants: "I turn Tea, who turns Coffee?" The child styled Coffee must instantly whirl round likewise, chanting: "I turn Coffee, who turns—" selecting some one who seems unprepared or inattentive, as the object is to exact forfeits for delay. When any player calls, "Who turns the table?" the entire company must rise and whirl round.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

Corkscrew Puzzle.

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L A W N
D A T E
B I T E
T E N T
T A R T
P I N E
R A C E
B E L T
F I S T

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Diamond Puzzle.

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S
U T E
B R U T E
S T U D I E S
C H I L D
P E N
S

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Riddle.

X S and D K.

Conundrum.

Her bunting.

Ladder Puzzle.

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R W
O P E R A
B L
E V E N T
R E
T A B O R
B S
U L R I C
R O
N I G H T
S T

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Cross-Word Enigma.

Centennial.

A Transposition.

Earth—heart—hart—art—tar.

Enigmas.

No. 1.

Suit.

No. 2.

Lancet—lance.

Charade.

Hand-cuff.

—*OUR ARM CHAIR.*—

OCTOBER, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not answer correspondents through the BOOK. All communications requiring an answer must give name and address, and have a return stamp enclosed.

"There has probably never been a more popular feature introduced into any periodical than the series of 'Darley' pictures which the present publishers of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK present each month to their readers. Each one is a gem of art, and a collection of the entire number makes a most valuable and interesting portfolio. They are a most charming innovation upon the usual magazine steel-plate, almost invariably a copy from some foreign journal. Each of Darley's pictures is original and fresh, designed expressly for the LADY'S BOOK."

We copy the above from one of the leading journals, and the same opinions come to us from our subscribers all over the country. The scene this month from one of the greatest of Dickens' works, "Barnaby Rudge," will be a familiar one to all of our readers. Pretty Dolly Varden's affected indignation, poor Joe's earnest love, and the jealous face of Sim Tappertit, form a strongly contrasted and forcible group.

There is every variety of fancy work now in vogue for industrious fingers, and the new vagary of utilizing "all sorts of things," certainly produces some beautiful results. The pattern given in our Novelty page makes a striking illustration of the advice; Keep all odds and ends for they will be of use sometimes. Certainly we have all felt the uselessness of keeping old straw hats; and now behold, the older and more sunburned the hat, the better "tone" we are told, is the straw for the embroidery and decoration that transforms it into the handsome work-basket before us.

The mammoth fashion plate, and many pages of fashion illustration following it, will keep our belles "posted" regarding the latest styles in each and every article for the fall wardrobe. The Diagram Pattern is for a jacket waist for a lady, a novel and graceful garment, that looks well in a great variety of material and trimming.

The novelty introduced last month into the Work Department is continued, and a Basque Body is fully described with clear diagrams, so that any good needlewoman can follow this guide and secure a perfectly fitting and tasteful basque.

In the literary department are articles from the pens of the most talented writers in the country. Mrs. Ella Rodman Church contributes a sprightly story for All Hallowe'en, A. Weston gives us a touching romance of lowly life and its devotions, there are entertaining stories and poems from Daphne Laureola, Ella Wheeler, Hollis Freeman, A. C. Maffitt, Thos. S. Collier, and others. "Roslyn's Fortune" continues to increase in interest in every new page.

We send our October number out, sure that our subscribers will enjoy every page of its contents.

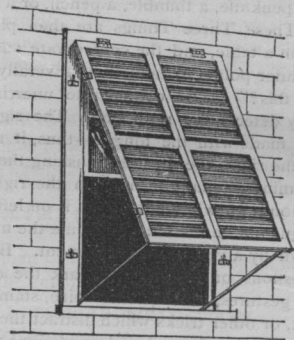
Castoria is pleasant to take, contains nothing narcotic, and always regulates the stomach and bowels. No **Sour-Curd** or Wind-Colic; no **Feverishness** or Diarrhoea; no Congestion or **Worms**, and no **Cross Children** or worn-out **Mothers** where **Castoria** is used.

HINTS ON HOME ADORNMENT.

No. 33.

Our summers seem, within the past few years, to be growing more torrid in nature, and the fierce and long-continued heat has necessitated the use of many appurtenances hitherto supposed to be suitable for tropical regions alone, and other arrangements conducive to comfort in hot climates have also come into fashion. A comparatively recently contrived fixture for holding outside blinds open—somewhat like the "jalousies" of Spain—is convenient, and gives to country and seaside houses rather a foreign air. The blinds are bolted together and held up by iron rods, which hook into the lower part, and when not in use are fastened back against the window frame. The hinges are left in their usual place, so that the blinds may be used in the old style when desired—but another pair of hinges are fixed at the top of the frame, and to these the blinds are attached (by means of little sliding bolts) when they are to be used in Venetian fashion. See Figure 1.

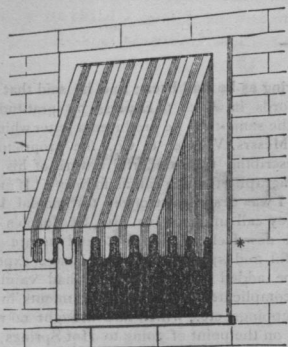
Fig. 1.



When arranged in this way they admit more air to the room, and yet pleasantly shade the light. The fixtures can be procured of hardware dealers for a small sum, or they can be put on by any ingenious man in out of the way places where "the very latest" articles in hardware line cannot be readily procured. Venetian window awnings have long been in use in this country, and these can be "home made," and will be found to add much to comfort in summer. The material comes in stripes in a variety of colors, and is about 31 inches to one yard in width; the price being 20, 22, and 30 cents per yard. It must be cut as shown by the sketch (Fig. 2.) so that the stripes will run perpendicularly, and the lower edge is cut in long scallops, and these are bound with woolen braid, one inch wide. This braid must match the color of the stripe in the awning cloth. On the inside of the awning down the centre stripe loops of tape or binding should be firmly sewed, and through these the cord by which

it is to be raised or lowered is passed. This cord runs through a screw eye at the top of the window

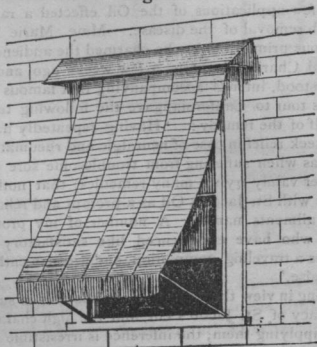
Fig. 2.



frame (under the awning) and at the side a small knot serves to wind the cord on. An iron bar (one-third inch in diameter) shaped thus, holds the screen in proper position when it is let down—this is attached to the awning by a strip of the striped material sewed on at the top of the scallops on the inside. The rings at the ends of this bar slip over hooks on each side of the window frame, the hooks being at the point indicated by the star in the sketch (Fig. 2).

The blue striped cloth is very pretty, but apt to fade; that with brown or red stripes wears better—an awning with brown stripes and with the scallops bound with red is more refined looking than one all scarlet and white. Another novel form of awning is easily made of strips of white floor matting—only the white is suitable for this purpose, the checked or colored matting would not look at all well. Across the lower end a fringe made of red yarn or of strips of red braid—six inches deep—makes a pretty and fanciful finish; and an iron bar (such as those used for the striped awnings) holds the matting in position. (See Figure 3). The ends of this bar are at-

Fig. 3.



tached to the lower part of the window frame instead of the side as in figure 2. When the window has a narrow little roof or "bonnet" over it, the iron rod can be slipped out and the matting rolled up and fastened under this protection for stormy weather.

E. B. C.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Makes a delightful and healthy drink with water and sugar.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1881.

We give early notice to our numerous subscribers that we are rapidly completing our arrangements for next year, in which we hope to take another new departure in the magazine business, which will prove acceptable to all our readers. Read our Prospectus in this number.

We are convinced our readers would be better pleased with shorter novels, if they could have them complete in a single number, and to this end we shall in 1881 MAKE EACH NUMBER COMPLETE IN ITSELF. We will give a complete novel of twenty to thirty pages from the pens of our best writers in each number, and still preserve all our favorite departments intact.

We hope this new departure will prove acceptable, as it is made in obedience to the growing desire of the reading public. The great majority of busy people prefer to read a completed, connected story, rather than run through disjointed chapters at long intervals.

We especially invite our club-raisers to put themselves in communication with us at once.

VENTILATION.—Many persons complain of always getting up tired in the morning. This is very often due to defective ventilation of the bed-room, or from using an undue amount of warm bed-clothes and bedding. Feather beds are too soft and yielding, and partially envelop the sleeper, thus producing profuse perspiration. The habit of lying too much under blankets is also very pernicious, by reason of the carbonic acid exhaled by the sleeper being respired. Again it is a common error to suppose that by simply opening a window a little at the top, a room can be ventilated. People forget that for proper ventilation there must be an inlet and outlet for the air. In bedrooms there is often neither, and if there is a fireplace, it is generally closed up. Again, it is a mistake to suppose that foul air goes to the top of a room. Certainly the heated air goes to the top, but the chief impurity, the carbonic acid, falls to the bottom. There is nothing so efficacious in removing the lower strata of air as the ordinary open fireplace, especially if there is a fire burning.

LETTER-WRITING.—So long as people keep to the relation of facts in their letters, and think they know each other well enough, all is easy; but if they go from facts to opinions and feelings, if they anxiously desire to know each other more and more, it is very hard to do this by such means. There is not the tell-tale human voice and the changing human eye to help them on this further acquaintance. The mystery that we want to penetrate, the soul that we want to reach with our soul, cannot unveil itself to us on a sheet of paper, even if it yearns to do so, and is willing to let us know as much as we understand.

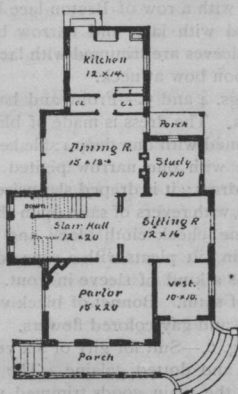
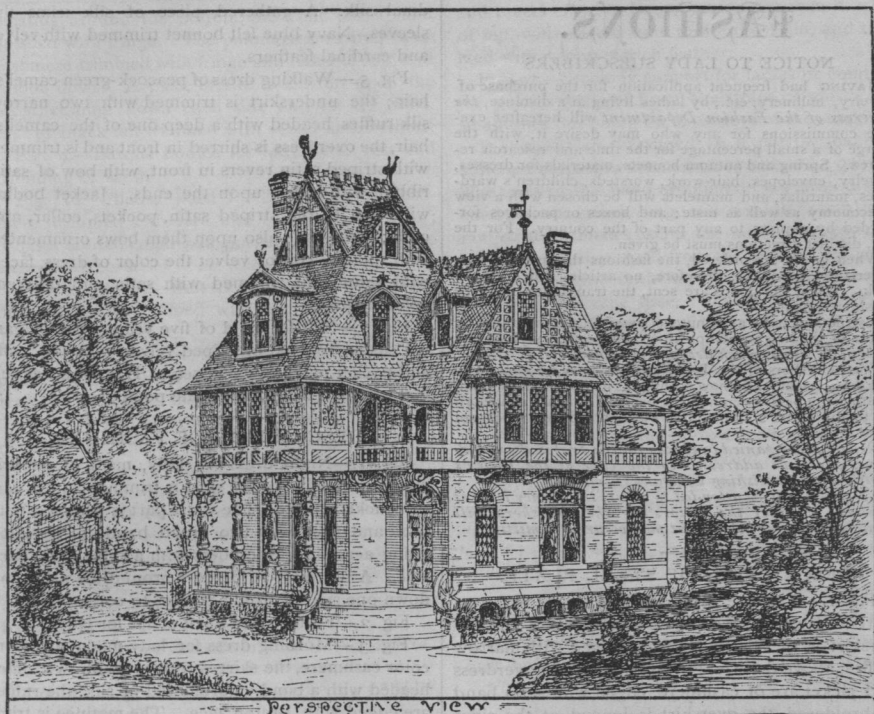
CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

(November 16, 1879.)

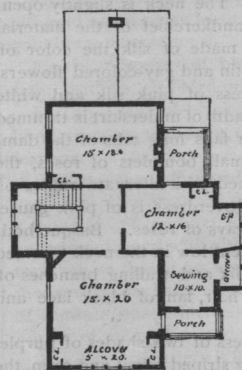
"One thing should be thoroughly understood by readers. It is the fact that a newspaper vouches simply for the nature of the matter furnished by its patrons. This, of course, does not preclude the publication of extravagant and even unwarranted statements. A proper apprehension of this fact might often prevent such experiences as have led to a wholesale and unjust denunciation of the advertising public. That in this age of progress and invention much which seems doubtful upon its face is in reality founded upon fact, would appear from the following: The wonderful results said to have been secured by an article now very generally before the public led a *Tribune* reporter to make numerous interviews, the result of which is herewith given. Mr. D. B. Cook, who was at one time a member of the extensive book and stationery establishment of Keen, Cooke & Co., of this city, but who is at present the purchasing agent of the American Express Company, was visited in his private office in the building of that concern on Monroe street. Mr. Cook said that he would gladly bear testimony to the efficacy of St. Jacob's Oil in a very stubborn case of rheumatism. The patient was a very old lady, and had such decided objections to publicity of any kind that she would not allow her name to be published. She had suffered for years with inflammatory rheumatism, and had spent a large amount of money on medicine and medical attendance. Hearing of the St. Jacob's Oil, she requested Mr. Cook to get her a bottle of it, and he did so. The relief obtained was almost instantaneous, and the old lady (her age is 87 years) a day or two ago stated that she felt so strong and lively that, if she had a mind to, she could dance with as much ease as when she was a girl. The reporter expressed a very strong desire to publish the name of the old lady, but Mr. Cook said that she would not, under any circumstances, permit it, though, if any person desired to do so, they could call on him, when he would provide them with the fullest particulars in the case. Having heard the name of Mr. Wesley Sisson, a well-known lawyer of this city, mentioned in connection with a wonderful cure, the reporter visited him at his office at No. 169 Washington street. The statement which the reporter heard here was so wonderful that, had it come from a less reliable source, it would have been deemed hardly trustworthy. The gentleman stated that during the summer months he paid a visit to Mobile, Alabama, and that, while there, he must have become affected by the malarial vapors which abound on the gulf coast, as, after his arrival home, three months ago, he took sick with the rheumatism. The malady attacked him in the back and thighs, where it was sciatic in its nature, and in the arms and shoulders, where it was of the inflammatory type. After weeks of agony which three successively called doctors failed to cure, he was recommended to buy the St. Jacob's Oil; and, after much opposition on his part, as he did not believe that any externally applied remedy could help so stubborn and serious a case, he consented and sent for a couple of bottles. The sciatic pains which, arising in the base of the backbone, extended through the muscles of both legs and into the knee, were caused by the slightest attempt of his to move in bed; while his arms and shoulders were so affected that he could not even feed himself. The first application of the new remedy ended the trouble in the shoulders, and brought slight relief to the sciatic pains. After two bottles had been used a further marked improvement was felt, and in another week he was cured and able to go to his business—thirty pounds lighter in weight than when he was first attacked with sickness; but thanks to four bottles of St. Jacob's Oil, a well man. Mr. Sisson was enthusiastic in his laudation of the remedy, which he hoped would be sought by all who

were suffering as he had been; and he said that he could not find words in which to express his gratitude for his cure. At the same time he produced a letter which he had written to Messrs. Vogeler & Co., the proprietors of the remedy, describing the wonderful nature of his cure, the closing paragraph of which ran as follows: 'If any person afflicted as I was desires a stronger testimonial, I shall tell them, if they call upon me, to give St. Jacob's Oil a fair trial; and I now feel as though I could assure them the same grateful and speedy relief that I have experienced.' It should be added that Mr. Sisson had vainly tried a variety of complicated and painful treatments in the form of baths, cuppings, etc., which had brought no relief, and that he was on the point of going to Hot Springs, when he was induced to try St. Jacob's Oil, with the happy results already described. At the residence of Otto Winther, No. 246 Wabash avenue, cashier for four years for Mr. Ira Brown, the well-known real estate man, the news gatherer found further evidence of the curative power of the wonderful remedy. Mr. Winther said that a fortnight ago he had a very sharp attack of rheumatism in the legs, which disabled him from attending to his duties. Medical attendance had failed to do him any good, and when a friend recommended St. Jacob's Oil to him he at once tried a bottle, and with absolutely immediate benefit, which has been lasting, no symptom of the trouble having recurred since. He thought, though, that the case of Miss Mugan, a girl living with a family in the same building, was, at least, equally remarkable. Miss Mugan had for several days been suffering from neuralgia in its most terrible form. The agony, which rendered her almost crazy, gave way to none of a number of remedies used, until Mr. Winther's advice, the wonderful Oil was applied, when a perfect and lasting banishment of the pain was accomplished in less than five minutes. Mr. Winther is an intelligent and educated gentleman, who speaks five languages fluently, and whose endorsement of the remedy is that of a man who knows thoroughly what he is speaking about. Professor Edward Holst, the pianist and composer, who resides in the same building, stated that some weeks ago he was attacked with catarrh of the throat of a most malignant form. He was entirely disabled from visiting his many pupils, and the suffering from the disorder was intense. He summoned medical attendance, and tried a number of remedies in vain, when a few applications of the Oil effected a rapid and thorough removal of the disease. Mme. Marie Salvotti, the famous prima donna, who charmed the audience of the Wilhelm Charity Concerts, a few weeks ago, and who, it is understood, intends accompanying that famous violinist upon his tour to California, gave the following testimony on behalf of the remedy: 'Having repeatedly had occasion to seek relief in case of neuralgic and rheumatic pains, as well as when suffering from troublesome sore throat, I find, after vainly trying many remedies, that nothing can compare with St. Jacob's Oil as a prompt and reliable cure for the ailments named. A number of my professional friends, who have experienced like satisfactory results, keep it as a traveling companion, and are also enthusiastic in its praise.'

"Taking in view the number of testimonials in support of the efficacy of St. Jacob's Oil, and the high character of those supplying them, the inference is irresistible that the remedy is the most remarkable, for such diseases as have been mentioned in the above interviews, that has yet been discovered, and considering their value as a guide and suggestion to suffering humanity, there is nothing unmercantile or unprofessional in advertising the article. The above ought to recommend it to the confidence of all our citizens."



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

RUSTIC GOTHIC VILLA.

DRAWN expressly for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, by Isaac H. Hobbs & Son, Architects,
520 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

The above design is intended for the base, to be stone, pointed. The principal floor of bricks, black pointed, with black bricks in the dressings. The second floor of frame covered with slate or tiles. Roof of partly colored ornamental slates. Chimneys, brick, ornamental. By reference to the plan, it will be observed, fine sized apartments. The third floor will contain an equal number of rooms with the second, but necessarily somewhat reduced in size. It is new and original; we have not as yet, drawn it in full to a large scale

for erection. It can be built for five thousand dollars in a fully finished manner, with all modern conveniences. It has cathedral stained ornamental glass in the upper sash, and French cylinder in the large panes below them. Inside shutters, throughout; most windows have box-heads. The bottom sash runs up for light and air. We send Hobbs' Architecture, a well-bound volume, containing 123 original designs, with plans and descriptions, upon the receipt of \$3.50, mailed free.

FASHIONS.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS

HAVING had frequent application for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice.

The publishers of the *LADY'S BOOK* have no interest in this department, and know nothing of its transactions; and, whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the *Fashion Editress* does not know.

Orders accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, are to be addressed to the care of the *Godey's Lady's Book Publishing Company (Limited)*.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editors nor the Publishers will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Carriage dress for lady, made with two skirts of fawn-colored silk and cashmere. The underskirt is of silk, the bottom edged with narrow ruffles, above these lengthwise puffs. The overdress and jacket are of cashmere, edged with satin band embroidered, the overskirt is looped at the sides with cord and tassels. The neck is slightly open, with a plaited half handkerchief of the material trimming it. Bonnet made of silk the color of dress, trimmed with satin and gay-colored flowers.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of pink silk and white damasée, the front breadth of underskirt is trimmed with puffs, over which falls long tabs of the damasée fastened with small bouquets of roses, the back of skirt is trimmed with alternate ruffles of white and pink. The overdress is of pink gauze, looped with trailing sprays of roses. Basque bodice of white damasée, cut low in the neck trimmed with white lace, pink silk and trailing branches of roses. Pink roses in hair, fan of black lace and pink silk.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of two shades of purple, the darkest shade being striped velvet and satin, the lighter damasée. The underskirt is of the darkest, trimmed with a narrow ruffle of the striped and quilling of light silk; the overdress is of the striped, with a second overdress forming a long pointed apron of the damasée. Deep jacket bodice in which the stripes are made to run crosswise, trimmed with collar, cuffs, and pointed pieces upon the bodice of the damasée, plain silk plaitings down the front. Bonnet of purple velvet, trimmed with the two shades of satin and feathers, with colored bird in the face.

Fig. 4.—Walking dress of navy-blue cloth, the underskirt is kilted, the overdress is cut in long points, which cross and leave it open in front; it is stitched with cardinal silk, and looped with bows of the same color. Jacket bodice made of narrow folds, cut with deep points in front, and vest of car-

dinal silk. A gathered piece of silk trims the sleeves. Navy blue felt bonnet trimmed with velvet and cardinal feathers.

Fig. 5.—Walking dress of peacock-green camel's-hair; the underskirt is trimmed with two narrow silk ruffles headed with a deep one of the camel's-hair, the overdress is shirred in front and is trimmed with striped satin revers in front, with bow of satin ribbon with spikes upon the ends. Jacket bodice with vest of the striped satin, pockets, collar, and cuffs; these have also upon them bows ornamented with spikes. Hat of velvet the color of dress, faced with satin, and trimmed with satin and different colored roses.

Fig. 6.—Suit for child of five years, dress of garnet cashmere, coat of striped velvet, with vest, cuffs and pocket of white damasée. Hat of garnet velvet, trimmed with small white pompon.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Night dress for lady, made of cambric muslin; the edge of the skirt is trimmed with a narrow tucked ruffle. The waist part is trimmed both back and front with two broad bands of insertion going across the shoulders with a ruffle upon each side. A narrower ruffle goes around the neck and down one side of front; sleeves to correspond.

Fig. 2.—Fashionable linen collar for lady.

Fig. 3.—Morning dress for lady made of cream color cashmere, the skirt is trimmed with two ruffles headed with a band embroidered in silk, the ruffles are edged with Breton lace. The matinee is trimmed with a row of Breton lace box-plaited, a ruffle edged with lace, and narrow bands embroidered, the sleeves are trimmed with lace and ribbon bows. Ribbon bow at neck.

Figs. 4 and 5.—Front and back view of walking dress. The dress is made of black silk, the front is trimmed with one deep ruffle headed with puffs, the back with one narrow plaited ruffle as is also the overdress; it is draped slantwise across the front of skirt, with revers of satin upon the right side. Cloak of fine check cloth black and gray; the back is laid in kilt pleats with a cape coming over it which forms a kind of sleeve in front. Pockets and collar of satin. Bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with satin and gay colored flowers.

Fig. 6.—Suit for girl of six years, made of plain blue and dotted delaine. The underpart of dress is of the plain goods trimmed with a ruffle edged with lace. The gored overdress has a collar of the plain and trimming upon sleeves; it is also edged with lace. Felt bonnet, trimmed with blue satin ribbon.

Fig. 7.—Carriage dress for lady made of plain blue silk and damasée with two skirts. The front of dress is in kilt plaits, the back of skirt has two plaitings on it, the drapery across the front and at the back is of the damasée, the back being edged with fringe. Mantle of thick figured silk of the darkest shade trimmed with fringe and passementerie upon the sleeves and collar, both of which are cut in points. Bonnet of silk the color of dress trimmed with cashmere colors and gay flowers.

Fig. 8.—Walking dress for lady made of black silk and cashmere, the underskirt is of silk with a

pleating around the bottom, the front puffed and finished with fringe. The polonaise overdress is of cashmere trimmed with fringe and band of silk, and ribbon bows. A piece of silk is shirred upon the waist, coming down each side and on the skirt. Hat of black felt trimmed with velvet and feathers.

Fig. 9.—Basque bodice for lady, with vest and trimming of satin.

Fig. 10.—Blouse waist for lady, made of cashmere, trimmed with cord and spikes at the neck; it has a double collar and pockets, all of which are edged with cord.

Figs. 11 and 12.—Suit for boy of six years, made of light cloth, trimmed with braid to simulate a jacket and ulstercoat.

Fig. 13.—Ulster for girl of ten years, made of plaid cloth, cut with plaits at the bottom of the seams in the back; these are finished with buttons.

Fig. 14.—Fall wrap made of black sicilene; it is cut to fit the figure in the back and has a sleeve inserted in it, the trimming is jetted passementerie and fringe, lace, and satin ribbon bows.

Figs. 15 and 16.—Front and back view of fall mantle; it is so cut that when it is held up on the arm it forms a sleeve. It is made of camel's hair, the trimming consists of fringe, shells made of silk, and row of very handsome passementerie down the back.

Fig. 17.—Lace-pin made of gold in the form of a pea-pod with the peas formed of pearls.

Figs. 18 and 19.—Front and back view of ladies ulster, made of cloth; it is cut to fit the figure closely, the skirt being added on to the front, giving it the appearance of a basque. Hood lined with plaid silk. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with velvet and flowers.

Fig. 20.—Gold bracelet with clasp in the form of a key.

Fig. 21.—Bow made of Breton lace and spotted satin ribbon.

Fig. 22.—Dress for girl of thirteen, made of seal-brown silk; the skirt is trimmed with three pointed folds, with a narrow pleating below them. The overdress is of damassee in cashmere colors, trimmed with fringe to correspond. Basque bodice trimmed with damassee to match the overdress. Brown felt hat trimmed with long feathers and damassee.

Fig. 23.—Dress for girl of six years, made of gray cashmere; the front of skirt is kilted, the back plain. The jacket is long, tight fitting, is edged with cardinal silk and trimmed with cardinal ribbon bows. Gray felt hat trimmed with cardinal silk.

Fig. 24. Suit for child of seven years, made of striped and plain wool goods in two shades of blue. The front of underskirt is of the plain, puffed and edged with a narrow plaited ruffle. The polonaise is of the striped trimmed with a narrow embroidery of plain blue. Hat of navy blue velvet trimmed with colored flowers.

Fig. 25.—Sailor collar for child, made of fine white net, trimmed with insertion and edging one and a half inch wide. The collar fastens in front with a button and buttonhole.

Figs. 26 and 28.—Front and back view of lady's walking jacket, made of cloth, with double collar

and revers of satin, large buttons also trim it. Hat of felt, with shirred satin inside the brim, and trimmed with a long ostrich feather.

Fig. 27.—Stocking support for ladies or children, the yoke is made of linen, the straps of elastic, the small ones buttoning on to the tops of the stockings.

Fig. 29.—Cap, arranged in a narrow band of stiffened net, seventeen inches by one and a quarter. The ends of this band are joined by a strap of stiffened net six inches long, and a similar strap is arranged three inches above the latter. A crown of blue foulard is pleated from the band to the upper strap, the sewing on being hidden by an embroidered strip of crepe lisse. Similar embroidery, the colors for which are pink, blue, and olive floss silk, trim the lower strap. The cap is then trimmed with loops of blue, pink, and olive satin ribbon.

Fig. 30.—Necktie of old gold damassee, thirty-six inches long; the ends are pointed and trimmed with a gold lace three and a half inches wide, with a small humming-bird in each point.

Fig. 31.—Dress for girl of eight years; it is made of pale blue cashmere, the front of underskirt is trimmed with plaitings. The polonaise is very long, and is piped with satin, and trimmed with satin ribbon bows.

Fig. 32.—Smock blouse for boy of three, made of navy blue serge, trimmed with either red or cream braid. The blouse is gathered at the waist, and the braid ornaments the ruffles, cuffs, and collar.

Fig. 33.—Fashionable glove for evening wear, embroidered and trimmed with a deep lace.

Fig. 34.—Bonnet of bronze satin trimmed with old gold and bronze feathers, satin ribbon and old gold ornaments.

Fig. 35.—Bonnet of black velvet trimmed with satin, feathers, and bird of gay colors.

Fig. 36.—Hat of black felt bound with a jetted braid, trimmed with satin, damassee, jet, and ostrich feathers.

Fig. 37.—Cap, arranged out of a cambric handkerchief. It is arranged on a foundation, or rather a frame of stiffened net, folded into a narrow band, and strengthened with ribbon wire. It is then sewn together, so that it fits across the head and across the back of the hair. Over this is pleated a square of cambric eleven inches wide, and woven with a border of colored brocade.

The diagram pattern is for a bodice for fall dresses; it is full size for a lady. It buttons in front to the waist, where it opens in deep casaquin points. It has a habit basque at the back, and a plaiting of silk or satin inserted below the waist. The pattern consists of one front, half of back, one side piece, half of sleeve, and the plaiting to be inserted at the back of basque.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

We will attempt to describe some of the many beautiful novelties that we have seen in dress goods, for the autumn and winter, and will commence first with the chintzes and heavy percales. Never have we seen goods of this class so exquisitely beautiful, and in such endless variety as those of this season;

many of them have borders upon one edge of the goods which are used for trimming, and these borders are marvels of beauty in design and coloring. All the plain dark colors are fashionable, prune, brown, myrtle green, olive, sage, heliotrope, and blue; many are bordered with a two-inch trimming in cashmere colors, others have the dark grounds with exquisite designs over them in the cashmere colors. Next are wool plaids of all the colors now so fashionable; these are in different sizes, the small ones, however, being preferred for ladies, and the larger ones for children. A very pretty fancy is a tiny check in neutral colors, into which are introduced silk threads of bright colors, but merged into the pattern so as not to be distinctly visible unless closely surveyed. Then there is a variety of wool goods, in honeycomb, basket-work, barley, and so on. These are generally in self colors, but combine very happily with plain tissues of a different tint. They can also be had in blue, seal-brown, bronze, prune, and other such colors, as well as in the plain gray and beige shades.

Armure moulinée is another novelty. The effect is produced by threads of different shades woven into the material. It is manufactured chiefly in beige and dark shades, and is thick, and very soft.

We must not forget to notice an old favorite, which has been introduced this season, that is, dotted delaines, which are quite a *fureur* just now. We have several near us in various colors, thus: Garnet dots, the size of a pea, on a gray ground; dark green dots of beige; dark blue on buff; dark blue on pale blue; dark blue on medium blue; seal brown on beige; old gold on purple; purple on heliotrope, etc., etc. These spotted goods are mostly used in combination with self-colored tissues of the same style. For girls or children, however, they are also made up by themselves.

For a complete costume, combining elegance with usefulness and economy, we should certainly choose one of the pretty fancy wool delaines just mentioned. The cuirass, or jacket bodice, should be of the dotted goods, as well as the trimming on the skirt, to which may be added paniers, or a scarf of the fancy fabric.

Cloth is going to be a popular goods for street suits this autumn and winter; generally the underskirt is made of velvet, satin, or silk, but many persons prefer the entire suit of the cloth. These dresses require to fit the figure perfectly, as but little if any trimming is put upon them; so that it is very essential that the handsome appearance requisite to the dress shall be given by the perfect fit. Cloths come in all the dark shades so fashionable now, some of the tints being very beautiful when made up.

How to attempt to do justice to all the lovely silks is a mystery to us; never have we seen such a variety, tiny plaids in plain colors with threads of bright colors defining them, plain silks in every known shade, plain ones with embossed figures and patterns in velvet, satin and colors, satins plain and damasseeé, velvets fit for royalty itself, are some of the beautiful goods shown. Very few of the goods are made up entirely alone; combination of two or even three different kinds of goods being used.

A good model for a suit made of dark blue cloth is as follows: First skirt kilted around the bottom; second skirt slightly shirred in front and draped behind, without any extraneous trimmings. Long-waisted bodice made with five seams in the back and a turned-down collar at the neck; tight sleeves with deep facings; buttons of dark blue corozo to match the dress.

A style appropriate for the dotted goods mentioned, has a skirt of the plain delaine with a deep pleating of the same headed with a bias band of the dotted material, above which appears a narrow frilling of the plain goods. An overskirt is simulated over this skirt, with very deep facings of the dotted goods cut bias. The deep jacket waist is also of plain goods, but with a bias border of the dotted all round, and a collar and facings of the same. The tight sleeves have a prettily devised facing, opening to show a tiny fluting, which is of plain goods, while the facing itself is dotted.

A pretty morning dress of chintz has a pattern of tiny rosebuds and forget-me-nots in natural colors thrown over a dark brown ground. Each width has a printed border of larger flowers, which can be cut off and used for trimmings. The skirt is shirred down the middle of the front, and trimmed round the edge with three flutings, each one edged with a printed border. A second skirt crosses in front just below the basque of the bodice, and is thence slanted off on either side, forming two shawl points. At the back it forms a narrow drapery, which is twisted and also finished into two shawl points; all this overskirt is outlined with a printed border. The bodice has a square basque in front, prolonged at the back into a small pleated postilion, and a large square collar; all this is also edged with a printed border. A similar border follows the outside seam of the sleeve, and goes around the wrist. All these dresses have the skirt cut short, without any train. The balayeuse, tacked inside, does not show beyond the edge. Frillings of white muslin, edged with very narrow lace or simply hemmed, are put on around the neck and wrists.

Black silk dresses for early fall use have very effective trimmings of jet embroidery done on tulle. This is much lighter than passementerie or galloon, and may be cut in any shape to form Directoire collars, or the Marie Antoinette collar, which descends on the bust almost to the belt. There are also whole basques or aprons, or else panels for the side, made of jetted tulle, that is now imported in widths like any other dress goods. Another fancy for plain silk dresses is that of edging the collar and cuffs, also the basque, with a row of cut jet beads, instead of putting a piping for a finish. These beads are as large as a pea, and are strung along the edge as closely as possible.

Large double collars are worn on many dresses. In some cases they are both made of the material used for trimming the dress, while others have a small inside collar of the dress material, resting upon a larger one of the goods used for trimming. Some of these collars are deeply pointed in front, while others are square in back and front.

Another fancy is that of having pleated belted basques made with two rows of pleatings below the

belt; one of these pleatings is much deeper than the other, and the double layer of pleats has the effect of enlarging the hips. There are also new basques cut long and square in the front, and a pocket is put on each side of this square front, while the back of the basque is quite short, and is cut to form two points. Ten or twelve narrow bias ruffles of gathered silk or satin are seen on French dresses of silk. In combination dresses the two materials are alternated in these ruffles, and the effect is especially pretty when they are of contrasting colors.

Another old fancy revived, (and what are all of our present fashions except those as old almost as our grandmothers), is the round shirred waist which has no basque. This is going to be very popular for the pretty wool dresses of the autumn, and is likely to continue in favor, as it has the quaint antique look that is now so fashionable. It is made over a fitted round lining, and is widely shirred above the waist line, and is worn with a belt of ribbon tied on the side. It gives an appearance of roundness to figures that are too slender, yet need not be made too full to be becoming to those who are quite fleshy.

For home wear, black dresses are brightened by quaint Japanese sashes that are made of white and cream-colored stuffs richly wrought on the ends with pale blue, green, red, and threads of gold or silver. These are passed around the waist instead of a belt, and are tied in a long looped bow on the left side, with the short ends of the embroidery fully displayed. Other sashes are made of surah silk, either dark red, or peacock blue, and the ends terminate with spikes, gilt spikes on red, silver spikes on blue. These sashes are easily made; the surah is cut in two lengthwise, and then sewn together double, the ends of the sash are gathered, and the spike put on. With black dresses, black surah sashes are also worn, and finished with a jet ball. Sometimes the black sash is lined with red surah; and there are also sashes of surah that are blue on one side and red on the other. These surah sashes are so soft that they may be tied around the waist without adding to the bulk; they are fastened by a knot on the left side, from which the ends hang only as far as the knee; very long sashes are not stylish. Sometimes a plain belt is covered with surah, and two long ends of double surah finished with spikes or balls hang straight down the back; this gives a finish to the round waist, and takes away the plain look at the top of skirts that have no overskirts; loops with these sashes detract from their broad Oriental style quite as much as would too great length.

The Jersey is for some persons a very popular garment; it is a basque made of stockingette, and moulds the figure perfectly; it frequently has velvet collar and cuffs, and is made in all the fashionable dark colors. As these Jerseys positively mould the figure, they are somewhat conspicuous, and are not generally popular. These waists have no seams but those that are woven on the shoulders and under the arms, and all such seams are like the regular worn seams of a "regular" Balbriggan stocking. The Jersey waist clings so closely to the figure that it requires perfectly fitted underclothing. At best

the Jersey suit is not intended for dressy occasions, and many ladies prefer some soft, fine wool goods for these undress suits. Dark admiral blue, which is nearly black, is the favorite color; these have a kilt skirt of blue camel's hair, flannel or serge, and a sash of red cashmere. The back of the Jersey waist is fastened by a red lacing string. For older ladies the waist is sometimes laced in front, and a great deal of red cord with tassels is used in the suit.

Still another bit of coquetry in the toilette brought about by the introduction of Jersey waists, is that of lacing part of the corsage in front. To do this a separate piece is inserted in each of the front darts the whole length of the dart; its outer edge is stiffened by whalebones, and the eyelets are worked beside the bones, through which this extra piece is laced across the front, often crushing down the rich embroideries and laces that pass down the front of the waist proper. This is much used for afternoon and evening at home dresses. A pink and gray silk has the basque and front of the skirt of figured silk, gray ground with pink buds and olive green foliage, while the three flowing breadths at the back are of plain gray silk, edged with narrow ruffles of pink and olive green. The square neck of the basque is filled in with dotted white lisse, while two rows of point d'esprit lace pass around the neck and down the front, meeting at the edges. Over this, and as if to hold the lace down, are set the whalebone pieces described above, and laced with a pink silk lacing. In this instance the laced pieces stop at the waist line, after beginning at the top of the first dart. There are twelve eyelet holes each side. Embroidered bands of pink satin trims the elaborately draped apron front.

It is quite fashionable to wear the large Louis XIII. collar of cambric, trimmed with a deep border of embroidery or old lace, and deep cuffs to match, which are laid over the dress sleeves. Large bows of cambric or muslin, edged with lace, are also very much in fashion, and are preferred to any other kinds of cravat. The bow made up by itself and pinned on, looks better on some people than the cravat of muslin tied round the neck. Yellow lace is also much used for trimming dresses and jackets. It is sometimes worked with colored threads to match the dress.

In bonnets there are a variety of shapes, not however very different from those that have been worn the past season. Velvets, satins, felts, and all cashmere colored goods, are used to make them of. Embroidery in beads of jet upon all black bonnets, and in colored beads for those wearing colors, are going to be popular; ornaments in cashmere colors are also to be used, but it is rather early yet to say what will be the most popular styles and shapes. Most persons in this intermediate season purchase a bonnet for present wear, and after the styles are more decided, take it for a second best bonnet and purchase their best one later.

Ribbons are beautiful, of the richest cashmere colors, and the handsomest and richest silks and satins manufactured; we have so long been accustomed to plain ribbons, that the ones used for the past season seem especially gorgeous and beautiful.

A charming dress is made of navy-blue foulard, with red bordering; the skirts are kilted in large plaits, and the tunic is our old friend, the laveuse, which is again very popular, if we may judge by the many we have seen arranged in this style. The laveuse is now tied simply at the back by a large bow without loops, the ends falling in long points on the skirt. The bodice laces in front with a red lace over a blue corset, and a small cape reaches to the shoulders.

Another costume is made of black satin, the skirt gathered in wide drawings; the second skirt is black satin, with Oriental spots (that is to say, the spots are of different colors tastefully combined) and it is draped informally and closely to the figure; the fringe is partly black and partly Oriental in coloring. The bodice has a gathered waistcoat and cuffs of the black satin, the remainder being of the spotted satin.

Black laces are being used again for dress caps of elderly ladies, as white lace and muslin caps are thought more suitable for morning and for semi-dress occasions. They are made in Fanchon shape, with usually a point in the front. Some fine flowers, such as roses without foliage, or else bunches of leaves with opal-tinted flies upon them, are placed directly on top of the Fanchon, and a lace barbe forms loops that hang behind. Sometimes narrow ribbons of cashmere patterns, or tapestry designs, or those woven of gold threads, are used in loops or in rosettes to brighten the dark lace.

Mouse ornaments in gold and silver, with sapphire and ruby eyes, are much used on bangles, pins, rings, and ear-rings. The tiny tail of the mouse curls around the ear-ring or pin; three or four move around the bangle; and a single one slips around upon a ring. Next month we will give some illustrations of these ornaments, which are both novel and cunning-looking. Small pigs are the next, it is said, to become fashionable. The Empress of Austria wears a little gold pig as a charm, to avert the evil eye; and now all the Parisians are thinking of sporting the pig; we in time will follow. *Porte-bonheur* is the name of the mice rings, as indeed of all bangle rings upon which a jeweled ornament is slipped; there are some pretty fancies in turquoise and pearl *porte bonheur* rings. *Porte veine* is what the little pig-ring and bangles are called; *veine* meaning dash, life, spirits, instead of good luck, which is the significance of the mice rings.

To our readers at a distance, who do not constantly see all the novelties we describe, worn, these fashions may appear odd, but on that very account are more sought after by our belles; for the more startling a fashion is at the present time, the more popular it becomes, and the more easily it is adopted.

HINTS UPON THE DOINGS OF THE FASHION- ABLE WORLD.

"An excellent and well-arranged dinner," says Sidney Smith, "is a most pleasing occurrence, and a great triumph of civilized life." It is undoubtedly one important event in every one's daily life; for as Owen Meredith harmoniously writes:

"We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

"He may live without books: what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope: what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love: what is passion but pining?
But where is the man who can live without dining?"

Having established the fact that dinner is an important feature of fashionable entertainments, and having had frequent inquiries lately upon the subject, we will endeavor to give our readers some hints upon the subject of giving dinner parties. We, of course, speak of formal dinner parties. Where a person invites another to come and dine with them in a friendly manner there is not expected to be any formality in the arrangements; but when a special and formal invitation is given, they are more or less ceremonious in their character. For a large or formal dinner party, invitations are sent out two weeks in advance, and in all cases they are to be issued in the joint names of the host and hostess. It is the height of rudeness not to respond to the invitation as soon as it is received. The French have an excellent dictum, applicable to all notes of invitation, to the effect that "*It is as important to reply promptly to a note requiring an answer as it is to a question asked verbally.*" It is so generally understood that above all others an invitation to a dinner demands a reply, that it is quite customary to see on cards of invitations the words, "*An answer is requested,*" or the equivalent in French "*R. S. V. P.,*" which initials stand for "*Répondez s'il vous plait.*" There is an old story of a country lady who was greatly puzzled by these initials, until the bright idea struck her that they must stand for "*Remember seven—very punctual.*" It is well to bear in mind that an invitation to a dinner party is to be regarded as a species of compliment, implying that the issuer of it is desirous of making the further acquaintance of the person invited, or of exhibiting his esteem; and such being the case, to write and decline is seldom permissible. Indeed, the only allowable grounds for a refusal are: a previous engagement, illness, or mourning, or death, or a desire that no friendship or acquaintance should exist or continue. Never accept any invitation when you have no intention of being present. The excuse made for this sort of thing is, "*I did not want to go, and to decline would have seemed unkind. I only accepted as a mere matter of form,*" etc. To which it may be urged that though consideration for others' feelings is much to be applauded, yet this is a wrong way of manifesting it. Some excuse can be given about a previous engagement and thus spare peoples' feelings. Having accepted your invitation, should any event arise to prevent you from fulfilling your intention, write immediately to the hostess, regretting your absence and explaining the cause of it. Another important fact is to always be punctual, to arrive about ten minutes before the hour named in the invitation, never keep a hostess waiting—it is the height of rudeness. We have endeavored to give some hints about the form of invitation and acceptance for dinner parties; in a future number we will give hints about arranging all the details of an entertainment.

FASHION.



F.O.C. Darley.

John C. M. Rae

*"If they were ever to get away unscathed,
that was the very moment, they
seized it, and fled."*

The Old Curiosity Shop.

CHAP. XLX.



GODEY'S FASHIONS. FOR NOVEMBER 1880.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK NOVELTIES



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

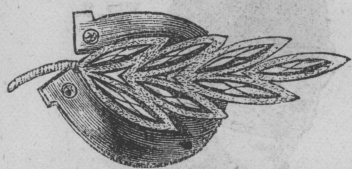


Fig. 5.

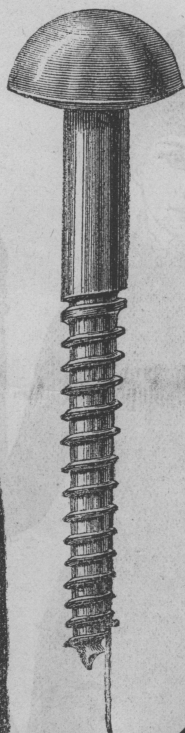


Fig. 6.

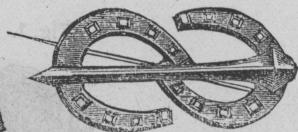


Fig. 4.



Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.

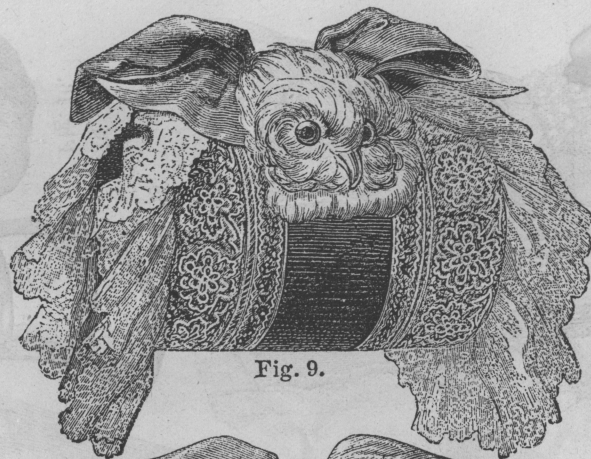


Fig. 9.

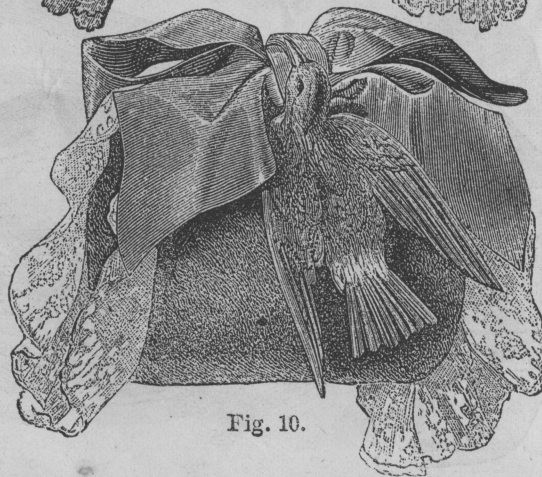


Fig. 10.

Fig. 11.



Fig. 12.



Fig. 14.



Fig. 13.



Fig. 15.

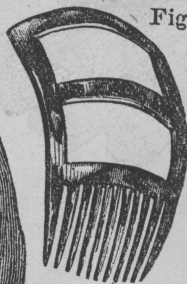


Fig. 16.



Fig. 17.

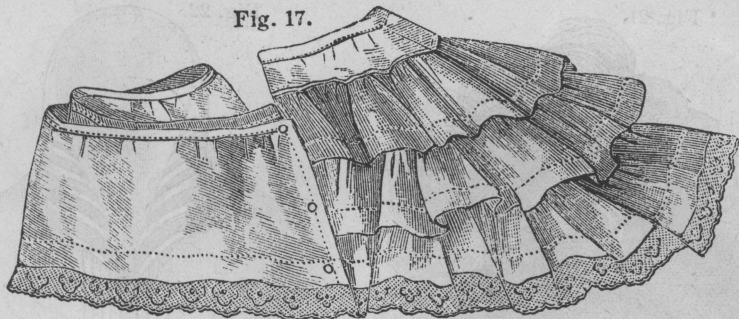


Fig. 18.

Fig. 19.

Fig. 20.



Fig. 21.



Fig. 22.

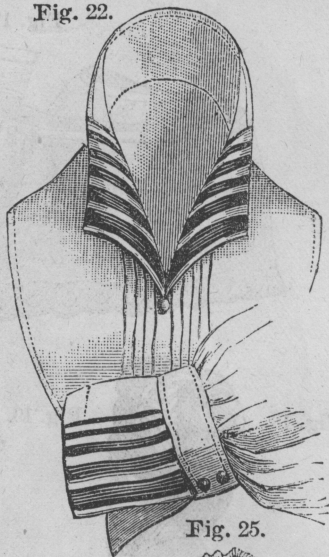


Fig. 23.



Fig. 24.



Fig. 25.



Fig. 26.



Fig. 27.

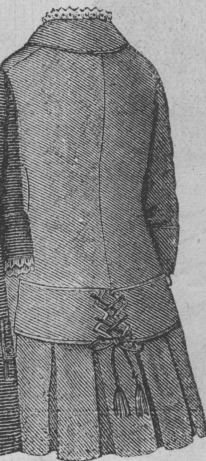


Fig. 28.



Fig. 29.





Fig. 30.

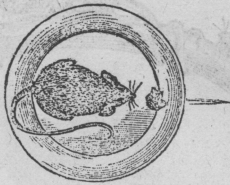


Fig. 31.



Fig. 32.



Fig. 33.



Fig. 34.



Fig. 35.

Fig. 36.



Fig. 37.



Fig. 38.



Fig. 40.

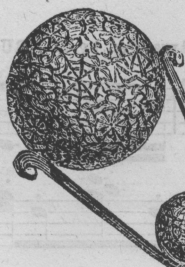


Fig. 41.

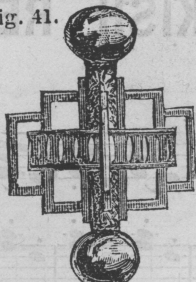


Fig. 42.

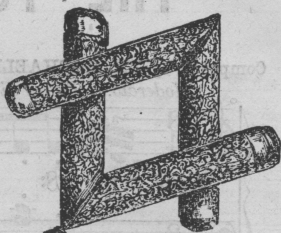


Fig. 39.



Fig. 43.



Fig. 44.



Fig. 45.



Fig. 46.

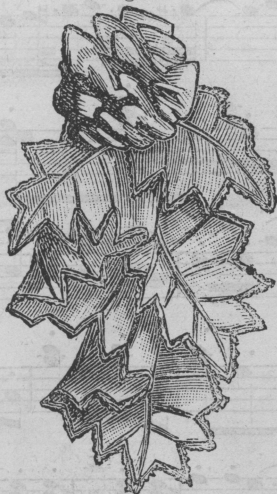
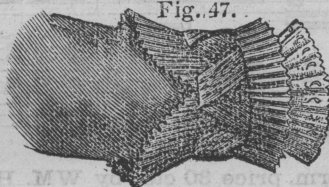


Fig. 48.



Fig. 47.



THE TURKISH REVEILLE.

Composed by TH. MACHAELIS.

Arranged by D. KRUG.

Moderato. Tempo di Marcia.

The musical score is written for piano in 3/4 time, featuring a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of six systems of grand staves. The first system begins with a *ppp* dynamic marking and a *Una corda.* instruction. The melody in the right hand includes triplet markings. The second system continues the piece. The third system is marked *To CODA.* and includes a *pp* dynamic marking. The fourth system features a *tre corda.* instruction. The fifth system begins with a *p* dynamic marking. The sixth system concludes the piece. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, slurs, and dynamic markings.

Published in sheet form, price 30 cts., by WM. H. BONER & CO., agts.,
No. 1102 Chestnut Street, Phila.

THE TURKISH REVEILLE.

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass clef staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the first measure of the treble staff.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melody with first and second endings indicated by '1' and '2'. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. A repeat sign is present at the end of the first ending.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melody with various accidentals. The bass staff has a steady accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) appears in the middle of the system.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff includes a section marked 'CODA.' with a double bar line and repeat sign. The bass staff has a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) in the middle and *ppp* (pianissimo) towards the end. The system concludes with the instruction *una corda sempre.*

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff provides a consistent accompaniment. This system does not contain any dynamic markings.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melody that tapers off. The bass staff has a dynamic marking of *dim.* (diminuendo) in the middle and *pppp* (pianississimo) towards the end.

Fig. 49.



Fig. 50.



Fig. 51.



GODEY'S Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME CI. No. 605.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1880.

ROSLYN'S FORTUNE.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Author of "A Gentle Belle," "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," "Nina's Atonement," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MRS. PARNELL MAKES A SUGGESTION.

Mrs. Parnell is a woman of fertile resource and great decision of character. The French proverb, "*vouloir c'est pouvoir*," is one that would meet with her hearty approval, and which she has unconsciously made the rule of her life. "Any thing that one desires to accomplish, one generally *can* accomplish, if one only tries long enough and hard enough," she has often said—and having resolved to prevent Roslyn from "throwing herself away" on Mr. Lovelace, she is quickened to energy and perseverance in her resolve by the appearance of that gentleman.

"I am afraid there is no hope," Geoffrey says, when they are discussing the matter soon after the inopportune arrival. "If poor Duncan dies—and I suppose he will—and Roslyn inherits his fortune, she will certainly marry Lovelace. We cannot prevent it."

"But *will* she inherit his fortune?" asks Mrs. Parnell. "Are you sure of that?"

"As far as moral certainty goes, I am sure—though I have not been positively told so."

"Well, I know Roslyn," says Mrs. Parnell, with energy, "and I am sure of one thing—that she would not marry Mr. Lovelace if she could once be fully convinced of his mercenary intentions."

"But, how is it possible to convince her?" says Geoffrey. "It does not seem to me that she ought to need any farther conviction than his conduct has already afforded."

"Women are very foolish sometimes," says Mrs. Parnell, shaking her head. "It requires a great deal to convince them that a man who talks

love means money. I wonder has this man any idea that Colonel Duncan may leave his fortune to Roslyn?"

"I hardly think so. Who would tell him? Only Mr. Shelbourne positively knows."

"Then I think we may test her," says the lady, with an air of reflection. "A thought has occurred to me, though I won't tell you what it is until I see whether it can be executed. It depends, in the first place, upon Colonel Duncan. I know the doctors would forbid my talking to him on such a subject; but I don't mind *them*—only I must choose my opportunity when they are away."

"It will be a risk," says Geoffrey, rather startled by such an announcement. "I don't think I would trouble him about the matter, if I were you, Aunt Lavinia. What can he do, except, perhaps, put a condition in his will that Roslyn shall not inherit the fortune if she marries Lovelace? That would outrage her, and make people talk tremendously."

"I have no idea of that kind," says Mrs. Parnell. "Don't be afraid, Geoffrey! I have always fancied that I possess an undeveloped talent for intrigue, and now we shall see if I do."

She goes away smiling; but Geoffrey is not at all easy in his mind. He does not fear her "intrigue," except in its result on Colonel Duncan—but that, he thinks, may be seriously hurtful. To talk to a man in a desperate fever on the most exciting topic that could be suggested, does not commend itself to him, any more than it would to the doctors, as an advisable thing to do; and he determines to frustrate Mrs. Parnell's purpose if possible. So far, the knowledge of Lovelace's arrival has been kept from the sick man; and Geoffrey is unable to perceive any good end to be gained by informing him of the fact. "I would have given Aunt Lavinia credit for more sense," he thinks. "If Roslyn *will* throw away her life, in the face of all warnings and expositu-

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lations, that is no reason for killing poor Duncan, who is fool enough to care for her, even more than I do."

Full of an irritation which is comprehensively directed against Mrs. Parnell, Lovelace and Roslyn, he walks into the hall, and there comes face to face with the latter, who is entering from the piazza.

"Geoffrey," she says, somewhat hesitatingly, "Mr. Lovelace has returned," (it is now afternoon,) "and desires to know if he cannot see Colonel Duncan?"

"Mr. Lovelace knows what Dr. Kirke told him this morning; and of course we are bound to observe the doctor's orders until he changes them. He said that Colonel Duncan must on no account be excited or disturbed; and a visit from Mr. Lovelace—in fact the knowledge that Mr. Lovelace is here—would both excite and disturb him."

"Will you tell Mr. Lovelace so?" she asks. "He is on the piazza."

Geoffrey looks at her doubtfully. Why does she want him to go to Lovelace? "Can you not tell him?" he asks a little brusquely.

"It will be better for you to speak to him," she answers. "I am going up stairs."

Without giving him time to reply, she turns and passes up the staircase, so that he has no alternative but to walk out on the piazza where Lovelace is sitting.

Their meeting, like all their intercourse, is courteous without cordiality. Geoffrey, with the intolerance of youthful feeling, is unable to constrain himself to more than merely civility to a man whom he both dislikes and distrusts; while Lovelace, amused by a reserve which he ascribes entirely to jealousy, treats him with an off-hand carelessness that has sometimes a dash of patronage in it. At the present time, however, the latter is not evident, as he receives with considerable hauteur the decision with regard to Colonel Duncan.

"I do not feel at all bound to observe Dr. Kirke's orders," he says, "and I must beg that Colonel Duncan shall be informed that I am here. If he declines to see me, that is another matter."

"I am sorry that it is impossible for me even to do that with the doctor's sanction," replies Geoffrey.

An angry flush comes to Lovelace's face. "Is the doctor not here?" he asks. "Can I not see him?"

"He is not here just now," answers Geoffrey, "but he will be here before long, and then you can appeal to him. Pray understand that I have no desire to assume any responsibility in the matter—I simply feel bound to observe his directions."

"A very good rule in general cases," says Lovelace, still haughtily, "but in this particular

instance you forget that, as Colonel Duncan's nearest relative, I have a right of admittance to his chamber."

"That," Geoffrey repeats, "I regret to say, you must settle with the doctors. I have nothing to do but observe their orders. I hope, however, that you may not find it necessary to wait very long to see them. Either Dr. Kirke or Dr. Chelmsom will be here in the course of an hour."

"I shall wait, then," says Lovelace, resuming his seat with a quick, impatient movement.

Geoffrey hesitates for a moment, then sits down also, thinking that Roslyn will return in a few minutes and relieve him; but minutes pass, and Roslyn does not return—somewhat to his surprise, and more to that of Lovelace. To the latter, this is a fresh grievance and source of exasperation, which he is not slow to ascribe to Geoffrey also. He feels certain that the latter has said or done something to keep Roslyn away, and his easy indifference of feeling begins to be replaced by a quite active sense of resentment and dislike.

Meanwhile, the stars in their courses appear to fight for the execution of Mrs. Parnell's resolution. The absence of the doctors, and the detention of Geoffrey by Lovelace, afford her just the opportunity she desires. Of the latter fact she is informed by Roslyn, who meets her in the upper hall on her way to Colonel Duncan's room.

"I wish you would go down stairs and take Geoffrey to walk, my dear," she says, with fine disinterestedness. "The poor fellow needs a little exercise and diversion."

"I should be very glad to do so, Aunt Lavinia," Roslyn answers, "but unfortunately I cannot—Geoffrey is with Mr. Lovelace."

"Indeed! I did not know that Mr. Lovelace was here."

"He only came a few minutes ago, and wanted to see Colonel Duncan; so I sent Geoffrey to tell him what the doctors said."

"He is very persevering—in his desire to see Colonel Duncan," says Mrs. Parnell. "I suppose you will go back to entertain and console him."

"No," answers Roslyn, quietly. "I sent Geoffrey because I did not wish to stay."

The elder lady smiles—a very well-pleased smile. "Two such congenial spirits will entertain each other delightfully. I am very glad that you sent Geoffrey. I am going to see Colonel Duncan, and I will send Mrs. Knight out for a little relief. Suppose you take her to walk."

"I shall be very glad to do so," Roslyn answers, honestly. "We can go out the back way so as not to be seen—or waylaid."

Having thus arranged matters to her satisfaction, Mrs. Parnell enters the sick chamber, and whispers to Mrs. Knight, who is placidly knitting by the window, that she will relieve her for a while. "Go out," she says. "You need fresh air, and Roslyn means to take you to walk."

Mrs. Knight smiles. "Miss Roslyn's kind as she can be," she says, "and I think it *will* do me good to take the air a bit. The Colonel's quiet now"—nodding her head toward the bed where the recumbent figure lay motionless—"and I shouldn't be surprised if he dozed off a little after that last dose of medicine."

She rises as she speaks, and goes away very quietly; while Mrs. Parnell, hearing a slight movement of the sick man as the door closes, advances to the side of the bed, and bends over him.

He opens his eyes, that shine large, dark and hollow, out of the pallid, wasted face, and looks at her with a faint smile, as she puts her cool fingers on his pulse.

"I do not think your fever is quite as high as it has been," she says—almost more to herself than to him.

"I have been asleep for a few minutes," he says; "and I think I must have dreamed a little, for I awoke with the sound of Lovelace's voice in my ears."

"Indeed!" says Mrs. Parnell. For a minute she can say no more, so much is she surprised by the opening thus afforded for what she wishes to say; and so wholly is she at a loss how to take advantage of this opening. But her irresolution is short. She quickly decides that the opportunity shall not find her unequal to it; and that the risk (if risk there be) must be run. She therefore goes on,

"You were not dreaming, or else you slept so lightly that real sounds mingled with your dream—for Mr. Lovelace is here, and you probably heard his voice through the open window."

She speaks very quietly; and is glad to see that, though Colonel Duncan looks surprised, he is neither disturbed nor excited. He is silent for a moment before saying:

"When did he come?"

"This morning. He is very anxious to see you, but Dr. Kirke did not think it well that he should do so."

"There is no reason why he should." He says this indifferently, and is silent again for a minute. Then there comes a wistful expression into the dark eyes that, even before his lips unclose, tell her what is in his mind.

"Has he"—he hesitates for an instant—"do you know why he has come?"

"To see you," she answers promptly. "At least he says that it was hearing of your accident and illness which brought him."

Duncan's lip curls into a slight, scornful smile.

"That is likely," he says. "Yet," he adds, after another thoughtful pause; "it may be more likely, perhaps, than I thought. He might be interested in my illness if he hoped to inherit my estate in case of my death; but I have provided against that."

Then the fear of consequences vanishes from the mind of Mrs. Parnell, as she sees this opening given her—a far better opening than she could possibly have hoped for.

"Pardon me," she says, quickly; "but since you have spoken of the matter yourself, I must ask this—in providing against that danger, have you not opened the way to a greater one? I mean"—for he looks at her in surprise—"have you not left your fortune to Roslyn?"

"Yes," he answers; "I have done so. Why do you speak of it as a danger?"

"Because I perceive what you have overlooked—the probable result," she says. "God grant, for every reason, that you may live to enjoy your fortune yourself; for so surely as it passes to Roslyn, so surely will she marry Lovelace."

A brief silence follows. The sick man lies and gazes with his hollow eyes at the stream of golden sunshine pouring in long rays across the room; and Mrs. Parnell watches him and wonders if she has done any mischief, or if she can venture to proceed.

"I *must*," she says to herself. "This is my only chance."

But just as she is opening her lips, he speaks—slowly, as one who is pondering a new thought.

"I did not consider that," he says. "I thought, I hoped, that he had gone out of her life. Surely she is not the woman we believe her to be, if she would accept a man who waited until she inherited a fortune to ask her to marry him."

"I do not know—the position in which she stands to him is not quite clear to me," says Mrs. Parnell; "but I do not think that matters are at an end between them, by any means. Indeed it strikes me that he has made his desire to see *you* an excuse for coming to see *her*; while his relation to her is still undefined. This," she adds quickly, "is only my impression, however. Roslyn has said nothing to me."

"No doubt it is a right impression," says Duncan; "but what can we do? Last summer, as you know, I was willing to smooth away the obstacles between them; but now—having learned, in the interval, a great deal about Lovelace's character—I would *place* any obstacle that I could in the way of her marrying him."

"There is one obstacle which you might place," says Mrs. Parnell, eagerly. "Shall I tell you what it is?"

"Yes," he answers, his eyes growing bright with excited interest, and the fever-flush which she is too absorbed to notice, deepening on his wasted cheeks.

"You must forgive me," she says, "if I speak very plainly; but I know what is best for her happiness and yours—ask her to marry *you*!"

He looks at her in amazement—as if he doubted either her sanity or the evidence of his own senses.

"Ask her to marry me!" he repeats. "In the first place, I have done so, and she said that she could not think of it. In the second place, do you know that the doctors think me a dying man?"

"Not a dying man—only a man in danger of death," says Mrs. Parnell. "I do not pretend to disguise the fact of your danger from you; and I know that you have faced it in your own thoughts, else I should not venture to speak of it. But I believe that, whether it be for life or for death, the best thing that could happen to Roslyn, would be to become your wife."

"You have not thought of what you are suggesting," he says, with an agitation which begins to alarm her. "Through her sympathy she might be induced to think of such a thing—but if I lived, she would be bound to a man she did not love; and if I died, she would be as free to do what you wish to prevent, as if such an empty ceremony had never taken place."

"I look at the matter very differently," she says, eagerly. "If you lived, Roslyn would, I am sure, make as happy and as attached a wife as you could desire: while if you died, she would be compelled to wait for some time at least, before marrying Lovelace—and, with that time secured, I do not believe she would marry him at all."

"But the apparent selfishness of such a request!"

"There would be no selfishness if you left the decision to her, and put your request on the ground that you wish to secure your fortune to her beyond the danger of any contest. Think of this—pray, think of it!" she says, hurriedly, "for I hear the doctors' voices, and I can say no more. Heavens, what would they do to me if they knew what I have said already!"

"Stop a minute," he exclaims, as she rises—and his hand clutches her dress. "I cannot deny that what you propose would be to me a great happiness; but I have never for an instant thought of asking—I could not for an instant think of asking it on *that* ground. But when you speak of Roslyn, and of the danger to which she is exposed, I can only say—I put myself in your hands. Do what you will, so that you make clear to her that I do not ask this on my own account; and that I will not ask it on *any* account, unless the doctors distinctly declare that there is no hope for my life. I will not consent to run any risk of her being tied to a man who may live instead of die. But if she will take my name and my fortune from me on my deathbed, I shall be grateful."

"I will tell her. Trust me, and do not think of it again!" cries Mrs. Parnell, really frightened now, to consider what may be the probable result of this agitation. "Leave the matter in my hands—I promise you I will do what you wish, and as

you wish. Don't excite yourself!—don't let your fever grow worse! I shall never forgive myself if this harms you."

"I don't think there is any danger that it will," he says, with another faint smile; "but if it does, it is no matter. I have done my work in the world as well as I could, and I leave no one whose grief for me will darken an hour of life—so why should I fear the coming of death?"

"You do not know how many there are who would feel that your going darkened life for them," says Mrs. Parnell, hurriedly—"else you would not think this."

But as she speaks, tears gather thickly in her eyes at the realization of the truth of his words. Gallant and noble and true though this life has been, many a worthless existence would, in going out, leave a greater blank behind it—for the place which we hold in the world is measured exactly by the hearts that love us, not in the general sense of friendship, but in the particular sense of that close affection which death has no power to sever—in which fate had made Hugo Duncan poor indeed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ROSLYN CONSENTS.

It is certainly in Geoffrey's mind to wonder what spirit, intriguing or otherwise, has taken possession of Mrs. Parnell, when, after the doctors have gone up stairs, she appears on the piazza, and greets Lovelace with a graciousness which leaves nothing to be desired.

"Dr. Kirke is still obdurate, I perceive, about permitting you to see Colonel Duncan," she says, as she gives the young man her hand. "You must pardon him. He is always a tyrant in a sick room; and this case is one in which he is particularly interested."

"That is natural," replied Lovelace; but what I feel is, that Dr. Kirke should realize that I am particularly interested, also—and probably more deeply interested than he is."

"But if you are so deeply interested, you certainly would not wish to run even the least risk that might be hurtful to Colonel Duncan," says Mrs. Parnell, looking at him with keenly observant eyes.

"Certainly not," he answers, promptly; "but I cannot and do not believe that my presence could have any hurtful effect upon him. Why should it?"

No one attempts to answer this question. Mrs. Parnell only says:

"The doctor has the responsibility of the case, you know, and must guard against *any* danger."

"I should not like to characterize the doctor exactly," says Lovelace, lightly; "but he has agreed to mention to Colonel Duncan that I am

here, if he finds him no worse than he left him this morning."

"Well, that is a concession with which I think you ought to be satisfied," says Mrs. Parnell. "Meanwhile, you will take tea with us?"

The invitation is, within the bounds of civility, unavoidable; but to Geoffrey it seems altogether superfluous; and turning quickly as Lovelace answers, "I shall be very happy to do so," he walks around the piazza, which nearly surrounds the building, and is rewarded by meeting Roslyn and Mrs. Knight at a side entrance.

"Why, where have you been?" he asks in much surprise, as the girl comes up to the piazza steps, and pauses smiling beside him.

"I have been taking a very pleasant walk with Mrs. Knight," she says; "and I should have asked you to go with us, only you were engaged, you know."

"Yes, I know," he replies, with a vain attempt at reproof of look and tone. "Pray, whose fault was it that I was engaged?"

"Mine, if you like," she answers, carelessly. "I thought it was more your place than mine to entertain Mr. Lovelace."

"I assure you that Mr. Lovelace did not think so. I never saw a man look more disgusted than he looked when you did not return. I was surprised myself. I thought you certainly meant to come back."

"No"—she shakes her head—"I had no such intention. Mr. Lovelace came to see Colonel Duncan, not to see me."

"Roslyn,"—a new fear strikes Geoffrey—"you are not vexed about that?"

"Vexed!" She lifts her eyes a little indignantly. "Do you think I could be so petty—even if I cared? No; what I felt was, that I would not let him do one thing under cover of doing another—and I did not act without good reason, Geoffrey."

"I am sure of that," says Geoffrey, warmly. "You were perfectly right, and I enjoyed amazingly seeing the disappointment and disgust grow more and more evident on Lovelace's face—but I am sorry to say that Aunt Lavinia has asked him to stay to tea."

"How could she avoid doing so? You see it is sunset now. I do not mind that—I feel quite equal to the occasion."

"I think you are quite equal to it," says Geoffrey, smiling at her air of brightness and pride. "But where are you going?—just when I have a little opportunity to talk to you!"

"I am going to make a slight improvement in my toilette. See how my hair is falling down!—and my dress is soiled from the walk."

She nods, smiles, and walking across the piazza, is about to enter a glass door which stands open, when a sudden thought seems to strike her, and she turns back.

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"Geoff," she says, almost in a whisper, "you don't know how frivolous I feel when I talk of such trifling things in the face of anything so grave and serious as Colonel Duncan's illness. I suppose the coming of—of Mr. Lovelace has made me think, even more than I have before, of all his goodness and generosity and unselfishness. No one is like him!" says the girl with a rush of tears in her voice, "and he is dying, perhaps, and I—I to whom he has been so more than kind—I can care whether my hair is smooth, or whether Mr. Lovelace comes or goes! Geoff, you ought to despise me, for I despise myself."

"I see no reason to despise you," says Geoffrey. "Of course it is sad to think of Duncan—but you cannot be overshadowed by the sadness all the time."

"But I ought to be!—who in the world ought to be, if not I?" she says. "It is strange that he should care for any one so like a doll or a child; but he does—you know that he does. And I—"

She turns quickly and goes away without pausing again, leaving Geoffrey in his inexperience to marvel over the incomprehensible moods and variations of the feminine nature.

He has reason to marvel over them still more before the evening ends. Roslyn makes her appearance at tea dressed simply, but with a simplicity that greatly enhances her beauty; and her manner to Lovelace is worthy the approval and admiration with which Mrs. Parnell regards it. It is easy, natural, sufficiently cordial, yet indifferent. Reserve may mean constraint, injured feelings, suppressed passion—anything; but in Roslyn's manner there is no shade of effort. If Lovelace's presence has power to move her in any way, Lovelace owns to himself that he can read no sign of it. She looks at him with unshadowed eyes, undrooping lids; and her voice takes no different tone in addressing him from that which it takes in addressing any one else.

In truth, the chief secret of her unconcern is preoccupation of thought—for she, like every one else, reads on Dr. Kirke's face the evidence of anxiety.

"I found Colonel Duncan's pulse much higher than it should have been," he has said to Mrs. Parnell—whose guilty conscience accuses her most clamorously—"and it is a sign which alarms me very much. I shall stay until midnight to watch the effect of the medicine I am giving—and after that, Chelmsom will take my place. The patient cannot be too closely attended now, nor all causes of excitement too carefully kept from him."

Mrs. Parnell silences her guilty conscience sufficiently to say:

"You do not intend to let Mr. Lovelace see him, then?"

The old physician makes a gesture of con-

temptuous dissent. "I never entertained such an idea," he says. "Mr. Lovelace would probably have very little power to excite him; but, except for some good reason, I am not going to run any risk—not the least."

"What would he say if he knew what I have done?" thinks Mrs. Parnell, though she cannot bring herself to regret it.

Lovelace, on his part, has received the decision of the doctor without farther remonstrance, appreciating fully how useless such remonstrance would prove in the face of Dr. Kirke's resolution and increased anxiety. He only expresses his intention of remaining during part, at least, of the night, and hopes that he may be of service in some way.

It has been already said that Roslyn reads the meaning of the shadow on the doctor's face, and after tea she waylays him in the hall. He had paused a minute in the sitting-room, to give Geoffrey a prescription which he wishes sent at once into Kirton—and when he comes out, a figure in white is standing by the staircase.

"Please excuse me, doctor"—it is Roslyn's voice which speaks—"I know you don't like troublesome questions—but is Colonel Duncan worse?"

The tremulous anxiety of her tone is not lost on the doctor's ear, and looking into the upturned face, he sees that this anxiety is very genuine.

"I don't so much object to troublesome questions," he says, "as I object to questions which I cannot answer. Colonel Duncan is not very much worse just now, but there are indications that he may be seriously worse before long. That is exactly the truth."

Exactly the truth, because spoken, as he thinks, to ears indifferent, save from the interest of friendship; but as he passes on, a sob rises in the throat of the girl whom he leaves.

"I know he will die!—I am sure he will die!" she thinks. "People who are useful and would be missed, always die—and worthless, ungrateful people live."

Whether or not she stands in her own mind for the type of worthless ingratitude, it is a very subdued Roslyn who presently joins the group now returned to the piazza, where the soft moonlight night is as bright as day.

"I was just wondering what had become of you," says Geoffrey, as she appears.

"And I was just fearing that you had deserted us again," says Lovelace, speaking in a tone of reproach. During the afternoon he had determined to play the rôle of injured indignation; but when he met Roslyn at tea, her manner at once changed his intention.

"I stopped to speak to Dr. Kirke," says the girl, as she sits down; while the moonlight falling on her face, shows what a troubled look it wears.

"He is very uneasy about Colonel Duncan."

"What an unfortunate accident it was for you that Duncan should have been brought here," says Lovelace. "A thing of this kind affects one just in proportion as it is near one."

"I think I should have felt for him just the same if he had been at Clifton," she says, with a little indignation in her voice. "But even if I had not realized the sadness quite so much, I could not on that account wish that he had been taken where he might not have had as much care as he has had here."

"He must wish it himself, I should think," says Lovelace. "One does not like to be the cause of so much trouble in another person's house."

"I hope Colonel Duncan trusts our friendship too much to imagine that we think of any trouble," says Mrs. Parnell. "If he can only recover—" then she pauses.

"O, men often recover after doctors have read their death-warrants," says Lovelace. "But I think we ought to change the subject," he continues, looking at Roslyn's face. "Miss Vardray grows more and more sad. Can I not divert your mind?" he asks, addressing her directly. "Will the moonlight tempt you to take a short walk around the garden?"

"Neither the moonlight nor you," she answers, smiling, yet evidently decided. "I do not feel like walking."

After this rebuff, which makes it sufficiently plain that she desires no *tête-à-tête* with him, Lovelace makes no further attempt to secure one.

"It is just as well that I should not commit myself," he thinks; "and there is no telling what folly I might utter if I were alone with her."

So the evening passes in attempts at conversation, which are neither cheerful nor very well sustained. Mrs. Parnell and Geoffrey are several times called away, and more than once are both absent for a considerable time; but Roslyn feels no uneasiness about her power of keeping Lovelace in check. "If he utters one word of love-making, I will stop him as he was never stopped before," she thinks—and Lovelace, instinctively aware of this, utters no such word. Only once, as if unable to refrain from speaking that of which his thoughts are full, he looks at her wistfully, and says:

"It was at night and by moonlight that I saw you last—but that was July, and this is October."

"Three months!" says the girl, indifferently. "Quite a long, or quite a short time, according as one looks at it. It seems rather long to me, because so much has been crowded into it."

"And how long do you think it has seemed to me?" he asks—a vibration of meaning in his voice that is very clear to her.

"How can I tell?" she answers, carelessly. "Very short, I dare say. It really *is* a short time—and you, I presume, have had no novel experiences to make it seem long."

"I have had *one* very novel experience," he says, in a low tone.

Roslyn does not ask what it is. In proportion as the conversation grows personal, she is aware that it grows dangerous; and she therefore makes a diversion.

"I think I hear the sound of buggy wheels," she says. "Dr. Chelmsom must be coming."

It is Dr. Chelmsom, who a few minutes later drives up; and after hearing his report on Colonel Duncan's case—which is as discouraging as that of his colleague—Lovelace takes his departure, saying that he will return the next morning.

An hour later, Roslyn has gone to her room; and having extinguished her light, is sitting by the window, with as little disposition to sleep as it is possible for any one to have, when Mrs. Parnell opens the door.

"Is that you, my dear?" she asks, seeing the white figure in the moonlight. "I thought probably you had not gone to bed. Do you mind if I come in for a short while?"

"I shall be very glad if you will," answers Roslyn. "I have been sitting here looking at the moonlight, and I don't find it cheerful at all—I suppose because I am not cheerful."

Mrs. Parnell's ear is quick to catch the sound of repressed tears in her voice—and she wonders a little over their cause, as she closes the door and comes forward.

"You ought to go to bed and forget sad thoughts," she says, kindly. "We cannot have *you* made melancholy. Mr. Lovelace was right, perhaps, in saying that, after all, it was a pity Colonel Duncan was brought here."

"I thought it a very selfish speech—I mean a speech that showed selfish feeling," says Roslyn; "but I had no right to reproach him, for I have made many just as selfish. It is true I thought then Colonel Duncan would get well—but *that* was no excuse."

"You did not mean them, I am sure," says Mrs. Parnell. "You were only thoughtless—never selfish."

"One is as sorry sometimes for thoughtlessness as for selfishness," says the girl, looking away, out over the silver-flooded landscape.

"At least you have had no real thought that was not kind," says Mrs. Parnell; "and as for what poor Hugo Duncan thinks of you—that I can scarcely tell you."

"You have no need to tell me," the girl says, in a low voice. "I know—and that is what cuts me to the heart. He has given *me* everything; and I have given *him* nothing—hardly a kind word; not even an anxious thought."

"You are reproaching yourself too much," says Mrs. Parnell—but in this self reproach, she sees a better ground than she had hoped to find for her scheme. She realizes that the situation is in her own hands; and that it will be very easy to influence Roslyn to her purpose, if she approaches the point with care and skill.

"It is as well, perhaps, that you have not known him as he deserves to be known," she says, after a moment's pause. "It is better to reproach yourself for having felt too little, than to suffer as you would necessarily suffer if you had felt more. Ah!"—it is a very genuine sigh—"I should be sorry if any woman who *loved* Hugo Duncan were here now!"

"You think he is so certain to die?" asks Roslyn, almost in a whisper.

"I don't think the doctors have much hope; and his situation is certainly very critical and dangerous. Since it is so," she adds, after a minute of hesitation and reflection, "I feel that I must not delay telling you something which he told me to-day—something which concerns you very much."

The tone in which these words are uttered is more expressive than are the words themselves; and Roslyn turns her face around with a quick motion of surprise.

"Something which concerns me very much!" she says. "What was it, Aunt Lavinia?"

Mrs. Parnell leans forward and takes her hand—a little, soft chill hand.

"You reproach yourself because you have never given Hugo Duncan anything in return for all that he has given you," she says. "Are you willing to give him something—a great thing to him, yet a slight thing to you, for he only asks it in case he is dying?"

"I can not imagine anything that I would not give him if he asked it," answers Roslyn. "But I have no idea what it can be."

"He asked you for your love once, my dear," says the elder lady; "and you told him that you could not give it. He asks now, that in case he is dying—'remember,' he said, '*only* in case I am dying'—you will let him give you his name and his fortune."

Silence follows these words, for Roslyn is so much astonished that she hardly takes in the full meaning of what she has heard.

"His name and his fortune!" she repeats after a minute. "I do not understand—what does he mean?"

"Simply that you will marry him, my dear," answers Mrs. Parnell. "Not for his own sake," she adds hastily, seeing the girl shrink, "but for yours. He wishes to leave you his fortune—he has already done so in his will—but to put the matter beyond all danger of contest, he desires to leave it in this way."

"But I cannot—I cannot!" says Roslyn in a

choking tone. "To do for money what I would not do for love—O, I should feel as if it was too base!"

"There is no reason for such a feeling," says Mrs. Parnell. "Look at the matter in this light—the light in which *he* will regard it—that you do it, not for money, but to gratify a dying man, who loves you devotedly: to make him secure that what he wishes you to have, you *will* have; and to show a last appreciation of all he has desired to do for you. If you know how much this has been—how nobly and how utterly he has been willing to set aside self to serve you—think of it, and I am sure the thought will make you feel that this last favor will be a small one for you to grant."

Almost unconsciously to herself, Mrs. Parnell's voice has taken a tone of pleading that is not lost on Roslyn. The latter is already wrought to a state of feeling which seconds such an appeal powerfully; and when to the forces of pity, regret and reproach, this eager persuasion is added, the result is not difficult to forecast.

"You think I ought to do it?" she asks breathlessly.

"I do not see how you can hesitate," answers Mrs. Parnell, impulsively. "Remember that he does not ask you to run any risk of his living—on that point he was most emphatic. Only in case the doctors declare he *must* die, does he ask you to do this."

"He is always generous and thoughtful," says the girl in a stifled voice. "Yes, I will do it—how can I refuse? But, O Aunt Lavinia, it does seem horrible to say, 'Only in case he is dying.'"

"My dear, how could he ask it otherwise?—and how could you grant it otherwise?"

There is no answer; and after a moment, Mrs. Parnell goes on:

"Another thing which I would like to say to you is about Mr. Lovelace. I do not know—and pray understand that I do not ask—how matters stand between you; but if you have any distrust of him, any desire to test him and discover how far he is governed by mercenary hopes and wishes, this will give you an opportunity to do so. Tell him to-morrow what you think of doing, and see what he will say."

"I do not need to test him," says Roslyn, proudly. "I understand him thoroughly."

"Nevertheless, it is well to be certain," says Mrs. Parnell. "If he is weighed in the balance, and found wanting, you will be justified in believing what you now only suspect. But I must not stay any longer," she says abruptly, as the striking of a clock in the hall breaks the silence of the house. "You must go to bed, my dear, or else we shall have a very pale Roslyn to-morrow. Good-night. Try to sleep, and *not* to think."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Parnell's injunction to the contrary, Roslyn passes the remainder of the night in thinking rather than in sleeping. It is long after she is left alone before she even lies down; and then the hours, as they go, leave her as wakeful as they found her. Dawn is breaking before the lids at last close over her eyes and she falls asleep.

When she wakes, it is with a sense of having overslept her usual hour of rising, and she is scarcely surprised to find Lettice standing by the bed, looking at her with a smile.

"Why, Lettice!" she says, springing with a start to an upright position. "Am I very late?—or are you very early?"

"It is you who are very late," answers Lettice. "I found breakfast over when I came in; and Mrs. Parnell said that you had been awake late last night, so she would not allow you to be disturbed."

"Yes," says Roslyn, with a shadow of recollection falling over her face. "I *was* late last night, and—how is Colonel Duncan this morning?"

"No better, I was told," answers Lettice, gravely. "I think Dr. Kirke is very anxious about him."

Roslyn does not answer. The memory of last night, of all that Mrs. Parnell said, and of her own promise, is too strongly in her mind for her to be able to speak on the subject in her usual manner; so without a word she rises and begins to dress.

Lettice watches her some time, silent but observant, according to her usual fashion. Then she says abruptly,

"I was surprised to learn that Mr. Lovelace is here; but you, I suppose, were not surprised to see him."

"Why should you suppose that?" asks Roslyn. "I was very much surprised. It certainly never occurred to me that he would come to see Colonel Duncan, and I knew no other reason to bring him."

"Has no other reason brought him?" asks Lettice, significantly.

"That I do not know," Roslyn answers indifferently. "He says that the news of Colonel Duncan's illness made him come."

"No doubt it is true—in a measure," says Lettice, "but I am sure he thought of seeing you, more than of seeing Colonel Duncan."

"Perhaps so," says Roslyn carelessly. "I have not speculated on the subject at all. Don't look at me as if you thought I was talking for effect!" she says with a sudden change of tone, as she meets Lettice's eyes. "I am not trying to baffle you. I am telling the exact truth."

"I am glad to hear it," says Lettice. "I know you mean what you say *now*; but you like him, he has an influence over you which you cannot deny, and when you inherit Colonel Duncan's fortune—"

Roslyn makes a gesture which stops her at this point. "Don't, Lettice!" she says. "I do not like to hear such things, even from you. If you doubt me, I am sorry for it; but assurances will not satisfy you in that case—you must wait and see. Now will you come and take breakfast with me?"

"I have breakfasted, but I will go down with you," says Lettice rising, and feeling as if some change which she did not understand had come over Roslyn.

No one could be more conscious of the change than Roslyn herself, as she walks past the door of Colonel Duncan's room, and wonders with a sense of awe and dismay whether Mrs. Parnell's proposal of the night before may not have been a dream or a hallucination.

The first look at Mrs. Parnell's face, when they meet in the hall below, assures her, however, that it was neither. The elder lady's glance is eager, interrogative, full of interest and anxiety. Yet her words are simple.

"I would not let you be disturbed, my dear," she says, "because I kept you awake so late last night. I hope you feel well to-day?"

"Quite well, thank you, Aunt Lavinia," answers Roslyn; but she does not repeat the question which she has already asked Lettice—the inquiry about Colonel Duncan which is usually first on her lips in the morning. "I shall hear soon enough," she thinks—and then she goes into the breakfast-room.

While she is sitting there, drinking some coffee and trying rather unsuccessfully to eat, Geoffrey comes in.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle Laziness," he says with his cheerful smile. "You were certainly determined not to be the early bird that catches the worm, or the worm that is caught by the early bird, this morning. Lovelace is here to represent either bird or worm, as the case may be, however."

"For shame, Geoffrey," she answers. What disagreeable comparisons and suggestions! Sit down and entertain Lettice. I am so stupid that she looks disconsolate."

"Geoffrey need not sit down to entertain me," says Lettice, "for I have been only waiting until you finished your breakfast—or pretense of breakfast—to say good-bye. I just ran over for a little while, to hear how Colonel Duncan was, and to have a glimpse of you."

"But you have not had a glimpse of me yet," says Roslyn—"and I want you to stay; so you must stay."

"Must I? I think not, with your majesty's

permission. I never knew any one to whom the imperative mood came so naturally."

"Geoffrey has spoiled me, and so have you. But please stay, Lettice. I am in earnest when I say that I want you."

"Not very much, I think," says Lettice. "You don't want me yet—you have not decided what or how much to tell me. When you ~~will~~ decide, if you have any real need of me, you can come to me, or send for me. Meanwhile, I must go home."

"I will go with you," says Geoffrey; who, being a good deal puzzled himself by the existing state of affairs, feels that he would like a confidential talk.

Lettice understands him, and says nothing dissuasive of his attention as she takes up her parasol. "A pack-horse to bear other people's burdens is what I was made for," she said once a little bitterly to Roslyn—but at least she is a willing pack-horse; and for no burdens so willing as for those of Geoffrey Thorne.

Roslyn says nothing to detain Geoffrey, nor makes any further attempt to persuade Lettice to remain. Seeing that she is destined to a *tête à tête* with Lovelace, she determines to make the use of it which Mrs. Parnell has suggested; and as far as may be, to test him thoroughly.

"I am tired of uncertainty," she thinks. "I must know whether they are right or wrong. He shall be weighed in the balance, and if found wanting, I am done with him once and forever. What do I hope?—what do I desire? I am sure I do not know. I feel as if I were being impelled by circumstances toward some end which I have not wisdom enough either to desire or to seek."

"Roslyn!"

It is Mrs. Parnell's voice speaking unexpectedly; and the girl lifts her head with a start from the hands which have been supporting it.

"Yes, Aunt Lavinia," she says. "What is it?"

"Nothing startling," answers Mrs. Parnell, observing the expression of apprehension in her eyes. "I only came to say that Mr. Lovelace wants to know if he may not have the pleasure of seeing you this morning."

"There is no reason why he should not," Roslyn replies, as she rises. "I was just thinking that I would go to him, else he may fancy that I am afraid of him."

"He is not likely to fancy that," says Mrs. Parnell, looking with a smile at the proud young face. "But you had better go; and pray, remember what I suggested last night?"

"I shall not forget," Roslyn answers. Then she pauses an instant. "Was it a dream, Aunt Lavinia," she says, wistfully; "the other which you suggested? I almost think it must have been."

"No, my dear," the elder lady answers; "it

was not a dream. I hope you do not mean that you regret your promise?"

"No," the girl answers, gravely; "I do not regret having made it; but I hope!—O, I hope very much that I may not be called on to fulfil it."

With this, she walks away, leaving Mrs. Parnell to look after her anxiously; and wonder whether she had not better have left things to take their course.

Such a doubt as this is not likely long to prevail in a mind so well-poised and well-satisfied as her own; and she is considering what her next step shall be, by the time Roslyn is shaking hands with Lovelace.

The latter is standing in one of the open French windows of the drawing-room when, hearing a light tread, and the sweep of a dress across the floor, he turns quickly, with such a light of pleasure and gladness leaping over his handsome face, that Roslyn—who, up to this time has steeled herself against him—suddenly feels with a sharp pang, how hard, how very hard it is to doubt him.

"How glad I am to see you," he says, impulsively. "I really began to fear you were not coming."

"I am very late this morning," she answers; "and have just breakfasted. If people come so early, they must expect to wait," she adds, with a smile.

"I came early because I was anxious to hear how Duncan spent the night," he says. "Before I left Kirtan it was reported that he was either dying or dead."

"But it is not so bad as that," says Roslyn, with all the color suddenly leaving her cheeks. "I believe he is no better, but not worse—not so much worse."

"No; the doctors say that his condition is much the same; but since he is no better, they fear the worst. It is a sad case; and I am sorry that there seems no prospect of my being able to see him."

"Is there no prospect of that?"

"The doctors are unwilling, and of course I do not desire to press the point."

Silence for a moment. Roslyn looks out with troubled eyes over the brilliant world, thinking of Duncan, and of what hangs for her upon his life or death—while Lovelace, watching her face and failing to read her thoughts, presently speaks.

"I must repeat what I said last night, that this is a most unfortunate state of affairs in its result upon you. I never saw any one so changed as you seem to be."

"Am I?" she says, coming back hastily to the recollection of things immediately around her. "It is not strange. I have much to change me—much beside the sadness, I mean."

"May I ask what?" (in a tone of solicitude which she well remembers.) "Surely you know that there is no one whose interest in all that concerns you is deeper than my own."

"I do not know that at all," she answers, "and I should give my other friends poor appreciation if I believed it—but I am not sure that you have not a right to know something which is at present concerning me."

Her manner, even more than her words, surprises him. There is no trace of the gay, coquettish girl with whom he had that summer flirtation which beguiled him so much, and carried him so much farther than he meant to be carried—nor can he fancy that in any way her words have reference to himself. She looks at him with grave, quiet eyes, and he, astonished and uncertain, replies:

"I have the right of a deep interest, at least. You will do me great injustice if you doubt that."

She smiles a little—a smile which means, "You have a deeper interest than you know"—but he is not able to read the meaning, and it puzzles him. By this time his curiosity is awakened, and his interest stimulated. The fair face at which he looks, baffles as well as charms him, and no man likes to be baffled—especially by a woman.

"Yes, I will tell you," she says, quietly, "because I feel that, being Colonel Duncan's nearest relative, you have a right to hear. You must know, then, that in his generous kindness, he desires to leave his fortune to me"—her eyes, that do not swerve from the face before her, read all the change that comes over it as she utters these words—"and he thinks that the best way to do this will be for me to marry him."

Her voice stops, and it is fully a minute before Lovelace can decide what to say, or find words in which to utter it. This revelation is so wholly unexpected, and so annihilating to his hopes in one respect, that he cannot at once see what it is best to do, or how he should face it. He is conscious that his countenance has betrayed his dismay; but after a quick reflection, a quick rallying of his forces, he hopes that this dismay can be turned to good account.

"And do you mean to do it?" he asks, at length, his voice quivering despite his efforts to control it, and his eyes expressing all the emotions that have rushed over him.

"That I do not know," she answers, slowly. "My decision depends on many things." Then she looks at him with a full, challenging gaze. "What do you advise me to do?" she asks.

The pause which ensues is more full of meaning and uncertainty than any which has preceded it, for both are aware how much hangs on the next words. Roslyn feels her pulses beating with a vibrating rush, and Lovelace has an instinct, though no full recognition of all that is at stake

for him. Strongly is he tempted to say manfully: "Do nothing of the kind. I love you, and, so loving you, I am not willing that you should go through even the form of becoming the wife of another man. You belong to me—and to me alone!"

This, or something like it, is what Roslyn has said for him in her heart, though she can hardly be said to expect that he will justify her hopes, and utter it with his lips. Nor does he. For him, as for many another man, the supreme moment of opportunity is lost through too much thought of self. If for one instant the impulse of so speaking comes to him, he puts it by as madness, while another thought dawns on him, which makes him suddenly perceive a prospect for the reconciliation of different hopes and conflicting desires.

"How can I advise you?" he says, slowly at last. "You know how I love you—you know what I have hoped to win from you, when I am free from many things which entangle my life now. But what should I be if I selfishly attempted to put this love between you and the fortune which may be yours if you gratify the wish of a dying man? I cannot do so. I should be a scoundrel if I did, for I am too poor a man to be able to offer you anything to compensate the loss of Colonel Duncan's fortune."

A rush of bitter disappointment for a moment chokes Roslyn, and renders her incapable of speech. Then scorn overcomes it, and she looks at him with eyes which are clear of tears, although the salt moisture is perilously near them.

"I have not given the fortune a thought," she says, in her ringing voice. "It is nothing to me—though I see it is everything to you."

"You do me injustice," he answers, quickly. "It is not everything to me; but I know the world, and the bitter need of money which makes life a curse. Is it not now holding me off from you, and making me risk the loss of all that is most precious to me? I will be quite frank with you, and say that hearing of Colonel Duncan's dangerous illness, I could not but hope that the fortune might come to me—because in that case it would make me free to seek *you*, my proud, beautiful love. But if it is to be yours, I am satisfied that it shall be so."

"Satisfied that in such a case I might take the place of the cousin to whom, or to whose fortune, you were engaged when I heard from you last," thinks Roslyn, to whom, by a flash of intuition, the whole course of his thoughts are, in an instant, laid bare.

"You are very kind," she says aloud; "and I am much obliged for your good advice—which I shall follow."

With this she turns, and before he can detain her, has swiftly crossed the room and disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

The Men of Athens have not been obliged to bear alone, through all the ages, the reproach of having been "too superstitious;" but I am sorry to admit that it is the women of every modern Athens, so far as one can ascertain, who are most open to this reproach. How many men are successfully concealing their little superstitions and fetiches, is an unanswerable question; but one cannot help hoping that properly-applied torture would wring startling confessions in this line from the most matter-of-fact among them.

To begin with, the farmer was a good-humored, unromantic, sincere sort of man, whose simple and graphic manner, when he was narrating anything, of itself carried conviction. And I will admit that Nora was credulous, although even I, who am nothing if not practical, could not help being a little influenced by the story; for dreams are queer things, and have sometimes had strange fulfilments. Perhaps the entire absence of anything that could be called exciting accounted in a measure for the amount of excitement which we lavished upon what I am about to mention. We had been for three weeks in a spot so charming, and so completely sequestered, that I am not going to break faith with Nora, and one or two other favored mortals who know of it, by telling where it is. I will merely mention that near it flows an Enchanted River, which rivals the Nile in the modesty with which it conceals its doubtless lovely heads, and which, once listened to, has the powers of the Lorelei of drawing back those who have unfortunately left it. But it differs from the Lorelei in using those powers beneficently; the leaves upon the pine-trees which endeavor to conceal it from the world are leaves of healing, and a summer spent beside it is an earnest of "strength for the work of the morrow" through the ensuing winter.

We had been long enough under the influence of this Siren among rivers, to believe in anything, to oblige anybody, when, one evening, as we left the bounteous tea-table to go to the point along the bank which we had chosen as the best for witnessing the double sunset which we disliked to miss, the farmer's wife, in her usual manner of kindly briskness, bade "Father" go with us.

"You keep talkin' about showin' them the Refugee-hole, Father, but I don't see as you do it; so just go along and do it now!"

The farmer smiled indulgently, and gave a deprecating glance at his threadbare velvetens and cowhide boots.

"I don't think I look much like ladies' company, mother," he ventured, mildly.

"The young ladies would just as soon have you that way as trussed up in your Sunday coat

and boots," replied "Mother," decisively; and as we emphatically confirmed the decision, he modestly joined us.

"But who were the Refugees, and what did they do with a hole?" asked Nora, as we followed the winding path that led to the river.

"Now is it possible, Miss Nora, that a young lady, who's been to school all her life—though that's not so very long, in this case, to be sure—hasn't learned enough about the old Revolution to know who the Refugees were? Well, here we are, and I reckon we'd better sit down on this log; you can watch your sunset from here, first-rate, and there's quite a preface, if you don't know about the Refugees. They were a band of fellows leagued together, for no good, while the old Revolution was going on. They stole pretty equally, to do them justice, from everybody and anybody; but they let on to favor the British, and so they got help and protection from some of the worst of the Tories and British sympathizers, hereabout. I've heard my grandfather tell that just where you're sitting now there used to be a house, kept by a rascally Englishman, who had a bad name even in those times. He favored these Refugees in every way he could, and of course he didn't do it for nothing. You see, the ravine falls away pretty steep, just here, and the back of the house looked out on it. It was all grown up thick then—pretty much as it is now, I suppose, for it's too steep and rocky to make clearing it out worth while—with laurel, and sumach, and pine-brush; and this fellow—I disremember his name—had a way cut from his cellar into the ravine, so when they got after these Refugees—and I'm glad to think it happened often!—they had nothing to do but cut for this house, and then stay in the cellar till the parties came there to look for them, and then, while old What's-his-name was explaining that he hadn't seen them for weeks, and treating the soldiers, they'd just creep through that hole, and whip off along the side of the ravine. I don't see why they didn't get rich; there's no doubt hundreds of dollars' worth of plunder passed through their hands, those days; but I happen to know that not much of it stuck—it was easy come, easy go, I suppose, as it mostly is, and there were others as ready to grab and plunder as they were.

"But how do you 'happen to know that not much of it stuck?' asked Nora, curiously.

"Well, that's a little queer," said the farmer, somewhat reluctantly. "It sounds foolish enough, too, but it was through a dream."

"A dream!" repeated Nora; "how delightfully romantic that sounds; please tell us all about it—at once!"

"There's not such a great sight to tell," he said, smiling at Nora's eager face; "and I'm afraid you'll be disappointed if you expect a romance, Miss Nora; but I'm quite willing to

tell what there is of it. You must understand, to begin with, that I knew nothing about this Refugee-hole, or about the Refugees themselves, till I was turned of fifteen—there would have been nothing queer about it, if I had known. But father was always a silent man, at least as I remember him—folks say he was smart enough with his tongue before mother died; but that was when I was a baby, so I can't say. He wasn't cross nor contrary, but I don't remember of him ever opening his mouth, except to put his virtuels into it, and say his prayers, and give what orders had to be given about the farm.

"And Aunt Penitence wasn't much better—in fact, she was a good deal worse; for what *she* chiefly opened her mouth for was to scold and find fault, and ask us to guess what would 'a' become of us all, if she hadn't come to take care of us—Mercy and father and me—when mother died. Mercy was a sassy little thing, not afraid of anybody; and one day she says, 'You might go back to where you come from, Aunt Pen and we'll write and let you know!'" I saw father smile and pull his mouth down, and Aunt Pen got a good deal civiler after that—I have heard say she was in a service-place when father brought her home to take care of us; but you know service-places then weren't counted as they are now—but you ought to pull me up, Miss Nora, when I stray round like a hen that's lost her nest this way, and bring me back to what little point there is!"

"Oh, no," said Nora, emphatically, "I like to hear you 'stray round,' so just you tell it your own way; there's plenty of time, and the moon will be up by and by."

Thus encouraged, the farmer continued: "You see that crooked old apple-tree? Father told me once, when I asked him how old it was, that he set it out the very day I was born. I used to take a good bit of interest in it after that, and one spring, when the borers were pretty bad, I dug down about the roots, and filled in the trench with coal-ashes. The last spadeful I took out I heard a chink, and grubbed about in that spadeful of earth till I found this," and the farmer took from his waistcoat-pocket, and handed us for inspection, a Spanish doubloon, dated "1650," but worn so smooth that the date was not decipherable by that light—we saw it after we returned to the house.

"I fished about considerable in the earth I had thrown out, after that," he continued; "but didn't find anything but one or two old brass coat-buttons, and they're lost long ago. That night I had a dream that wasn't much in itself, but somehow it made an ugly impression on me. I thought I was digging round the apple-tree, just as I really had been, and happened to look up, and there, right in front of me, stood a fat, puffy-faced man, dressed in home-spun, un-

bleached linen. His clothes looked as if he'd been rolled through a clay-bank, and the top of his head went in, in a way that made me kind of sick as I looked at him, though there was no blood on him anywhere. I was thinking what a very nasty face he had, when he smiled, and then I thought he was the worst-looking customer I'd ever seen. He pointed to where I was digging, and opened his mouth, as if he meant to speak, but no sound came, and I gave such a shudder that it woke me right up. I was all broken out in a cold sweat. I remember the dream as clear as if it had been a picture the next morning, and though I had never heard the name before, I could take my oath to that, and though the fellow hadn't succeeded in making a sound in the dream, I found myself saying, just as I woke, 'His name is Tom De Camp.'

"And *was* it?" asked Nora, excitedly.

The farmer and I both laughed, and she looked a little foolish.

"I declare, you beat my old lady, Miss Nora," said the farmer; "and she's not what anybody'd call an unbeliever, neither. I can't answer that question exactly; I can only say that I had that identical dream every six months, to a day, for the next three years. You'll wonder how I came to remember the day so exactly. I had cause to remember the first one, for the very day after I had the dream, our little Mercy fell into the river just below here. She wasn't drowned, for I heard her scream, and was in time to pull her out; but it was a hot day, and the shock of the cold water and the fright upset her so that she went into a sort of a slow waste, and died within a year. I've often thought I might have been a better man if she'd lived; she thought the world and all of me—bless her little heart!"

He was silent a moment, gazing into the golden water at our feet, and then he went on:

"We found she fell in trying to fish out a gold coin she saw at the bottom, where the water was so clear that she thought it was shallow. She had the coin tightly grasped in her little hand when I carried her, all dripping, into the house; and I was in such a rage with it, for coming so near being her death, that I threw it behind the back-log, and never saw it again. I dare say one of the servants or Aunt Pen picked it up and kept it. But I had a curiosity to look at it before I threw it away, and it was just like this one, date and all. I forgot all about the dream till it came again, just like the first time, in every way, and then I thought I would write it down, with the date, and I did that every time it came afterward. I ought to have said before that I was just turned of twelve when it began, and I was fifteen when it stopped. I always used to forget about it between times, till after the very last time it came; and then it seemed to make such an impression on me that I couldn't get it

out of my thoughts, and was afraid to go to bed every night for fear I'd see that sickening-looking fellow again. All this time I'd never told a soul about it. Aunt Pen wasn't the kind of woman I felt like telling my dreams to, though she'd told me plenty of hers, poor old soul; and I didn't dare to bother father, though I used to wish, many a time, that I did dare. It was just before the six months were up—and I'd kept count this time, through dreading it so—that grandfather Sayre came to live with us. He was my mother's father, and had been living out West with one of my uncles, and all of a sudden he took a notion to come East, and live with us; and it wasn't the joke, when I was a boy, to come here from Ohio, that it is now. Why, I remember when the only way we knew of for sending letters to and fro was by a queer little hump-backed Welsh peddler, who used to carry his bed—not much of a bed, to be sure—rolled up in a blanket, and strapped on his back. He used to pass through this way every six months, and was known all about for being honest and trusty, so that folks who had relations out West often got money by him, or sent it, as the case might be. It was he that brought the letter to say that, if it was agreeable, grandfather Sayre would come with him the next time he made the trip.

"Grandfather wasn't such a very old man—I think he was only about sixty the winter he came to live with us. We were glad enough to have him, father and I; for after we buried little Mercy I couldn't bear to be in the house, and that fall Aunt Pen had pretty near startled us into a fit by marrying a farmer in the neighborhood—he was a widower with eight children, and they did say he asked every single woman and widow under eighty in the neighborhood, before he came to Aunt Pen. But he might have done worse, for she was a great housekeeper and manager; and it sweetened her up so to think somebody wanted her bad enough to ask her to marry him, that she made him a real good wife, and took first-rate care of the children, and actually made them fond of her before she was done—but that's neither here nor there. Grandfather was as different from father as he well could be—I do think he was the genialest, warm-heartedest old gentleman I ever came across, before or since. He used to potter round with me, wherever I was working, and we'd talk like two boarding-school girls—begging your pardons, young ladies both. I don't know, but it seems to me folks make out to live longer these days, and to work longer, too, than they did then. I know I'm as old now as grandfather was when he came to us that winter, and I can turn out about as pretty a day's work as any of my boys can; but we thought grandfather was wonderful smart if he shelled a basket of corn, or held the axe while I turned the grindstone.

"He hadn't been there long before he had it all out of me about my dream, and how I was dreading for it to come again. He didn't say a word, when I told him, but 'That's curious, that's *very* curious!' and as he generally had a good deal to say about matters and things, it struck me he had a good deal he might have said.

"The night came, and the dream didn't, and somehow I felt as if I had got rid of it for good, and told grandfather so the next day. He said, 'I hope you have, my boy, since you don't like it;' and I was a little disappointed that he hadn't made more fuss about it. But the whole thing passed out of my mind; and like as not I should never have thought of it again except when I saw the coin, if it hadn't been for his telling me what he did. He just waited quietly till another six months passed—I hadn't kept count this time, but he had—and the day after it was up he says, very quietly:

"Well, Roger, did your dream keep its appointment this time?"

"I laughed, and said the dream must 'a' forgot me as clean as I'd forgot it, for it certainly hadn't come.

"Then come down with me to the orchard, and I'll tell you something," he said.

"We walked till we came about to where we're sitting now—this old tree hadn't been blowed down then—and he stopped and began to poke about with his stick. 'I have heard my father tell, many a time,' he said, 'that about the time of the Old Revolution a house stood here, that the folks in the neighborhood called the "Refugee-house," and then he told me pretty much what I've told you about it to-night, and a little more. He said these folks that lived in the Refugee-house had the name of being connected, somehow, with a man that followed the piratin' business; people said they made a good deal of money, and though they gave out that it was paid them for their services by the Refugees, and such, it didn't seem likely they'd have raised so much as they seemed to have, that way. His father made sure that they were in with the pirate—what was his name now?—I can't think. Anyway, he was caught, and hung up to New York somewhere, and a lot of fishermen from these parts that happened to be there with a load of fish, saw it done, and right after that the man and his wife that kept the Refugee-house began to get into trouble. Nobody would give them credit for anything—they were too well known—and it was said they had mortgaged their house up to its full value, to a Dutchman, or some kind of a foreigner that had been hanging round the neighborhood, pretty nearly up to its value. His name was Tom De Camp, grandfather said, and you may think I jumped when I heard that name. I couldn't help feeling

sort of uneasy and uncomfortable, and I didn't feel any easier when he went on to say that not long after, the Refugee-house people had given him the mortgage, and he had disappeared. Disappearances weren't thought as much of then, when it took six months to go to Ohio and back, as they are now, when you can hear from San Francisco before you're sent the telegraph, according to clock-time, and no great fuss seems to have been made over this one—like as not people thought he had gone back to where he came from, wherever that was, and maybe he had! But mind you, I never had heard the name spoken until my grandfather spoke it, three years after I had known what it was—and it wasn't a common name, either; and that very evening, after I had that talk with him, we were looking over a trunkful of old papers that were found in the garret, and there was a mortgage-deed—I've got it yet, and you can see it, if you like—from these Refugee-house folks to Tom De Camp; and the curious part of it is that the deed isn't canceled."

He paused, and in the pause, a great white owl, which had been chuckling and muttering in a pine tree close by, gave a sudden scream and swoop, nearly flying in Nora's face. She gave an answering scream, fully as loud as the owl's, and ran for the house, where we found her, when we had reached it in a somewhat more leisurely and dignified fashion. The farmer laughed heartily at her panic, and has never tired of teasing her about it, while we remained at the farm. He had a good deal more than that to tease her about, for the story took such violent hold of her imagination that she could think and talk of little else. For some days she beset the farmer to dig at the foot of the apple-tree which he had pointed out to her, but finding him laughingly obdurate on the subject, she finally appeared to give it up; I observed, however, that, upon one pretext or another, she had frequent interviews with the "taken boy," a rather graceless youth, who displayed an ingenuity worthy of a better cause in getting out of the work which the farmer assigned him. Mrs. Haskins—the farmer's wife—had heard little or nothing of all this. She was never known to sit down, being, in this one respect at least, the Autocrat's Huma, and although we imagined she might "light" long enough to eat her meals, we could not say positively that she did so, for they ate in the kitchen, setting a separate table for us in the "settling-room," and knowledge of the fact that she was entirely ignorant of Nora's state of mind and consequent actions, is necessary to an understanding of the thrilling denouement of this tale.

We were going to bed, Nora and I, two or three evenings after the farmer had told his story, when a sudden exclamation from Nora, who was standing at the window, drew me to her side.

"Do you see *that*, Peg?" she whispered,

excitedly, pointing down the orchard as she spoke, and I could not deny that I did see it. The moon was nearly full, and was shining brightly, and the orchard lay to the west of the house. Under the tree, a tall white figure was stooping and rising, apparently busily at work with a spade. At first, the bright light from which we had turned made the light of the moon seem dim; but presently we saw more clearly, and just then the tall figure appeared to deposit something in the hole, and then to proceed to fill it up, after which it vanished from sight among the trees.

Nora shivered. "I wish we hadn't seen it," she whispered.

I tried to be strong-minded, and to speak cheerfully, but somehow my voice sounded low and strange as I said: "It was Mr. Haskins, of course, you goose—no doubt he has been secretly influenced by what you have said, although he has laughed at you, and he has gone to dig there at night, so that nobody would know it."

"But that thing put something *into* the hole!" said Nora, triumphantly.

"Oh, nonsense!" I said, "you are a monomaniac—go to bed while you have mind enough left to find your way there!"

The next morning, Nora lay in wait for the farmer, and followed him to the barn. She returned in a few minutes, observing quietly:

"Mr. Haskins says he was in bed and asleep before ten o'clock last night, and it was eleven, at least, when we saw the thing!"

I saw that she was very much excited, so, although to be quite honest I did not feel at all comfortable myself, I only said:

"Suppose he was—there are more people in the world than Mr. Haskins!" and then went upstairs for a book we were reading. But Nora declined to read with me, and strayed off, through the orchard, to the river; and not long after, as I sat at the window of our room, I saw her in earnest conversation with Jack, the "taken boy."

We took a long drive that afternoon, by appointment, Jack being driver. Mrs. Haskins went with us, which was a delicate intimation that it was not a "pay-party." Jack kept chuckling explosively, and at short intervals, in spite of Mrs. Haskins' somewhat forcible remarks upon his "manners." Nora complained of being tired soon after tea, and fidgeted me up to bed, between nine and ten. While we were undressing she remarked, impressively:

"I went to *that* apple-tree this morning to see if the ground had been disturbed, and it didn't look as if it had been touched; and beside that, a great big stone, which I know was down by the river yesterday, was lying on the grass, just where we saw the thing."

I did not think it necessary to mention that I had made the same discovery; I merely yawned

ostentatiously, and remarked, "I suppose Mr. Haskins wants the stone for something, and made Jack roll it up there!"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Nora, sharply, and turned to the window.

"I suppose you'll say *this* is an optical delusion," she presently exclaimed, in an excited tone, and of course I went to see what "*this*" was. I confess that what I saw "made me jump," as the children say. A large black head, with fire streaming from eyes, nose and mouth, seemed to be resting on the stone under the apple-tree; as we watched, it slowly rose in the air, and as it disappeared among the branches, we heard an unearthly shriek.

"I will not stand this," I said, angrily, "somebody is playing ridiculous tricks at our expense, and I am just going right down there to catch him, for I believe it is that good-for-nothing Jack."

I dressed hastily, Nora imploring me to give up such an insane idea all the while; but I took my courage by both hands, and fairly ran to the tree. Not a thing was to be seen "out of the ordinary;" but an unpleasantly suggestive smell of sulphur was in the air, and the white owl was chuckling and muttering uncannily in a tree close by. I will confess that I ran back even faster than I had run to the tree. I could not sleep, after all this excitement, but I lay still, for fear of disturbing Nora, and I suppose she must have thought me asleep; for in a few minutes she slipped stealthily out of bed, softly proceeded to dress herself, and then left the room. I sprang up and went to the window, and was rewarded, in a few minutes, by seeing her steal off toward the orchard with Jack, who appeared to have been waiting for her, and who carried a spade. They were gone about ten minutes, and when they returned she was carrying the spade, and Jack had in his arms some dark, indefinite-looking object, which he held as if it were heavy. I slipped into bed again, as I heard her coming upstairs, and closed my eyes, for I wished to see if she could keep her secret until morning. I found she could; she moved about with burglar-like caution, but she could not control the shivers of cold and excitement which shook her for at least half an hour after she stole into bed.

The next morning the usual order of things was reversed. I was accustomed to having "considerable of a time," as the farmer would have said, to induce this lazy girl to get up; but I found her half-dressed when I woke. She looked pale and excited, and answered my remarks in a briefly-mysterious manner. As we passed through the hall, on our way to breakfast, I saw in one corner an old, rust-eaten iron pot, the lid of which was fastened down with rusty wire. "What's that old pot in here for, I wonder?" I said carelessly, as we passed it.

Before Nora could answer, I heard an ecstatic chuckle, and saw Jack's broad face peering through the Venetian doors of the hall.

"You will hear immediately after breakfast," said the oracle, impressively; and feeling rather more hungry than curious, I submitted to waiting for the disclosure of something which, judging from Nora's grave face, was a stupendous mystery. She did not keep me long in suspense, for the moment I had eaten my breakfast, and she had gone through the form of eating hers, she invited the farmer and his wife—who happened both to be in the kitchen—to join us, and solemnly led the way to the front-hall. As she opened the kitchen-door, I heard the farmer saying, with a laugh:

"You'll have to think up something else, mother; the pup's been one too many for you again. I s'pose likely we'll find 'em in the parlor, this time!"

Nora only waited until her audience was fairly in the hall; then she burst out:

"You wouldn't look under the tree, Mr. Haskins, so Jack and I looked last night; and here is what we found. I would not let Jack so much as peep, though he begged and begged, for I said Mrs. Haskins and you had the first right to look; but it was dreadfully heavy, and—"

She was interrupted by the most singular laughing-chorus to which it was ever my good-fortune to listen; the farmer's deep guffaw supplied the bass. Mrs. Haskins ejaculated "Massiful sakes!" and then dropped upon the lowest stair, emitting hysterical little squeaks, while from behind the Venetian doors came a series of chuckles and crows from that miscreant Jack.

Mrs. Haskins recovered first, although Nora's indignant and wondering face very nearly set her off again, just as she had composed herself to speak.

"There," she said, wiping her eyes with her apron; "the young ladies will think we're Hottentots, and nothing else; do hush, father, or you'll have the roof off; and I'll try to tell 'em—Miss Nora, dear, I'm thankful you didn't open it, for they're not much to look at—you, Jack, take this back, and bury it where you found it, and then do you cut me a right good apple-shoot, and go up to the wood-shed chamber, and wait till I come."

The miscreant, with a woefully-changed face, proceeded to carry out at least the first part of this significant commission, and Mrs. Haskins resumed:

"I don't hardly know how to tell you, dear, after all your kind thoughts and pretty fancies; but you know how I told you Don digs and scratches, and worries the life out of me. He dug up an old black ram's head, that we buried in the orchard, and put it here on the front-door-mat, and I never knew a word of it till some

folks that was coming to tea most fell over it; and he brought two or three chickens that died, and that father buried deep, into the settin'-room, and they'd been buried some time, too! And an old forlorn cat we was obliged to drown, he fished out, and laid in the wagon, and I came within one of settin' down on it, Sunday, when we started for meetin'. So when the old cat had eight kittens the other day, I couldn't think what to do with the seven I had to drown. I drowned 'em between two buckets, and then it come to me to fasten 'em up in that old rusty pot afore I buried 'em, for I thought he'd never scratch *that* up; but to make sure, I fastened it with some old wire I found, and made Jack put a big stone over the place; and, moreover, I buried 'em at night, after Don was chained up, and smoothed over the place to look as if it hadn't been touched!"

"And do you mean to say," asked Nora, indignantly, "that *that* boy knew all about it all the time he was looking so grave and promising to come with me and do the digging?"

"Yes, my dear; but that's not *all* I mean to say, by a long shot, as he'll find presently, little rascal!" said Mrs. Haskins cheerfully.

"Then it was he that made that awful head we saw under the tree!" said Nora, turning wrathfully to me.

"I make no doubt of it," said Mr. Haskins; "he was carvin' away for dear life at a big green punkin, day before yesterday; I ketched him at it in the wood-house chamber; but when I asked him what he had there, he said nothin' but a punkin he was fixin' to skeer the boys with; and I let him alone, for it was mild to some of his tricks, and a horse that's checked up too tight's sure to rare up before he's done. He wheedled three cents out of me that day, which accounts for the gunpowder, I s'pose—little wretch, it's a wonder he hadn't everything on the place afire!"

Mrs. Haskins had retired during this exordium, and, windows and doors being open, sounds of wailing and of a lively scuffle were heard from the wood-house-chamber.

Nora's face quivered a moment between laughter and mortified tears. The laughter conquered; she seized me round the waist, and whirled me out of the hall and up the wood-house-stair, squealing in my tortured ears, in her flight, "Seven little dead kittens! An old cracked dinner-pot! A pumpkin-lantern! Oh!"

The sounds of conflict and of retribution continued. "Mrs. Haskins! *Dear* Mrs. Haskins!" screamed Nora through the closed door and above the roar of battle, "Please stop; that's enough! It was my fault; he wouldn't have been a mortal boy if he hadn't!"

The uproar suddenly ceased; we heard the stern voice of Jack's Nemesis say, severely, "I'll let you off of the rest, because Miss Nora's beggin' for you, and it's a poor story if I can't do

a little to pleasure her, after all you've done to plague her; but here you stay till evenin', and there'll be no dinner to divert your mind, so you can just take the time to make it up whether you'll stay here and act like a Christian, or go to the Reform School, for it's one or the other!"

I noticed that Nora composed a large sandwich while we were at dinner, which, with a goodly slice of pudding, she wrapped in a clean handkerchief and carried off with guilty secrecy. I followed her, and we were soon on the side of the woodhouse which did not face the kitchen. Nora threw a pebble into the window; a red and blubbered face appeared at it, to be quickly withdrawn.

"Jack," said Nora, softly, "let me down a string, here's some dinner for you."

No answer, but presently a piece of twine, weighted with the pebble, wriggled over the window-sill and down to our hands. The dinner was attached to it, and quickly drawn up, when, to avoid suspicion, and free the prisoner from embarrassment, we returned to the house.

When we went to the river-bank, the next evening, we found on the rock where we usually sat a lovely bunch of "quite inaccessible" wild flowers—charming things which we had seen in the swamp, and coveted, but hoped not to possess, and tied to the stems was a note. It was written on the leaf of a copy-book, and although the formation of the letter suggested a stick, it was correctly spelled. Nora has it yet—she says she is keeping it until Jack is elected President, or dubbed King John the First, as the case may be. It is as follows:

MISS NORA—*Respected Madam*: I beg your pardon. I never said that to anybody before, and I expect never to again, but you deserve it, so there it is. You saved me $\frac{1}{2}$ a tremendous licking, and the last $\frac{1}{2}$ is always the worst. You brought me some dinner, when the old woman didn't care a hang if I starved, and you've made me feel meaner than dog-fire. I'll never plague a lady again, so help me.

"Yours forever,

"JACK.

"P. S.—I can't help it—I'd give next Fourth if you'd only opened that kettle. But then I shouldn't have heard the old woman and him laugh, so perhaps it was all for the best, as that old lady in the tract said."

INFIRMITIES.—Man himself is the author of most of his infirmities, and of them the greater number originate purely in mental or moral causes. It would be absurd to suppose that many diseases, and deaths, too, should not arise from causes beyond the control of man; but his own pursuits and habits in life lay the foundation of by far the greatest portion.

AN OLD-TIME LOVE.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

The Birdsnest was evidently about to be tenanted, for certain premonitory business-like flittings back and forth on the part of the young couple who appeared to have leased the premises, foreshadowed a final and permanent settling down.

The Birdsnest was not one, literally, but the picturesque, old-fashioned gray cottage, nestled down amidst the tall sycamores, green pines, and shady willows, on the old Earle estate, seemed to have a right to the name, both by virtue of its tiny proportions, and because of the many trees, which were the rendezvous for all the birds in the country; "real birds too," as its new mistress declared. None of the persistent, pert little sparrow pests of the city; but shy robins, piping blue birds and golden-winged yellow birds sang, and darted in and out, among the foliage friendly, and seemed part and parcel of the premises.

The Earle estate was a large property lying just outside the city limits, and extending over miles of well-cultivated farm and beautiful woodland. Its owner, Jeremiah Earle, old Jerry Earle, as he was more familiarly called by the people about—when speaking of, not to him however—was a bachelor, and he with one sister, she too unmarried, comprised the sole survivors of the one large family of Earles.

They were a very peculiar couple, and notwithstanding they were beloved by many, and respected by all their friends and neighbors, were still pronounced "queer" and "peculiar." Their own house, a great old rumbling mansion, whose well-kept lawn joined the little yard belonging to the Birdsnest, had never been "introduced" to any "modern improvements;" candles were still used for lighting the dim old rooms at night, and great logs burned in the old fire-places, as they had burned every winter for years and years.

The only innovation made upon the regular "cut and dried" rules of the family was the renting of this little cottage. It had been built originally for an invalid member of the household, a sort of hermit, who desired to live quite alone; at his death, and this was during the youth of Jeremiah Earle, it had been occupied one summer by a Doctor Wynnwood, a friend of the family—and it was then it was called the Birdsnest. Since then the cottage had been used as a sort of storehouse by the Earles.

"We do not desire to have neighbors so near, and we are not *obliged* to rent the place," Miss Deborah would proudly answer any one who curiously inquired why they did not let the pretty little cottage to some of the city people who were always in search of a place around Brookdale.

It happened, however, that in his trips in and out of town on the cars, Jerry Earle had made the acquaintance of a young man to whom he took a great liking, Charley Lewis by name. He was one of those bright-tempered young fellows, toward whom every one seems to turn involuntarily, a sunny nature that acts like sunshine, and warms one with cheerfulness.

He had been boarding further up the road, for one or two summers, and in his daily rides to the city, the acquaintance of the old and the young man had been formed. This spring when going out to secure rooms for the season, Mr. Lewis had met his old friend, and in their conversation about places, he had confessed his desire to take a cottage for his family, if he only could get one not too large, and of sufficiently reasonable rent to meet the size of his salary.

"Come, look at the Birdsnest," said Jerry Earle, suddenly; "if you like the place, the rent shall suit you."

And in this way the cottage on the Earle estate came to have strange tenants, for the first time in many years.

Mr. Lewis' family was not large; it consisted of his wife, who had been something of an invalid since the birth of baby Maud, now a little queen of a summer and a-half, and his aunt, Mrs. Gray, a handsome widow, who made her home with them. The place had pleased them from the first; its quiet and retirement made it suitable for Mrs. Lewis' delicate nerves, and, notwithstanding its old-fashioned inconveniences, they decided to take the cottage, change what they could, and put up with what they could not.

It did not take long to transform the old house into a pretty new home. The narrow-paned windows, with their wide deep-seated ledges, that would easily hold a couple, were daintily shaded; the high mantles, whose tops one almost needed a ladder to reach, were gaily adorned with pretty vases and *bric-a-brac*, while the fire places were filled with shells and bright bits of stone and rock. In the queer little corner cupboards were stored the dainty china that was Mrs. Lewis' wedding gift, and the quaint corner shelves had rare and pretty oil lamps.

The cottage grounds, too, blossomed out into strange bloom; some painted garden chairs, and a gypsy kettle on scarlet sticks, holding vines and flowers, stood out in gay relief on the green grass; a tri-colored hammock swung out under the pines, "the perpetual Christmas trees," as Mrs. Lewis laughingly remarked; while a rustic lounge with comfortable Oriental cushions, and Queen Maud's chariot, in other words, her baby-coach, graced another part of the yard.

It was a very pretty tableau that greeted old Jerry Earle's eyes as he walked by the garden gate one evening not long after the new family

were domiciled at the Birdsnest. Mrs. Lewis, in a pale blue cashmere wrapper, her face half hidden by her garden hat, was swinging in the hammock, with baby in her arms, while Mrs. Gray's graceful figure in a gay cardinal jacket stood out in bright contrast with the dull stone background of the cottage wall. Charley Lewis lay out under the willows smoking his long German pipe; he looked up from his evening paper as Jerry Earle walked by, and bade him good evening, and invited him in.

"Some other time I will call, with my sister, to see thy family," he answered, passing on.

"I say, Aunt Kate, that wouldn't be a bad catch for you," said Charley, after the old gentleman had got out of hearing.

"But she shan't have him, Charley," cried Mrs. Lewis laughing; "he hasn't chick nor child to leave his immense property to, and I mean that he shall fall in love with Baby."

"And marry Maud!" exclaimed Charley.

"Oh, no, merely leave her all his worldly goods and possessions."

"Oh, Nannie!" said Mr. Lewis, "I never imagined that you would develop into a maneuvering mamma; but it seems to be a ruling passion with the female sex. Let you but set your eyes on bachelor, widow, maid or widower, and straightway you go to work to convert them into matrimonial merchandise!"

"Pray, who was the first to suggest match-making to-night? It strikes me it was a masculine proposition the setting of a widow's cap at the bachelor's broad brim; *what* a hat he wears Charley!"

"He's a Quaker, you know, Nan, and dresses plainly; you should see the sister! 'prunes, prisms and propriety,' are a wild and extravagant description of her primness."

"Oh, dear! I suppose they will talk all very properly and be stiff, and stupid, and dreadful! Shall we have to say 'Thee' and 'Thou,' Charley?" asked Mrs. Lewis, with a grimace.

"It is not imperative, you might—teach baby to talk that way, however, it would make her attractive, you know," laughed Mr. Lewis.

"Dost thou love me, my child?" asked Mrs. Lewis of baby, very soberly. The little one looked up smilingly at its mother and answered, demurely, "Aye," at which they all laughed merrily.

"There," cried Mrs. Gray, "she has understood our talk, and has adopted the plain speech at once! I am afraid baby will cut me out entirely; at my age, it would be very difficult to turn Quaker; I think upon the whole I prefer cardinal to drab, and I will wear my cap—and ribbons—and spare the broad brim!"

Not long after their settlement at the Birdsnest, Mr. Lewis, in one of his morning rides to the city, sat beside Jerry Earle, and in speaking

of his family, mentioned the name of his wife's grandfather, Dr. Wynnwood.

"Wynnwood, Dr. Wynnwood?" echoed neighbor Earle, in a somewhat surprised tone; "Pray what was the doctor's name?"

"Seth, Dr. Seth Wynnwood; did you know the old gentleman, Mr. Earle?" asked Charley, smiling to himself at the curiosity of his old friend.

"Seth Wynnwood was thy wife's grandfather; and thy wife's father, Charlie, was he a stranger—a foreign fellow?"

"Nannie's father was German, certainly; Carl Cramar by name, an artist."

"Is the man—are her parents deceased?"

"Yes," replied Charley, growing confidential by the old man's interest. "Nannie was all alone in the world, poor little darling, when I found her; she has not a single relative left; all dead. When I first saw her, she was bravely fighting life, on an ill-paid salary, as drawing teacher in a boarding school. My sister was one of her pupils and devoted friends. She told me all about Nannie, and brought her home one vacation and, well, the end of it was we fell head over heels in love with one another, and here we are, two happy birds in one pretty home nest; but did you ever hear of the grandfather, he used to live somewhere about here Nannie says?"

Jerry Earle nodded his head soberly, and leaned forward on his cane for a few moments, then he answered:

"I knew thy wife's mother, Charles, when she was a girl; I would like to know her daughter. May I come and see thee and her to-night?"

Mr. Lewis cordially urged him to do so, and as they parted, said again:

"Now remember, Mr. Earle, I will look for you this evening; Nannie will be glad to see some one who knew her mother, as her recollections of her parents are quite dim."

"Put on all your prettiest fixtures, Aunt Katie," said Charley Lewis that same evening, after announcing to the ladies their expected guest. "Prepare yourself to attack the citadel of the old bachelor's close kept heart; hoist your colors and fight bravely for the Earle estate!"

"I suppose you will wear your dove-colored berége, comb out your crimps, and don black lace mits," said Mrs. Lewis.

"No indeed," replied Mrs. Gray, laughingly. "I shall be more artful than even *you* suspect me. Quakers like bright colors in spite of their appropriating plain ones for their own attire; witness their great love for the gayest flowers; pink verbenas, scarlet geraniums, and red red roses, always grow in their gardens, and so my dear niece and nephew, I mean to dazzle and charm the old gentleman by my very brightness."

And true to her words, when Mrs. Gray made her appearance out in the little yard to meet and

be introduced to neighbor Earle, she was radiant in such a charming costume of scarlet and buff, that the old gentleman did indeed look dazed, and Charley Lewis smiled demurely.

"My wife is not quite strong enough yet to sit out in the night air, and so if you will walk inside, Mr. Earle, I will introduce you there," said Mr. Lewis, after their guest had been seated a little while out under the trees. Jerry Earle followed his host into the quaint little sitting-room that led off the parlor. As they entered, Mrs. Lewis stood beside the old fireplace, and when she turned to greet them, Jerry Earle started suddenly at sight of her face, and before her husband had time to present her, exclaimed in a low tone, "Hannah!" Then coming closer, he put out his hands, and taking both of hers in his, he drew her toward him, and looked at her strangely and tenderly.

"And thee is Hannah's daughter," said he as though to himself. Then louder, "Thou looks very like thy mother, child."

"I am glad to see one who knew her," began Mrs. Lewis, timidly, a little frightened at the old man's strange behavior.

"Thee has her very voice and smile," continued Jerry Earle; "strange, how the time flows back at the sound! The years seem but as days since I saw her, just there where thee is standing—thee must not mind an old man's wanderings, but thee is strikingly like thy mother," and gently releasing her hands, the old man took the seat offered him, and appeared to recall the past in the deep meditation that fell upon him.

It was indeed a flood of years that thus, at the sound of a woman's voice, and the touch of a woman's hand, rolled back its engulfing waves, and made appear a pathway of pleasant recollection that led to bygone happiness.

Thirty years ago, when Doctor Wynnwood had brought his young motherless daughter home from school to make a little household for them down at Brookdale, his friend and patient, Jesse Earle, had offered them the little stone cottage. It may not have been a pre-concerted plan between the two parents, but it certainly looked as though they had some object in thus throwing together the son and daughter of the two houses. At any rate, it was not long before young Jerry Earle began to think pretty little Hannah Wynnwood, with her bright eyes, sweet voice, and pink bloom, the fairest bird that sang among the trees or flitted over the lawn at the Birdsnest.

Hannah, however, could see nothing attractive in the sober, rather old young man, who came regularly to see her father, and persistently talked in a dull, prosy manner to her. The memory of a certain pair of dark, earnest eyes, 'neath the white brow of the young drawing master at the seminary she had just left, put out all thoughts of other lovers in the girl's mind.

The bright summer waned into the dreary autumn, and with the falling of the leaves that year there came a dark sorrow into Jerry Earle's life.

Not discovering in Hannah's unresponsive manner, more than becoming maidenly reserve, he honorably made known to Doctor Wynnwood his intention of proposing marriage to his daughter.

Such cordial consent did he receive for answer, that he found new courage, and went gladly, one autumn afternoon, to "speak to Hannah."

She had been gathering the already bright-tinted leaves that strewed the wood paths about the grounds, and was sorting them for pressing. Her hands trembled amid the branches of scarlet sumac and golden maple, as she listened to his little address, made in a straightforward, prosaic, Quaker way.

She was surprised, she answered, timidly; she did not dream he had cared for her more than as a friend; she liked him very much, of course—but—and the harvest of leaves fell to the floor.

"But thee cannot love me as a wife should love her husband? is that what thee means, Hannah?"

She nodded her head, without looking up.

"And thee could not try?" There was a pathos of entreaty in his grave voice.

Again, without lifting her eyes, she nodded her head, negatively this time.

"Is it because—because thee has seen some one else that thee feels thee *could* love as a husband, Hannah?" The words come with effort, but he must know that *this* was her reason.

She had risen, and stood beside the old fireplace, and she lifted her eyes now, and looked him full in the face, answering in a low tone:

"It is."

He turned pale, but resolutely refused to show how deeply he was wounded. He lifted the trembling hands in his and drew her toward him, saying:

"God bless thee and thy love, and make thee happy, Hannah;" then he kissed her upon her forehead, and left the house. And never again did he see the one woman in the world whom he had loved.

Some months after, while he was off on the long whaling voyage that took him from home for some time, he heard that Dr. Wynnwood had moved to the city; and later, that his daughter had married a foreigner and gone abroad. Since then he had known very little of their movements. A paper once had fallen into his hands containing the death of "Hannah Wynnwood, beloved wife of Carl Cramar, and daughter of Dr. Seth Wynnwood," and that was all he ever knew, until this young man, Charley Lewis, had said his wife was an orphan, and Dr. Wynnwood's granddaughter. And now he had seen Hannah's daughter—the

daughter who might have been theirs, his and hers, if Hannah had loved him as he had loved her! How like her mother she looked, as she turned toward him from the fire-place. It was the very attitude in which he had seen Hannah the last time!

"And this is our baby, Mr. Earle," said Charley Lewis, gently interrupting the old man's reverie by holding up before him the little one, who bowed her head and clapped her little hands vociferously to be noticed.

"We think she is a very nice baby, Mr. Earle," said Mrs. Lewis, proudly, looking at Maud's coaxing little ways, with a smile. "And we hope you will think so, too." At which remark Mrs. Gray peeped in at the door, and shook her finger.

"Thy baby! Ah, yes, she *is* a nice little one. What does thee call her?" asked Jerry Earle, looking up at the child.

"Maud Wynnwood Lewis."

"But thee should have more properly named her Hannah, methinks," said he, gravely.

"Oh no, I never liked the name," replied Mrs. Lewis. "I changed mine to 'Nannie,' you know, and both Charley and I like 'Maud.'"

"There is no prettier name than Hannah, surely; and it was thy mother's name. Come to me, little one," and Jerry put out his arms for the baby, who joyously leaped into them, and laid her head down upon his breast and smiled up in his face.

"Hannah's grandchild!" Over and over the old man kept repeating the words to himself. "Hannah's daughter, and Hannah's grandchild," close here beside him as though they were his very own!

After the pleasant discovery that he was warmly liked and always joyously welcomed at the Birdsnest by baby, at least, who seemed to have taken a special liking to the old gentleman, Jerry Earle came to be a daily visitor at the cottage; indeed, his calls were so frequent that before the summer was over the neighbors' tongues were busily connecting his name with that of the handsome widow, Mrs. Gray. At last even Miss Deborah Earle's ears were the surprised recipients of various bits of floating gossip relative to the fact of her brother's constant and devoted attentions at the cottage.

Now, Miss Debby had not approved, in the first place, of the renting of the Birdsnest, and this talk annoyed her greatly. She had called upon the new-comers, to be sure, but she found them "world's people," and did not take to their "ways" cordially, and was consequently not frequent in her visits there.

"What, with their new-fangled inflammable oil-lamps, by which we may all be burned in our beds some day, and their heathenish arraying themselves in scarlet jackets and feathers, and their queer lying out of doors in swings and cot-

beds, the place has not a respectable and decent air, Jeremiah, and I do not approve of their going on," she said severely, one day.

"Tut, tut, Deborah," answered Jerry, looking at her reprovingly over his glasses. "Tut, tut! thee is not respectful in thy tirade against thy neighbors. Because we are different in our old time ways, it does not behove us to say, we are better, or they worse in their manner of living or appareling themselves!"

"Thee is dazzled, I fear, Jeremiah," retorted Miss Deborah. "Thee needs to have a counseling word. Thee fancies going to this strange sort of household, I notice, and they make thee welcome; but, be warned, it may be that it is as the owner of the lands about here that thee is so gladly received! The ways of the women of the world are cunning and artful." And with this little feminine stab, administered in a mild, quiet tone, Miss Deborah put on her drab sun-bonnet and proceeded to take her afternoon walk among the flowers.

"Thee is ungenerous, Deborah," rejoined her brother; "I am vexed with thy unchristian-like spirit; surely thee has no reason—" But Miss Deborah was out of hearing, and Jerry went back to his *Friends' Quarterly Review* with a righteous indignation in his heart at his sister's hard words.

It made no difference in his actions, however; his visits to "Hannah's daughter, and Hannah's grand-daughter," as he continued to call them in his own mind, were as attentive and constant as ever.

The time came when the world was made aware of the import of his devotion.

One dreary autumn morning the whole neighborhood of Brookdale was shocked, and startled, and saddened at the news of the sudden death of old Jerry Earle. He had been found lying, as one peacefully asleep, dead in his bed, with a little well-worn Testament in his hand, open at the text, which seemed strangely appropriate:

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The busy tongues waxed noisy then, in their wonderment as to the disposition of his share of the property. Had he left it to his sister? or had the gay widow to whom he appeared so devoted, gained sufficient power over his fancy as to become his heir? How was his part of the great Earle estate to be divided?

They had not long to wait. After a proper time had elapsed the will was opened and read. It was brief, and as follows:

"To the grand-child of dearly beloved friend Hannah Wynnwood Cramar, deceased, Maud Wynnwood Lewis, I give and bequeath my entire property, with the request that she assume the name of her grandmother, 'Hannah.' Witness my hand and seal, etc., etc."

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The love of his youth was still strong, and deep, and true in the heart of the man of three-score, and he had no other thought nor desire, save that at the last, all he possessed should go to the children of the one woman he had loved forever!

That Charley Lewis and all his family deeply mourned the death of their old friend, was not to be doubted. He had endeared himself to them in a hundred kind and tender ways, and they truly missed and deplored him.

"And to think, Nannie," said her husband one night, after the contents of the will had been made known to them, "to think that you anticipated this very thing in a jest, when we moved out here!"

"Yes, and you remember, I said too, that 'Baby would cut me out,'" said Mrs. Gray, smiling through her tears. "I never would have felt myself half good enough," she continued, "even if he had chosen me. His was a real child-like nature; he chose Baby, because he was like her, pure and good."

Miss Deborah made no protest against the curious fancy of her brother, not even so mild a one as to remark to any of the friends, who spoke to her of it, of her surprise at the contents of the will.

She did say very kindly, however, to Mrs. Lewis, who called upon the old lady, not long after her brother's death.

"Thy mother was a very lovely girl, neighbor Lewis; I would have wished that she might have been my brother's wife; but it was decreed otherwise. Thee is strangely like her; I fancy it was pleasant for Jeremiah to see thee, for he was very fond of Hannah Wynnwood. I am pleased that thy little one is my brother's heir."

The Lewis' family continued to live at the Birdsnest until little Hannah grew to be a tall girl of seventeen. The loving memory of him who had so generously endowed her was kept ever fresh and green in the child's heart, as the kind good old Friend who had named her "Hannah."

When she was old enough to apprehend and understand rightly the story of her inheritance, her mother told her the sad romance of Jerry Earle's youth, and she wept sweet and gentle tears over the old time love of him who had thus given to her the loyal dower of his tender affection.

AFFECTIONS.—It appears unaccountable that our teachers generally have directed their instructions to the head, with very little attention to the heart. From Aristotle down to Locke, books without number have been composed for cultivating and improving the understanding; but few, in proportion, for cultivating and improving the affections.—*Lord Kames*.

"ANIMAL MAGNETISM."

ISABEL J. ROBERTS.

Hilda Ferrers was, socially, a failure; here she was twenty-three and neither married nor engaged, and had no more prospect of being either than when she was in pinafores—indeed, not so much, for having been a very pretty child great things had been predicted of her. But this was the secret: it was only to those she distinctly loved or admired (and this favored number was by no means large) that she showed her real self. To others she was as majestic and unpropitious as a queen, or else flashed on them her brightness in the shape of keen sarcasm; and as she had not enough beauty that men should tolerate in her the manner of either queen or wit she had few admirers.

Her first season had begun auspiciously—an easy attainment of the great object of her existence was a foregone conclusion; but it was not the men that had given her manner, her face their charm, but the scene—that enchanting combination of music, flowers, dancing—and naturally when it palled, her attractiveness vanished.

Her parents deemed her a failure—Hilda called life that, and men a set of jackanapes.

And now she was leaving the world of fashion and "lip vapidty" to spend a summer in the country with her sweet cousin, whom she had last seen in pristine simplicity four years ago. As she lay back in the railway car, with her eyes half closed, on this lovely spring day, a picture of the old-fashioned house with its airy rooms and quaint furniture, its long, vine-shaded piazza with the great New Foundland dog lying prone upon the snow-white boards, the newly-brightened milk-tins glistening in the sun, the cows at pasture in the meadow, the lilac bushes just in bloom, came to mind, and she drew in a grateful sigh. It was so good to leave the old life and the old self!

She was aroused from her delightful reverie by the stopping of the train, and the opening of and banging to of the door upon some name, blurted out by the conductor in a fiercely unintelligible voice; and a brief survey from the window acquainted her with the fact that she had arrived at her destination. As she stepped out upon the platform she looked around eagerly, but in vain, for the Arcadian hat and gown, and was just sensible of a twinge of disappointment when her attention was attracted to a stylish young lady seated in a pony-phaeton, frantically nodding her head and waving her hand. It was Virgie! There was no mistaking the blue eyes, and dimpled mouth which, as Hilda approached, were lavished upon her in soft glances and warm kisses, gushingly interspersed with words of affectionate welcome and apologetic explanations for not meeting her upon the platform. "But,

you see, I could not leave Gip," she said, flicking the pony with her whip. Yes, she *gushed*, which to Hilda was sufficient credential of her society-hood without a glance at her bangles and bangs. "The trail of the serpent is over them all," commented Hilda; but after a profound sigh, she philosophically resigned herself to the inevitable.

Although Virgie "gushed" and smacked of "society" in every point of dress and deportment, and was, withal, a little shallow, she was, nevertheless, very lovable, possessing a manner so perfectly schooled that though she should hate you, yet you would never dream that she regarded you with anything but the greatest amicability.

After the usual five hundred questions and answers had been exchanged Virgie said, "I shall let you rest to-day, but to-morrow evening I have invited a few friends to meet you—our best families, you know."

"Oh, thank you!" Hilda said, in such a tone that Virgie was forced to say, apologetically, "I suppose it is very much like carrying coals to Newcastle to give you this kind of thing, but it is what is expected of me." By this time they had come within sight of the house; but what a metamorphosis! True, it was still the home-stead, but it had put out wings, and towers and balconies to such a degree that the old place was scarcely recognizable. Hilda could have wept while Virgie descanted on the *improvements*. The next day Virgie came to consult her cousin on their respective toilets, and was horrified when Hilda displayed her scanty wardrobe. Hilda explained plaintively that she thought she had come to the *country*! However, her toilet was quite irreproachable that evening (she had learned that in Rome one must do as Rome does); but her continued disappointments had left her expressive face cold and world-weary. Her quick eye had traveled around the well-filled rooms, and finding the stereotyped assembly, she resignedly submitted herself to be talked to by the stereotyped man, and was no more herself than she was her grandmother. Suddenly her eyes were drawn to a man who was acknowledging an introduction to a pretty young lady. It was his mien that attracted her. His bow expressed chivalrous courteousness; his manner, as he bent to listen to something the girl was saying with soft uplifted eyes, conveyed by its deference the most subtle and delicate flattery, and although clothed in the regulation evening suit of broad-cloth and glazed linen, he brought to Hilda's mind a fine old engraving in her father's study, representing a grand seigneur in slashed velvet and lace ruffles acknowledging with his hand on his heart, and his plumed hat sweeping the ground, the presence of his queen. His face tallied with his manner, character and refinement, making it what it was, and what mere

physical beauty never could have done, expressing in the smile geniality, in the eyes conscious power from which the occasional humorous twinkle did not detract.

"There must be more in that girl than one would give her credit for," thought Hilda, as she marked his attentive air; but presently he moved away, and addressed a plain, elderly woman in the same manner leaving her, as he had the girl, in a flutter of gratified vanity. Thus he passed from one to another, exchanging a gay word here, a gracious bow there, but never lingering anywhere, and apparently bestowing his favor most impartially.

Presently Virgie came up to him, and looking in his face with a charming air of saucy imperiousness drew his eyes down to her with that gentle scrutiny and kindly tolerance with which you have seen a great mastiff regard a fluffy poodle. Then he tendered her his arm with an air of ready compliance, and Virgie directed their steps Hildawards.

Unaccountably to herself Hilda blushed as Mr. Winstanley was presented, and as she acquiesced to his proposal to promenade she was seized with the desire to make him stay longer at her side than he had done at so many prettier girls. But although he was exceedingly entertaining and attentive she discovered, before long, that his manner was but the reverence of manhood for womanhood, that in her, individually, he felt not a spark of interest, that he would have talked in the same way to plain Mrs. Brown, sitting undisturbed in her corner, and that he would avail himself of the first opportunity to leave her. Naturally, this consciousness rendered her manner formal and constrained; and she was also piqued that the peculiar interest he had awakened in her met with no response.

As they walked the long rooms, she soon noticed that each mirror (and there were many) attracted his eye to his own reflection.

The thought that she had discovered vanity in this noble creature gave her infinite satisfaction, and served at once to put her at ease; he no longer compelled her to give him that unqualified admiration which too surely would have carried her heart along with it; and, obeying an irresistible impulse, she said, mischievously, as they passed a small glass in a chifonier that had escaped his attention, "There's another, Mr. Winstanley!"

Almost intuitively he caught her meaning, and breaking into an amused smile, he thanked her with a profound bow.

Somewhat disconcerted by her own boldness, Hilda blushing apologized, but so roguishly that they both laughed. To do him justice, the act was purely unconscious, and that it was not due to vanity, was shown by his making no attempt to correct her erroneous impression. But

that spark of originality had caught his eye, and when he really addressed himself to her, Hilda responded with such life and feeling that he soon found that she was more than mere woman in the abstract, and twice she had had to suggest being taken to her aunt before he at length complied.

As he delivered Hilda into Mrs. Ogden's keeping, he said: "I am forced to do two unpleasant things—to resign Miss Ferrers to your charge, and say good-evening."

"But it is very early," Mrs. Ogden objected.

"Yes; but I have already overstayed my time. I have important letters to write, which will keep me up until a late hour. I ought not to have come at all, but I could not resist your delightful invitation." Turning to Hilda, he said: "I am glad that you are to pay so long a visit, for then I may hope to see you again."

As soon as he had gone, Mrs. Ogden, who, since the death of Virgie's mother, had kept house for her brother, and was equally attached to her two nieces, asked, with much interest: "Well, what is the verdict, dear?"

"I have met a *man* to-night," Hilda replied, with irrepressible feeling.

"Very good; but don't lose your heart there. He is not a marrying man—girls hold no attraction for him—and it is rarely that we can secure his presence for even so short a time as this. He always comes provided with some excuse so that he may escape spending a whole evening in so tiresome a way as this. Yet you see how gracefully he does it—how he leaves both of us flattered and complacent; and yet, if you observed, it was by paying no *direct* compliment. Gerald Winstanley is the product of a long line of ladies and gentlemen. When I compare his manner with that of other men, I am forced to acknowledge the truth of Oliver Wendell Holmes' assertion that it takes more than one generation to make a gentleman. He is an oddity—I don't pretend to understand him, but my impression is that although brilliant, he is superficial, and that none of us enter his life which is absorbed in schemes which some day, if he do not overreach himself, will result in making him one of the powers that be. He has but recently returned for a visit from a far western State that he has adopted as his own, and in which his interests are centred, and which he purposes to make the stepping-stone to fame and fortune. He is heart and soul a politician, because it is the way that he can easiest attain the highest position in the United States; and his aim falls nothing short of that. He is an indefatigable worker, and in ambition, another Alexander or Napoleon. He is a queer fellow. Why, my dear, he could lead, if he chose, a life of leisure and luxury—he is an only son—his parents are people of wealth and position, but when he came of age I heard him declare (I shall never forget his forceful eloquence) that

some day his name should be as widely known as Napoleon's—that future generations should be proud to trace their lineage to him! It was then that he broke away from a life of luxury, and chose this one of incalculable hardship; and, in spite of predictions that he would get enough of it in a few months, we have only seen him twice in the space of five years. Half the girls would give their heads for him; but he is thinking neither of love nor marriage. I sometimes think his beautiful manner is more the result of the desire to conceal his real indifference to the fair sex than any thing else. My child, it is but fair that I should warn you of this man so fitted to enchain romantic fancy. With your refined, fastidious nature, you are rendered especially susceptible to the charms of this *born gentleman*. It is no small honor that he has done us by accepting our invitation for to-night; but we must not expect to see him soon again."

Hilda was grave and thoughtful for the rest of the evening.

For all Mrs. Ogden's prediction, not more than a week had elapsed before Mr. Winstanley's card was brought to the ladies.

Mrs. Ogden was suffering from a severe headache, which Hilda was striving to relieve.

Despite the pleasure depicted on her countenance, Hilda refused to leave her aunt before her manipulations had proved more successful, and Virgie was forced to go down alone.

Not more than half an hour had passed before she reappeared, breathless with laughing and running, and exclaimed:

"Oh Hilda, do come down! Mr. Winstanley has turned out a wonderful magician! He does it with cards. Of course it is all nonsense, but he calls it Animal Magnetism; and when I declare it to be trickery he tells me to prove it, and I can't; but I know you'll see through it at once. Do come, for I hate him to crow over my ignorance."

After some demur, but apparently without much reluctance, Hilda went down.

Mr. Winstanley was seated at a card-table, on which was scattered a gilt-edged euchre-pack, from which, on Hilda's entrance, he rose to greet her with great cordiality, and say:

"So Miss Virgie has brought you in to help her laugh at my pretensions. I am quite willing to acknowledge to my being an impostor if you succeed in discovering any trickery in my performance; but if you do not, it is only fair to take me at my word. Is it a bargain?"

"Not at all," Hilda answered, seating herself opposite to him. "You know there are thousands of tricks it would be impossible to accept as real, yet which cannot be explained by the uninitiated—for instance, the 'headless man' of our prestidigitateur.

"That is merely an ocular delusion; this ad-

dresses itself to the intellect," he answered, adding, carelessly, "But it is quite possible that I cannot perform this feat through you. If not, I shall call on Miss Virgie again—that is if she still be desirous of your witnessing my 'magic.'"

Then gathering up the cards, he bade Hilda select one without showing it to him, and to bear its character in mind. He then shuffled it up with the other cards, and with this preliminary, proceeded with a performance which, indeed, seemed to depend on the occult power he claimed to possess.

Virgie laughed, but Hilda looked grave, and raised her eyes interrogatively.

"Miss Ferrers does not laugh, after all," Gerald said, enjoying her perplexity.

"It does seem something besides mere trickery—I can't see how you did it, unless you read my thoughts," Hilda said, with a faint smile.

"But I did not read your thoughts. I simply *willed* you to select the card you *chose* from the pack, and then to raise it last from the table. In other words it was done by Animal Magnetism."

"You *willed* me to do it!" Hilda repeated, forcibly.

Perceiving the bent of her thoughts, he nodded assent with a teasing smile.

"Very well; I should like you to do it again," she said quietly.

Her vehemence had subsided, but as he took up the cards again her eyes shone with suppressed excitement and determination. Gerald looked amused and said, "You are determined I shall not be so successful this time—you have brought your will with all its forces to bear against mine—now let us see which is the stronger."

For a second he bent his eyes on hers with a full concentrated expression which she did not evade. It seemed as if each were taking the measure of the other's strength for the coming contest. In another second they were both absorbed in the cards, Hilda watching them as if she had staked her life on the issue, for she dearly prized anything that looked like mental superiority. After Hilda had selected her card, and Gerald had shuffled the pack, he carefully spread sixteen cards, divided into sets of four, upon the table.

"Choose any two of the sets," he said, laconically. She obeyed in silence.

"Another set, please." She obeyed again without hesitation.

"Any two of those cards," he went on briefly. She regarded them intently and then, with a half sigh, indicated the upper two.

"Either of those, please," flashing a glance from the cards to her. She faltered, looked at him, tossed her head defiantly when she perceived his confident air, and then with a nervous little laugh said,

"Virgie, say an Ave for me—I begin to tremble."

Then conquering her hesitation she pushed aside one card, and took up the remaining, violently slapping it down on the table with an exclamation of dismay when she perceived it was the one she had previously selected. Gerald laughed quietly. Hilda's cheeks were crimson. "I suppose that that proves your will is stronger than mine," she said, a little ruefully.

"So they say," he answered, tormentingly.

"You are quite sure there is no trickery in it? You know it proves things vastly more important than merely that your will is superior to mine. It opens long vistas into the supernatural. If it is only a trick, say so, and I shall forgive you."

"Your offer is certainly magnanimous; but indeed, Miss Ferrers, in overcoming your resistance I feel as if I had lost enough electricity to run a small battery," he said, with such apparent sincerity, that she could not press her question further. After a pause Hilda said, somewhat indignantly,

"It is an unfair advantage that you possess. I don't see but what, through the same power by which you forced me to take up that paltry card, you might make me do anything you wished—in fact, make a perfect cat's-paw of me."

"Very true. Indeed, I should scarcely like to know that any one held a like power over me, for it is something that might become a dangerous weapon in unscrupulous hands. I am glad to say that I have yet to meet the person who can subjugate my mind; and I have tested my will in this way with sturdy, indomitable men of the far West—men who have conquered nature itself." This was said without the slightest self-importance. Hilda looked down and thoughtfully shuffled the cards. She did not know how long she had been silent when Gerald said, in a penetrating undertone,

"Do you feel *sleepy*, Miss Ferrers?"

"Good heavens, you are not trying to mesmerize me!" she exclaimed, starting to her feet in unaffected alarm. Gerald laughed outright.

"Would you be very indignant if I really had mesmerized you, supposing you knew nothing about it until I told you?" Answering her uncomprehending stare he continued,

"How do you know but what you have been asleep? It may seem only a few seconds to you since we ceased talking, but might it not be half an hour during which you took a delicious little nap?"

"Virgie," turning appealingly to her cousin, "I have not been asleep, have I?"

"Not judging from the way your tongue has been going," Virgie answered, a little maliciously.

"But that is no proof. One can talk beautifully in the mesmeric sleep," Gerald replied, with evident relish of Hilda's growing confusion.

"Mr. Winstanley, if you value my mental equilibrium, say no more. As it is, I am beginning to doubt my own identity. I shall never trust myself in your presence again unless you solemnly promise not to mesmerize me."

"Without your permission, you mean. With that condition I promise."

"Oh mesmerize me, Mr. Winstanley!" Virgie exclaimed, delightedly, her mind picturing herself wrapped in sweet somnolence, but he replied,

"I cannot, I'm sorry to say. I have tried, but without success."

"Clapping her hands Virgie exclaimed, "Oh, then that proves that my will is stronger than yours!"

"Not if we accept the testimony of the cards, Miss Virgie. That I cannot mesmerize you does not prove that your will is stronger than mine; you exercise no will in the matter. It simply proves that you do not possess that subtle unknown quality required in the mesmeric subject. Now I believe that your cousin does to a peculiar degree—that in fact she would make what is denominated a *medium*." An electric thrill passed through Hilda as he spoke. Turning to her he said, persuasively, "Won't you let me test the truth of my conjecture? Just lend yourself to me for ten minutes that I may solve the future. I promise to put my power to no sinister use—come, be generous."

"And have you read my heart as well!" Hilda replied, blushing at the very thought, although she had often asserted that her heart was as "clean and open as her hand."

"It is just possible that I might avail myself of so tempting an opportunity," he said, with a smile. "However, I shall not press my request further just now, for I see you do not mean to relent. But I shall hope that some day you will gratify my desire." With that the conversation took a turn; but Hilda became very quiet, so much so that he said, when he rose to go, "You are not angry, Miss Ferrers?"

Lifting her eyes to his face with infinite trust and content she said, "Oh no!" adding, laughingly, "To quote Captain Cuttle: 'It's so comfortable to sit here, and feel that you might be weighed, measured, magnified, electrified, polarized, and not know how!'"

After he had gone Virgie said, "I am glad that you and Gerald get along so well together, for of all men he is my preference. If he should give me the slightest encouragement, I believe I should fall desperately in love with him." Then she yawned, and went to sleep as soon as she had touched the pillow; but Hilda lay awake for hours, her cheeks burning, her eyes sparkling. Her feelings, imagination, intellect, had been too deeply stirred to subside at once into quiescence; and she felt the power he had exerted over her far into the night.

It was not very long before Mr. Winstanley was again announced. With an exclamation of surprise and delight Virgie ran at once into the drawing-room, and when Hilda came in it was to hear her cousin say, saucily,

"For my part, I don't believe a word of it—your 'animal magnetism' is a hoax; but I really think Hilda would go to the stake for her faith in you."

Bowing over Hilda's hand, he said, gratefully, "Thanks for your confidence; as for this little heretic," with a smiling glance at Virgie, "we must try to convert her."

He followed the bent Virgie had given their thoughts; but through her cousin's having revealed so much, Hilda was at first wary, cynical, sarcastic, but as soon as he had made her forget herself she warmed into an impassioned interest. She had always regarded the subject of the occult sciences with peculiar interest, but was inclined to estimate it as a mythical production of the imaginative East; but, evidently, Gerald thoroughly believed in it and sought, with the enthusiasm of a zealot, to win her to his faith. His belief, and the demonstration he had given of his magnetic art, her implicit confidence in his veracity, and the highly imaginative and idealistic temperament she possessed, rendered her an apt pupil, and prone to accept any plausible story he might tell of his rare power. But he did not seek to establish her belief through faith, but through reason. He made no pretension to understanding the subject—he merely endeavored to prove its existence, heaping example on example, quotation on quotation, calling on the most authentic writers to substantiate his words. He talked quickly, with eloquence and ability; but it was his magnetic individuality that gave his words their irresistible force, and stirred Hilda's deepest feelings. He said, addressing himself to her,

"If you will permit me I shall lend you these works with which you say you are unacquainted. But first let us see what you have in your own library." Rising he went to the book-case, and selecting two volumes therefrom, continued,

"There is scarcely an author of any note that has not touched on this subject. Now let us see what two so modern, cool-headed writers as Bulwer and MacDonald have to say about it."

Tucking one book under his arm he read from the other in a clear, musical voice: "'Whenever I look through the history of mankind, in all ages and races, I find a concurrence in certain beliefs which seems to countenance the theory that there is in some peculiar and rare temperaments a power over forms of animated organization, with which they establish some unaccountable affinity.' That's Bulwer for you. Now to our beloved MacDonald: 'For my part, I believe there is such a power of one being over another,

though only in a rare contact of psychologically peculiar natures. I have testimony enough of that.' Now, I believe that both you and I possess these peculiar natures—you the negative form, I the positive, the contact of which produces this wonderful power, the development of those 'finer senses' which would enable us to penetrate, to a certain extent, into mysteries now so inscrutable. I know of no way to reach the avenue which leads into what we call the supernatural, excepting through the mesmeric sleep, which if you would permit—"

"Never!" Hilda interrupted hotly. "The idea of reducing myself to a machine, a mere tool, even if it were to aid you in your grand research, is utterly repulsive to me; and I shall never consent!"

With the utmost gravity, but with a humorous twinkle of his eye he said, "That is too bad. I had calculated upon finding in you a devotee to the cause of science. If I had not given my word I should feel inclined to conquer your stubbornness in a very summary manner. But do not be terrified—I have given you my *promise*."

Hilda felt ashamed of her violence, and humbled by his magnanimity. Although Virgie was at times quite ignored in the conversation she was not at all dismayed, for she argued, "men don't marry women with whom they can talk so learnedly," and therefore she was contented with the attention she occasionally drew to herself by some saucy remark or mischievous insinuation. She never thought to look at Hilda, who in her self-unconsciousness and fervid interest was charming beyond description. As the girls passed their aunt's chamber on the way to their own, after Mr. Winstanley's departure, Mrs. Ogden called to them to come in, but Virgie begged to be excused as she was so sleepy, and left Hilda to give a report of the evening.

"Why, Hilda, how bright you look! You have had a pleasant evening."

"I have, auntie—none pleasanter in my life."

"I am sorry for that, dear. Mr. Winstanley's increased visits are no doubt owing to you; but place no confidence in their continuance. You have a strange man to deal with; I doubt if he has a heart. Your exalted, genuine, rare nature has attracted him; but be not puffed up. He reminds me of a celebrated lawyer of whom I read that he was once invited to spend a summer's day at a beautiful country-seat. He was full of enthusiasm as he wandered through woody glades and marked the varying aspects of sky and sea; but he had *exhausted the capacity of the place to feed his eye and imagination in half a dozen hours!* As charming as you are, Gerald Winstanley will so exhaust you. Human nature is too shallow for a mind like his; he asks nothing but novelty of it and that soon disappears; he has no craving for love or human

fellowship. He boldly declares he has no ties of the affections. Although his victims are many, no one can accuse him of flirting; he pleases without trying—he subdues without effort. You amuse him, Hilda, and that is all."

"Aunt Marie, tell me what I shall do that he may not tire of me!" Hilda exclaimed almost passionately. "He is the only man I have ever—liked!"

"Don't let him draw your feelings too much to the surface. Convince him that he is no especial attraction to you. He has received too much homage. But there, I am telling you to be unnatural, and your very charm is your ingenuousness. All I can say is *not to fall in love with him*. But I am sure that this is quite unnecessary advice," and with a reassuring smile into the troubled face Mrs. Ogden kissed her niece good-night.

Hilda tried to follow her aunt's advice, but it was no use. Whether Gerald's visits were frequent or far between—whether he said much or little to her—her soul as naturally unfolded to his influence as a flower to the sun's; and she excused herself on the plea that he had *willed* it. Thus had he established an incontrovertible supremacy over her mind and heart. He rarely alluded to his magnetic power; but the thrills she felt whenever he bent upon her his peculiarly concentrated, scrutinizing gaze never allowed her to forget it. At last she no longer strove to resist him. She said, "'One needs must love the highest when one sees it,' and why should the selfish consideration that he does not love me seal my heart to him? I shall love him as I should anything beautiful in nature or art, and it shall cause me as little pain. I would as soon expect the moon to return my admiration as that Gerald should reciprocate my love."

Thus in fancied security, she gave her passion full sway, unknowing that the sensation which sometimes rose from thoughts of him, like that springing from the scent of violets, was the sweet, faint hope of being loved at last.

It was one lovely day in September that Mr. Winstanley's card was presented to Hilda, Virgie being out. It was the first time that she had ever received him alone, and it was with some trepidation that she greeted him.

Before long he called her attention to the beauty of the weather, saying it suggested a walk along the river-road. Hilda offered no objections, and soon they were strolling along by the water's edge, talking in a light, gay strain on passing subjects.

The conversation continued in this vein until they turned to retrace their steps, when Gerald said, inconsequently:

"By and by, I suppose an affecting farewell to this scene would be en règle, as in all probability I shall not behold it again for some years."

Consternation deprived Hilda of speech—had he looked into her eyes he would have beheld dumb despair. He continued:

"Yes, I go West in two or three days, and I must say that I leave home with more regret this time than ever before. However, destiny calls—I obey."

He shrugged his shoulders as if, after all, it was a matter of indifference to him.

Without observing Hilda's silence—a silence only outward, for her anguished heart filled her whole being with its passionate cries of love and despair—he said, after a moment of profound reflection:

"I am tempted, whether wisely or not remains to be seen, to make a confession. I am about to go away, with the intention of remaining three years, in which time it is not at all improbable that I shall meet some violent death at the hands of the noble savage or Mexican greaser; and I should not like to die unshriven. But perhaps I shall not have to go so far for my death, for in your just indignation *you* may kill me, for I have awfully deceived you." He spoke half-regretfully, half-laughingly.

"Continue—your *life* at any rate shall be spared," Hilda said, quietly.

Bending his eyes with an infinitely kindly, almost tender look upon the pure-faced woman at his side, he said:

"In the hope of gaining your clemency, I shall first declare my motive. Miss Ferrers, if you will permit me to say it, you are too credulous, and it is to save you from the unscrupulous as much as to free my conscience that I make this confession, though I feel that I may lose thereby what I value most highly—your good opinion. Well, then: do you remember my performance with the cards, by which your interest was first drawn to the subject of animal magnetism? I regret to say it was all trickery—that I possess no such power as I claimed. When I first played that trick, I did it in the purest fun—I meant to explain, but you took me up in such earnest that I could not retract; and I was led still further to trade on your credulity and love of the mysterious. It was a boyish joke, and unworthy of a gentleman, and I regretted it as soon as I had gone; and determined to make a clean breast of it at the first opportunity. But the next time I called, Miss Virgie told me how thoroughly you believed in me. How could I tell you then that I was an impostor? Thus the way was paved for the second evening, when I palmed myself off as I don't know what. I must confess that I too willingly pursued the course in which I found myself started. Your credulity and imaginativeness were strong incentives, for I saw that they rendered my pretensions as potent as if they were real; and that I might exert, to a certain extent, a very enviable power over your mind and actions.

I shall never forget—" here he broke into a merry little laugh—" how you started that evening when I asked you if you felt *sleepy*! But your credulity inspired me with the highest respect, for I saw that it sprang from the inherent truth and integrity of your nature, and that you believed in me because you yourself are incapable of deceiving. Can you, will you forgive me?"

"So it has been all a deceit!" Hilda said, slowly, looking him straight in the eyes; and then suddenly overcome by the appreciation of what an egregious fool she had been, she hid her flaming cheeks in her hands. Then came the blighting thought that *he* was part and parcel of the deceit—that *her* Gerald Winstanley, like his magnetism, was but a creation of her imagination. The unmasking filled her with consternation. She saw the change it had made in him, and then beheld the effect on herself, and she was struck with indignation. She tried to master herself to accept it in the conventional way as a pardonable joke; but her emotion was too real to be concealed—she smarted under the infliction her trust and her pride had received—she was ready to weep over her terrible disappointment in him, and she said, hotly:

"Forgive you? You ask too much. It is nothing to you that you have blasted my trust, that through you life itself has changed its aspect. Virgie said right when she told you that I would have gone to the stake for my faith in you—God knows that I would rather have perished there than to have lost that faith! Simple and credulous child that I seem, yet I am woman enough to feel and resent the injury that you have done me, and to ask if such a deed is becoming an honorable man?"

In that last Hilda dealt a home-thrust. By impugning his honor she roused him to real feeling, and he said, earnestly:

"Miss Ferrers, you mistake me. I am not so dishonorable as you think. I never told you a deliberate lie. I swear I never came to the house with the intention of deceiving you. I have been wild and guilty of many indiscretions in my life, but through all I have kept my honor with almost the intense regard of the days of chivalry. Nor have I been so unprincipled as you are prone to believe. I never alluded to the subject again after the second evening; I never used, to any unfair advantage, the power which I saw I had obtained over you. Try to believe that I am not wholly depraved, if only for the sake of your old trust."

His words, his voice, his manner, moved Hilda to the heart, and she exclaimed:

"Mr. Winstanley, tell me that this is not true—that it is only a *test*—that you are what I faint would believe you!"

As she said this she looked as if she would ask pardon for doubting him for a moment.

"If I tell you that it is true you will have done with me forever—is it so?"

She did not answer, but turned her head so that he might not see her sudden tears. After a pause, he said, slowly:

"If I had known you would take it so seriously I would have left it unsaid; but although sorely tempted, and although the conditions are such that they almost force me to tell a lie, I shall not retract it; I will not deceive you again. Miss Ferrers, perhaps you can appreciate now what my honor is to me."

They were now in sight of the house, and nothing more was said until they reached the gate, where Hilda would have left him with only an inclination of the head, but he said:

"You will at least say good-bye; will you not? You know it is for three years, in which space you will have time to forget both the sin and the sinner."

Hilda gave him her hand without looking at him, and murmured a brief farewell.

As he was about going, Mrs. Ogden, who was seated on the piazza with Virgie, called:

"Gerald, surely you are not going without saying 'how d' ye do' to me?"

Coming in and shaking hands, Gerald said:

"I shall take this opportunity to say both 'how d' ye do' and 'good-bye.'" Whereupon he told them of his intended departure, and that he would avail himself of the opportunity to bid them farewell, although he had intended paying his adieu in the morning.

Both aunt and niece made much demur at this arrangement, and declared he treated them very cavalierly; but he extricated himself from the difficulty by explaining that he purposed starting the following evening, and recounting all that he had to do in that limited space. When he had gone, after a warm leave-taking, Virgie exclaimed:

"It is the same thing over again. We are nothing to him, and he leaves us without regret. I hope to goodness he never comes back again!" Her cheeks were very red; and although she laughed an instant after at her own violence, she had to brush the tears from her eyes. Hilda saw him go without emotion. The blow that had shattered her idol had numbed her love. At last she said:

"It is better so. I can bear his absence now. The medicine is bitter, but it will cure me. He has been only a fancied embodiment of my ideal—only a beautiful dream from which I have awakened." At times the smouldering flame would leap up; she would cry, passionately: "Gerald, my love!" but straightway would come the thought "*he no longer exists!*" He had defaced his own beautiful image, and she was filled with grief, horror and disgust. Then a vacancy fell upon her thoughts, a deadness upon her feel-

ings. When the morning broke, she rose from the earth like David of old, and grieved no more, but said: "He is dead—I cannot bring him back."

At about sunset of the next day there came, addressed to Hilda, a superb basket of flowers, across which was inscribed in purple violets—"Peccavi." The giver was nameless, which fact raised Virgie's deepest curiosity, and Mrs. Ogden's surmises; but Hilda knew that it was from Mr. Winstanley. When she had taken it to her room she knelt before it, and pressed a solemn kiss on the word "Peccavi." Thus she forgave him, and laying her cheek on the moist sweet flowers, she burst into a flood of tears. She could feel nothing now but that he had *gone*, and that she had been cruel. It is true her idealistic fancy was forever dissipated, but Gerald appeared to her in a new personality.

He was no longer a god in her sight, but her love survived the shock to her ideality, and in his temptation, his magnanimity in the use of his power, and in his nobility in making the confession she came to see a grandeur more potent than any charm that he had excised before. The fact was she loved him, and "for love women pick much oakum." Hilda went back to her city home, not as one "crossed in love," but with a strange new hope in her heart that she did not seek to analyze. Time went on. Every now and then report would reach her of Gerald's success. Sometimes her aunt would send her some political article, whose practical excellence caused it to be copied from paper to paper; or some accurately and delicately drawn sketch of western life and character, the initials "G. W." alone giving the clue to the modest author. One day, about a year after his departure, Mrs. Ogden sent Hilda a Western newspaper wherein she found a marked paragraph in the personal items. It was: "The engagement of the well-known Mr. Gerald Winstanley, of Boston, connected with the *Daily Bulletin*, of this city, to the beautiful daughter of Mr. Carlos Lopez, recently from Santa Fé, is announced. It is understood that the marriage will take place at an early date."

Hilda's eyes remained fastened on the fatal words, and it seemed as if years passed before she became conscious of one clear thought. "'Not a marrying man,' 'no ties of the affection,' 'no heart,' that is what Aunt Marie said; and here it is all refuted! Would to God that he did answer to the description for then I might at least be privileged to love him forever." Then all his long absence and unbroken silence, stripped of her hopes and dreams, stood out in their real significance; and looking back over the past she saw, for the first time, that the way she had taken so cheerfully was stony and barren, that it was only the treacherous "dream-blossoms" that had brightened—that should brighten it no more.

Then in her pride and loyalty she said: "I have loved worthily—I shall not take back the gift although it was unasked, unsought. I shall never be able to see that this is for the best. I know what I have lost, and neither religion nor philosophy shall ever resign me to it. Perhaps Thou thinkest that Thou hast something better for me, O God: whether for good or evil I was willing to take just him!" Then she said, grimly: "It has been said 'aim high and you'll be sure to hit something'—I have hit my heart!"

She shed no tears—there were none for this grief, but instead, her heart kept up its ceaseless, sickening cry "My love, my love!" Happily she was not to realize the full extent of her loss, for not a week had passed when a letter came which, to her amazement, she found was from Gerald Winstanley, telling her of his return, and asking permission to call on her. Her first thought was "Then he has not forgotten me!" her second, "He is coming to tell me himself;" and she sat down and penned him a friendly little note granting him the favor he asked.

She dressed carefully on the evening that he was expected—she determined that this last evening should blot out that last afternoon and remain a pleasant picture in his memory. She felt somehow as she attired herself in filmy white and pale full-blown roses, as if she were a reanimated corpse doing its own "laying out"—decking itself for its last appearance to its beloved, trying to conceal, with pardonable vanity, the ravages of death, and leave only a fair sweet picture to be remembered ever more, ignoring even to itself the pangs of approaching dissolution that only waited for the shutting down of the coffin lid to begin its dreaded work.

But when Gerald came there was nothing in her appearance to hint of her ever having cherished so ghastly a thought—no suggestion of the tragic about her as she rose and greeted him cordially, but with mere friendliness in voice and glance. He met her with his old courtliness of manner, but his voice had a new eagerness in it as he said:

"Miss Ferrers, you cannot know how I value you cordial and generous little note, or this kind of greeting. I am certainly not receiving my deserts. You lead me to hope that my floral messenger did not intercede for me in vain."

"I forgave you a year ago," she said gently. But how is it that you have shortened your stay? I thought it was to be for three years."

He gave her an intent look, which to Hilda seemed to ask if she did not know, and answered:

"I could stay away no longer. No doubt you will be surprised when I tell you that I have severed my interests from the West. I have given up that ambitious dream for one more wild, and perhaps less tenable—a dream that made my old

schemes seem empty, their fulfillment valueless." Hilda nodded her head sympathetically; and thus encouraged he went on—"To tell the truth I awoke to the realization that I had come into a most uncomfortable and unexpected possession—nothing less than a *heart*—a heart, too, more clamorous and powerful than even my ambition for worldly honors had been. You may imagine my horror when I found that I loved the very creature whose most admirable quality, indeed, the very quality that had won me, I feared I had destroyed. *That* grieved me as much as the fear that I had rendered myself hateful to her. But nevertheless I could not resist the impulse that forced me to go to her and learn my doom. It was for this that I came East and *here*." Hilda looked dazed, and utterly uncomprehending. With a voice that had grown very eager and pleading, he continued: "I find that I at least have not to reproach myself with embittering the sweetest nature God ever made, though this fact, for all my assertion to the contrary, will make it doubly hard should you tell me that you despise me."

"If you don't mean *me*—I don't understand. I thought you were talking about Miss Lopez!"

"Miss Lopez! What has she got to do with it? Oh! I see; you have heard that senseless report concerning us. Catarina is a lovely girl, but as I left my heart East, and she her's South, you can understand that there was nothing of that kind between us."

As he finished, such an expression of deep unspeakable joy and ineffable content overspread her countenance that he seized her hands and called her "*Hilda!*" in a voice thrilling with love and surprise.

At their next interview he said:

"Although my sorry trick is in itself to be deplored, I cannot regret it for it was "animal magnetism" that won me my bride; for through it I came to know the truth and beauty of your character, and to desire you for my own. You cannot imagine what a blow your contempt was to me—I who had been petted and bowed down to all my life. It was a lesson I shall never forget. I made up my mind to be more conscientious in all my dealings, and thus many of my plans, which depended more or less on personal strategem and state-intrigue, became impracticable. Then I became to appreciate truth for itself, and naturally I turned to her embodiment. So, in this eminently logical way, love for you came into my heart (though it would not be difficult to convince me that I had loved you all along) and swept my cherished schemes before it like autumn leaves before a storm. But, Hilda, there was one ambition left, and that was to win your love. And I swear, though you had hated me, I should have done it if I had had to be a *saint*!"

"Oh dear, why didn't you tell me that at

first? Alas, that by my readiness, I should have spoilt the making of so superior a creature! However, I'll try to put up with you as you are," Hilda said, with affected regret.

Shortly after their betrothal Gerald took Hilda to visit her aunt and cousin. Hilda's beaming face, Gerald's quiet air of possession told the tale; and Virgie's first words, after giving her cousin a suffocating kiss, were,

"So Gerald Winstanley *did* send you that basket of flowers! Oh, you are a deep one! But I always suspected it, and you haven't taken me a bit by surprise!"

When Mrs. Ogden kissed and congratulated her niece, Hilda whispered, slyly, "Oh, wise auntie, who was so sure that Gerald had no *heart*!"

MIDNIGHT.

BY LEE C. HARRY.

Up rose the moon within the quiet skies,
And quenched the circling stars with golden light.
The earth, beneath her radiance, peaceful lies—
A wearied child, at rest in arms of night.

While not a sound disturbs the wakeful ear,
Save when a zephyr rustles thro' the leaves;
Or those who listen well perchance may hear
The drip of dew, downfalling from the eaves.

The trees long shadows throw across the street,
That quiver as the breezes pass them by;
The balmy air with fragrance is replete;
The city slumbers 'neath the midnight sky!

There is a peace for all the world save me!
A tumult fills my heart and racks my brain;
A thousand ghostly forms I shud'ring see,
That crush my soul beneath a weight of pain.

I seek to rest, but rest I cannot find;
I crave oblivion, e'en for one short hour;
But phantoms still harass my weary mind,
Oppress my heart, and hold me in their power.

Oh ghastly spirits of the buried years,
Why will ye rise reproachful on my sight?
Oh sounds of stifled voices thick with tears,
Why float ye out upon the silent night?

I feel the might of love and of despair,
The force of passion and the sting of hate,
Full soon remorseful voices fill the air,
That echo sadly back, "Too late! too late!"

Oh soothing spirit of the midnight calm,
Some word of comfort whisper to my soul;
My burning lids press down with cooling balm,
And free my senses from my mind's control.

Benumb my brain, obliterate all thought;
Dry up the fount from which I ceaseless weep!
Grant me the gift that is with healing fraught—
Oh Nature! Mother! ease my pain with SLEEP!

SEVEN HOURS.

BY FLORA L. PALMER.

Day by day, the hours of our lives—those messengers of God—meet us on our way, and we accept mutely the gifts they bring, and let them go with scarcely a look into their faces, as they pass. Except the few that bring us great and special gifts, and these photograph themselves upon our memory in lines of light, or it may be fire. As the opening chord defines the character, and holds within it the elements of the music that follows, so these hours hold concentrated the bitterness or the joy of years. As I look back through my life I can count seven of these eventful hours; and resting as I do, in the peace of my great happiness, I can hold communion with all of them, even those that brought me pain; and so I have determined to write a little history of them, for it may be that some one who reads it will profit by my experience.

THE FIRST HOUR.

Sweetest of all spring mornings it was, that held this hour, as the setting holds a gem. It was my sixteenth birthday and I was to have a fête in the evening—not a prim conventional affair such as a city party would be; but in the true Arcadian style in which we lived, a re union of neighbors and friends, to take tea upon the lawn, and spend the evening in innocent amusements. The neighbors lived within a radius of ten miles; but still they were not numerous, for like father, they were all farmers; and the fine old homesteads were separated by broad meadows and uplands. Leaving mother busy with her preparations, I stole off to the woods, and was soon busy filling my basket with wild flowers. I was a true child of nature, and the flowers had always been my playfellows. Father had taken great pains with my education. He had not been raised a farmer, but adopted it on account of failing health; and my great delight as well as his, was to spend the morning in study. I loved my books and flowers better than I did an intimate acquaintance with the rather common-place people by whom we were surrounded.

I was at home in these dear old woods, and knew where the violets hid themselves, and the secret nooks, where the columbine and the cardinal flowers, and all the sweet woodland beauties grew. The cultivated garden flowers, I had said, were suited to the cultivated and mature mind, and so should deck the table of our elders; but for the younger portion of the company I would have none but the simple, wild, wayward flowers of the woods. And so my basket was filled, and I placed it in the shallow water among the stones, while I cut a piece of moss from the bank. When I turned to look for it, I found it floating down the stream, and despite all my efforts, it

would keep just beyond reach of the stick with which I tried to capture it. After following it for some distance, a sudden bend in the river brought my basket and me into the presence of a solitary fisherman. He was a stranger to me, and I knew that he must be the son of Mr. Dales who had taken the place next our own, and on whose property I was now trespassing. Seeing the situation, he quickly rescued my basket with his fishing-rod, and turned to give it to me. I had heard much of this young stranger, of his brilliant college career just closed, and I felt a little frightened at meeting him; but when he spoke, the sound of his voice, his pleasant courteous manner, were re-assuring. He said that was the finest fish he had caught that morning, and the bright smile that accompanied the words, and the expression in his fine eyes, were, I thought, more beautiful than anything I had ever seen. My timidity vanished and I felt that I could trust him forever. He introduced himself, and then saying he would carry my wet basket back for me, and receiving no refusal, he walked by my side talking so easily and pleasantly, that by the time we had reached the place where I started, I felt as if I had known him always.

Then we sat on the river bank, and I forgot that the sun was getting high, while he told me pretty fables about the wild flowers, and made them so beautiful with his own thoughts, that I sat entranced. But he said that he loved the roses, the white roses best. When finally we reached home, and he left me at the door, he begged the gift of a white rose in the garden, and I picked it and gave it to him. What happened during the rest of that day and evening, I cannot remember, but I dreamed that night that an angel visitant came to me. She was very lovely and yet I could but dimly see her face through the rosy veil which enveloped her. She said she had brought me the key to my future happiness, and placed in my hand a white rose. And now, as I think of what followed, I know that the happy morning hour when I met him was indeed like an angel messenger, for it brought to me the first sweet experience of love, the rosy dawn which was to brighten into the full sunshine of the second eventful hour of my life.

THE SECOND HOUR.

In a few days Roger was to leave for New York, to begin the practice of his profession; for he was to be a lawyer. We were walking together by the river side. During the four months since we met, we had been much together; we knew that we had grown indispensable to each other's happiness, and our love was tacitly understood between us, although no word of it had been spoken. But to-day he took my wet face between his hands—I could not hide my tears—and kissed it, and then he said: "Ula,

we know that we love each other, our hearts have told us that; but still I can not go away without a word, a promise from you, my darling." And so we were betrothed; and he fastened in my hair a dainty silver rose, with a diamond dew-drop at its heart, saying that it was an emblem of his love that held me as a diamond within it, and that if even tried in the fire would stand the test, as the silver had done. But we laughed at the idea of our love being brought to the test.

THE NEXT THREE HOURS.

I said that I could look back upon the hours that brought me pain with calmness, and so I do; yet even now I can feel a little of the chill and the darkness that accompanied them. They seem to me like three sombre and sad-eyed messengers from out eternity, bringing me reluctant gifts of pain and punishment; but, like all of God's servants, bringing nothing but what was to be for my greater good, if I would have it so. It was but the day before Roger was to leave home. The following spring he expected to come back for me, and so we were talking cheerfully of the future, when a horseman stopped at the door. He brought a telegram from New York, announcing the sudden death of Mr. Dales. My poor Roger; it was a terrible blow to him. He and his father had been very devoted in their love for one another, and it seemed more than he could bear. To me, through all the sad scenes that followed, the worst thing was to see him suffer, and to have no word of consolation to give him; for, although I had always observed the forms of religion, I had never known that faith and spiritual comfort, which I felt he needed just now, and which I longed to have, that I might impart it to him. Thus, I could only suffer with him, and feel that there was something impotent in a love which could be mute at such a time.

* * * * *

And so I felt, when another painful hour soon after, Roger came to me with the news that he was penniless. Difficulties which his father would have surmounted had he lived, had swamped the business, and left but a mere trifle for Roger. "It is not for my own loss that I care, Ula dear," he said, "but that I shall not be able to make you a rich woman." And when I answered that I wanted only to share his lot, and cared not how poor it was, and began to picture to him the high position as a lawyer that he was sure to attain, he interrupted me. He was not going to be a lawyer, he said; his plans were all changed. And when I looked my astonishment, he said: "I can see now, Ula, why my great trouble was sent to me. I have always been careless about religion, never thought seriously of such things; but God in His mercy, even while He afflicted me, brought me to see His face, and to know and love Him. In that hour I consecrated myself to His service, and so instead of practising

law, I am going to study for the ministry, and use the talents God has given me to bring souls to Him. Does my little Ula love me well enough to wait a few years for me? And I answered, "Yes, of course I did;" but it was in a bewildered sort of way, for I could not understand the motive, that could lead him to such a strange act; and a selfish rebellion sprang up in my heart, that I could not help. So we parted, and the wistful sadness on his face, as he bade me not to forget the meaning of the silver rose, haunted me many a time in the years that followed.

* * * * *

After Roger left me, this selfish feeling kept growing in my heart. I was jealous of the object that could be attractive enough to separate him from me for so long a time; for I was young, and three years seemed a very long time to me. I said to myself, he cares more for this notion than he does for me, for if he really loved me as he pretends, he would have followed his profession and married me without delay. As I was not right myself, I could not measure the right in him. I called it evil, and the sinful thought did its work. One fatal hour I wrote to him, saying, "that we must be strangers hereafter. That the only love which I would accept was that which would be willing to sacrifice everything for me, and his actions had proved that such love was not his." And I sent back to him the little rose, his betrothal gift. That hour was the saddest, the darkest of my life; for I know now that neither death nor any other trouble leaves such bitter memories as sin.

Oh, such a pained, grieved letter came to me after that, but he said that he believed the time would come when I would think as he did. That he would wait for it, and his love would always be the same for me; that the silver rose would not tarnish in his keeping any sooner than in mine, and the diamond would always be in the heart of it. But for all this, my stubborn heart refused to yield; I tried to believe that I did right to reject him. I tried to interest myself in other objects, but I utterly failed. And when at times I relented a little, I was too proud to write and tell him so. And so the years went by—three years of dull, blank misery to me!

THE SIXTH HOUR.

The brightest sunshine is that which follows the storm. And so the happiest hour of my life is that which followed all this pain. It stands out in my memory like a glorious angel from heaven, too dazzling almost to look upon.

I had been very ill. A slow fever had brought me to the very threshold of death, and my proud will was humbled and broken. One Sunday morning they told me there would be service in the church; that the new minister would preach for the first time. Father said this was his first

charge, and he was very talented; but his name was not mentioned, and I felt too little interest to ask it. Mother was anxious to have me go to church, and I said I would; but I preferred to walk, and so I started early, and walked slowly, resting many times, for I was still weak.

It was a glorious Summer day. Every thing but me seemed to be at peace with its Maker; and I longed to be so too. My heart was softened; I shed the first tears that had come to my eyes for a long, long time. All my sinful life and the great wrong I had done to my lover, was made plain to me; and there in the quiet of the woods, I sought and found that which no erring child of God seeks for in vain. When I reached the church, it was still nearly an hour before time for service. It was a pretty church, and a large one, too, for the country, with no human surroundings, only the village of the dead. I walked into the graveyard, and toward the spot where Roger's father was buried. There was a stranger sitting by the grave, and I turned to go; but hearing a footstep, he rose, and then I saw his face. It was Roger. He held out his arms toward me, with a quick cry of joy, and I was soon folded within them. But I am not going to tell the rest of that interview; it is too sacred for strangers' ears. He placed the silver rose in my hair again, and when later I sat in the pew, and greeted mother with a happy smile, and she saw the rose, is it any wonder that we both had a little cry during the first prayer. How beautiful he had grown in those three years; how noble and manly he looked to me in this new character. And what a grand sermon that was that he preached; full of living truth and power. After church we all rode home together, and that Sunday was marked with a white stone in my life.

THE SEVENTH HOUR.

And so was that other hour which a few months later made me his bride. It was white rosebuds that I wore, instead of orange blossoms; and as we knelt at the altar together, and I thanked God that He had made me Roger's wife, I thanked Him, too, that I was a minister's wife; and I asked Him to give me much work to do for Him. In all the years since then He has answered my prayer, for Roger was soon called from the little church to this large parish, where we have both been working busily and happily ever since. The little silver trinket is laid away carefully, and is not worn any more, for we have no need of such emblems of our love; it is itself a living reality. The hours which come and go now have not the rosy veil of romance about them, but they are all the more beautiful to me because I can see clearly into their calm eyes, and read the great happiness there; and all the more precious to me because their lips are sealed, like those of a sphinx, with a happy secret and a mystery—the mystery of a great human love, which only God can read.

THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTERS.

BY M. E. G.

Now that the pastor was dead, the whole village was interested in the fate of the family. "Nicer girls never lived," said Mrs. Philpot, as she and her husband sat by the table in their sitting-room, respectively sewing and reading. "I have a great mind to offer that Lilly a home here," continued the lady; "I suppose she has clothes enough to last her two or three years, except may be a pair or so of shoes. She is well educated, could do all my sewing and teach the boys. I dare say she is a pretty good house-keeper, and could look after the house a bit, too. And as she is a pretty girl, she'd likely get married by the time the boys stop studying."

"Well, I'm agreeable, if you think you can manage," replied her spouse; "I can't afford to send the boys to school another year."

In the great house on the hill, Mrs. Perry was saying to her husband, "I'm really sorry for the girls, and I think, dear, I will let the oldest one stay here awhile. I have been wanting a companion for some time, but such people as one can hire, it is really embarrassing to admit to that position; besides, my pin-money will not cover a salary, and that emerald set too."

"Would it not be better then to give up the emeralds?" queried her husband, showing some sense of justice.

"Give up the emeralds!" exclaimed the lady, with an expression that made further words unnecessary; "She would doubtless be very thankful for a home, or should be." These are but samples of the feeling expressed in many houses in the village; but these good people were counting without their host.

In the little parsonage, which they were to leave the following week, sat the four orphan daughters of the late minister. For twenty years he had faithfully comforted and aided this parish. So aided and comforted, the rich and the poor, with the mind and the soul, so liberally supplied him by his Creator, and with the means, so scantily supplied him by his parishioners, that now, after a lifetime of service in their behalf, he left his family of four daughters without a home. Their names were Kate, Jenny, Louise and Lilly. They were intellectual girls, with hearts and souls larger than those articles generally run. Their attachment to each other, and the loyalty of each one to herself, had been fostered by the father from their birth, as traits most worthy of fullest development. Naturally the first remark which we hear among them was the effect of this training.

It was on the same evening that Mrs. Philpot and Mrs. Perry were laying their plans. The evening was misty and chilly. In Kate's room there was a fire, and the sisters, all in mourning,

were gathered around it. Kate, who had been speaking, said :

"Well, one thing must be accepted as a fact to argue from. That is, we must not be separated." All assented to this at once.

"Then I will answer Aunt Lucinda's letter right away," said Lilly, "and tell her I cannot come. I'm thankful, Kate, that you didn't want me to go. I didn't say so, because I had determined to do as you wished; but I did not want to go."

"You would doubtless have a more luxurious home there, but you are not used to luxury and can get along without it," replied Kate, "while we are used to you and cannot get along without you."

"You dear sister," cried Lilly; "I should die of home-sickness in a palace, if I thought you girls were grieving for me. And then you know, I could not sing out through the house, in that proper establishment; and I would not care to walk over cloth of gold, if I could not sing in passing."

"If I receive an encouraging answer to my Philadelphia letter," said Kate, "we will all go there to start life, the day we leave this house. I must confess I do not love this village, or its people, as much as dear papa did; and I can leave it without any heart-throbs."

"There are a number of things we must take with us," suggested Louise; "for though the parsonage is supposed to be furnished by the parish, there is much here, that is our own personal property."

"Yes, there is the book-case with its fine collection of books, which grandpa gave papa when he entered the ministry," said Kate.

"And which is yours?" said Jenny, "for papa always said you should have it."

"And the Duke's silver, the only remaining vestige, of the greatness of our grandsires," said Lilly.

"And all the furniture which grandma brought for her room when she came; these must belong to all of us," said Kate.

"And the sofa which is in mamma's room," said Lilly, "and which she always prized so highly, because she was sitting on it when dear papa proposed to her. That, Kate, is yours."

"I will try to-morrow," resumed Kate, "to sell the piano, to settle the bill which we have been obliged to run at the store since papa's illness. Mr. Bryan's daughter took music lessons while she was at boarding-school; and she told me the other day that her father had promised to buy her one. That debt settled in that way, we will have about five hundred dollars to begin work with."

Next day was clear and bright. Jenny and Louise were carefully going over the house, making an inventory of their effects, preparatory to packing. Lilly was writing a letter to Aunt

Lucinda—not an easy thing to do, for Aunt Lucinda was the richest relative they had, and papa had been indebted to her, as were they, also, for many kindnesses, and this letter was to refuse to gratify a notion which she had set her heart upon. Kate was attending to business out in town. She intended stopping at the post office on her way home.

As she came up the garden-walk, she was a pleasing picture. A little blonde of decided and dignified manner.

Lilly, sitting by an open window, recognized the firm step of her sister, and ran to the door querying, anxiously:

"What news?" Kate answered:

"I have brought the letter, thinking better to open it when we are all together. Where are the girls?"

"Up in the study, I think," said Lilly; "let us go up to them." And twining her arm round her sister, they mounted the stair. Then the sisters all seated themselves to discuss the future. Jenny's eyes were red, showing that she could not control her emotions while engaged in this sad work. Louise, more practical, wore a stern air of business.

"Well, Kate," said she, "what did Mr. Bryan say?"

"Why, discovering more humanity than I suspected was in him, he said that the piano was worth more than his bill. He remembered hearing Lilly play upon it at papa's last reception, and offered to take it and give me eighty dollars besides."

"That," said Jenny, "will be enough to make Dr. Moffart an acknowledgment for his unremitting kindness to papa during his sickness."

"Exactly what I cried within myself, when Mr. Bryan spoke the words. Here is the letter from Aline; but before we open it there is something I will tell you, lest the letter be not encouraging."

"Well, Kate, you know we listen to you as to an oracle, why preface the matter?"

"Because, Lilly, it is news calculated to surprise," answered Kate; "and I wish to prepare you somewhat."

All the girls were now anxious for an explanation.

"It is nothing less than this: If we are willing to separate, we need not be without homes, even should this letter discourage the Philadelphia project. Mrs. Philpot has offered one to Lilly"—Here Lilly threw up both hands in amazement—"if she will teach the boys and sew; and says she feels this will be doing nothing more than right by her old pastor."

Here Lilly made a grimace which words would fail to convey.

"And Mrs. Perry sent me a note which I received from her footman just as I was going out

this morning, containing a similar offer. In other words, I may be maid to my lady for a home."

"Oh horrible!" cried Louise; "surely, Kate—"

"I called upon Mrs. Perry in passing, and told her our plans were laid; and that, therefore, I would not avail myself of her kindness; for though there is a selfish side to their offers, there is a good one too. And now for Aline's letter."

She tore open the letter and read, while the girls eagerly listened:

"*Dear Kate* :—Your sad, sweet letter came duly to hand, and from that minute to this I have worked your affairs. There are two places near me. One, a small house on a small street; and the other a third floor over a store on Chestnut street. The store is kept by a first class party who owns the building. Both come within the sum you named—both are supplied with water conveniences and the little one with a range. In the flat you will be obliged to have a stove; but gas-stoves are very convenient, and I would favor the location, as being more probably free from obtrusive neighbors. I cannot tell you how glad I am that you applied to me, for though my position is so different from what it was when Jenny, you, and I attended the Academy for pleasure, I am, by the grace of God, the very person of all this town to help you now. Listen! When it was discovered what a rascal my guardian was, and that from thousands I had not a cent, an attempt was made to get me a position in the mint. Meantime I worked hard at my painting; and, dear, the talent that the professor used to say I had, began to show itself at last. I made more progress than ever before; and am doing sufficiently well pecuniarily to decide me to make art a profession. The same mail that brought your letter, brought me word that through the influence of two or three generals, one or two governors, and several mayors who were prompted to act in my behalf because of papa's name, I had received my appointment at the mint. Now, the influence is within my reach, and if it pleases you, I can transfer this position to Louise. If she likes the idea let her answer at once in person. Lilly can get in a choir by fall. I have many musical friends, and we will manage it. You, dear, must go on with your writing; we will not let you give it up. Jenny shall share my studio, and I trust my good luck, for she has industry and ability; and some great man has said, 'Genius is but work.' Moreover, I went yesterday to see a photographer, to whom, in our richer days, we paid many a dollar; and he promised to give her miniatures to paint, if they were mutually satisfied with terms and work. I hope to see you all soon. Meantime, believe that I gladly embrace every opportunity of obliging you, and am

"Ever the same,

"ALINE."

Two weeks later Aline Worthington was hurrying along Chestnut street, accompanied by a tall, handsome man. At the door of a large tea-store, or rather one of its doors, for it had two, one on either side, and a large window in the middle, they stopped.

"Come back about nine o'clock, Van," she said, "and I will introduce you to my pets if they will permit it."

"Tell them," said he, "that you have disturbed my rest, by lively accounts of four of the muses, who have granted you the freedom of their society; and that I am failing in health, owing to the strain upon my imagination, necessary to supply figures for your stories of them. Adieu." And she ran lightly up the steps, as he hastened toward the college, where he was attending a course of lectures, and from which he was hoping to graduate in medicine the following year. Upon reaching the top of the third flight, Aline paused a moment and gave a low whistle. This announced her, and instantly a stream of light flooded over her from an opening door, which framed as good a subject for an interior as any artist's eye could wish to light upon. So while Lilly came out to receive her, Aline stood still and looked. The bright light and correspondingly dark shadows, the piles of bright materials laying around, charitably covering shabby furniture; and the three girls, each in some graceful pose adapted to her immediate work, with her bright and beautiful face, for beauty was the one inheritance of this family, turned toward their coming friend, delighted her artistic sense, while the expression of hope on their countenances delighted her heart, with the feeling that she had helped to bring it there.

"Oh, Aline," cried Kate, "come and congratulate us upon our work."

"I do most heartily," said Aline, looking around with unfeigned pleasure.

"Nat stained the floor nicely, didn't he? He is a first-rate fellow to call upon for odd jobs. He helped me often at the studio. Was it dry when you arrived?"

"Yes, perfectly. Who but you would have thought of it. And he only asked a dollar."

"Whose idea was it to use that red checked matting for a dado? The effect is excellent," said Aline."

"Jenny's, of course," said Kate; "and see how neatly she has finished it at the bottom, fastened a narrow strip of plain wood moulding around and painted it bright red. The upper part of the wall, Louise and I papered with plain light gray. It shows better in daylight."

"Don't you think they make pretty good paper hangers?" said Lilly. "And we are going to put another strip of red moulding at the ceiling to finish off."

Then Aline, divested of her hat and shawl, be-

gan looking over the bright goods that lay about.

"What are all these pretty things?" said she.

"Oh!" explained Lilly, "we've been going over the things that Aunt Lucinda sends us spring and fall. She never throws anything away. All things no longer wanted in her house, be it a striped shawl or shoe-string, are religiously sent to us. That scarlet cloak came two years ago. Of course we had no use for it then. Now it will furnish cushions for that little rocking-chair."

"To cover where the broken cane seat is made up with twine," chimed in Louise. "That striped shawl will become a curtain between the doors; and this old gray traveling shawl, when ornamented with stripes of chintz, will make curtains for the windows. Two at each window, with an open space of about eighteen inches between them, in which the white curtains will show, and where Jenny's basket of ferns can hang. Won't it be pretty?" And so bringing the hearty will and hope of youth to the work, these admirable girls passed an evening in creating new things out of old; and in applying the results of a life of cultivation and refinement, and of an art education, to the æsthetic adopting of these things to the attractive furnishing of a room. Thus time passed all too quickly, and they thought they had but begun, when Aline cried:

"Hark! There's nine striking; and Van will be here in a minute. He made me promise to tell you that the suspense in which I was keeping him, after promising so many pleasant friends, was injuring his health, and to plead that he might be presented to-night."

"Oh! Impossible," cried the girls. "This room is in such confusion, and we are so tired. Bring him Friday evening, and we will see him more creditably to ourselves and more agreeably to him."

"That mantel must be covered," said Jenny, "and it will be finished by then."

"You must begin work to-morrow, Jenny," said Aline; "for Mr. Peters sent a photo miniature to the studio to-day. I hated to tell you it had come so soon, for I knew you were anxious to help finish here. But we must not quarrel with our bread and butter, you know."

"Oh, Aline," cried Jenny, "I am truly glad to begin work, and shall come in the morning bright and early."

"There is the bell. I must not keep Van waiting. He will never forgive me for your refusal."

"If he is so unconscionable as that, I shall not want to know him," said Louise.

"Don't say that Louise," cried Aline, "I wronged him. I assure you few have such merit. He is a steadfast friend. Good sense and goodness, characterize him. His talents are already employed for noble purposes among his fellow-men. He is temperate, pious, strong and gentle. What more can be said for a man. His only

fault is that life seems to him too weighty a thing—he looks at it in too serious a light."

"And you are teaching him—"

"To temper his wisdom with love and with wit."

"Oh, Kate, you know we are not 'read up' like you; so don't fit us with quotations. There, he is ringing again, good-bye;" and the elegant, graceful, loving Aline tripped down the stairs, while Louise called after her:

"Probity, good-sense and learning! Beware Aline! Such a combination might rival art with any woman."

"Don't give place to such an idea, Louise," cried Aline, looking back; "no woman can serve two masters. I'm already given to art."

"And I, too," joined Jenny; "we will form a sisterhood where—" but the sentence remained unfinished, and the girls heard their friend's voice, carried up by an incoming draft as she opened the door to the subject of her late discourse, saying:

"You must forgive my keeping you waiting, Van, for I have been eulogizing you to the Muses." Then the door closed and they turned again to their little home, and subdivided and obdivided, in their furnishing till the small hours.

Friday evening found things quite altered in their sitting-room. The offensive wooden mantel was draped with a deep box plaited fall of Burlap, which had been accomplished, by obtaining a board shaped, as they wished the mantel was, covering it with the Burlap that their furniture had been shipped in, and laying it on the mantel. They had then tacked the hanging on in plaits about three inches wide, with gilt-head tacks. The lower edge had been fringed out and an inch above this fringe, the threads were drawn for the space of two inches. Under this open space, some strips of red stuff, cut from an old flannel shirt no longer useful, had been basted. These were made fast by some stitches running through the middle and drawing the remaining threads of Burlap together in bunches, exposing the red beneath in connecting diamonds, which made a very effective trimming. Three rush-bottomed chairs, which the practical Louise had found in a second-hand store, had been bought for a song, the wood rubbed down with sand-paper, and stained with a preparation of turpentine and lamp-black, the seats painted straw color and striped with vermillion, now made an exceedingly creditable appearance. The little hand carving that was unnoticed in their degradation, showing to advantage in their bettered condition, much as the attractive traits of human beings, which form quite a feature under encouraging circumstances, would never be discovered, were they unfavorably situated. On the floor was a mat of striped Dutch carpet, which having proved too much worn to cover the room, had had the worst parts discarded and

the best sewn together, the ends raveled out, left a long fringe of colored wools, which the girls knotted to the depth of six inches, effecting quite a rich appearance. In the centre of the room stood a generous-sized round table, covered with a cover, made of an old blanket, which Kate had dyed dark green and bordered with some very effective fancy work in bright colors. On it stood the student lamp from their father's study, giving the room a home look to the sisters, which already made it sacred to them. Near the middle of the floor stood the under part of an old-fashioned card table, from which the leaves had been removed; and around it stood all four of the girls in earnest consultation. A little whistle, followed by a light rap, preceded the opening of the door, and the entrance of Aline and her distinguished looking friend, whom she presented to the Misses Wayne as, "my friend, Mr. Van Wharton Schuyler." Scarcely allowing time for the introduction to be acknowledged, she cried:

"I suppose Jenny told you that Goupil took my study of flowers and now I have more news; congratulate me, for it is good—Hazeline has sold 'The Sunshine.'"

"We do congratulate you, Aline, from our hearts," said Kate; "and is it not fortunate that Jenny has succeeded so well, in pleasing Mr. Peters. Now unburden your head of your hat, and give your whole attention to this matter which we had under consideration when you came in. I see Lilly has already drawn Mr. Schuyler into it. See this old card table, from which we have removed the leaves for later use? Jenny wants flowers (you know how difficult it is, Mr. Schuyler, to make artists understand that any of their ideas are impracticable), and Louise has undertaken to construct out of this a means of gratifying her. She has had an augur hole drilled down the pedestal, through which a rubber tube can pass. The box you see is lined with zinc, with a pipe in the centre which is connected with the tube. Now she proposes setting the plants in this box and moving it into the window at the top of which, behind the curtains, she will have a reservoir suspended which will hold as much water as the box will. This you see will give her a fountain; and the orifice of the nozzle is so small, that it will not play out in less than a couple of hours. At the under edge of the table, is a faucet by which the water may be drawn off if necessary." Immediately after the introduction, Louise had left the room. As she now entered, Van turned to her and said:

"I think your invention admirable, Miss Louise, and am sure you will find it work excellently. Will you set your plants in, in the pots?"

"I thought to. Then, you see, it will be easy to change them, and, engaged as I am at the

mint from early in the morning till late in the afternoon, I have to economize time in every thing I undertake."

"True. Is the basket yours, too? It is very luxuriant and a perfect thing for Kenilworth ivy."

"Now, you will say I have made another invention," laughingly said Louise; "but I have not; this idea is not original. The basket is made by cutting the sides of a tomato-can from top to bottom into narrow strips, and bending their ends over a wire hoop of greater diameter than the base causing the top to flare; then it is lined with moss and filled with ivy."

"I think the whole effect is highly artistic," said Jenny. "I believe I have more appreciation of form than of color."

"Such an exquisite little ornament so ingeniously constructed, is certainly a triumph of skill and economy; and I am never more gratified than when I see such a clever idea so admirably carried out," said Van, bowing to Louise.

* * * * *

Thus fully established, time passed on with the girls. Jenny having succeeded in pleasing Mr. Peters, did enough for him to insure her a comfortable income, and devoted the rest of her time to studies in oil, several of which she was so fortunate as to dispose of to persons who were sufficiently shrewd to detect the talent indicated in them. The second year, however, she abandoned this branch of art, in favor of modeling, which she studied at the Academy, and proved that the feeling she had always had, that she appreciated form more than color, was not without foundation, by making such rapid progress that the professor constantly told her she ought to study in Rome.

Aline had made a very noticeable advancement, and taken a prize at one of the exhibitions. Consequently they began to indulge the aspirations common to all art students; and earnestly looked forward to "a studio in Rome."

Through Aline, Lilly had obtained the opportunity to try her voice in the choir of the church that Aline's family had attended many years. It was not a cultivated voice, but its rare quality was at once recognized, and it secured her the position, as also the interest of the choir master, who lost no opportunity of giving her instructions, which were of material benefit to her. Thus an income commensurate, with her needs, was assured to her, and through the day she was at liberty to assume the rôle of housekeeper for her sisters. She gloried in her skill as cook and her "talent for cleaning," so that with an occasional assistance from Nat, she was able to do all their work except the wash, and that they gave out.

Louise had entered the mint the day after she arrived in Philadelphia, and with the exception of an occasional day off, had worked steadily there ever since.

Kate, who, as Aline used to say, had "flirted with the magazines" for two or three years before her father's death, went, as soon as they were settled, to call upon an editress who had formerly accepted her articles.

The acquaintance proved a happy one for her. The lady who had long trodden the path that she was now about to pursue, was blessed with the divine quality of loving to help her fellow creatures. Many suggestions of hers fell upon fertile ground and bore fruit in Kate.

About six months before the second part of this story she recommended Kate for the position of editress on a magazine which was about being started. Kate obtained the position, and, thanks to much kindly information given by her friend, was succeeding well.

Van, who was an orphan, educated by an uncle, had taken his honors in regular time, and commenced practice. Up-hill work. His uncle had wished to start him handsomely, and when Van refused his offer, had said, "It will all be yours in time any how." But Van preferred not to anticipate comforts or luxuries that, after all, a chance might dispossess him of; and insisted upon earning a name, although he believed it would take fully ten years to accomplish it.

After he had been at work about four months, his uncle died while visiting some friends in Colorado. Van was telegraphed for and started hurriedly. He had been gone several weeks, when, one evening, Kate, Jenny, and Lilly were holding caucus around the big table in their sitting-room. We must glance over the room a little before listening to what the girls are talking about, for it is greatly improved within the past two years.

How beautifully Jenny's jardiniere is doing; no one would ever recognize in that mass of ferns and foliage, with the little fountain playing from the horn in the hand of a little plaster cherub, the dismantled old card table. And see that lovely bust of tinted clay standing on a cloth of dark green velvet, which greatly enhances the effect, making it more mellow and life-like. Come nearer and see the pedestal which supports it (a marvel of Japanese work that fell from the hands of Lilly); and which in its turn stands upon a base of dark green velvet. On looking again at the bust, we discover that it is of Aline, a perfect likeness, and on the card lying by it "To sisters from Jenny," tells the story of her progress. On that small table is a Chinese cabinet, the work of Louise o' nights; and before the fireplace a screen, in the making of which all had a hand. Illuminated upon the wall, opposite the door, the word "SALVE." Two or three Yankee mats made by Kate, before she obtained regular work and in which she utilized the last remnants of aunt Lucinda's donations, from worn-out under flannel to tarletan dresses lay at our feet, suggest-

ing Turkish magnificence, and luxury and evidencing by the adroit and skillful arranging of their colors, that if circumstances had not turned her mind in other direction, she might have shared Jenny's success as an artist. The panels of the doors are decorated with rarest roses and flowers of the fields. On the wall to the left of the door, hangs a charming picture of the two sisters, Jenny and Lilly. We cannot see it as well as we could wish, for on the student's lamp there is a shade, a pretty thing we must acknowledge, even though it does interfere with our pleasure just now. It is made of a little Japanese umbrella, with a hole cut in the top to admit the chimney and with numerous little bright colored tassels, hanging from the tips of the frame. There are quantities of other pretty things in the room, but we cannot look at them now, for Kate is saying:

"It is hard to have you go Jenny. Rome never seemed half so far off as it does since you and Aline are going there."

"Dear Kate, I don't know of anything else that could keep me home, but if you girls are going to grieve for me, I shall never be able to go. Make believe, darling, that you are glad to get rid of me, won't you? It is only for a day more." Hereupon Lilly said:

"I think Louise would not find it so hard to leave us. She is away all day and sits in her bed-room by herself, half the evening."

"Have you not noticed," said Jenny "that this is more particularly since Van left?"

"Yes," replied Kate, "and I have often wanted to ask you, if you think Aline has observed how Louise seems to have superseded her in his friendship. It is true, he attends her as he ever did; but it is Louise he consults and counsels with. If he has good fortune, it is Louise who is first acquainted with it; and it seems to me that it is in Louise he manifests the greatest interest. I may be wrong, but have thought I saw it and have experienced considerable solicitude lest Aline should be distressed by one of us, whom she has so truly befriended."

"Oh, my precious, blind sister," cried Jenny, laughing, "your head is so occupied creating romances, that you have no time to notice those made by other people. Has Aline seen all this? Yes, darling, and forwarded the game, as far as lay in her power, for she loves them both; and it is part of her plan to have them married before we leave. Don't look so perfectly astounded. We leave day after to-morrow, it is true; but she is a wonderful woman, and, as we already know, can accomplish wonderful things." The sentence was but just finished, when quick approaching footsteps announced the coming of Aline, who unceremoniously entered accompanied by Van, both their faces beaming with excitement. This unlooked-for advent of the subjects of their conversation, brought all the girls to their feet.

"Speak of angels," cried Lilly—

"Of course you were speaking of me," said Van, while Aline fairly radiant with excitement, inquired after Louise, and called upon her to come immediately. But she had already detected certain tones, which had brought her on the scene. As Van approached her for greeting, Aline took the shade off the lamp and addressing the company, said :

"Prepare yourselves, dearly beloved sisters, one and all"—this in a portentous manner, significant of matter of moment to be disclosed, was rendered utterly ridiculous by a plaintive "me too," from Van. The audience laughed out, and the speaker could not again assume her manner of importance.

"Hush, Van. I have half a notion not to tell now."

"Oh! Oh! Do," in chorus caused the offended humor to vanish into the smiles that were lying in wait back of it, and Aline began again.

"Van, look at these pictures; they are my last gift to Kate and Louise."

"Aline," cried Lilly, "what am I to have? Why do you not give me a share in Jenny's picture? I don't like being left out in the cold that way."

"To answer your question, my dear, will be to spring upon you all the grandest surprise you have ever experienced. Because you, my dear Lilly, are going with us."

Aline did not over-estimate the effect of this announcement. An expression of mixed horror and fear instantly shadowed itself on Lilly's face, as she instinctively looked at Van. It was plain enough that she thought he had something to do with this, and that the thought was painfully uncomfortable to her. Louise, whose imagination was tempered by a few more years, and curbed by a more practical bent, said :

"Aline, I can safely affirm that we all believe every word you say, but—we do not understand it."

Jenny, with unfeigned delight, threw her arms about Lilly and cried :

"Oh, I am so glad!" Evidently she had had some insight into the mystery. While Kate, quite dumb with bewilderment, looked the question she wanted to ask; and Aline, moved to pity by this mute appeal, explained :

"At the last church reception Lilly sang, 'She Wandered Down the Mountain-side.' I was at the time standing beside old Mr. Green, who has been quite an amateur in his day, and he expressed a regret that a voice of such rare quality had not received higher cultivation."

"Yes," said I, "it is a pity she cannot study in Milan. Miss B— had three years there, and it worked miracles for her. She has had as many concert engagements since as she has been able to fill; and has been well paid for them, too."

No harm in throwing out a suggestion, you know, girls. Lots of good is left undone in this world simply because the people who have the means don't think of it. 'That's so,' said he, showing the discernment I hoped for, and her congregation sent her. I will mention this at the next vestry meeting. I believe you and her sister will sail in May.' I told him we would and begged he would not mention this idea outside, for I knew the disappointment would be dreadful if it failed."

While Aline was speaking, the expression and color changed in Lilly's face, and at the last her head fell upon Jenny's shoulder, where she cried without restraint.

"He just brought me word," continued Aline, "that you are really to go, the letters of credit having been obtained to-day. And that is the reason I painted your picture. Come, girlie, stop crying, or I shall think you are sorry instead of glad."

"Come into the other room," said Jenny, leading her sobbing sister away, and Kate and Aline followed anxiously, fearing the shock had been too much for her.

As they closed the door, Van detained Louise, who was about seating herself, by taking both hands in his. Looking at her lovingly, and, oh! so earnestly, he said :

"I, too, have a surprise for you to-night. I have made several discoveries during the month I have been absent. May I tell them to you as unreservedly as I have all my other affairs this winter?"

With a half shy glance, very unlike the practical Louise, she said :

"Why not, Van?"

"Well, my dear friend, I found that all my ambitions and aims were but listless, dead things when they were not animated by your presence. I found that without you to consult, the other half of every deliberation was gone. In fact, dear one, I found that I was greatly blessed in your allowing me to depend upon you so much, and that the blessing would be doubled if you would assure me that I should never be left so alone again."

Then Louise archly said :

"Well, never go away."

"That will not do," said Van; "my uncle's will desired that he should be laid to rest where he died. Also that I, being his sole heir, should move directly into the house on Fourth street, where he has passed his life. If, Louise, you will become my wife I can do this, open my office and commence life at once."

"Van, I cannot believe this, you mistake yourself," replied Louise. "I am not the woman you ought to marry" (visions of Aline were now floating before her); and then, deprecatingly, "I am so little, so matter-of-fact."

"No matter for all that, love, you have all the traits that, in my mind, go to make up the sum of a perfect woman."

With this, he clasped her and held her to his breast, and she rested there in quiet contentment, realizing that this was the secure haven of her life.

Then, bending fondly over her, he gave her one lingering kiss, that told the rest of the old, old story.

They had just begun to realize that there was a life-time of sweet companionship before them, when the girls came back.

Lilly, looking as happy as her wonderful luck warranted, and the others, even the unselfish Kate, happy in her good fortune. It was visible at the first glance, even to such pre-occupied minds, that something new had taken place during their absence. Owing to the previous hints of Jenny and Aline, however, the effect was not altogether startling, when Van took the hand he claimed, and, placing upon it a sparkling solitaire, said:

"See, girls, this hand will be given to me in fee simple at nine o'clock to-morrow evening in this, the home of my bride. All present are invited to attend. The affair will be quite *recherché*, the bride's three sisters and a friend, a Miss Worthington, acting as bride's maids."

Lilly pleaded piteously:

"Please, may I ask Mr. Green?"

"Surely, little sister that is to be," said Van.

And before the evening was over all was arranged, and Louise was reconciled to this instantaneous sort of marriage for the sake of having her sisters present. They only had the wedding supper in their cozy parlor, however, for Louise had strong feeling about being married in church. Short as the notice was, there was quite a number of the congregation present, to congratulate her.

* * * * *

Midst the bustling of humanity which accompanied the sailing of the Ohio, we find our friends assembled together for the last time for some years. Tears and adieus, the shouts and cries of porters and draymen, shipping baggage, and all the noise and racket incident to the starting of an ocean steamer, clanged out upon the quiet of a lovely spring morning, giving a tone of life and energy to the very air, calculated to subdue any tendency to sad or forboding thoughts; yet the sisters tearfully watched the stately steamer majestically sail away, bearing from them three of their happy party. As is always the case, those left suffered the most from the parting, while those leaving, divided their thoughts between the sadness of the present and the hopes of the future.

When the material evidence of their existence was no longer visible to the watcher's eyes, Van

suggested to his wife the propriety of returning; and, re-entering their carriage, they drove to the house on Fourth street, where a door-plate, bearing the name of Van Wharton Schuyler, the uncle after whom Van was named, ornamented the door. Kate was given the third floor, to which had been transferred the entire furnishing of the sitting-room, which the sisters' hands had so lovingly contrived. And I think that Van and Louise will be one living proof that Homer held a very correct view of life when he said: "There is nothing better and nobler in life than when husband and wife, being of one mind, rule a household."

"FLOWER OF THE GORSE, FLOWER OF REMORSE."

BY CAROLINE A. MERIGHI.

Flower of the Gorse, flower of the Gorse,

What is the meaning thy petals enfold?

Why art thou oft called the "Flower of Remorse?"

What is the legend that of thee is told?

Flower of the Gorse, flower of the gorse.

This is the legend of days that are olden,

This is the tale of the pallid-hued flower.

Sinister seeming hath bloom that is golden,

And thorns when they thrive not on rose of the bower.

Flower of the gorse! flower of the gorse!

Far in the days of the might that was evil,

The might that is cruel, the might that is cold,

Governing the soul with the power of the devil,

Lived there a miser who loved but his gold.

Flower of the gorse! flower of the gorse!

Fair was his daughter, with face of an angel;

And loved her a page who had naught but his sword.

They knelt at the shrine of the holy evangel,

And pledged them in secret with faith and with word.

Flower of the gorse! flower of the gorse!

Then to the home of the miser they hastened,

To seek for his pardon, and ask for his aid.

The door of the castle was ruthlessly fastened,

And out on the snow the maid's garments were laid.

Flower of the gorse! flower of the gorse!

Writ on a leaf were the words of the noble—

Noble of lineage, but churl in the heart—:

"Doomed, from the hour of thy act so ignoble,

Art thou, oh daughter! and from thee I part.

Flower of the gorse! flower of the gorse!

"Never again shalt thou find, tho' thou seek me,

Never again shalt thou eat of my bread;

Never again shall I pardon or bless thee,

Till gold shall grow out of thy breast and thy bed."

Flower of the gorse! flower of remorse!

Wandered the lady, and wandered the lover,
Far to the North, to the East, to the West;
Seeking for fortune, the world went they over,
Finding no peacefulness, finding no rest.
Flower of the gorse! flower of remorse!

Slain was the page as the brave fain would perish,
Holding the cross of the Holy Crusade.
Left without soul that would love or would cherish,
Homeward then wandered the fair Ethelgade.
Flower of the gorse! flower of remorse!

When she drew nigh to the castle so lordly,
"Father," she cried, "I have sought thee again.
List, tho' thy heart be so stern and so worldly,
Drive me not from thee to perish in pain."
Flower of the gorse! flower of remorse!

Nothing replied save the howl of the nightblast,
Bearing new curse to the bosom that bled:
"Go! thou art nothing to me but an outcast,
Here hast no refuge, and here hast no bed!"
Flower of the gorse! flower of remorse!

Out on the moor, while the rain it is falling,
Sinking to earth fell the desolate one:
"Father, may heaven, ere the death voice is calling,
See thee repent of the deed thou hast done."
Flower of the gorse! flower of remorse!

Out of the sod where she slept all enfolden,
In garments of white, in the robes of the grave,
Blossomed the Gorse, with its floweret golden,
True hue of the coins that the miser enslave!
Flower of the gorse! flower of remorse!

And as he passed by the mound that was lowly,
Down on his knees sank the miser in dread:
"Heaven lift the curse of my words so unholy!
Gold hath grown out of her breast and her bed!"
Flower of the gorse! flower of remorse!

This is the legend of days that are vanished;
This is the rhyme of the "Flower of the Gorse."
Perished the churl who his daughter had banished,
Lonely and desolate, slain by remorse.
Flower of the gorse! flower of the gorse!

MATRIMONIAL.—Domestic unhappiness might be cured if both the husband and wife would agree between themselves—and faithfully abide by the agreement—never, under any provocation, to utter a recriminatory or harsh word; or, if one of the parties, in a moment of impatience, does speak harshly, let the other reply only in the tones and language of devoted kindness. If they cannot speak in the words of friendship and love, let them, for the time being, study the virtue of silence. We say, if they *cannot*; but it is, indeed, a lamentable condition of domestic peace when silence is the only means by which disputes and quarreling are averted. Husband and wife should converse together much and often, and each should aim to introduce such topics of conversation as are known to be agreeable, and to carry on his or her part of it in such a manner as to please and edify.

FUN FOR THE FIRESIDE.

A HELP TO MOTHERS.

NO. 23.

Playing At Work.

JESSIE E. RINGWALT.

In the delightful days of autumn the children can find a happy harvest in the treasures of the woods. Nature furnishes with boundless prodigality rich stores of acorns, cones, mosses, and many other charming fruits of the forest, that lie hidden in quiet nooks beneath the fallen leaves.

The ramble, that is in itself a joy, will gain a crowning charm under the stimulation of a search for these treasures; and the wealth thus gaily garnered can be reaped again in a later harvest of fun for the fireside, when such trifles from the wild wood will serve to recall the merry memories of the holiday tramps through bush and brake, while furnishing pleasing occupation for the hours of the long winter evenings.

Almost all children find amusement in seeking for mosses, and many species can be preserved in their original beauty for a long time. One moss of exquisite delicacy clings close to the rocks from which it can be detached with a broad knife-blade. It assumes a beautiful variety of leaf-like shapes, that are frequently grouped into a circular or oval form, and vary in color from a light green through several shades of bronze and brown. A similar growth often appears on the mouldering bark of old fence rails. These varieties are especially useful to the moss-worker as they can be preserved dry, and retain their color for a long time. Another common dry moss that resembles a forest of silver trees, can be stored away dry and used in that condition, but has the advantage of regaining its pliability and a light greenish tint when dampened with water.

Every locality, of course, has its special varieties, which can only be known by experiment, and it is only possible to give such slight hints as will rather awaken interest than direct the search after the numerous mosses which can be preserved for the ornamentation of the house. Among the dry mosses may be mentioned, however, the variety that resembles tiny cups; these are very charming, the cups varying in color, being green, bright scarlet, and also of a buff or yellowish tint. The long grey moss of the Southern States is too well known to require description; in the Northern States there is also a grey, dry moss which sways like a short tress of silvery hair from the branches of trees, but rarely attains any great length.

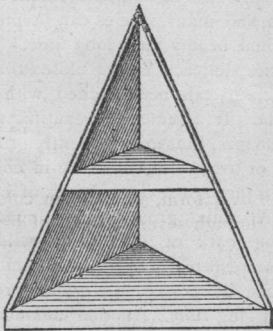
The heavier green mosses are in abundant variety, some presenting the perfect miniature of

a pine forest, and others more delicately green, exhibiting a variety of fern-like forms. These are all beautiful when examined with care, and are well suited for various decorations. The difficulty in their preservation, however, arises from the fact that they must be kept constantly damp, or they lose their lustre. The dry mosses on the contrary can be stored away in quantity, and furnish a supply always ready for use.

One of the simplest ornaments to be covered with moss is a Latin cross. Made of thin laths or even of stout card board, it can be readily covered with any of the dry mosses, which are made to adhere by glue. If a pasteboard cross is merely bent back a little at the foot, it may be sewed fast to the bottom of an old box, which in its reversed position will serve as a base. The whole of this rude structure can be then covered with moss, and a few heads of dried grass, a fern, or a spray of autumn leaves can be grouped about it with graceful effect.

Some little hanging shelves like those shown in Fig. 1 may be readily shaped from the fragments

Fig. 1.



of an old pasteboard box. The pieces need only be caught together by a few stitches of strong thread, for the foundation should be entirely hidden by a covering of moss. These quaint little shelves can be made a very pretty adornment for a cosy corner of the family sitting-room, and serve as a receptacle for the many unclassified sundries that delight children, such as the nests of birds and wasps, pebbles, shells, birds' eggs, dead butterflies, bur-baskets, moss-covered twigs, and other unconsidered trifles which are but rubbish when ill-arranged.

Four strips of pasteboard covered with moss can be readily tacked together so as to form a rustic frame, and when the picture requires no glass, the child will enjoy the pleasure of completing the work without any aid from more skillful hands. Little baskets and brackets can also be made of pasteboard to be adorned with moss—more taste than skill being required for the manufacture, as graceful irregularities are more pleasing than uniformity of outline.

In pressing ferns and leaves, success is assured by promptness rather than dexterity; and many children become adepts at the pleasing industry. When possible, a large book, such as a bound volume of newspapers, should be taken to the woods, and the ferns placed immediately between the pages. When this is inconvenient, they should be immediately placed in a basket, sprinkled with water and kept covered from the sunlight so as to preserve them from fading until they can be put under pressure.

When a large volume is not accessible, single newspapers can be made to serve just as well, for such paper absorbs all the moisture from the leaves with great rapidity. A board, a few books, or even a trunk can be used as a press—in fact the true fern lover takes any means of pressing, as but little weight is required. The only essential point in the process is that the ferns must be changed into dry, fresh papers within twenty-four hours. The papers will then be found to have absorbed a surprising quantity of moisture, even from apparently dry leaves, and the paper or book should, if possible, be well dried immediately. The ferns can then remain under press undisturbed for three or four days, when they must again be removed in the same manner. A fourth removal at the end of a week will well repay the labor, but is not absolutely essential. When finally allowed to continue for several weeks under pressure, and entirely undisturbed they will be found perfectly dry, and will retain their color and pliability during months of exposure to the light.

This method also serves for the preservation of colored autumn leaves. Several other means have been often used, such as ironing them with wax, and coating them with varnish, all of which are quite successful in preserving the intensity of color; but the leaves become brittle and lose that natural grace which is their highest beauty.

All the more delicate ferns press perfectly, preserving their verdure; a pleasing variety can be gained by mingling them with the curiously bleached specimens that are occasionally found in the depths of the woods or on the mountain tops. These fronds are beautifully varied, sometimes being quite white and ranging through soft cream shades into fawn and deepening thence into a rich brown. Where ferns are not abundant almost any delicate, thin leaf can be substituted, and the tender sprays of the honey-locust almost rival them in grace. The feathery foliage of the wild carrot, and the yarrow, and the columbine press well, as do also the long slender growths of the blackberry vine. There are many tiny wild vines and plants with lustrous green foliage which can also be preserved. As experiments are so easy, almost any plant may serve for trial.

Among the colored leaves of autumn, the maple is justly the favorite, not only for the great variety

of its tints, but for the tenacity with which they are retained. It is rivaled by the superb sprays of the sumac which also displays exquisite veinings and edgings of bright tints giving an abounding variety of coloring. Some oaks change to a gorgeous red, which is also very permanent, while other species exhibit a brown that when used sparingly, helps to heighten the effect of other colors. Among the forest trees there are several tones of yellow, which are very beautiful, but the brilliant dogwood must be avoided as an utter delusion, the leaves fading to complete insignificance.

After the work of pressing and drying is successfully accomplished, in the bright days of autumn, it is well to permit the pretty treasures to remain safely under pressure for a considerable period, and the arrangement of them may well be deferred until near Christmas, when their fresh beauty will add to the decorations of the holiday season.

Grouped lightly in vases and interspersed with dried grasses and cereals, they furnish a handsome adornment for the home. They can also be prettily arranged as in Figure 2, where they

Fig. 2.



are prepared as a picture. A few handsome and perfect ferns lightly spread upon a paper background can be relieved by a spray of colored leaves and a head of grass or oats. A mere touch of paste will hold them in place, and the effect is much improved by a graceful irregularity in the grouping. A rustic frame, such as has been mentioned, as covered with moss, is especially appropriate to such a work. Such pictures are much admired when arranged as a panel, that is in a picture, which is much longer than it is wide. High colored groups of this kind look especially well when fastened upon a back-ground of black paper.

As another decoration for the wall, leaves and ferns can be arranged upon a shape of cardboard cut so as to surround a picture. This can be seen prepared for an oval in Figure 3, but is equally suitable to a circle or square, and can make a pleasing frame for a portrait. When intended merely as a temporary adornment, such a frame may be fixed upon the wall by pins or tacks, but when required to be lasting, a ribbon is glued around the edge as a binding.

As a part of the Christmas festivities, a charming effect can be produced by affixing ferns and bright leaves upon the windows, or upon a glass door. High colors are especially suited to this

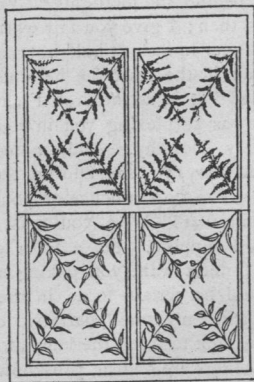
work, and the gleams of wintery sunshine will give the leaves the brilliancy of autumn. A very

Fig. 3.



slight touch of white of egg will secure the sprays to the inner surface of the panes of glass as in Fig. 4, and the leaves preserve their beauty for a considerable period.

Fig. 4.



The harvesting of flowering grasses is one of the special delights of autumn, and requires some care though little skill. In the first place, the long unbroken stalks are better secured by cutting than pulling, and all superfluous leaves should be removed at once. To secure perfection in the drying, the grasses should be grouped standing loose and uncrowded, in a bowl or vase in a dry and dark place. By this means the colors will be preserved unfaded, and the heads retain their native graceful droop. To secure a fine variety, grasses should be collected as they appear in sequence during the summer; but a fine array can be found in autumn. At this season there is a special abundance of rich purple grasses, some high and towering, others spreading in tree shapes. Broom-corn is a very effective ornament, especially for its different shadings; the pretty, pungent pepper-grass also furnishes a remarkable variety of colors. The erect head of

the dock can be preserved in many tints from light greens and browns, through successive shades until it appears almost black. Oats should be gathered at different stages before maturity as it then fades too quickly. Many common grasses that appear very fragile and ineffective singly, will be found, when massed in quantities, to produce a very soft and pleasing fringe for the more stalwart kinds, and they blend admirably with ferns.

AS AUNT ELLICE TOLD IT.

BY DOROTHY LUNDT.

CHAPTER I.

And so you are teasing for the story of that night—only because you heard me refer to it, yesterday, when I was chatting with your mother, as the only adventure which ever befel me in all my five-and-fifty years? And you take it for granted, you foolish young people, because I called it an “adventure,” that it must needs be as “thrilling” as the stories you waste your time in following so breathlessly through your modern novels, and behind the footlights? You will be disappointed then; I give you fair warning!

It was all over in a short half hour, and moreover, I wasn't in the least the heroine of it; I only “assisted” at it, as the droll French phrase goes, which was perplexing you in your translation, yesterday, Dorothy. And, moreover—but you want the story, you say, and not ten minutes of preface? The impertinence of your generation spoke in that! Well, you must have the story, then, I suppose. Put a fresh log on the fire, Tom; I don't want you poking at it, presently, as you'd be certain to do, in the midst of the only “thrill” my small narrative can boast. Tell the maid not to bring the lamps for half an hour; story-tellers are owlish, you know, in their love for the dark.

It happened to me the winter I was eighteen years old. I had been spending the Christmas holidays with Uncle Philip and Aunt Hester Heywood, up in Ayr; and as always happened when I went to them, my visit of a fortnight had lengthened out into months; and February found me still with them. I never was as happy elsewhere as at Ayr. At home, as you know, I had quite a patriarchal tribe of brothers and sisters, to share with me papa's affection, and the possibilities of our very limited income; but at Ayr I reigned supreme; and I am sure no child of their own could have held a warmer place than I, in Uncle Philip and Aunt Hester's hearts. Their marriage had been childless; and it was natural that the only child of Uncle Philip's favorite sister should be so very dear to them. They were clannish folk, always, the Heywoods; and they never made any very friendly advances

to the second Mrs. Ainsworth—good housewifely soul that she was! nor to any of her big brood of children. It was usually rather pointedly to Miss Ellice Ainsworth that letters of invitation to Ayr, came addressed.

And you can fancy that from the crowded little parsonage at home, in the dusty square beside the village church, to the stately, old-world quiet of Heywood House, was a change I was never loth to make; that after the little rooms in and out of which five boys went stamping all day long, and through which the baby's fretful wail (there always *was* a baby!) was always sounding, to find one's self in the great library at Ayr, in the good company of wise old books, and with only the crackling of the fire, or Aunt Hester's pleasant voice, to break the restful silence, was like waking from a dreary dream! Aunt Hester was an Englishwoman, and she had brought the courtesies, and dignity and repose of English gentleness with her across the sea, and it had reigned in the old Heywood mansion many a peaceful year.

You don't think it was very dutiful of me, you are saying, Dorothy, to so lightly leave home and its cares, and run off pleasuring? My dear, it is pathetically true, that it was the most dutiful thing I could do! Mrs. Ainsworth had daughters of her own; and my room, my place at table, the money which must go toward my modest winter plenishing, were very welcome, in my absence. But my father was “my own father,” you cry? I am afraid he never felt that very deeply, nor did I. He never had been wholly at ease with my mother after, their brief wooing past, she came home to the little parsonage as his wife. She ministered very faithfully in things temporal; in things spiritual, she asked of him a ministry he could never render to her high needs. Perhaps it was because I was so entirely, in passionate love and reverence, my mother's child, that he never felt wholly at his ease with me. Perhaps it was because of what, child though I was, I said to him, when he brought another Mrs. Ainsworth, of a very different mould, home to the rooms my mother's presence had made sacred, before her going had left them desolated one little year. Be that as it may, if he ever missed me at all, it was with a certain subtle sense of relief.

But all this is quite irrelevant, my dear, to the little story I began to tell. Still it was natural that you should ask the question.

I had never been happier at Ayr, than that winter I was eighteen years old. Aunt Hester gave me first, that year, a responsible share in the entertaining of the guests of whom her hospitable house was rarely empty; and this was a pride no less than a pleasure to me, for she had strict old-fashioned ideas of the place of young girls in social life, had Aunt Hester. I was very

happy in the society of the clever young people who found Madam Heywood's home, a congenial atmosphere. And among the guests was the heroine of my little adventure; to which I am coming, eventually, Tom, in spite of your impatient doubts to the contrary! She was the daughter of one of Uncle Philip's college chums, a Miss Eleanor Forrester. She must have been about twenty-four years old then. I believe I worshiped her with a hero-worship that would have satisfied the heart of Thomas Carlyle himself! It was not so much that she was beautiful (though looking back through the years, I still think her face, in certain moods, the most beautiful face I ever saw), as that she was at once so frank and so gracious, so genuine, and so sweet. She had not the somewhat rough self-assertion which so often belongs to women of her power and courage; she had not the finesse, the subtle, false "policy" which so often belongs to women of her infinite tact and sweetness. She was a bit of a Di Vernon in her way, too; I think it was her superb horsemanship which so endeared her to Uncle Philip's heart, at first. Her physical strength and endurance were a proverb amongst us; she had proved them equal, more than once, in unobtrusive ways to those of many a young man of our society; not always to the young man's unmixed satisfaction.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, one keen, clear January afternoon, when, returning from a skating frolic on the river, we found Dick Francit and Alec Stuart standing before a target, which they had just set up in the fir-grove for a little pistol-practice. There are certain moments—and these are by no means the most vital moments of one's life—which photograph themselves on the memory, without one's knowing why or how; but there they remain, vivid and fresh forever. And so that minute photographed itself with me. I shut my eyes; and again I see the fir-wood, with a powdering of last night's snow, still white on the sturdy green branches, and fluffing down, now and then, in a diamond-dust, as the sharp wind stirred and stilled; patches of snow, too, on the brown carpet under foot, which even into the January chill sent forth a faint odor, like a memory of vanished summer noons; the cold, blue sky, with a few light clouds, rose from the near sunset, sailing across it, above the swaying fir-tops; the river flashing icily at the foot of the lawn-slope; the late, keen light falling slanting upon the merry group under the gray old trees. I can see Eleanor Forrester, in the short, rough suit of the dark blue she loved to wear, with the red of an abounding and joyous health in her delicate face, and her bright hair all tossed and ruffled in the wind. She had been examining, rather critically, the pistol Alec Stuart had handed her, at her laughing request; and now as she gave it back,

"It's quite time I had a little practice in this sort of thing," she said; "unless I wish to lose entirely the aim brother Jack used to declare my chief accomplishment in school-girl-days!"

"My armory is quite at your service, whenever you propose to re-commence practice, Miss Eleanor," said Uncle Philip, with the smile which he always had for her brave young beauty. "I used to be quite a connoisseur in fire-arms once, and took pride in the little armory I inherited from my father, who held such tastes before me. I remember he used to have a loaded revolver kept in every guest-chamber in the house; I dare say you would find one or two in the old cabinets up yonder still. I had them overhauled and reloaded not very long ago; and I have an impression that some of them were left where we found them. We will look over them together some day, Miss Eleanor."

"Thank you; it would give me hearty pleasure," she said. "I delight in a well-made little revolver, almost as much as my brothers do. I have seen the time more than once when I have felt the safer for their company."

"It does seem to me," cried Alec Stuart, suddenly addressing her with a brusqueness that had rather grown on him of late. "It does seem to me, Miss Eleanor, that you possess the most extraordinary number of superfluous accomplishments of any young lady of my acquaintance! How you ever find time to add to your gentlemanly tastes any feminine pleasures, I must confess puzzles me!"

She turned toward him (we were walking back to the house, now, and he was by her side), with a very kind amusement in her gray eyes.

"And it seems to me," she said, "that you, in common with most of your sex, are very unreasonable on this sort of subject! And so my pistol-shooting is to follow my riding and swimming, under the ban of unqualified condemnation! Unconventional, such tastes may be in women, I grant you; but unwomanly I am sure they are not. Gentlewomen will not need teaching as to how and where to indulge them; but properly exercised, such sport bring a strength of muscle and a power of nerve, which women, as well as men, need sorely enough in the hard places of their lives! And I think that women who use every means in their power to make healthy their bodies for healthy minds to dwell in should be helped, and not laughed at. I beg your pardon," she ended, abruptly, as the silence about her warned her how earnestly she had been speaking. "Indeed I didn't mean to make a speech. But I don't like to be laughed at as 'eccentric,' when I am only using the right, natural means which I believe exist to boys, men, and women alike, to strength and usefulness, and, in the truest sense, self-possession!"

We had arrived at the hall-door as Eleanor

finished speaking; and as it opened, the warm firelight flashed out ruddily across the twilight snow. Stuart stood aside for Eleanor to pass in, and taking off his cap, stood uncovered. "I owe you an apology for my rudeness, Miss Eleanor," he said, "and I don't know how best to make it. Only perhaps you can fancy that a man who would gladly be of service to a wo—to womankind—and feels how little he could ever serve them in the high things of mind and spirit, may feel resentful, a little, when we see them so 'arm'd and well prepared' against physical evils; also, that he cannot hope to serve them even there!"

Was it the firelight gave Eleanor's face that rosy glow, as she passed him with no answer but a bend of her fair head.

"Oh yes, his apology was all very pretty," I said, resentfully, to Aunt Hester, as we went up stairs together. "But I don't see why Mr. Alec Stuart need, in the least concern himself with Eleanor Forrester's tastes and inclinations, in the first place!"

"Unless, indeed," Aunt Hester answered, smiling down into my vexed face, "unless, indeed, Mr. Alec Stuart has come to look upon Eleanor's tastes and inclinations as upon those of the woman he would make his wife. I have thought he might be so looking at them this many a month, my dear!"

CHAPTER II.

I think it happened on a Tuesday afternoon—that little episode under the fir-trees. The following Saturday, the fiercest storm of that winter swept over Ayr. Even the solid, sturdy old Heywood House shook under the raging assault of the north wind that, charged with sharp rain and sleet, flung itself against the wall, and roared at the windows. I remember that early in the afternoon a few of us, impatient at the drowsiness with which the heat of indoors weighed down their eyelids, merrily dared each other to a walk—or wade, rather—round the barn through the snow; but so deep was the snow, and so strong was the wind, and so sharp the sleet, which cut one's face like millions of tiny spears, that I was glad to turn back before I had left the hall door thirty feet behind, and when I had staggered up the steps, I found myself so faint with buffeting and loss of breath, that Uncle Philip took me up like a baby in his strong arms and carried me to the settle by the blazing fire.

We tried no more "excursioning" that day.

In the evening, after candles were brought, we sat around the great fireplace; singing a little at first, with no accompaniment but the raging wind outside; and bye-and-bye drifted into story-telling; such stories as seem afloat in the very air of

such wild black nights as that—of adventure by mountain and sea—of visitants whose feet "leave no traces on the sea sand or the winter's snow;" and whose presence only the watch-dogs know. And I can assure you that with the storm, and our evening's entertainment, weak-minded folks like we were in small humor for sleep when sleep time came; and I fancy that even the gentlemen looked forward with more than usual satisfaction to their nightly cigar in the library as likely to have a soothing effect not wholly unwelcome. As the maid was lighting our bed-room candles, I heard Dick Francis say, in answer to some question of Uncle Philip's: "No sir, they've not caught him yet; I heard the grooms saying this afternoon that they had traced him into this neighborhood, and thought he must be in hiding somewhere hereabout. I haven't a fragment of my usual sympathy with justice-hunted men, in his case. The man is a cold-blooded scoundrel, and I hope they'll have him—the sooner the better."

"Of whom are you speaking?" several of us asked, in a breath.

"Of that rascal, Burroughs, who escaped from the county jail last Thursday," said Dick. "The one who robbed and beat that old man at Lester—left him for dead, you know—and I believe they had other charges to bring forward against him at his trial next week. Some of the best men of the force are on his track, and I don't think he'll slip through their fingers. It is a puzzle to me, though, where he can be in hiding hereabouts; the country is so open, I should think he'd find it hard work to keep cover."

The gentlemen were still discussing the matter when we left them. As I stopped on the upper landing to say good-night to Eleanor—her room was at the opposite end of a corridor from mine—a blast of wind struck the great staircase window behind us; and one of the shutters, partially torn from its fastening, came crashing against the glass with a noise that reverberated like a thunderclap through the quiet house. I threw both arms around Eleanor, with a terrified scream; and the next moment, realizing my folly, and weak from the nervous strain of the evening's talk, I burst into a passion of hysterical crying.

"My dear!" said Eleanor, "my dear!"—and held me to her, smoothing my hair with her strong warm hand. "You must not stay alone such a night as this, in that great room of yours, you foolish child!" she said. "Why, we should have you in a brain fever before morning, Ellice! What do you say to my making you a visit for the night? I might be useful in tying up shutters, you know, or scaring hobgoblins; and you might find a little leisure to sleep. Shall I come?"

I tearfully entreated her to come. I was not a heroic young person, you may perhaps have re-

marked—and we were soon established in the great room I was then occupying. I had given up my own private and particular little “bower”—a cosy, sunny place opening directly from Aunt Hester’s room—to a small cousin, who, being still young enough to need occasional peepings in upon during the night, was naturally established as near Auntie as possible. This being the only room then vacant, I was forced to take possession of it. And what a room it was! Quite large enough, I am sure, for a small banqueting hall; it had been the state bedchamber in colonial days. It had too many doors for one even to be sure one had counted them correctly; and every door, like the windows, was curtained with some heavy, sombre drapery; and the floor and wainscotings were of dark wood. You can fancy it was a cheerful sleeping-place for a nervous person, on a stormy night.

We prepared for bed slowly; and while I was brushing out my hair by the fire, Eleanor was “rummaging” hither and thither about the room, bringing to light its many quaintnesses, and seeming to enjoy herself heartily. Opening a drawer in a tall old cabinet which stood near one of the curtained alcoves, she chanced upon some odd bits of bric-a-brac that interested her, for she lingered long over them. I noticed that one of them, as she lifted it, seemed to have, in the fire-light, the gleam of steel; and I was about to ask her what it was, when the wind, suddenly scurrying down the wide chimney, sent the coals flying over and beyond the hearth; and in the hurry of gathering them up, I forgot my curiosity.

Not long after, we blew out our candles; and, comforted and protected by the sense of Eleanor’s dear and strong companionship, it was not long before I fell asleep.

I woke suddenly, with a sense of stifling and oppression, and became conscious that I was struggling with both hands to free myself from some weight which was being close pressed against my face. My eyes once fully open, I saw, to my amazement, that it was the coverlid from whose pressure over my mouth I was struggling to free myself, and that Eleanor’s hand held it there.

She was very pale; there was no color in all her face but the burning gray of her eyes; and they were looking down into mine with such a command in them to be silent and motionless as no spoken word could have made more forceful.

In the moment’s pause, after my consciousness fully came, I heard the distant clocks across the river strike one. Then the storm, which had lulled a moment, broke forth again with a roar as of loosened demons; and through the tumult, Eleanor spoke, in a whisper so low that senses less terror-keen than mine could not have caught a word:

“Ellice, I want you to be perfectly quiet. I

have held this against your mouth, for fear that, waking, you might cry out. If you will keep quite quiet, and do as I bid you, you will save both our lives.”

I solemnly believe that if she had said, instead, “If you scream, you will lose both our lives,” I should have screamed outright, in the madness of helpless fear. But those words, “save our lives,” held just hope enough to lift me out of the terror of the moment toward possible self-possession. “I will be quiet,” I tried to whisper, but my dry lips could only form the words soundlessly.

“Yes, I believe you will,” she said, and took away the pressure from my face. “Listen, there is a man in that closet yonder; I have seen him. He pushed aside the curtains to come out; but he heard the servant stirring in the rooms above, and closed the curtains to wait till all was quiet. That must have been half an hour ago. He will try again soon.”

She paused a moment, for the storm had lulled again, and she feared that even her breathless whisper might be heard. As the wind rose again, she went on:

“There is a loaded pistol yonder, in the upper drawer of that cabinet. I saw it there to-night. I want it. With it in my hand, I shall be perfectly safe. I shall presently speak aloud, as if to wake you; I shall moan, as if in pain; and I shall beg you to bring me the phial of laudanum in that drawer. And you will cross the room, and bring me that pistol. And then I shall bid you go to the next room for blankets to wrap me in, and you will, once outside this door, rush to Uncle Philip’s room, and alarm the house. You have nothing to fear; the man will not come out until you have left the room; he would rather have one screaming woman to deal with than two. And you need not fear for me; I shall have my pistol.”

She did not give me a moment’s time, and it was well she did not. Instantly she had lain down, and was half screaming, “Wake, wake, Ellice! Will you never wake? I am almost mad with that pain of mine again! My medicine—my laudanum—is yonder in that drawer; oh! get it for me; quick! quick! Don’t stop to talk!”

She pushed me from the bed; I staggered across the room. It came to me, even then, that watching eyes might not suspect the tottering gait of one just roused from sleep, and opening the drawer, I saw again that steely gleam in the firelight. My fingers closed over the pistol, and a blessed sense of strength seemed to run through me, from that hard, cold contact. The curtains of the alcove just behind me, faintly moved. I crossed the room, and laid the pistol in Eleanor’s hand. There was a second’s pause and then,—“My dear,” she said; “if I

could be quite warm, now, I think the trouble would soon be over. Go into the press-room and get me those blankets." "You foolish child," she cried, as I staggered in my effort to gain the door. "To be so frightened when the worst danger is over! What you brought me has helped me already; I am stronger. Go quickly, and come soon back!"

I was almost insensible, before I stood in the hall. But once there my life surged back to me again; and with it, such an intolerable sense of Eleanor's danger, as gave wings to my feet. I don't know how I roused them, or what I said. But the time could almost be counted by seconds, before a crowd of people in every stage of undress, and grasping all sorts of weapons from rifles to curling-irons, were trooping along the corridor as noiselessly as they might. Alec Stuart's face—I saw in the light of the candles the frightened servants held—was whiter than Eleanor's had been when I woke to find her bending over me.

Just as the door crashed back under Uncle Philip's hand, we heard within a sharp click, and a loud oath, in a rough, startling voice; and then we could see. A man stood directly before the fire-place, his figure outlined blackly against the dying flame; a dark, low-browed, crouching figure, across whose lowering forehead an ugly cut showed, from under a pushed-up bandage; a figure whose right hand clutched a short sharp knife; its blade flashed in the flickering light. His eyes were fixed in a sort of terrified fascination on Eleanor, toward whose bedside he had evidently been moving, when, at the click of her pistol, he had raised his eyes, and stood paralyzed. Eleanor was sitting upright in bed, her long bright hair falling all about her, her hand (I noticed, with the strange strained interest in little, irrelevant things we feel so often when we are in pain or fear, how oddly that white hand, and the light lace wrist-ruffling above it, contrasted with its grim contents!) firmly grasping her shining, deadly little weapon. Her finger was on the trigger; and her finger did not tremble. That her aim was a good one, the crouching figure, stopping midway in its stealthy approach to the bed, did not seem to doubt.

Of course that is all there is to tell. After that it was only a momentary struggle of one man with many; and then he was bound and taken away. And Eleanor sent back the money offered her for his capture, to be used for the benefit of poor prisoners. "It was horrible; it was like taking blood-money!" she said. Yes, of course it was Burroughs; you knew that from the first, did you not? He had been skulking about the outbuildings a day, it seemed; and had taken advantage of an open door and an empty kitchen to find his way up to the great room he supposed unoccupied. He had meant

to avail himself of the storm that night, to make good his escape with whatever small valuables in the shape of trinkets or plate he could lay his hands on.

And of course Eleanor fainted, when the reaction from the intense strain came? No, she did not faint, though she turned a little weak and white. It was I who fainted, when I realized her safety, and saw Alec Stuart on his knees at her bedside, thanking God that no harm had come to her.

While I was recovering consciousness, I discovered that Dick Francis was chafing my hands and calling me a blessed little heroine. I remember feebly laughing at the notion of a person of my recent behavior deserving that title. And of course Eleanor married Alec Stuart? Of course. And Dick and I "stood up" with them, as the phrase went in those days; and "stood up" together a twelve month later, at the same altar-rail, only this time hand in hand. Do I ever see Eleanor Stuart now? My dear, Eleanor went home to the High Countries long ago. Her life in this world was not long, to have won such love, and done such good and beautiful work. And Alec Stuart followed within a year. He was a man to do his whole duty to the last; but I think he must have been glad when it was done, and he could go home to Eleanor.

And that is quite all my story. And when you remember that, as I said in the beginning, it is the only adventure that has befallen me in all my five-and-fifty years, it does not seem much of an adventure, after all—do you think it does, my dears?

UNDER THE LILAC.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

Robed in purple, the lilac
Catches the sun's gold kiss.
Touched by her royal raiment
Dreameth a maid of bliss:

Dreameth the breath of lilac,
Lading the amber air,
Filleth the dim, dim vista
Of years, excluding care.

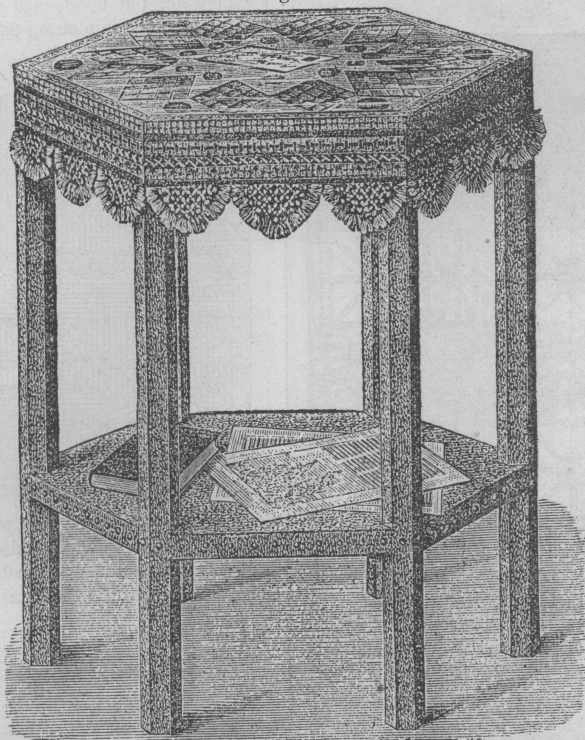
Sweet, O sweet, is the lilac,
Royally kissed of sun!
Sweet are the dreams of maiden;
This is the sweetest one.

Under the fringe of purple
Stoopeth a manly form;
The fancy blossoms real,
Her dreams with life are warm.

The lilac time forever!
The purple gold, the breath,
The dreams that meet at spring-time
To out-live time and death.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

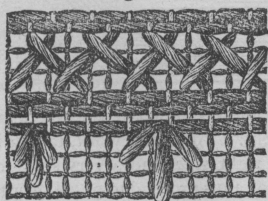
Fig. 1.



FIGS. 1 AND 2.—THE POSTAGE STAMP TABLE.

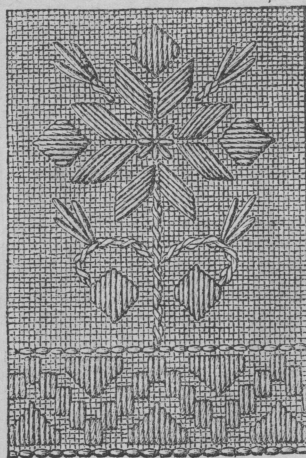
The idea of utilizing postage stamps is eccentric rather than pretty, but collectors have a mania for seeing the objects of their particular desires put to all sorts of curious uses. A small white wood table is required, and both shelf and legs are covered with red plush. Rare postage stamps

Fig. 2.



are gummed to the top; some intersperse them with seals, others with crests and monograms, others paint the wood ornamentally. An envelope with a rare autograph is placed in the centre; the whole is glazed. Individual taste may be exercised in various ways on such a table. The border, embroidered after design Fig. 2, is placed round the table, and a Macramé fringe completes it.

Fig. 3.

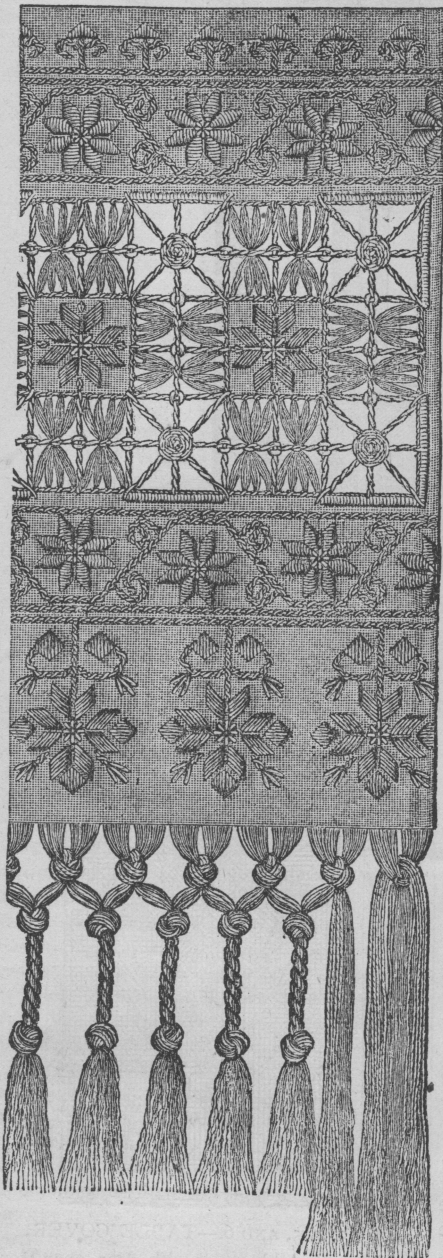


FIGS. 3, 4, 5, AND 6.—TABLE COVER.

Fashionable table cover with deep open work border. This is worked on gray linen of an open mesh. The design is shown in full in Fig. 4, with the mode of making the fringe. Figs. 3 and 5 show the manner of working the borders in full

working size. Fig. 6 the manner of doing the open or drawn work, which goes between the two rows of embroidery. The embroidery is done in crewel stitch with different colors.

Fig. 4.



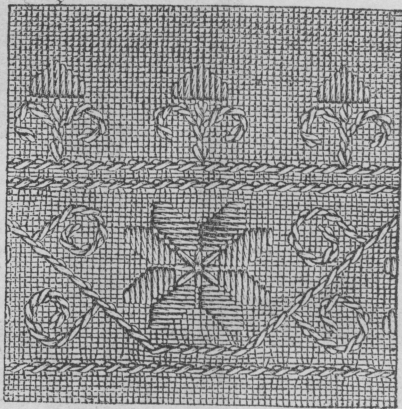
DESCRIPTION OF NOVELTY PAGE.

(See colored cuts in front of book.)

The original designs which we this month present to our readers are designs in etching for

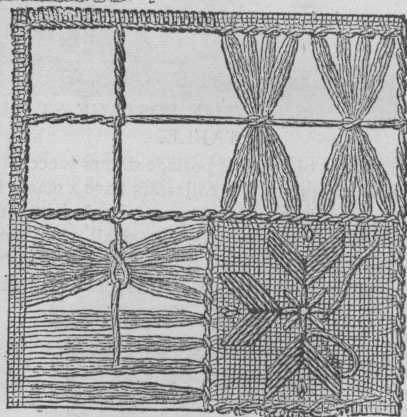
doylies. This work is extremely fashionable at present and very easily executed. The doylies are made of white or gray linen, and are fringed all around. One or more of the designs which we give are put upon each doylie. Trace the design off upon thin blotting-paper, then tack upon

Fig. 5.



the linen in one corner and proceed to work as follows: They should be done in silk, black generally being used, as it washes so much better, but some persons introduce a little color. The

Fig. 6.



silk is the old-fashioned untwisted floss, which is usually split. To do the work, take a long stitch upon the right side, and a very short one on the under side; thus proceed to go all over the design. No embroidery is used; merely a long, straight, plain stitch. This work is very rapidly accomplished, and is very effective. Tea-cloths are decorated with it; towels, tidies, and almost any small article. Some of the designs are intended to be used together, as the gentleman who is presenting the flower to a lady, the two little girls ready for school one of which has yielded to the fascination of the skipping-rope, and so on.

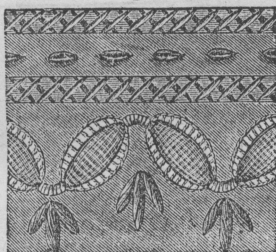
Fig. 7.



FIGS. 7 AND 8.—SHOE CASE.

This case, useful for traveling, is made of American cloth, lined with holland, and can be made any size desired. It is bound with brown braid, and the various compartments are obtained

Fig. 8.

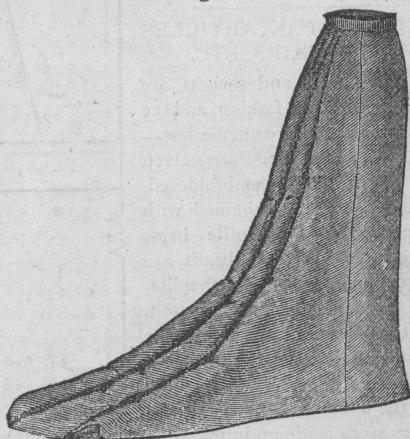


by rows of stitching, the stitches being concealed under brown braid, fastened down with chain stitch. Fig. 8 gives a narrow fancy border, easy of execution, with which the outside is ornamented.

DIRECTIONS FOR KNITTING A COUNTERPANE.—Cast on 64 stitches, knit 4 plain rows, always knitting the two first stitches together when you commence each row. This is to be observed throughout the pattern.—5th row. Knit two together, * make 1, knit 2 together, repeat from *.—6th, 7th, 8th and 9th rows. Knit plain.—10th row. Knit 2 together, knit 3, purl to the last 4 stitches, which knit plain; all the purled rows must be worked in this way.—11th row. Knit.—12th row. Purl.—13th row. Knit.—14th row. Purl.—15th row. Purl.—16th row. Knit.—17th row. Purl.—18th row.—Knit.—19th row. Purl.—Repeat from the 15th row, until you have only 3 stitches on the needle. Knit these as one, and fasten off.

POTTERY DECORATIONS.—Natural leaves are being used in pottery decoration with good effect. It is done in somewhat this fashion: Sandpaper the jar or vase to be ornamented, and give it three coats of black paint. Arrange carefully pressed leaves on the surface with mucilage, and finish with three coats of copal varnish.

Fig. 9.



FIGS. 9 AND 10.—DRESSMAKING AT HOME.

There is nothing more difficult than to cut a good shaped train skirt. We this month illustrate a train skirt. It necessitates more gores than a short one. The front gore is cut exactly as for a short skirt, which we illustrated in the September number. The gores are sloped off at the bottom so as to form the side sweep, while the back width is merely a straight breadth of the material, sloped to form a train. The diagram shows exactly how to arrange and cut out a train skirt from twenty-four-inch material, which requires six and one-half yards. The skirt being cut out, all the seams are sewed up as described in the short skirt. It can be trimmed to suit the wearer with puffings, kilt, ruffles, or pleatings. After the skirt is trimmed, the skirt can be put on a band, the front and sides being left plain, the extra fullness being either gathered or pleated into the band at back. New styles for trimming skirts appear in the magazine each month, so our readers will find no difficulty in arranging their trimming. Fig. 9 shows the skirt completed before it is trimmed.

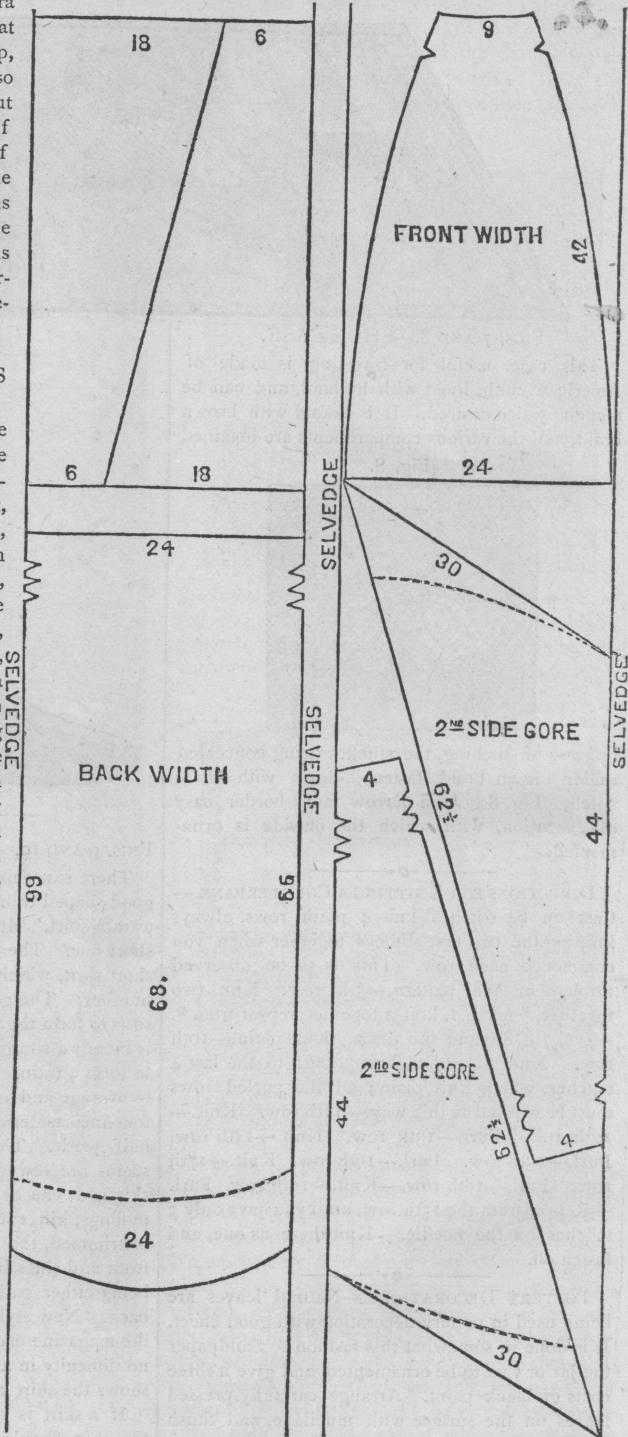
If a skirt is required with a puff at the back, the skirt should be cut at least one yard longer

than is required for the skirt when completed. This extra length is arranged in pleats at the sides, and is then puffed up, giving the bouffant effect so many persons admire, without having a regular overdress. If an overdress is desired, any of the designs for a short costume may be used, many persons making the back breadths of the underskirt of an inferior goods to that of the dress, as the overdress being draped over it prevents the skirt from showing.

HINTS UPON ARTICLES FOR FAIRS, ETC.

Little bags and sachets are now so much in fashion, and the materials used are numberless—canvas, unbleached linen, velvet, or satin. They are embroidered, hand-painted, or trimmed with lace. Netted chenille bags, decorated with large beads, are also favorites. The chenille, of course, is not really netted, but merely arranged over a shape, and sewed together with a large bead at every crossing of the chenille. Many of these bags were made up in imitation of those little bags which hung on our grandmothers' arms, with an inch-wide hem heading at the top. This hem is deep enough to hold the double drawing-strings below the heading. The end is gathered together closely, and finished by a tassel. Netting is also much used for them, both in colors and black silk, mixed with small beads, the netting being the ordinary plain kind with no attempt at a pattern, except in using a small mesh for the centre rounds. The shape of the piece required for these bags is a straight length about seven inches wide by fourteen inches long for a good-sized bag. They are lined with satin to match the silk netting in color, and the latter should not extend beyond the drawing-string. It can be accomplished by quite an ordinary netter, and would be

Fig. 10.



better done if worked round and round in rows, than as a straight piece.

We have also seen crochet used, but it seemed to us to be wanting in lightness, though if done with an extremely fine needle, it has all the appearance of handsome passementerie.

Talking of crochet reminds us to say that quite a revival has taken place, and not alone in that, but in Berlin wool work; both of which may return amongst us—"old friends with slightly altered faces." The change that has come over crochet is that the edgings and insertions now are made in colored cottons—ingrain colors, which are used for children's dresses, as well as for chair backs and quilts. They are usually worked in two shades, such as pink and grey, red and blue, and a deep brown with red or pink; and are used to trim even velvet dresses, though we like them best on washing material.

In Germany, the kind of cross-stitch called "kreuzstich leinenstickerei," and practised on linen, satin sheeting, plain satin, and also upon kid for slippers and gloves, is extremely fashionable at the present moment. In England, this kind of work has been much revived, but it is not half as well known as it deserves to be. When there is no square foundation for the stitches, the ordinary wool-work canvas must be laid on the top, and the threads drawn out when no longer required.

We saw some charming quilts, which we admired as both new and pretty. They were really originally nothing more than the woven and fringed white quilts that we find in every shop, the design being generally in squares or diamonds. On each of the plain squares had been embroidered a flower in crewels, done in cross-stitch from some old Berlin pattern, canvas being of course, laid on first, and the work being shaded, and performed like the old-fashioned work, with ingrain crewels instead of wools. The idea seems an excellent revival, and the effect was both fresh and elegant.

The "Kreuzstich Stickerei" has not taken in England as it is done in Germany, probably from its requiring so much time and patience to carry out; but we must say that, for aprons on blue linen, for tablecloths, serviettes, and d'oyleys on damask and linen, we consider it quite worth the trouble, and where the worker can take her designs from the quaint devices and conceits of medieval MSS., with their wonderful animals, scrolls, and figures, the interest is increased tenfold.

Teapot cosies made of patchwork of the octagon design, the material kid of all colors, and edged with cord. Ladies' bedroom slippers made of black matelassé, brocaded in diamonds, to resemble quilting; in each alternate diamond a red flower with gold leaves embroidered in coarse purple silk. A set of d'oyleys, made of a new kind

of satin sheeting, which washes, of the most delicate tea-color. In the centre a large monogram embroidered in cardinal silk. Another set made of Japanese squares on crape, cut small and bordered with gold lace. Others, again, of red-grounded cotton in cashmerienne designs, outlined with gold, and bordered with gold lace.

Sticking-plaster cases, bookmarkers, small boxes for silk, and many trifles of the kind, can be made in perforated cardboard. The prettiest kind of work in this are crosses, etc., cut out, and layer after layer stuck one upon each other, so that they resemble ivory. China cement should be used for the sticking.

Red berries for winter decorations are pretty and can be preserved in three ways. First, they should be picked in fine weather, thoroughly wiped and all the leaves removed. Then pack them in a tin box pasted up in paper, and buried in the garden until such time as they are required. Second, having wiped them dry, pack in boxes filled with hot sand. Third, varnish each berry with a thick coating of copal varnish.

The mountain ash berries should be gathered when very red and not too soft. Plunge the bunches into strong brine made of salt and water; put them into a large jar and tie them down with coarse brown paper. When wanted they only have to be taken out and shaken, and are ready for use. Put them back into the brine till again required.

The following articles can be made of cashmere, silk, satin, and net, in large or small pieces, whichever may be convenient: Caps with the edges worked in colored silks; ties for the throat; bracelets and necklets of silk, embroidered with small flowers, and edged on each side with narrow black or cream lace; aprons of silk, satin, or cashmere, with embroidered pockets and border, or single sprays rising from one corner; small blotting-book covers, with a spray of some delicate flower worked across; letter cases, pincushions, small sachets; hood and cuffs, to be put on to any dress at will, and separate from it; embroidering the back of silk and lace mittens or long gloves, or the toes of satin slippers; work receptacles, made in the form of long purses, with a ring in the centre to take hold of them by, with embroidery down the opening and at the ends; little mats, covers for photo albums, cases for music, cases for crewels and other wools, table-pincushions, covers for old boxes to stand on the table, and small frames.

TABLE COVERS are generally now finished off by being closely embroidered with a buttonhole vandyke, or the edge is left straight and worked over with a loose buttonhole half an inch apart in silk, a tassel at each corner; or sometimes the edges are turned down, and three rows in crewel stitch, each row of a distinct color, worked round.

RECIPES.

BAVARIAN CREAM.

Ingredients.—One quart of cream,
Four eggs,
Sugar,
Half ounce of isinglass,
Vanilla extract.

Whip to a stiff froth one pint of rich cream, and place it on a sieve; boil another pint of cream with the isinglass, the yolks of the eggs, sugar, and flavoring to taste; when it comes to a boil take it off the fire, put it on the ice, when it begins to thicken, stir in a spoonful at a time the whipped cream, and beat it until it is the consistency of sponge cake, then put into moulds and set it on the ice.

IMPERIAL CAKE.

Ingredients.—One pound of sugar,
One pound of butter,
One pound of flour,
One pound of stoned raisins,
Half pound of blanched almonds,
Half pound of citron,
Eight eggs,
Soda,
Spices.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs, well beaten, then a little soda dissolved in a spoonful of milk, then flour, and lastly fruit and spice, such as nutmeg, clove, cinnamon and mace. This makes two large loaves, and keeps fresh a long time.

GRAHAM IRON CLADS.

Ingredients.—One pint of Graham meal,
One pint of cold water,
Salt.

Beat this together a long time. Use coat iron baking pans, or gem pans; put a small piece of butter in each one, heat them very hot and put in the batter. Serve hot for breakfast with fried liver or beef-steak.

À LA MODE BEEF.

Ingredients.—Thick flank of beef,
Bacon,
Vinegar clove,
Salt,
Pepper,
Parsley,
Thyme,
Sweet marjoram,
Onions,
Carrots,
Turnips,
One head of celery.

Mix together all the herbs and seasoning, which must be powdered, cut into pieces about an inch long, the bacon, dip them in vinegar then in the seasoning. With a sharp knife make holes in the beef for the larding, rub in the seasoning and tie it up tight. In the bottom of your pot put several fried onions, carrots, turnips and celery, cover with water, put skewers across the pot, and put the meat on them so as not to touch the water. Cover close and simmer eight or ten hours. Serve with vegetables.

BOSTON CAKE.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour,
One pound of sugar,
Half pound of butter,
Cup of sour cream,
Five eggs,
Teaspoonful of soda,
Spice.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, then yolks of eggs beaten very light, dissolve soda in cream, and add then flour alternately with whites of eggs beaten to a froth; spice to taste, fruit can be added, bake in a moderately hot oven, especially if fruit is added.

CHESTNUT SAUCE.

Ingredients.—Chestnuts,
Butter,
Pepper and salt,
Sugar.

Remove the outer shells from fine large chestnuts, scald them in boiling water and remove the inner skins. Stew them in good white stock till quite tender, drain them and while hot press them through a sieve, put the pulp into a saucepan, add a small piece of butter, a little pepper, salt and sugar. Stir this over the fire till very hot; but do not let it boil. Serve with roast poultry or game.

AMBER PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One pound of butter,
Three-quarter pounds of sifted sugar.
One-quarter pound of pulverized sugar,
Fifteen eggs,
One-half lemon,
One-quarter pound of candied orange peel,
Puff paste.

Mix the butter and sugar to a cream, beating till very smooth. Beat the yolks only of the eggs till light, and add to butter and sugar. Beat the candied peel to a paste in a mortar, and stir into the mixture.

Line a deep dish with puff paste, leaving a wide edge, which should be ornamented with a paste cutter. Fill the dish with the mixture, and bake in a quick oven.

When cold, cover with a meringue top of the pulverized sugar, whites of eggs and juice of lemon.

PICKLED RED CABBAGE.

Ingredients.—Red cabbage,
Vinegar,
Salt,
Beet-root,
Spice.

Choose the purple-red cabbage, slice into a colander and sprinkle each layer with salt, let it drain two days, then put it into a jar, and pour the boiling vinegar and the spices on it; also put in a few slices of red beet-root, cauliflower cut in bunches, and put in after being salted are very nice, and will look a beautiful red color.

PARTRIDGE PIE.

Ingredients.—Four partridges,
Pepper,
Salt,
Parsley,
Mushrooms,
Veal steak,
Ham.

Pick and singe nicely the birds, cut off the legs at the knees, lay a veal steak and a slice of nice ham in the bottom of the dish, put the partridges in and half a pint of good broth or white stock, season with the pepper, salt, chopped parsley, thyme and mushrooms. Put puff paste on the edge of the dish and cover with the same. Bake one hour.

VERY FINE PANCAKES.

Ingredients.—One pint of cream,
Six new laid eggs,
One-quarter pound of sugar,
One-half nutmeg (grated),
Sifted flour to make thick batter.

Whip the cream and beat the eggs separately; mix them and beat them together for five minutes; add sugar and nutmeg, and stir in the flour very gradually, till you have a smooth thick batter.

Wipe a frying-pan very clean, and butter it as if to bake a cake. (The pan should first be heated.) Stand it over a clear fire until the edges of the pancake are set. Turn it and fry on the other side.

Sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve hot.

YORKSHIRE CAKES.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of flour,
Four ounces of butter,
One pint of milk,
Three spoonfuls of yeast,
Two eggs.

Warm the milk sufficiently to melt the butter, work the flour into it a little at a time, add the eggs well beaten, then yeast; beat all together and let it rise. Knead it again and form into cakes. Bake in a moderate oven. Eaten hot with butter.

ORANGE SALAD.

Ingredients.—One dozen large oranges,
One pound powdered sugar,
Nutmeg.

Peel the oranges and cut them in round slices, with a very sharp knife. Take out all the seeds. Lay the slices in a glass dish, and over each layer sprinkle the sugar and grated nutmeg. Stand on ice one hour, and serve with cake.

APPLE FRITTERS.

Ingredients.—Six large apples,
One-quarter pound of sifted white sugar,
Two ounces butter,
Lard for frying.

Peel, core, and cut the apples in thick round slices. Dry each slice well with a napkin, dip it in melted butter, and fry in boiling lard. When the slices are brown, drain them each until dry, pile on a hot dish and sprinkle with sugar.

When served, have slices of cake with them as a dessert; they can also be used as a vegetable with poultry.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

Ingredients.—One gill of flour,
One quart of buckwheat meal,
One teaspoonful of salt,
One gill of baker's yeast,
One pinch carbonate of soda.

Mix the flour and buckwheat meal together. Put the yeast and salt into a quart of lukewarm water, and stir it gradually into the meal and flour. Let this rise all night. In the morning dissolve the soda in a little warm water; add to the batter, and bake on a hot greased griddle, immediately.

DELMONICO STEW.

Ingredients.—Cold meat,
Mace,
Pepper,
Salt,
One lemon,
Yolk of two eggs,
Two teaspoonfuls of mustard.

Put into a saucepan any kind of cold cooked meat; season with mace, pepper, and salt. Should you have any gravy add it, also butter. Let this simmer ten or fifteen minutes. Cut up a lemon, removing the seeds and add it to the stew. Grate the yolks of the hard boiled eggs and mix with the mustard, work this to a smooth paste, pour it over the meat, remove from the fire and serve immediately.

HARD GINGER CAKES.

Ingredients.—Three tablespoonfuls of lard,
One teaspoonful of ginger,
One teaspoonful of salærat,us,
One cup of molasses,
One egg,
Flour to make stiff batter.

Put the lard, ginger, salærat,us and molasses in a deep bowl, and stir well together; add the egg well beaten, then the flour until you have a stiff dough. Roll on a pie board till half an inch thick, cut into round cakes, and bake in a quick oven. The same ingredients with flour enough for a thinner batter, will bake into nice loaf ginger cake.

APPLE AND RICE MÉRANGUE.

Ingredients.—Tart apples,
Cooked rice,
Sugar,
Lemon.

Peel and core the apples, being careful not to break them, put them in a deep baking dish, and pour over them a syrup (made of a pound of sugar to one pint of water, boiled till thick), put a small piece of the lemon peel inside the apples and bake them slowly till done, but not broken when done; take out the lemon peel and put any kind of jelly or jam inside the apples, and between them little heaps of well-cooked rice. This may be served hot or cold.

BROILED OYSTERS.

Ingredients.—Oysters, butter, toast.

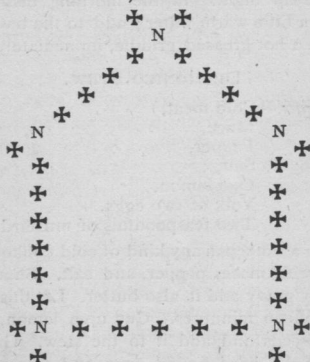
Use a double gridiron that folds together; grease the bars very thoroughly. Dry each oyster in a towel; dip it in melted butter; place on the gridiron, and broil over a very clear fire, basting with butter while cooking. Serve on toast.

HOME AMUSEMENTS AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

PUZZLES, ETC.

A FRAME PUZZLE.

Reading downwards the upper lines express a metal used in medicine, and an accidental occurrence.



The side lines forming the frame signify careless, and a delightful fruit.

The lower line is the name of a legislative action.

ODD DIAMONDS.

No. 1.

In this puzzle each number always represents the same letter—the vowels being represented by the even numbers, and the consonants by the odd numbers.

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      2
    2 1 3
  2 1 5 4 1
    7 4 9
      1
  
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1. Heads a company most important to literature.
2. A well known insect.
3. A county in North Carolina.
4. A famous fishery.
5. Can change a pronoun into a chicken.

The central lines furnish the name of a British explorer, who circumnavigated the globe.

In this diamond each of the punctuation marks is always used to represent the same letter.

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      !
    ; ? :
  ! ? : ? ;
    ! ? :
      ;
  
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1. A letter of a very mixed character.
2. A word familiarly used in modern American history.
3. The name of a distinguished artist.
4. A product of the loom.
5. Can change a common exclamation into a rowdy.

The central word gives the name of a famous musical composer.

A HALF-SQUARE.

1. A soft, moist, and sticky earth.
2. That which has length without breadth.
3. A house for the entertainment of travelers.
4. A pronoun.
5. A vowel.

CHARADES.

No. 1.

My first is just half of a meal,
My second gives rest to the ship,
My whole it is pleasant to feel,
When our footsteps are likely to slip.

No. 2.

My first is a charming perfume,
My second is latin, we're told,
My whole now we can but assume
As a weapon in times of old.

SQUARE WORDS.

I do ask for answers four,
So you need not seek for more.
In a square the words fast stand,
And their meanings are at hand.

The first doth make a pleasant fire,
Whilst the fourth will raise your ire;
The second can spoil the prettiest face,
And the fourth is ever a plant of grace.

REBUS.

When evenly divided, one-half measures liquids, and the other half measures solids. Two-thirds of the word makes another word expressing the language of insincerity, and the favorite excuse of indolence, while the last third is the watchword of progress. The whole is the name of a city that furnishes fine dresses for the ladies.

AN ACCRETION.

Take a word of one syllable expressing the state of being, add a head and it becomes the burden of all human beings, prefix another and find what will probably affright them.

AN ABSTRACTION.

Abstract the first letter from what is light as air and obtain a solemn action. Remove the second letter and see a passage of light; abstract the third and produce an affirmation; abstract the fourth, and the only remaining letter will have a complex character.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in crease, but not in fold,
My second is in forward, but not in bold,
My third is in sell, but is never in sold.
My fourth is in cent, but not in dime,
My fifth though in rhyme, is never in time.
My whole will give to you a town,
A battle-field of great renown.

GAMES.

CROSS TAG

Is an active game for out doors. A leader is chosen as "It," who begins the game by proclaiming loudly the name of any member of the company that he chooses to select for his quarry. The person named must start off at full speed with "It" in hot pursuit. Whenever the runner is in danger of being caught, or shows signs of fatigue some other player should cross the trail—that is, cross between the pursued and the pursuer. "It" must then relinquish his original quest and endeavor to catch the intruder. In turn, this player may be relieved, and the race continues until some one is caught and becomes "It."

THE WOOD-MAN.

The Leader of the game voluntarily assumes the part of a Woodman, and begins by choosing from his comrades an assistant, to whom he whispers secretly the name of the kind of wood that he intends to sell. The Woodman and this assistant then begin to march, proclaiming, after the manner of street-criers, that they have wood to sell. When any of the other players offers to purchase, the Woodman must ask, "What kind of wood do you want?" If he mentions the wrong wood, the criers pass on to the next purchaser. When the right guess is made, the Woodman must pay a forfeit and exchange places with his assistant.

BAD MANNERS

Is a quiet play, intended for the amusement of a social circle. The Leader, if gifted with the necessary talent, may assume the part of Professor Turvy-drop Master of Department, or the Lady Superior of a school of etiquette. After a little prelude or lecture upon the subject, the Leader should explain that certain words are very objectionable, and will never be permitted in the establishment. These words can be chosen at will, but should be in common use, as "Oh," "No," "Yes," etc. The Leader then proceeds to ask some question from each person in the circle, who must endeavor to avoid pronouncing any of the prohibited words in the answer, or pay a forfeit.

THE HORSE-SHOE.

The company are first requested to be seated upon chairs in a ring; the Leader, who is also seated, takes a pencil, penknife, or some such object, and, speaking to the person sitting next, says: "I shoe my horse—always—so!" Stooping forward, the player then makes three taps upon the sole of her slipper, as she continues: "I put on the shoe—one—two—three nails, so!"

The knife or other object is then handed on with the request to repeat the words and action.

Each player is required to do the same, and each will probably fail to succeed from not observing that there is no special importance in the tones or words, and that the only trick consists in tilting the chair when stooping down. Some players will do this unconsciously, and wonder at the secret of their own success. Forfeits may be exacted for failure.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

Answer to Greek Cross Puzzle.

	G	A	N	G			
	U			I			
	R			G			
	G			G			
	L			L			
	I			I			
	N			N			
G	R	U	N	T	I	N	G
R							A
O							N
G	R	O	W	L	I	N	G
	A						O
	B						B
	B						B
	L						L
	I						I
	N						N
	G	O	N	G			

An Ellipsis.

GERRY
DERRY
KERRY
FERRY
BERRY
JERRY
PERRY
MERRY

Answer to a Scriptural Puzzle.

M A G O G
A G O G
G O G
O G
G

Charades.

- No. 1.
Mess-age.
No. 2.
Post-age.

Enigmatical Orchestra.

1. Flag-co-let.
2. Corn-et.
3. Fl-Ute.
4. Man-do-line.

Literal Curiosities.

1. Excrecences.
2. Egypt.

Answer to a Verbal Inversion.

When the words are corrected the paragraph will stand:

Some boys found a pool in a moor. A part cried: "See the flow! We can get a potful if we have a net and pan. See the pool teem with fish!" Taking care to ward harm from the net, lest a loop might be broken, and so mar the fun, ten boys brought the net instantly.

Queer Things.

1. Houses.
2. Verses.
3. Corn-stalks.
4. Windmills.

→:OUR ARM CHAIR:←

NOVEMBER, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not answer correspondents through the BOOK. All communications requiring an answer must give name and address, and have a return stamp enclosed.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Since the issuing of our prospectus for 1881, we have received very gratifying congratulations from friends upon our announcement to make every number of next year complete in itself. Our twelve novels will be written exclusively for the LADY'S BOOK, and by the best magazine writers, and a choice variety of short stories, poems and sketches will also be given each month from the pens of favorite old and new contributors. All the old departments will be preserved, thus making the LADY'S BOOK the best magazine in the country for the price.

We feel assured that our friends who intend to raise clubs will find their work much easier this year than ever before. The country is in full tide of prosperity, with more money floating among the people; the number who read the better class of literature is largely on the increase, and the unusual attractions offered by the LADY'S BOOK for 1881 will not only retain its old friends, but many new subscribers will be added if its merits are fairly stated. Club raisers have a splendid opportunity to give their friends profit and pleasure which will run through a whole year, for a very small sum of money. To all who intend to raise clubs we would suggest that they start to work at once, before the field is harvested by enterprising rivals.

What shall I Give? The approaching holidays will bring this question prominently to the minds of thousands of people. What could prove more delightful than a year's subscription to GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK at a cost of only \$2? And what could give more pleasure, at the same cost, than the twelve monthly visits of a bright, fresh and useful magazine like it? Fathers, mothers, sons and daughters can make a useful investment in GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK as a holiday present.

Mrs. Orange Walker, of Marine Mills, Minn., sends \$5 to continue her subscription to GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, and states, "We have taken it since 1850, and would not do without the monthly visits of our dear old friend."

Remember, GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is the only magazine in America which gives steel plate pictures from original designs; and that these designs are drawn by the distinguished artist, Mr. F. O. C. Darley.

The fashion of etching embroidery having been so popular of late, we give this month a novelty page of new original designs for the outline work. They are adapted to tidies, d'oyleys, towels, in fact a hundred different articles, and are effective in

shades darker than the material used, or strongly contrasted colors.

The scene from the "Old Curiosity Shop," by Darley, will be recognized by any lover of Dickens; and who does not love Dickens? Who has not felt the eyes grow misty over the sorrows of Little Nell and the poor old loving grandfather, who is in the scene before us so eagerly obeying her childish voice and touch.

"Summer travels make winter weddings," we are told, and it is an undisputed fact that the momentous question is often asked in sea-side ramble, or on mountain heights. But with the romantic, there is also a practical side of the arrangements following the wooing, and "what shall my wedding dress be," becomes an important consideration. We therefore give costumes for bride and bridesmaids, as well as patterns for the trousseau of cloaks, bonnets, dresses, the new and popular mouse jewelry, coiffures and other details.

The diagram of a child's dress is by a slight alteration available for two dresses, the Princesses and the Smock, something entirely new. An illustration is given of each dress as a guide in making them.

The dress-making department of the Work Department gives a train dress skirt, both graceful and stylish. In the same department will be found some hints for fancy fair work, a postage stamp table, linen table-cover, and other novel and beautiful designs for fancy work.

The literary department is varied and interesting. Marion Garwood, having told us how to make a summer room cool and delightful, now gives us hints about winter furnishing that will make available all our discarded finery of dress or furniture. Her hints are valuable, even if we cannot all possess the artistic taste and talents of the "Pastor's Daughters." There are several interesting pages of Roslyn's Fortune, Christian Reid's best novel. Margaret Vandegrift gives us an amusing episode of country life, ending with a gem of a boy's letter; and there are contributions from Augusta De Bubna, Isabel J. Roberts, Flora L. Palmer, and other popular writers.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE In Nervousness, Wakefulness, Etc.

Dr. REUBEN A. VANCE, of New York Institute and Bellevue Hospital, says: "The preparation on which I place the most reliance is Horsford's Acid Phosphate."

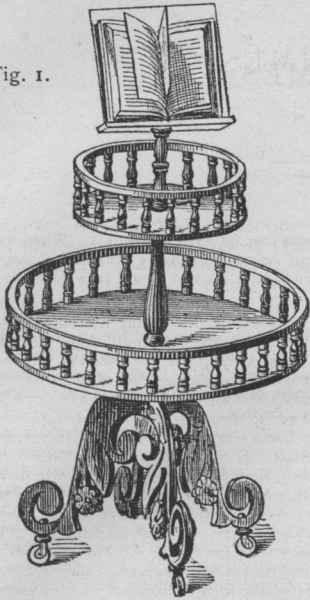
HINTS ON HOME ADORNMENT.

No. 34.

A very convenient, as well as useful and ornamental article, for parlor, library, or an invalid's apartment, is a "lectern;" which is not, as its name would seem to imply, a high ecclesiastical desk, but a pretty little receptacle for books. It is of suitable height to stand by a couch or desk and can be readily moved about. See Fig. 1 and Fig. 2.

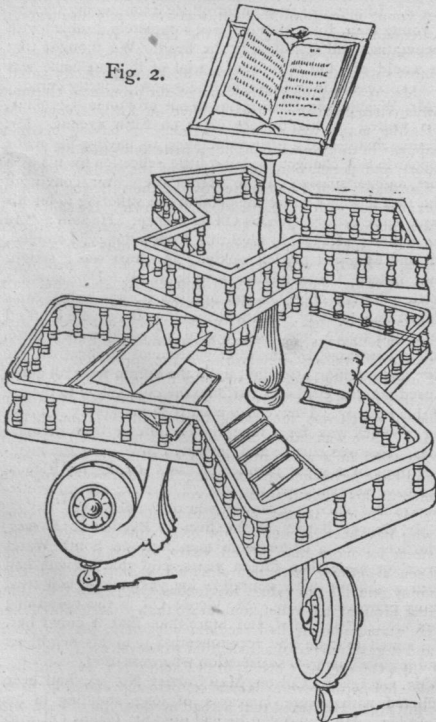
The standard must be of iron, so that it will not be likely to be overturned, and there must be castors on the feet of the standard. The material is ebonized wood, and the whole frame stands thirty-six inches in height. The central support forms a book holder at the top; the first shelf should be seven inches below the tip of this rod, and the

Fig. 1.



second shelf eighteen inches. The first shelf should measure fifteen inches in diameter, and the second one twenty-six inches in diameter. Both

Fig. 2.

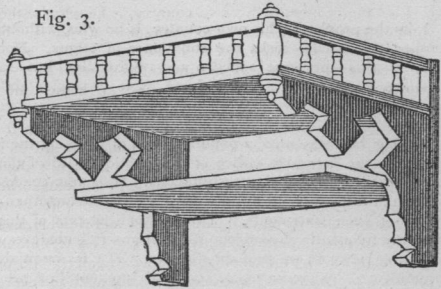


shelves revolve around the centre rod, and both have a little railing (four inches high) around the edge to prevent books from falling off when turning the shelves; the rail also makes this piece of furniture more ornamental, and each little "pin"

(as it is called) must be nicely turned—they can be procured at factories for thirty-seven, fifty, or seventy-five cents per dozen, according to size and style—and can be stained after the whole frame is put together. Figure 2 shows a prettier shape for the shelves of such a lectern; but this, of course, would be more difficult for an amateur workman to manufacture.

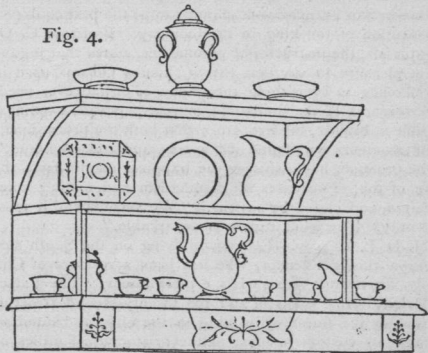
Hanging shelves are now very popular, and can be easily made at home. Figure 3 shows a modern form of the old style "pipe shelves," which were

Fig. 3.



probably in vogue when Mynheer von Klaam smoked pipes a yard in length. They are now used to display bric-a-brac upon, in halls or parlors. The larger and heavier articles are placed upon the upper shelf, and the smaller and more delicate ones upon the lower; the shelves are thirty-six inches long—the upper one nine inches wide and with a railing around it—the lower one

Fig. 4.



six inches wide. The frame and shelves must be very securely screwed together, and the whole firmly supported by staples in the wall, so that your pretty bits of china, etc., may be in no danger of falling. Many old-fashioned houses have narrow and inconvenient mantel shelves, and this fact perhaps suggested the revival of the chimney shelves, which are built up against the wall over a fire-place. See Fig. 4. These chimney shelves are most suitable for dining-room, and, where economy of space is necessary, they can be used in place of buffet or sideboard, as receptacles for a few silver, glass, or china articles. The shelves are of common pine, and should be covered entirely with velvet of garnet, blue, green, or purple, as will best suit the prevailing tint in upholstering of the apartment. This velvet "sets off" the articles which are placed on the shelves, and produces a very pretty effect in the room. The mantel below the chimney shelves may have a deep "bullion" (or twisted) fringe tacked around it by gilt-headed nails, if it is desired to make it still more showy—this fringe must of course match the velvet in color.

E. B. C.

CHICAGO TIMES.

(December 20, 1879.)

Like the prophet in his own country, is he who, without proper credentials, seeks the confidence of others. Not only is this the case socially and politically, but in business everywhere. A certificate as to character and worth is something we may all find use for some time in life.

Among business men, a popular mode of bringing their goods to the favorable notice of the public by aid of the press is that of publishing testimonials. It is not the intention of this article to dwell upon the possible unauthenticity of such statements. That announcements of this kind are frequently the subject of doubt and ridicule, every reader of newspapers probably knows. The testimonials promulgated by producers of so-called "patent" or proprietary preparations have been specially open to sneering doubts as to their genuineness.

The writer was dispatched on Thursday to discover, if possible, by actual examination of facts, how far these remarks would apply to the claims of an article which has been placed before the public eye, indorsed, as it is claimed, by many prominent men throughout the country. A visit was first paid to the Gymnasium connected with the Chicago Athenaeum, which, with a single exception—in San Francisco—is claimed to be the best equipped institution of the kind in this country. Professor C. O. Duplessis, the instructor of gymnastics, stated that it gave him pleasure to say that the St. Jacobs Oil was used in preference to everything they knew of or had ever tried, for soreness of the limbs and muscles, sprains, swellings, stiffness, bruises, blisters, etc.; that both the professionals and amateurs had found it "a true and trusted friend." The professor had also seen the happiest results from the use of the oil in cases of rheumatism and similar complaints, and ended by saying: "We recommend it most warmly. The relief it gives is remarkable."

J. D. L. Harvey.—Everybody living on the South side knows this gentleman, who has been a resident of Chicago for twenty years. His establishment, "The Palace Market," Nos. 104, 106, and 108 Twenty-second street, is probably the finest of its kind in the city, and numbers among its customers most of the aristocratic families of that section of Chicago. Mr. Harvey expressed himself upon the "oil subject" as follows: "I have spent over \$2,000 to cure my wife of rheumatism. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil accomplished what all the medical treatment failed to bring about. I regard it as a greater discovery than electricity. It is a boon to the human race, and I am very glad to have this opportunity of testifying to its remarkable efficacy. I cannot speak too highly of it, and I would be recreant to my duty to those afflicted did I not lift my voice in its praise."

Perhaps there is no class of men in the city whose occupation so predisposes them to rheumatic afflictions as the members of the fire department. Called from warm beds at all hours of the night, and going suddenly out into the cold, with insufficient protection from the weather, it is no wonder that they are the victims of neuralgia and rheumatism. This fact prompted the reporter to call on Captain Ben Bullwinkle, of the fire patrol, and to ask him give his experience in the use of the medicine. Capt. Bullwinkle said: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil in a good many cases of rheumatism among my men, and it never fails to give perfect satisfaction. One of my men in the West-side station was once buried under a pile of coal—as much as a ton. It was twenty minutes before he was extricated, and

it is a wonder that he lived through it. When we finally dug him out he was very badly bruised, but we applied St. Jacobs Oil, and it cured him. It is certainly a good thing."

In search of information in regard to this oil as a remedy for the ailments of our equine friends, the writer next wended his way to the blacksmith-shop of Mr. G. Grobel, at 542 Canal street. Mr. Grobel was just imparting a scientific curve to a glowing symbol of good luck when the man of news entered.

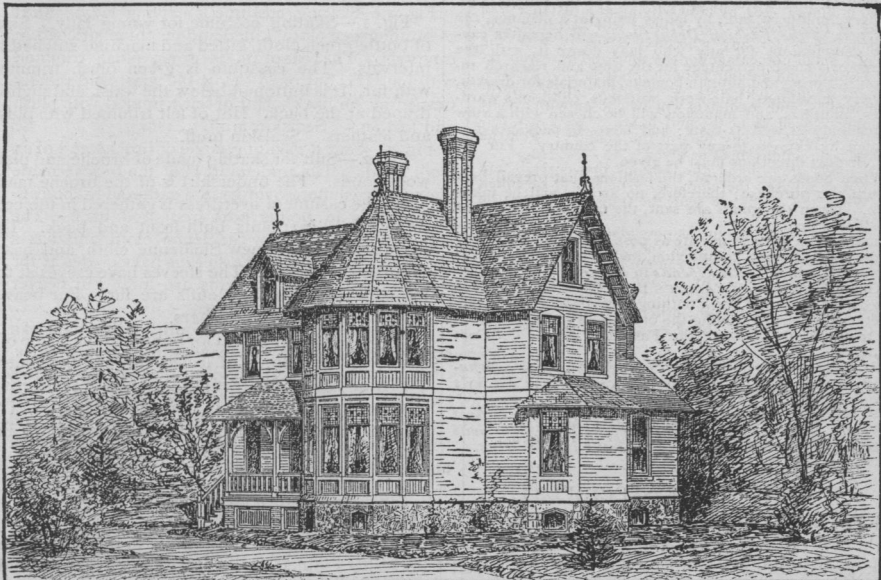
In answer to questions, Mr. Grobel stated that he had bought a horse very cheap by reason of a severe lameness of long standing, in the stifle cord, a disease which, as is well known, is very difficult to cure. The horse was almost worthless. A few bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, however, had effected a radical cure. He soon after sold the horse, and realized a good sum. Said the blacksmith: "I have also used it on myself for neuralgia. For a number of years I have been afflicted with neuralgic Sciatica, as the doctors call it, extending from knee to hip. I spent as much as \$20 at one time in doctor's bills, and found no relief. Finally I tried St. Jacobs Oil, and it helped me very much and cured me. I would not live without a bottle of it in my house. I have also tried to introduce it among my friends. A young man, John Madden, was completely disabled with rheumatism and neuralgia in the head. We thought that he would die, but a thorough trial of this medicine was most successful in his case, and he is now perfectly cured."

Mr. Washington Hesing, one of our prominent Germans, was visited at his private office on Fifth avenue. Mr. Hesing manifested a little reluctance to having his name appear in this connection, but a little reflection on his own part, and persuasion on the part of the visitor, convinced him that it would be for the good of the suffering to let his experience with St. Jacobs Oil be known. He said: "In the summer of 1878, in alighting from a buggy, I slipped, fell and sprained my left ankle. The hurt was a serious one; indeed, I was unable to walk at all. I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and applied it, and relief came almost immediately. Notwithstanding the severe injury I sustained by the accident, next day I could walk a little, and in four days, by reason of continuous application, the pain and swelling attendant upon the sprain were all gone. I used nothing else, and attribute the cure solely to the use of this remedy. I have also used it in my family, a member of which was for a long time a sufferer from rheumatism. She was cured; and, in fact, I have seen the medicine tried in a great number of cases among my friends, and have never known it to fail. There are several gentlemen in this office that can tell you the same story."

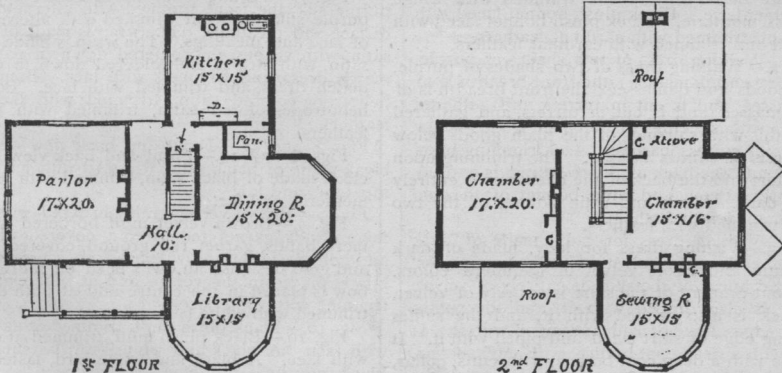
Mr. George Barnes, of the firm of Bagnall & Barnes, who has been a commission merchant on South Water street for more than fifteen years, said that his wife had been a sufferer with neuralgia for years, and had tried many remedies in vain. St. Jacobs Oil is the only thing that brought her relief, and more than that it cured her. He stated that he had recommended it to his neighbors and it gave universal satisfaction wherever used.

Mr. George K. Colson, Mail Carrier No. 22, had been afflicted with severe lameness of long standing in his right leg. He stated that he had used St. Jacobs Oil with the same happy results given in the foregoing interviews.

These interviews, as herein reported, should be enough to satisfy the most skeptical of the wonderful, almost miraculous properties contained in these little bottles.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



Isaac H. Hobbs & Son,
Architects.

GOTHIC COTTAGE.

DRAWN expressly for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, by Isaac H. Hobbs & Son, Architects,
520 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

The above design can be built for \$4,000, carried out internally with full Gothic finish. The base around it may be of brick or stone; the latter is more preferable, as the bricks should be painted. The superstructure is frame sheathed and weatherboarded. The upper sash is cathedral leaded glass. Inside blinds, curtain strips inside with

sufficient space for an opaque shade to fully darken the room when desired. We will make full drawings, specifications, etc., of this building for sixty dollars, subject to such modifications as to suit parties needing them. The building can be supplied with all conveniences as directed.

FASHIONS.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent application for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice.

The publishers of the *LADY'S BOOK* have no interest in this department, and know nothing of its transactions; and, whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the Fashion Editress does not know.

Orders accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, are to be addressed to the care of the Godey's Lady's Book Publishing Company (Limited).

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editors nor the Publishers will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of black cashmere made with two skirts, the under one is trimmed with a box plaited ruffle, the upper one is shirred, piped with cardinal silk, and cardinal ribbon bows. Cloak of black armure silk trimmed with fringe and passementerie. Black plush bonnet faced with cardinal and trimmed with cardinal feathers.

Fig. 2.—Walking dress of two shades of purple, plain goods and damaséé; the front breadth is of the damaséé and is cut in turrets, and gathered above this with shirrings of the plain goods below the turrets of cuirass basque. The trimming upon underskirt and the back of the overdress is entirely of the dark. Plush and satin bonnet of the two shades trimmed with feathers.

Fig. 3.—Visiting dress for lady, made of dark gray satin and ciseté velvet in cashmere colors. The front drapery of the skirt is entirely of velvet, the back is also draped with it, and the ruffles trimming edge of skirt faced and piped with it. It is made with a deep coat bodice, with cuffs, collar, pockets, and trimming of the velvet. Satin bonnet faced inside with velvet, and trimmed with feathers.

Fig. 4.—Evening dress of écu silk, the skirt is trimmed with narrow ruffles in the back, the front with two narrow ruffles divided by a lace one, above these a deep vine of embroidery in colors. Above these is a short scarf apron edged with lace as is also the overskirt in the back. Basque cut square in the neck, with elbow sleeves. Scarlet pomegranates trimming neck of dress, and in the hair.

Fig. 5.—Walking dress of dark brown cloth made with a long polonaise, the front of underskirt is kilted with long tabs of cloth falling over bound with satin. The back of skirt is trimmed with a box pleated ruffle, the polonaise is piped with satin, cuffs, collar, and pockets also of it. Brown fur hat trimmed with velvet and long feather.

Fig. 6.—Dress for child of six years, made of peacock green cashmere trimmed with satin.

White fur felt bonnet trimmed with satin of the same color as dress.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Skating costume for young lady. Skirt of bottle green cloth, kilted and machine stitched at intervals. The casaquin is green plush trimmed with fur. It is buttoned below the waist, and slightly draped at the back. Hat of felt trimmed with plush and feathers. Sealskin muff.

Fig. 2.—Suit for skating made of broché and plain wool goods. The underskirt is of the broché made plain, the cashmere overdress is gathered in the centre and falls in points both front and back. The casaquin is of the new Sicilienne cloth, and has a simulated waistcoat. The sleeves have crevés at the top, and the collar and cuffs are fur. Fur beaver bonnet trimmed with feathers.

Fig. 3.—Gilt ornament for bonnet in the shape of a horseshoe, with spray of leaves through the centre.

Fig. 4.—Ladies walking dress made of seal-brown cashmere, the overskirt is trimmed with satin. The wrap is made of Sicilienne, trimmed with satin and fringe. Brown velvet bonnet trimmed with satin and feather.

Fig. 5.—Gilt screw for ornamenting a bonnet; a pin at the back fastens it in.

Fig. 6.—Ornament for bonnet in the shape of two horseshoes joined by a spike, it is of gilt, the nails of blue enamel.

Fig. 7.—Visiting toilet, the dress is composed of purple silk, the front trimmed with alternate rows of lace and pleatings. The wrap is made of black satin, with stripes embroidered down in colors to match dress, and trimmed with lace. Bonnet of heliotrope-colored satin, trimmed with lace and feathers.

Figs. 8 and 11.—Front and back view of ladies cloak made of black satin, trimmed with jet, passementerie, and fur.

Fig. 9.—Brown velvet muff bordered with cashmere bands, garnet red ground, covered with red and gold designs; an owl's head on a brown satin bow is placed in the centre and at both ends, and trimmed with white lace.

Fig. 10.—Black plush muff, trimmed at each end with lace. A black and white bird, fastened to a black satin bow, ornaments the centre.

Figs. 12, 15 and 16.—Fashionable style of dressing the hair, for this stylish arrangement, it is necessary to tie it all at the back of the head, then pass it through the comb which is shown in Figure 15. The curls are kept in place by means of fine hair-pins.

Fig. 13.—Bodice for house wear made of rose colored cashmere trimmed with white lace, fastened with cord and tassel around the waist.

Fig. 14.—Coat bodice for house wear made of damaséé trimmed with satin, lace, and ribbon bows; a vest of satin is inserted.

Fig. 17.—Train to button on to a short muslin underskirt, to make a train skirt of it, it is trimmed with lace.

Fig. 18.—Walking dress for a lady made of black cashmere, the skirts are both trimmed with narrow ruffles. Coat made of cashmere trimmed with

pleated pieces and buttons. Black velvet bonnet trimmed with satin, feathers and flowers.

Fig. 19.—Garnet colored silk dress, the underskirt trimmed with ruffles, the upper skirt draped very bouffant. The mantle is of heavy silk of the same shade trimmed with fringe and passementerie. Bonnet of color of dress trimmed with feathers, satin and flowers.

Fig. 20.—Ulster for lady, made of striped cloth, cut to fit the figure, with a double row of buttons up the front. Olive green plush bonnet trimmed with feathers, and flowers. Lace strings.

Fig. 21.—Ladies hat of black velvet, the edge trimmed with a satin galloon, it is trimmed with satin and long ostrich feathers.

Fig. 22.—Collar and cuff for mourning wear.

Figs. 23 and 24.—Front and back view of overcoat, for boy of five years, made of heavy cloth and trimmed with silk braid.

Fig. 25.—Dress for child of three years, the underskirt is kilted and edged with a narrow embroidered vine in colors and lace, the upper part is made the same with square embroidered collar.

Figs. 26 and 27.—Front and back view of dress for boy of three years, made of gray cashmere, the skirt is kilted in the back on to a jacket which has a band over it laced with cord and tassels. The fronts are gored and laced across through the Hamburg embroidery.

Figs. 28 and 29.—Front and back view of dress for child of two years, made of pale blue cashmere, it is made with a deep waist gathered on to the skirt which is trimmed with two pleated ruffles edged with a band of damasée. The same trims the waist and sleeves. A drawn piece forms a puff where the skirt and waist join.

Fig. 30.—Mouse finger-ring with small gold mouse, which moves around.

Fig. 31.—Brooch with mouse and small piece of cheese at one side.

Fig. 32.—Mouse ear-ring to match brooch.

Fig. 33.—Brides' dress made of plain satin and damasée, the underskirt is of the plain with scarf drapery of the damasée trimmed with fringe, the dress is made princess with this drapery. Veil of white illusion, wreath placed under it.

Fig. 34.—Bridesmaids' dress of white silk made in a short dress, the skirt is kilted and trimmed with narrow ruffles and a puff. The overdress is edged with embroidery, the basque bodice is embroidered in stripes.

Fig. 35.—Bracelet to match the mouse jewelry, with three small mice upon it.

Fig. 36.—House dress for lady of pale blue cashmere, made with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with a pleated ruffle, the upper one with damasée, blue and white. Deep jacket bodice trimmed to correspond, vest of the damasée.

Fig. 37.—House dress for lady of myrtle green homespun, the underskirt is kilted and has a scarf drapery, they are both edged with damasée in bright colors; the same trims the vest and jacket of the dress.

Fig. 38.—Pale gray cashmere house dress for lady, with kilt skirt trimmed with brocade velvet, plain overskirt. Basque belted in at the waist with

belt, cuffs, collar, and bow of velvet to match the trimming on skirt.

Figs. 39, 40, 41, 42, 43 and 44.—Flowers and bows are this season fastened on to both bonnets and hats with eccentric brooches and ornaments. The accompanying illustrations give a few of them. They are all gilt, and have a pin attached to render them secure. No. 42 has a small design of enamelled flowers, to render the ornament suitable for wearing with a dress of Pompadour material.

Fig. 45 and 48.—Back and front view of dress for little girl, made of claret colored cashmere; it is made with a sacque for street wear, with revers of satin and bows of satin ribbon.

Fig. 46.—Bow made from a handkerchief with an edged formed of leaves embroidered in blue silk. The centre is ivory foulard.

Fig. 47.—Fashionable mode of trimming ladies sleeve.

Fig. 49.—Bonnet made of deep red silk trimmed with scarf of satin passed through gilt rings in the back, and long feather. Satin strings.

Fig. 50.—Heliotrope plush bonnet trimmed with satin ribbon, and shaded feathers. Satin strings.

Fig. 51.—Bonnet of black velvet trimmed with satin, and a nest of six humming birds at the side. Satin strings.

The diagram pattern this month is for a child's dress, which by the addition of a gathered piece, will form the smock dress which is so popular now. The foundation of the smock dress is given on the diagram. It consists of six pieces, two pieces for the front, two for the back, half of sleeve, and half of skirt. This foundation will be found useful to also make the princess dress as illustrated. For the smock, the plastron, and the sleeves are ornamented with honeycomb stitch, worked in silk or ingrain cotton. Cashmere and silk, serge and satin, tussore and cora, as well as washing fabrics, are all used for this popular costume.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

As the autumn advances the goods that are shown are heavier and more and more beautiful, and are better adapted for the late autumn and early winter. Plush and velvet will predominate for best dresses; satin will be very much worn, but only in combination with other materials. There is great variety in both plush and velvet; there is cut and uncut velvet, plain and ciseté, brocaded, spotted, striped, and damasée velvets. The groundwork or foundation is generally satin, and the pile is as long as plush, consequently the figured velvets are exceedingly handsome. Plain velvets are manufactured to match the figured velvets, and are to be made up with them, the pipings and facings are of satin, and very rich looking costumes are the result.

But the most gorgeous varieties of velvets are the ciseté and the brocaded, and, as there is a great difference between the two, we will explain it. In the ciseté the figure is formed in the pile, and stands out in relief from the satin background; in the brocade, on the contrary, the velvet pile is the

ground and the figures are satin. The beauty of the ciseté velvets is surprising; leaves usually form the pattern, and each one is shaded and veined as though wrought with a pencil, and the coloring is most quaint. We have pale blue veined leaves on a heliotrope ground, and brown figures on a shot ground of old-gold and dark blue satin. A single flower with long stem is the favorite pattern for brocade velvets. The newest and most elegant material we have seen for evening wear, is a brocade on which flowers of uncut velvet, looking like pearls, rest on a ground of pale pink or pale blue velvet.

Shot terry velvet is another innovation. The ribs are now a totally different color from the ground, and brocaded plush is also manufactured. There is no doubt but that plush will play a conspicuous part in lining bonnets, hoods and cloaks, and also for trimming generally. When it is fresh it is very rich looking, but it has a bad habit of soon looking shabby.

Coats and basque bodices, different from the skirts in every particular, will still continue to be worn; and for these there are gay figured velvets to harmonize with plain velvet skirts. The new figured velvets are studded with a lozenge shaped ball, the centre of which is a chintz figure on which blue, olive, and red are discernable.

The patterns on the new silks are also most quaint, and conspicuously partake of Egyptian inspiration. Jars, lotus leaves, and hieroglyphics are studded over many of the new twilled silks; dark green leaves are to be seen on pale blue grounds for evening wear, and they are also shown on the new cinnamon red ground.

As to the colors they are bewildering. We never believed there could be so many shades of purple as have passed under our notice of late. There is évêque or bishop's purple, heliotrope shades, plum with much red in it, pansy, and prune. The peacock and gendarme blues are still in favor, and garnet reds are more general than the dull reds. One of the most novel combinations is yellow olive green, with the green of myrtle trees; the new browns have grey and yellow in them, rather than red.

Woolen goods, with a border for trimming woven along the selvage like the percales, are another novelty imported for autumn and winter dresses. These borders are from three to five inches wide, and may be of the same color as the body of the goods, or in contrasts, and are shown in Madras stripes and in rich Goblin tapestry designs, as well as simpler brocaded patterns.

The muchoir or handkerchief dresses, so popular in gingham during the summer, have been introduced for autumn and winter; these are woven of the finest wool and silk mixtures in squares, like handkerchiefs, with the centre plain or in small checks, while the border is of shades of the same color, or of lines or stripes of many bright colors, which cross each other at the four corners of the square, and these corners form the plaids which are the stylish feature of the new muchoir wool goods. Plum, peacock blue, bronze, and myrtle are the quiet colors most used for the centres of these

thick wool handkerchiefs, while brilliant hues are in the border. A great deal of red and yellow is in these borders, but instead of being the glaring red and yellow of bandana, handkerchiefs these colors are toned down into what is called old gold and old red. Twilled plaids, homespun, and cloths of good weight are brought out in these dresses. For ladies who prefer an all black dress, there are muchoir dresses which are entirely black; the centre of each square is black armure wool, and the striped border is silk with satin lustre.

Plaids, stripes, and plain red stuffs of either bright or dark shades are used for combining with plain goods, and to serve for trimmings, as the foundation of the suit is usually plain. Black dresses illuminated with red are in especial favor in Paris. One is of black cashmere, made in Jersey fashion, with the plain corsage laced behind with a red silk lacing-string; the sleeves are flowing, and are turned back from the wrist half way up the arm to show a red Surah facing. The skirt is killed, and the overskirt has a deep apron front much wrinkled near the top, while the back has scarfs that form long loops showing a red Surah lining. To border the apron are two rows of red wool balls, like those formerly used in fringe; these balls are strung, and hang in loops that give a very pretty finish. Other black wool costumes with cut away basque and single skirt ruffled up the front have a red Surah Directoire collar, which is smooth and stiff in the back, but is gathered on the front revers. The red also appears on the cuffs which are slit open on the upper seam, and instead of clinging to the sleeves, fall open and backward, as if made of the sleeve lining carelessly turned up on the outside. The basque is faced with red, the ruffles on the front are lined with it, and there is a narrow red frill like a balayeuse around the skirt. Long red ostrich plumes are then worn on the bonnet.

Cashmere is going to be very popular for woollen dresses this winter; it is shown in most exquisite light shades for house dresses, such as lilac, pearl color, pale rose, salmon, and white; for street wear it is shown in all the popular dark shades. Embroidered cashmere is imported in pieces for the garniture of plain cashmere dresses. The coloring of this embroidery and the floral designs, with the finish of crimped tape fringe, are very beautiful. The ground of the cashmere and the shades of the needlework are many tones of one color, or else the embroidery is in several tones of a contrasting color, as pale blue on frog green, or white daisies on sky blue cashmere, or else the cashmere is bronze color and the garniture is a darker shade of the same. There is enough embroidery in each set for scarf drapery for the skirt, while a narrow band is added for trimming the corsage and sleeves.

Dresses continue to be made short for day wear, with very long trained skirts for full dress. The corsages of new dresses are made with as few seams as possible, and are therefore of the simplest shapes. The short side forms of the back are used almost without exception, though some modistes still prefer having two side forms in the way introduced by Worth several years ago. Skirts of

French dresses are fuller than they have been made at any time since short skirts were revived; they have a great deal of drapery and are very bouffantly arranged, with scarf sashes that pass around the figure, and gives the fullness of paniers below the hips. Indeed, sash effects are given in many ways, not only with the gay fabrics of trimmings, but with the whole breadths of the dress material that are draped quite straight, or else doubled at the lower end without being cut apart; or perhaps they form one mammoth bow on the left side, and a pointed corner on the right. The front and side gores are clinging, and these are still made the objective points for trimming. For instance, shirring, which has now extended to heavy cloths, will cover the upper half of the front and side gores, while below this will be square points of handkerchiefs, or perhaps a series of scarfs opening over pleated flounces, or perhaps a series of scarfs of satin will be shirred at intervals across the front gore, and pass under brocaded side breadths that are as flat as panels, but which are faced with a contrasting color of satin, velvet, or plush, that makes itself visible without being too conspicuous.

For the first wraps for autumn and early winter are English jackets of light colored cloths, with large plush collars, cuffs, and pockets. The large buttons, and the pretty linings of heliotrope, old gold, pink, pale blue, or cardinal Surah are marked features of these jaunty jackets. For those who prefer mantles or cloaks, even for undress occasions, are plaid cloth cloaks of quaint coloring, made with the Inverness cape that is confined to the front of the garment, and finished with a large velvet collar, and pipings of velvet of contrasting color. For dress occasions are most *distingue* long cloaks of black satin or brocade, with plush linings of the richest colors of old gold, cardinal or heliotrope. The trimmings are new feather ruches of great width, new chenille fringes, cords with spike shaped tassels, galloon of solid jet in massive designs, passementerie collars, hoods, and quantities of shirring done on the material. Carriage cloaks are also shown made of India shawls, trimmed with fringes and passementeries that display every shade of the rich embroidery of the shawl.

Small bonnets and large round hats are so far the fashion in millinery. The bonnets are small capote shapes, with the front slightly rolled backward or projecting on top, yet very close on the sides. The crowns are stiff, and of medium size, with or without a curtain band. These as well as most round hats will be worn quite far back on the head, and are furnished with strings. The round hats are large English turbans, with the brim rolled up all around, but not close to the crown; or else they are in Rubens and Gainsborough shapes, with one side (the left) turned up higher than the other. Plush is going to be very much worn, not only for trimming but in many instances for the entire bonnet; satin, some velvet, and the satin Surah are also used for trimming. The Madras plaids described for dress goods are shown in Surah handkerchiefs, also in velvets, plush, and ribbons; they are decidedly unique. Chenille is used in thick cords, and passementerie. Jet is very fashionable; it is used

for covering brims, in ornaments and feathers, and in long hollow cut beads for edging the brims of bonnets, three or four rows appearing on the edge. Scarcely any face trimming is found inside of French bonnets, as a fleecy plush lining is more becoming. This lining is often in contrast with the outside of the bonnet. Strings are on all bonnets, and the fancy for a "border" finish is so great that bonnet strings of satin Surah have a wide border of plush across the end. Plush strings are lined with Surah. Ribbon strings are five or six inches wide, velvet ribbon ones three inches, and Surah strings are a fourth of a yard wide, with an inch wide hem. Fur beavers are more worn than the plain felts which have so long been popular. All trimmings are massed far forward close to the edge of the brim, in many instances leaving the crown perfectly bare; this is seen especially in the poke bonnets. For general use a popular trimming is a scarf of satin Surah three-eighths of a yard wide, with the middle gathered into a very small space directly in the middle of the brim, and quite close to the front. A golden bug or a brooch holds this gathered part. The fullness of the scarf puffs it out slightly as it passes along the brim to the ears, where it is again caught by a bug and hangs as strings. The left side of a bonnet trimmed in this way has usually a fluffy pompon, or rosettes of lace, a bird's head with breast plumage, or else two or three short ostrich tips curled outward from the bonnet. All feathers used on bonnets are fastened but once, that is at the stems, and the tips are left loose. A dress bonnet of light lilac plush has heliotrope shaded beads in leaves on the crown, and two small ostrich tips placed high on the left side, for its only trimming. The feathers are shaded purple, tipped with cream color, and are held by a bit of lophophore plumage. The long pile of the plush is the beauty of this bonnet, hence the plush is the only material employed both inside and out, forming also the strings, which are however lined with satin Surah.

Among the fur beaver or "brush plush" bonnets, which are to take the place of plain felt bonnets, those with rolled brims are very much admired. A handsome model of these is entirely of dull dark red. Satin *merveilleux* of the same shade forms a great bow on the right side, and is then lengthened into strings; two demi-long ostrich tips of red shades trim the left side, curling outward in the prevailing fashion.

Half handkerchiefs and also square ones of transparent India mull are worn around the neck, simply knotted in front. Some of these are hemstitched and have a bordering above of drawn work; others are edged with lace; and again, some have an embroidered edge. The softness of this muslin makes these handkerchiefs a becoming ornament for the neck, for almost any complexion.

Another very pretty *fantaisie* is the double fichu of cream tulle, embroidered all around, about three inches deep with a fancy pattern in yellow thread; it can be worn over a high-necked or an open bodice; it is tied loosely over the bosom, a flower nestling in its folds, and makes the simplest of toilets look dressy.

Still another is a long scarf like fichu of yellow crape. This odd and pretty fabric is plainly hemmed, and above the hem is a stitching of white floss representing leaves and flowers. It is untrimmed and simply folded in the formal Martha Washington folds, and fastened above the belt with a bouquet of leaves or flowers.

Very picturesque are some of the dresses worn by children; but it is in headgear and collars that the artistic element chiefly asserts itself. The brocade goods are as extensively used for the little ones as for their mammas, and is of course mixed with plain goods, cashmere, llama, mousseline, and all the soft woolen goods which are so well suited to the present style of making. A pretty little dress has the bodice and short skirt of brocade, wool and silk, in cashmere, over a deep red underskirt, with small plaitings; the little pointed bodice is full, trimmed with ruffles and plaitings of the red, the sleeves coming to the wrists, has small cross-cut puffs at the elbow and shoulder. The Jersey collars now worn by children are entirely new. They fasten at the back, and would seem to be a trimmed yoke bordered with lace and work, for they are made of lace, of linen bordered with work, and of the goods the dress is trimmed with bordered; but coming down as they do well on the shoulders, they make a dainty dress stylish. Bonnets and hats are of almost every shape. The "Tom O' Shanter" cap in many colors and materials, is worn and drawn bonnets. The "hundred years ago bonnet" has a curtain, a soft crown, and large drawn front, which can be turned back to suit the face. These are made in white or colored, and are trimmed with bunches of white satin ribbon outside.

HINTS UPON THE DOINGS OF THE FASHION- ABLE WORLD.

Of late years, the custom of dining *à la Russe* has been gaining ground; in fact, when the party is at all large, the fashion is all but universal. No dishes whatever, except dishes of fruit, are placed on the table, which is very tastefully decorated, principally with mosses, ferns, flowers, and trails of creeping plants. Tall flowering plants and high elaborate receptacles for flowers are not as popular as they were, because they obstruct the view of the *vis à vis*, and hinders general conversation; but small glasses containing little bouquets of choice flowers, are placed before each guest. These bouquets are generally fastened by the ladies in their corsages, and by the gentlemen in their buttonholes. The laying out or decoration of the dinner table may be considered more a matter of taste than of etiquette; but still there are certain rules which ought to be attended to. Whether the dinner be a large or a small one, luxurious or plain, absolute cleanliness is the first essential. The linen should be spotless, and of as elegant a quality as the means of the owner will admit; the cloth itself smoothly laid, and free from creases or wrinkles; the serviettes neatly, but not elaborately, folded. The glasses, spoons, forks, knives and china, as beautifully bright as they can be made. No one thing adds so much to the enjoyment of a dinner as this, no matter how plain

or how costly. The dining-room should be well, but not too brilliantly, lighted. It should be comfortably warm, but not hot, or many guests may experience discomfort before the meal is over. The word "cover," in the phrase "covers were laid for six or twelve," signifies the appointments placed on the table for the use of each of the guests. These, in large and small dinner parties, consist of:

A serviette with a piece of bread placed under one of its folds.

A tablespoon for soup.

A silver knife and fork for fish.

Two large knives.

Three large forks.

One glass for sherry.

One glass for claret, hock, or other light wine.

One glass for champagne.

A tumbler or goblet filled with cracked ice that is to be used for water.

The silver knife for fish is not essential, but it is a great comfort and convenience. Knives, forks, and spoons for dessert do not form part of the cover. They are not placed before the guests until the dessert is about to be handed around. It is probable that more than two large knives and forks will be wanted, but it is not usual to place more than three, including the fish knife, when the table is set out. Extra knives and forks are kept in readiness, and are handed to the guests as they are required. The knives and forks should never be placed lengthways on the table, but in a position ready for use at each side of the place to be occupied by the plate. When there is a choice of dishes or the dinner on any but a very small scale, the use of *menu* cards is universal. These can be very simple or elegant, according to the taste of the dinner-giver. A great variety of very pretty ones can be seen at almost all stationers. They are handsomely painted or printed, and spaces are left for the dishes to be filled in. This task is usually performed by the mistress of the house, and a card is placed at each guest's place. A lady, on taking her seat at the table, should place the bread on *left* hand, and, unfolding the serviette, place that on her lap. Then she removes her gloves. It is more convenient to follow this arrangement than to attempt to remove the gloves first, for unless she is very expeditious, the servant may be at her elbow offering soup before she has made ready for the plate. The gentleman does likewise. It is well to take the earliest opportunity of consulting the *menu* card, so that when a choice of dishes is offered, no time should be occupied in coming to a decision. The dishes are handed first to the lady on the right of the host, then to the lady on his left, and so alternately the whole length of the table. At large dinners, servants commence handing dishes at both sides of the table simultaneously.

In serving soup, half a ladleful is sufficient for each plate. Fish is generally eaten with a fish-knife and fork. Should a fish-knife not be provided, two forks may be used. Made dishes as patties, *rissoles*, etc., are eaten with a fork only.

Eat asparagus with a knife and fork. Cut off the succulent portions and eat them as any other vegetable.

Never use a knife for conveying any food to the mouth; it is an outrageous breach of good manners.

FASHION.



F. O. C. Darley.

John C. McRae

A. Merry Christmas.



GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER 1880.



Full Half-Pattern for Lady's Vest,—Embroidered in Colors.

(See Work Department.)

Fig. 1.

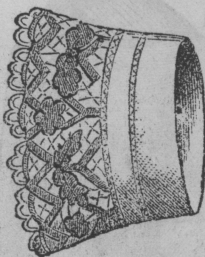


Fig. 2.

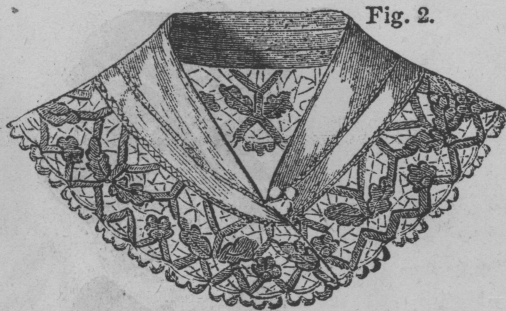


Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.

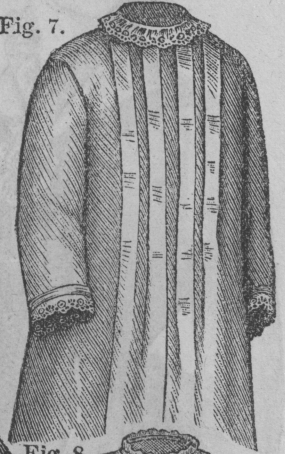


Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.



Fig. 10.



Fig. 11.

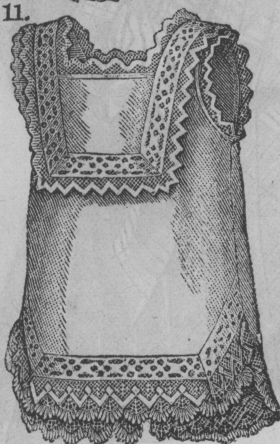


Fig. 12.



Fig. 13.



Fig. 14.



Fig. 15.



Fig. 17.



Fig. 16.



Fig. 18.



Fig. 19.



Fig 20.



Fig. 21.

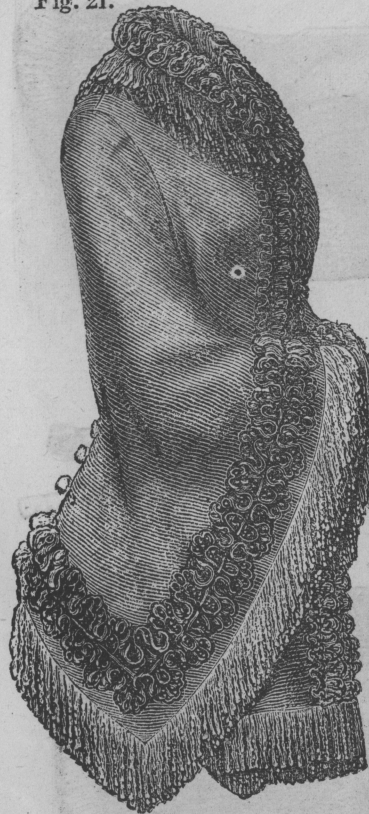


Fig. 22.

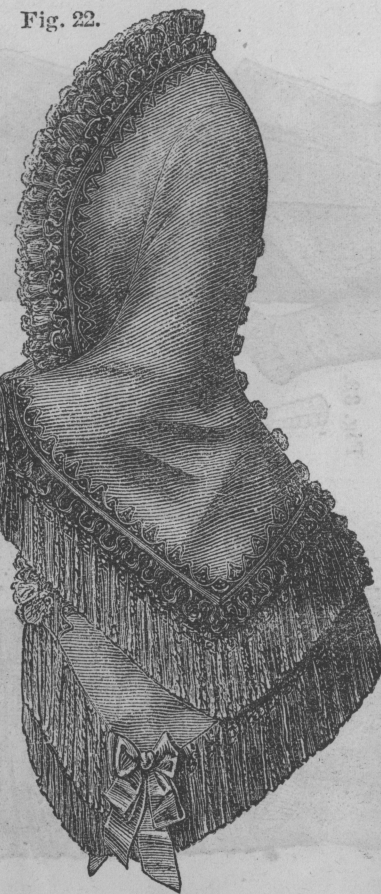


Fig. 23.



Fig. 24.

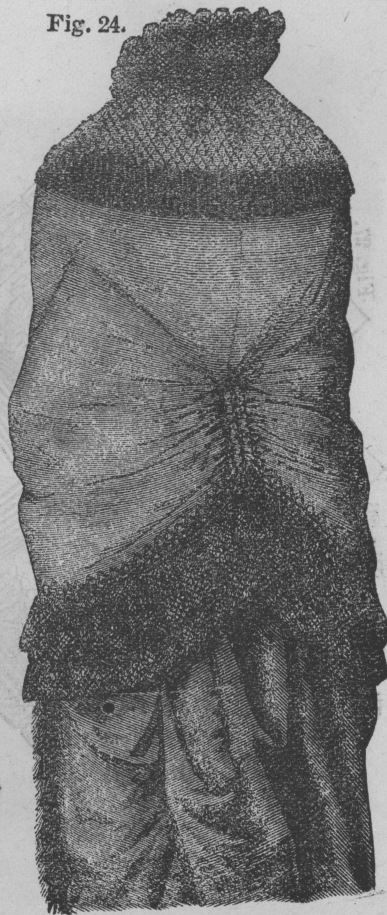


Fig. 25.

Fig. 26.

Fig. 27.

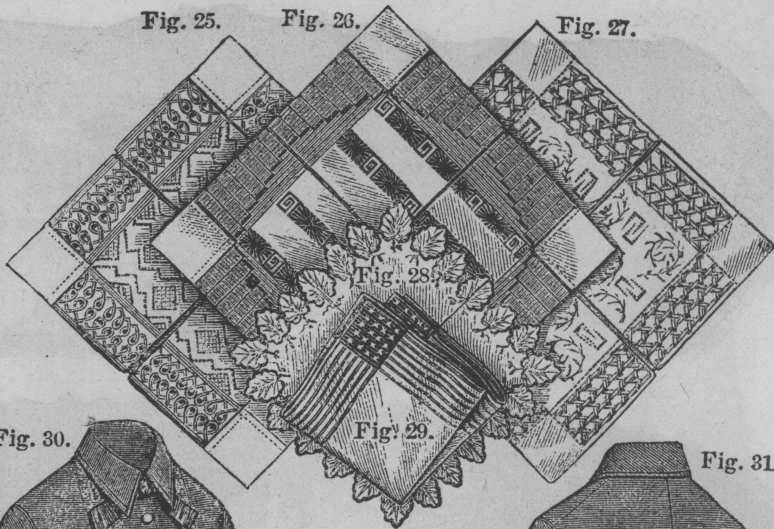


Fig. 30.



Fig. 32.



Fig. 33.

Fig. 31



Fig. 34.



Fig. 35.

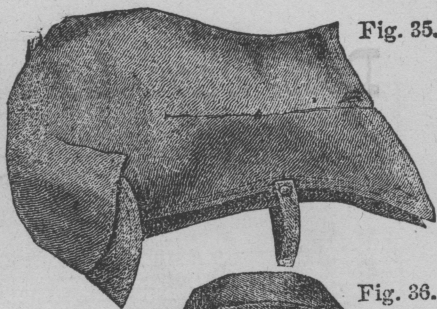


Fig. 36.

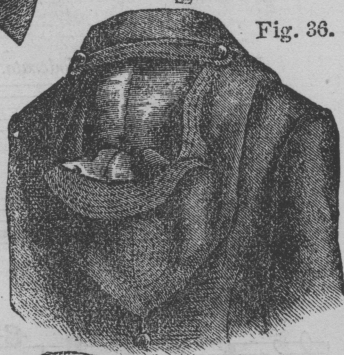


Fig. 38.



Fig. 37.



Fig. 39.



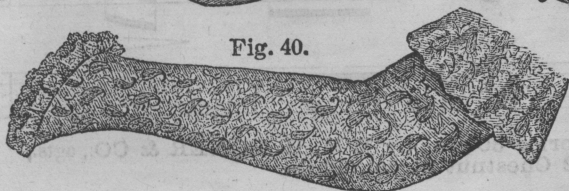
Fig. 41.



Fig. 42.



Fig. 40.



Dost Thou Love Me, Sister Ruth?

COMIC DUET.

JOHN PARRY.

Allegretto Moderato.

Musical score for Horns and Clarinet.

HORNS. CLAR'T.

FLUTE.

Musical score for Flute.

Musical score for Piano accompaniment.

SIMON.

Musical score for Simon's vocal line.

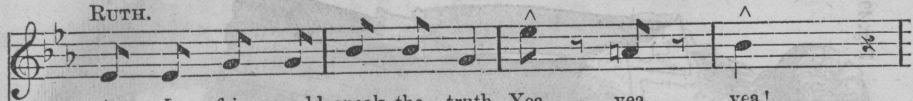
1. Dost thou love me, Sis - ter Ruth? Say, say, say!
2. Wilt thou prom - ise to be mine, maid - en fair?
3. Love like ours can nev - er cloy, Humph! humph! humph!

Musical score for Piano accompaniment.

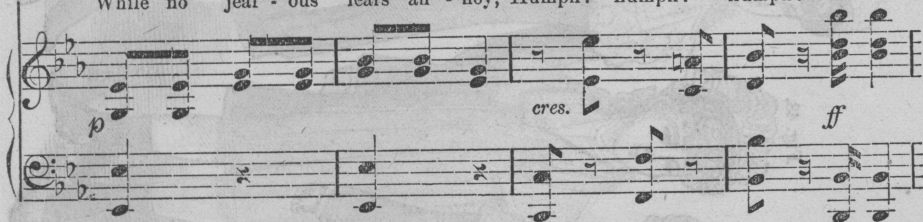
Published in sheet form, price 30 cts., by WM. H. BONER & CO., agts.,
No. 1102 Chestnut Street, Phila.

DOST THOU LOVE ME, SISTER RUTH?

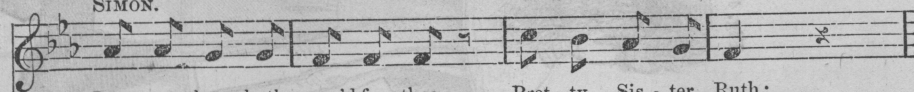
RUTH.



As I fain would speak the truth, Yea, yea, yea!
Take my hand, my heart is thine, There, there, there. (*Salutes her*)
While no jeal - ous fears an - noy, Humph! humph! humph!



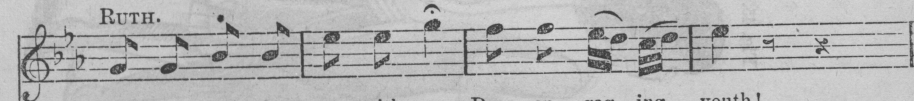
SIMON.



Long my heart hath yearn'd for thee, Pret - ty Sis - ter Ruth;
Let us thus the bar - gain seal, O, dear me, heigh - ho!
O, how blest we both should be. Hey down, ho down hey!



RUTH.



That has been the case with me, Dear en - gag - ing youth!
Lauk! how ver - y odd I feel! O, dear me, heigh ho!
I could al - most dance with glee, Hey down, ho down hey!



Fig. 43.



Fig. 44.



Fig. 45.



Fig. 46.



Fig. 47.



Fig. 48.



Fig. 49.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME CI. No. 606.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1880.

ROSLYN'S FORTUNE.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Author of "A Gentle Belle," "Morton House," "Valerie Aymler," "Nina's Atonement," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE ORCHARD.

So far, things have worked so smoothly toward Mrs. Parnell's end, that she is not prepared to encounter finally a spirited opposition. This comes from Dr. Kirke, who hears of what is proposed with mingled wrath and disgust. Indeed it is difficult to express within due bounds what he thinks of such sentimental folly.

"If you want to kill the man," he says brusquely, "you could not find a better way to do it—that is all!"

"But, doctor," says Mrs. Parnell, "you forgot what I have told you, that Colonel Duncan only wishes this in case he *must* die. If there were already no hope of his recovery, it could not kill him, you know."

"While there is life there is hope," replies the doctor, sharply. "I never give up fighting until the patient is in *articulo mortis*. Besides, where is the sense of such a proceeding? If he must die, why may he not as well die single as married?"

"That," says Mrs. Parnell, with dignity, "you will admit is for him to decide. He simply desires that this ceremony may take place when you declare that he cannot recover."

"When I declare that he cannot recover, he will be too far gone to admit of any ceremony," says the doctor; "and if you attempt such a thing in his present condition, I warn you that you will probably kill him, and I shall decline any further responsibility in the case."

With this ultimatum he walks away, leaving Mrs. Parnell in a state of indignation and indecision. To proceed in the face of such an

opinion seems impossible, yet to abandon her plan is more than she can think of doing. The result is that she goes to Geoffrey for advice, and amazes him scarcely less than she has amazed the doctor by the revelation of her intention.

Nor is Geoffrey's surprise unmingled with other sensations. To give up Roslyn—that is, all hope of winning her—as he has done in his heart, is one thing; and to hear that she is absolutely on the point of marrying another man, is quite another. The old passion, the old jealousy, rises hot and strong in his breast, and he dismays Mrs. Parnell by the manner in which he says,

"Great heaven, Aunt Lavinia, what are you thinking of! Has Roslyn consented to such a thing?"

"Yes, Roslyn has consented," answers Mrs. Parnell. "I do not see how she could refuse. Colonel Duncan only asks it in case he is dying."

"Then why should he ask it at all?" demanded Geoffrey, as the doctor has asked before him. "I see no reason why, for a mere sentiment which can do him no possible good, he should want to turn Roslyn into a widow! The mere thought is intolerable."

"It is for her own sake—I have told you that. He wishes to secure his fortune to her."

"Has he not already done so by leaving it to her in his will? The whole thing is nonsense, Aunt Lavinia, and I am surprised that a woman of your sense should have entertained such an idea! It is not like Duncan to have so little thought—not to consider how much unnecessary pain he would give Roslyn—and I really think he must have made the request when he was delirious."

"He was nothing of the kind," says Mrs. Parnell, who has not courage to acknowledge her own share in the matter. "He was as clear in his mind as you are this moment. I wish you would be reasonable, Geoffrey, because I want to

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ask your advice how to proceed. Dr. Kirke will not hear of countenancing the matter. He says it will kill Colonel Duncan—although I have distinctly told him that Colonel Duncan only wishes the ceremony performed in case he cannot recover.”

“There is absolutely no reason for such a request,” says Geoffrey; “and I thought Duncan was a man of more sense and unselfishness than to make it. I have no advice to offer, Aunt Lavinia. I don’t at all see how you are to proceed, unless by simply being prepared to seize the final moment when the doctor says, ‘He is dying’—a moment not very favorable for anything of the kind you propose, in real life, whatever it may be in romances.”

“Geoffrey,” says Mrs. Parnell, in a tone of reproach. Then she rises. “I see that I need not have consulted you,” she says. I gave you credit for more good feeling than it seems you possess.”

“It does not strike me that good feeling is what is called for, so much as common sense,” says Geoffrey. “Have you thought how painful in many respects it would be to Roslyn?”

“Roslyn is quite willing to undergo the pain,” says Mrs. Parnell. “She feels that it is a very slight thing which is demanded of her, to gratify the wish of a dying man who would count no sacrifice to serve her.”

With these words she leaves the room, without giving Geoffrey time to reply—a fortunate thing, perhaps, since Geoffrey’s reply would not be likely to please her.

“Count no sacrifice to serve her!” repeats the young man. “There are others beside her, of whom that may be said—but who would not make it a reason for asking a very painful sacrifice of her. I would not have thought it of Duncan—I really would not!”

And in this judgment Geoffrey is no more mistaken or short-sighted than the most of us are in judgments that we pass every day—drawing conclusions from erroneous premises, and pronouncing opinions upon actions the motives of which we cannot gauge.

“I’ll see Roslyn at least,” he thinks after a short reflection, “and if she is averse—as well she may be—to this thing, she shall *not* be forced into it by Duncan’s selfishness, or Aunt Lavinia’s scheming. The fortune, indeed! Confound the fortune—as if Roslyn needed any fortune beyond herself!”

With such thoughts the impetuous young fellow swings himself out of the room, and proceeds to search for Roslyn. But that young lady is more easily sought than found. She is not to be discovered in the house, so he turns his steps in the direction of the garden and fails, also, to find her there. He might imagine that she has gone to walk with Lovelace; but for the fact, of

which he has heard, that this gentleman rode away alone some time before. Much puzzled, therefore, he is retracing his steps toward the house, when Ruby, Mr. Vardray’s favorite setter and Roslyn’s devoted attendant, espies him, and comes dashing to him from the orchard.

“By Jove! why didn’t I think of it before?—that is where she is!” he says aloud, as the dog springs up on him.

A pleasant place it is in the orchard, and a favorite place of Roslyn’s, under the low-spreading apple trees where a minute later he finds her. She is sitting on the grass, and without stirring, she looks up with a slight smile as he draws near.

“So you have found me!” she says. “I did not fancy any would think of looking for me here.”

“Which means that you came here to avoid being found,” he says. “After that I would beg pardon and go away if I had not a special reason for seeking you; but I have one—so I hope you will bear with me and let me stay.”

“O, yes,” she answers indifferently; “stay, if you like—it does not matter. I only wanted a little while to myself to think; and I have had it.”

“Do I know the subject of your thoughts?” asks Geoffrey, throwing himself down on the grass, and looking at the fair face which of late has grown so much graver.

“Do you know the subject of my thoughts?” she repeats. “In a general sense, you know the subject of them—but you could scarcely know what I was thinking on that subject.”

“Tell me the subject and let me guess.”

She shakes her head. “If it was worth while for you to guess, I might,” she says; “but it is not.”

“Were you thinking of something of which I have just heard,” he asked quickly—“something which Aunt Lavinia has just told me? Roslyn, are you troubled about the promise which has been drawn from you with regard to Colonel Duncan?”

“No,” she answers quietly, “I am not troubled about that. Why should I be? It is not much that he asks in comparison to all that he has given.”

“But this is not a matter of debit and credit,” says Geoffrey. “I was afraid you were taking that view, and therefore I want to tell you that it is wrong. You are not bound in the least to do this thing, Roslyn, if it is painful to you; and painful it must be. It is a very selfish thing of Colonel Duncan to ask—although I suppose one should make allowances for a man who is in love and has a fever.”

“I don’t think it is a selfish thing,” says Roslyn, hastily. “It seems to me that it is as unselfish as everything else about him. He is not thinking of himself, but of me.”

“He desires to give you his fortune, I know,”

says Geoffrey; "but this is a very unnecessary step to that end. His will is sufficient to secure it to you."

She makes a slight gesture, significant both of impatience and indifference. "I care nothing about that," she says, "whether it is, or is not, necessary. He asks it—that is enough."

A short silence follows. Roslyn looks away across the meadows, toward the fringing, many-tinted woods, while Geoffrey looks at her thoughtful face and ponders the situation.

"I can't understand it!" he breaks out at length. "I am puzzled as I never was before in my life! What motive Duncan has for this request, and why you should accede to it from a man for whom you have no liking beyond friendliness, I cannot make out. If I could imagine that the fortune tempts you, it would be another matter."

"I have not thought of the fortune at all," she says, "except that I realize how kind it is of him to wish to give it to me; and I have made it a test, for—some one else."

Geoffrey's heart leaps. "You mean Lovelace?" he exclaims.

"Yes," she replies, "I mean Mr. Lovelace. I could not be satisfied of being quite just to him unless I tested him in some way—and this way presented itself. I told him what it was proposed I should do, and he—but stop a moment! Tell me, Geoffrey, what you would have answered in his place?"

"In his place," answers Geoffrey, "loving you and hoping that you might love me, I should have begged you not to think of doing such a thing. I should have said that no fortune could repay me for the fact that you were, even for one hour, the wife of another man."

"Mr. Lovelace was less romantic," she says, with a faint, bitter smile. "He at once advised me to marry Colonel Duncan."

"Of course—thinking that he could in that case win both you and the fortune."

"Yes, I saw, I *felt* that he thought that; and it made me so indignant, so contemptuous, that I was forced to leave him, or I should have said—things that a woman had better not utter. I have been thinking it all over, and recognize now what a part he has played from the first. O, what a fool, what a fool I have been! Geoffrey, I scorn myself as much as you can scorn me!"

"She looks at him with eyes that shine; the color has risen into her face, and he sees that her hands are trembling with excitement.

"If you scorn yourself," he says, "no more than I scorn you, Roslyn, you need not torment yourself with that sentiment at all. How could you know at first what is plain to you now?"

"But to trust at all, to think at all of a man who was avowedly acting a dishonorable part—that is what I cannot forgive myself!"

"You forget how many extenuating circumstances there were, or appeared to be," says Geoffrey. "Don't be hard on yourself! You were only a little foolish, as any girl would have been; and you acted in a difficult position with a dignity and discretion which few girls could have displayed."

"Ah, you say so to comfort me; but I—I am ashamed through all my nature to remember my folly!"

"If the wound is only to your pride," says Geoffrey, "I am content—and so should you be."

"It is only to that," she says—but says with a quiver in her voice, "I am hardly contemptible enough to break my heart about such a man! I don't know that any man is worth breaking one's heart about, unless—unless it be the man who is dying yonder, and for whom I never cared."

Her voice sinks, and Geoffrey makes no answer. Indeed, a light dawns suddenly upon him like a revelation, and in the surprise of this revelation he can find no words. As has been already said, the old passion and jealousy have been roused within him, and now they stir tumultuously.

"Have I not given you as much as he?" he is inclined to ask, but restrains the impulse, being wise enough to understand (many a man does not) that only received love has a claim upon its object, not that which is given without recognition or return. Besides, has he not promised Roslyn to be only her brother henceforth? And as her brother he feels that now he may find opportunity to serve her. These thoughts, though briefly set down, require some time to pass through his mind, and hence, several minutes elapse before he speaks again. Then he says, with something of wistful gentleness:

"I should be sorry for you to break your heart about any man, Roslyn. It always seems to me—it always has seemed to me—as if you were made for the brightness and sweetness of life, not for its pain and gloom. You remember my old quotation about you:

"'The world, that knows itself too sad,
Is proud to keep some faces glad;
and your face was made to be glad.'"

"You want me to take all and give nothing, then? I always said that you thought me a soulless creature, a human butterfly, only fit for sunshine. I don't say that you are not right. I *am* frivolous, and I know it. But I can feel a little—at last."

She has not looked towards him as she utters these words, but still away across the meadows toward the woods; so he does not see how tears are filling her eyes, but he does hear the ring of pain and reproach in her voice, and he answers, quickly:

"If it is to be a soulless creature to make sunshine and gladness and happiness for others in a

world that *is* too sad, then I think you so. But with all your brightness I was never dull enough to fancy that you could not feel; and my only fear is that you may feel too much—that at this present time you are willing to sacrifice yourself from pity and causeless self-reproach.”

She shakes her head. “You are mistaken,” she says. “There is no spirit of self-sacrifice in me. If I were unwilling to do this which is asked of me, no doubt I should be selfish enough to refuse; but I am willing, quite willing—pray believe it.”

“‘Who is’t can read a woman?’” Geoffrey thinks, looking into the clear, yet baffling eyes that meet his own. What to make of this woman he does not know; but his doubts do not shake his loyalty of intention. “Of course it is a matter which you alone can decide,” he says, at last. “I only felt bound to let you know what I thought. I hope you will not imagine that I have been actuated by selfishness or jealousy.”

“I could not do you such injustice,” she answers. “I know well that you think too little of yourself, and far, far too much of me. I don’t deserve it, Geoffrey—I have been worse than a fool!”

“Never mind what you have been,” he says, smiling; “you are queen of all our hearts, and you shall have your birthright of happy fortune yet. Now come”—he rises and holds out his hand to assist her to her feet. “Let us go to the house. No one would know where to find you if—you were needed. And I want to see the progress and end of Aunt Lavinia’s schemes.”

CHAPTER XXX.

THE END OF SUSPENSE.

The day wears away in a suspense which the household of Verdevale are not likely soon to forget. In the sick-room, which the doctors have hardly left at all, the most critical period of the prolonged battle between life and death has come, and when the sun sets, no one knows what its issue will be.

“To-night the final crisis occurs,” the physicians say. “If by morning he is not materially better, he will die.”

It is a night of crisis for Roslyn, as well as for the almost dying man. Alone through its long hours, unable to sleep and racked by sore anxiety, she arrives at a clearer knowledge of herself, of her own needs and desires, than she has ever had before; and she weighs in a balance many things beside the spurious devotion of Lovelace. The latter, indeed, has little place in her thoughts; his influence on her life which was but weak and transient, has passed away so completely that she recalls it only as one waking from sleep might

recall a feverish dream. All her thoughts are given to Duncan; and she goes back over the life-long record of her association with him, and the record, quite as long, of his affection for her, with that aching sense of the “too late,” which is the most keen of all the bitter pains of existence.

“Does one never realize the value of a thing until it is taken from one?” she asks, with sobbing breath. “All these years I have been so utterly indifferent; and *now*, now that I appreciate at last what he is, he is dying, and I can never, never let him know that I am not the weak, vain fool he has taken me to be, and that I have been.”

In this way the night passes, and when the first ray of daylight streams into the room, she turns her face away—for what news may it herald? As the light slowly broadens, her anxiety grows more intense to learn how the night has sped; but she cannot bear to end the suspense by going to inquire, for even suspense is sometimes better than crushing certainty. The only comfort which she has is that if he is dying there is one thing which she may yet do for him before he goes, though he can never learn with what a willing heart it is done. “I must be ready and strong enough for that,” she thinks, choking back her tears.

A little later, just as the sun rises, a step comes down the passage and pauses at her door. Her heart seems to pause also—literally to suspend its pulsations—in the interval of apparent hesitation before the door uncloses and the kindly face of Mrs. Knight looks in.

“I thought you’d be awake, Miss Roslyn,” she says, as the girl’s large, dilated eyes meet hers; “so I’ve come to tell you that the Colonel’s better.”

“Better!” repeats Roslyn, with a gasp. So entirely has she prepared herself to hear the worst, that the shock of surprise is too great for her to take in the idea at once. “Do you mean that he will not die?” she asks, after an instant’s breathless pause.

“I hope not,” says Mrs. Knight. “The doctors seem to think he won’t. Dr. Kirke looks cheerfuller than I’ve seen him for a long time. So now you may try and go to sleep, my child—you are white as a sheet.”

She closes the door and goes away, leaving Roslyn in a trance of amazed relief. She has not thought of this at all; she has been sure that he would, that he must die! The reaction of emotion is so great, she has been so spent by the vigil and suffering of the night, that consciousness almost leaves her as she sinks back on the pillow of the bed, saying, inarticulately, “Thank God!”

She is still pale as a lily, but her expression is more bright than it has been for many a day, when Mrs. Parnell sees her a few hours later. “She is glad to be spared the marriage,” that

lady thinks. "Poor Colonel Duncan! What a pity that he has set his heart on a girl who will never care for him!"

"Good news this morning, my dear," she says, aloud. "The crisis passed so favorably that the doctors think Colonel Duncan will recover. I would not disturb you at daylight to tell you, and I went to sleep soon afterwards—but I suppose you have heard."

"Yes, Mrs. Knight came to tell me very early," answers Roslyn. "You might have known that I would be glad to be disturbed to hear such news, Aunt Lavinia."

"You had certainly a personal interest in hearing it," says Mrs. Parnell.

The girl flushes. "I did not mean *that*," she says. "There was nothing personal in my gladness."

"I know there was not," says Mrs. Parnell, kissing her with an impulse of self-reproach.

Later in the morning Lovelace comes, and as it chances, Roslyn is alone on the piazza when he rides up. She would have avoided seeing him if possible, but since it is impossible without making a retreat before his eyes, she remains—and meets him with more ease of manner than he is able to imitate.

"I have a very favorable report for you," she says as she shakes hands with him. "Colonel Duncan is decidedly better this morning."

"So I have already heard—I met one of the doctors in Kirton," he answers. "I am glad, of course, to hear it; but I have not come on that account. I have come to see *you*."

"Indeed!" She lifts her eyebrows with an expression of surprise. "Pray sit down then," she adds with courteous indifference.

"On the contrary, will you not walk with me?" he asks. "I hope you will not refuse" (very eagerly, as she hesitates), "for it will be my last glimpse of some of our summer haunts. I am leaving to-day."

If he thinks to startle her by the abruptness of this announcement, he finds himself mistaken. Nor is her calmness feigned. She feels as if the time when the coming or going of this man could stir her pulses in the least degree, belonged to another existence. Her color does not flicker, nor her glance waver, as she says:

"Is not this a sudden resolution?"

"Very sudden," he replies. "I have had a telegram to-day which makes it not only necessary for me to leave, but to leave at once. Therefore, will you not take a walk with me—our last walk together, perhaps!"

His voice drops to its old soft cadence over the last words; and Roslyn, although as little as possible moved by this cadence, yet feels that it is difficult to refuse without giving an importance to the request which she does not wish to do. Consequently, with the same indifference which

has been already so marked in her manner, she says:

"Yes, I will take a short walk—I cannot take a long one—if you will wait until I get a hat."

A minute later she comes out, with a sun-hat of rough straw shading her winsome face, and walks with him toward the garden. The same thought is in her mind which was in it the first morning that they met—she is mistress of the situation, and she will make him realize how entirely his power, such as it was, is at an end. Therefore she talks with fluency and gayety unheeding the fact of his increasing silence, and brief absent replies. Finally they reach the gate where they paused in the first walk which they took together, and pausing there again, Lovelace turns to her with a sudden light of resolution on his face and in his eyes.

"God only knows what you have done to me," he says, "in what spell you are unlike other women—but I have come here to tell you that if you will say 'Stay,' nothing shall make me go. I never thought to love any woman as I love you; but I *do* love you so well that things which once seemed to me of most worth in the world, now appear to me valueless in comparison with you. Roslyn, you promised to answer me when I came back—will you answer me now?"

Roslyn draws away the hand which he endeavors to take, and looks at him, a shade paler, perhaps, but otherwise not moved.

"I have no answer to give you, Mr. Lovelace," she says, in a clear, steady voice, "except that this is a speech which I did not expect, and which is not worthy of any reply. I promised to answer you under certain conditions which you never fulfilled; and since you failed to do so, I am not bound by that promise."

"I could not fulfill those conditions," he says, "because my cousin was in Europe, and I waited for her return. Some things are hard enough to *say*—one cannot *write* them. But now my opportunity has come. This telegram"—he draws it from his pocket—"is to say that she has landed in New York, to ask that I will meet her. If I do not go, all is over between us. She will understand enough, and the rest is easily made clear. It is for you to say whether I shall go or not. Roslyn, will you bid me stay?"

Eyes and voice plead alike, with a fervor which Roslyn cannot doubt; and being a woman, her heart melts to kindness.

"No," she answers, gently; "I cannot bid you stay, but I am not sorry that you have spoken like this—I mean on your account," she adds hastily, as his eyes kindle and he draws a step nearer to her. "I cannot give you what you ask, because I have learned that I do not love you, no, not at all; but I am glad you have proved that fortune is not everything with you, as I had begun to think it was."

"It is nothing to me, in comparison with you!" he says, passionately. "I am like other men, I have thought of it in connection with other women, but believe me my love for you has been free from such a taint!"

"I am willing to believe it for your sake," she says; "but I must tell you frankly that on my own account it is a matter of indifference. I am sorry if I gave you any hope last summer which I cannot fulfill; but I told you then what I would repeat now if there were need to do so, that I could not listen to you when you spoke as an engaged man."

"But if this shadow of an engagement were definitely broken?"

"Then I should only tell you what I say now, that I care nothing for you. Whether you go or do not go to your cousin, it must be in either case without any thought of me. If you were free as air this moment, I should say just this—I do not love you, and I cannot marry you."

"At least you are explicit enough," he says, a little bitterly. "Well, I shall go to meet Julie. It does not matter after this what becomes of me. May I say good-bye to you here? I think I should like to carry away the picture of you as you stand there."

"Good-bye," she says, giving him her hand. "I am sorry to have pained you, but I am glad to think better of you than I did."

"Think of me as one who leaves his hope of happiness here," he says, kissing her hand.

A moment later, she is standing alone, with a feeling as if all that passed had been a dream. She leans her head down on the gate with an unconscious effort to recall something of the association which has just ended, and before she raises it, a well-known voice says:

"Was that the final act of the comedy?"

"Lettice!" says Roslyn, looking up with a start. "Where do you come from?"

"From home, my dear," answers Lettice. "Do you think I dropped from the sky? But just as I reached the edge of the woods, I saw you standing here with Mr. Lovelace, so I paused—naturally not wishing to disturb your *tête-à-tête*. Then I saw that tender farewell—and then I came."

"Lettice," says Roslyn, "we have both done him injustice. He is not so mercenary as we believed. What will you think when I tell you that he has just offered to break his engagement and stay here, if I say the word?"

"Gracious heaven! have you accepted him?"

"No, I have not—but I want to do him justice, all the same."

"It is well to do justice to everybody; but it may mean less than you think with regard to Mr. Lovelace. Roslyn, the truth is—I know it from papa—that he really is uncertain whether he *can* marry his cousin, while he thinks that through

you he is, sooner or later, certain of Colonel Duncan's fortune. Don't believe this if you don't like—and I see you don't like—but don't expect me to credit the gentleman's disinterestedness."

There is a moment's silence. Then Roslyn says, in a low tone:

"What is one to think? Where is truth to be found? Do not speak of it again, Lettice! He looked as if he was sincere—let me believe that he was. It can do no harm, for all is over between us. I have told him finally and decidedly that I cannot marry him."

"I am glad, O, very glad, to hear it," says Lettice. "But if you are tempted to regret it, I beg you to believe what I have told you, Roslyn."

"I am not tempted to regret it in the least," says Roslyn, proudly. "Such a thought never occurred to me. I would only rather have a kind, than a contemptuous memory of him. So we will speak of him no more—not any more at all. He is dead and buried as far as we are concerned. But while we talk in this way, you have not heard the news, the great news that Colonel Duncan is better, that the doctors think now he will get well."

"It is great news, indeed," says Lettice, watching the glowing light which comes over the face of the other, and drawing her own conclusions therefrom. "There could not be any better news, and I must go and tell it to mamma. Will you not come, Roslyn? The walk may do you good."

"I think I will," says Roslyn. "It is such a glorious day. And what a day it might have been!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN ANTI-CLIMAX.

"This I consider decidedly an anti-climax," says Colonel Duncan.

He speaks with a smile, as he finds himself, for the first time since his illness, downstairs before the cheerful sitting-room fire. His welcome from all the family has amounted to an ovation; and now that he has been, despite his own demur, enthroned in a deep, easy chair, with an outlook through the glass door on the bright November day, with its wealth of many-tinted foliage, while within are all the signs of pleasant family life—Mrs. Vardray's work-table, with Mrs. Vardray herself beside it, the open piano, the centre-table strewn with odds and ends, and last, but not least, Roslyn's bright eyes and brighter smile—he feels that life is a very good and pleasant thing, even while he utters the above remark.

"What is it that you think anti-climax?" asks Mrs. Vardray. "It seems to me that it is a very perfect and delightful climax to see you well again."

"It strikes me altogether in the light of an anti-climax," he says. "After making all his arrangements to die, a man ought to die, and not come back to life again and be made much of, as you are making much of me."

"We are only too glad to have you to make much of," says the lady, cordially. "Roslyn looks as if she thought you were very ungrateful for your recovery."

"I was not thinking that," says Roslyn, with a slight blush; "but I was wondering if Colonel Duncan appreciates how anxious all his friends were about him when he was ill, that he talks of its being anti-climax to be well."

"I am not ungrateful for the kindness of my friends," says Duncan, looking at her and wondering if she understands how much of an anti-climax this recovery is to *her*. "I only feel as, having got so far it was hardly worth while to have all the trouble over again. But it is a boon to be alive on such a day as this!" He breaks off abruptly as he rises and walks toward the glass door. "I have not been out yet, and I think this is the best time to begin to take a little open-air exercise. Will you join me?" he asks, turning to Roslyn.

"If you think there is no reason why you should not go," she answers.

"I cannot imagine why there should be any reason," he says. "I feel as if I had played invalid and convalescent long enough."

So the door is opened, and they go out into the sparkling sunshine, tempered softly with autumn haze. The day is of that enchanting loveliness which never touches us so much as when it contains a premonition of decay, when nature arrays herself in her most gorgeous robes before lying down to die. Every tree and shrub is aflame with color, while the turf is still freshly green, and the flowers are blooming more brilliantly than during the summer.

"You cannot go far," says Roslyn to her companion, as they descend the piazza steps; "so we will take a walk around the garden. The chrysanthemums and dahlias are worth seeing."

"Everything is worth seeing," he replies. "How I feel the truth of those lines:

"The common air, the sun, the skies,
To him are opening paradise."

It is what every one recovering from illness must feel—but what I feel peculiarly, to whom the outer world has always been so much."

"I know that you have always led a very active existence," she says, "and the doctor thinks it is to that—to the strength of constitution which it gave—that you owe your life."

"Very likely. I certainly owe to it health of mind and body during all my life, so I am quite willing to owe the preservation of life also. Ah, what a scene! what an atmosphere! 'Opening Paradise' could scarcely be more beautiful to

eyes that have only seen the walls of a sick chamber for weeks."

"I have thought of you often when I have been walking here," says Roslyn, "when I would look at so much beauty—and then at the closed blinds of your windows."

"If your glances could have penetrated those closed blinds, I might have been consoled a little by their sympathy," he says, smiling. "I certainly needed comfort very much. I found myself not made of heroic stuff at all, in the way of endurance."

"Men seldom are heroic about enduring illness or confinement, I believe—that is *our* prerogative."

It will be seen that up to this point the conversation has proceeded easily, and been of very indifferent character. Now Duncan feels that he must brace himself to say something which he fears may be very painful to his companion; but which it is quite essential that she shall hear, which she *must* hear sooner or later, if not from him, then from some one else. So, with a nervousness which betrays itself a little in his voice, he says:

"I think I ought to tell you that I had a letter from Lovelace the other day. He wrote from New York."

"Indeed?" says Roslyn. Unconsciously she looks at him inquiringly—but it is because his tone surprises her, not because she is interested in any news from Lovelace. "I hope he is well," she says, with the conventional instinct which is frequently of such good service to us in life.

"Quite well, I believe," Duncan answers. He hesitates an instant—then thinking, "I have no finesse, I had better blurt it out!" he goes on, "His expressed object in writing was to inquire about my health; but his real object, I think, was to tell me that he is on the eve of marrying his cousin, who had just returned from abroad."

Roslyn says "Indeed!" again, very calmly—for now she knows why Duncan looks away from her, and why his voice has taken that tone of nervousness. "He is afraid I care!" she thinks, with a scorn which would steady *her* nerves, if they needed any steadying. "I knew that Mr. Lovelace went to New York to meet his cousin," she says aloud. "I am not surprised to hear that they are to be married."

"You knew that he was going!" says Duncan, looking at her with surprise. "Did he tell you so?"

"Yes, the day he left," she answers, quietly. "He showed me a telegram he had just received—at least he took it out of his pocket, and I suppose I might have seen it if I had cared to do so. That was his excuse for going away without seeing you—after coming to see you!"

"Coming to see me!" he repeats. "I should not like to say what I think was his motive for

coming—beside, of course, his desire to see you.”

“I think we may leave that out of the question,” she says. “I do not imagine that he had any desire to see me—I have no idea that he would ever have come back but for the news of your accident.”

“But being here—forgive me!—did he venture to ignore what passed last summer?”

“O, no. To do him justice, I think he was quite willing to take up the flirtation just where he left it off. Finding that I had no intention of permitting that, however, he was even moved to offer to resign his cousin and remain here—if I said the word.”

“And you—?”

“He went—so it is plain what I replied.”

“You replied, no doubt, as you did last summer, that you would not permit him to break his engagement for your sake.”

“I do not know whether or not I told him that, but I am sure I told him that if he was as free as air I would not marry him. I was a fool last summer, but happily my folly was not of long duration.”

“Let me beg that you will not call yourself by so harsh a name—and one so undeserved. You were dazzled—what girl would not have been!—but, even though there was a little glamor over your sight, what a wonderfully steady head you kept!”

She shakes that head with an air of deprecation and denial. “You are very good,” she says. “I can never forget *how* good, with regard to this very thing; but I cannot condone my own folly. One feels so contemptible when one has taken base metal for gold.”

“I don’t think you were ever quite satisfied that it was gold.”

“I never was, and the doubt made my folly even less excusable than if I had been wholly deceived.”

“I hope you do not judge others as rigorously as you judge yourself,” he says, smiling.

Here the subject drops, but the fairness of the day is wonderfully enhanced in Hugo Duncan’s eyes by the great load that has been taken from his mind; and as he walks by Roslyn’s side around the garden, he feels again and again how good a thing it is to be alive. What he has just heard gives him no hope whatever of winning her himself, but it disposes of the fear that she may be taken away out of the familiar place she has brightened so long, by one unworthy of her. No doubt she will marry some one else—Geoffrey, perhaps—some day; but, meanwhile, she is here, as the sunshine is here, and Duncan rejoices in both.

When they turn to retrace their steps toward the house, he says, breaking rather abruptly a pause which has lasted for several minutes:

“I have not thanked you yet—I hardly know how to thank you—for your kindness in acceding to my request made when I thought myself about to die. It was like you to be ready to do what I asked—but I am glad you were spared a thing so painful. It must have seemed selfish of me to ask it—but I had a reason.”

“I never, for a moment, thought it selfish,” she says, in a low voice. “How could I—when I knew you were only thinking of me?”

“Yes, I was only thinking of you. But, you see, if I had properly appreciated the strength of my constitution, I might have spared you the request. However, I am not sorry to know that you were willing to do even as much as that for your old friend. I only want you to be certain of two things—first, that I appreciate your consent, and, secondly, that I make no mistake about it—that I base nothing upon it, and that I have no intention of tormenting you with the same request now that I am well.”

To this comforting assurance, Roslyn makes no reply, and a few minutes later they are in the house, where Mr. and Mrs. Vardray meet the late invalid with many hopes that he has not made his first walk too long.

CHAPTER XXXII.

GEOFFREY GIVES A HINT.

A week later Colonel Duncan has returned to Clifton, and Verdevale has settled into its normal condition. The only change marking what is past is in Roslyn, and this change Geoffrey alone perceives. It is not likely that he would perceive it were his eyes not sharpened by previous knowledge; but as it is, he sees a subtle difference in her—a difference too subtle to be described in words, yet which tells him that she is suffering from a regret none the less real because in a measure unacknowledged even to herself. “I am not the first person who has ignorantly and blindly thrown away a treasure,” she thinks; “but I hope I have self-respect enough to abide by the consequences of my folly and blindness, without making any idle moan about it.”

She certainly makes no idle moan, but Geoffrey sees that all is not right with her—that the blithe spirits are not so blithe as usual, the sunny eyes a little shadowed, the smiles not so frequent or so bright.

“Now would be my chance, perhaps, if I were like the lovers one sometimes reads of in novels,” he thinks. “I might widen the misunderstanding between these two and keep them from ever coming together. But I don’t think it would advantage me much if I did. I begin to see that if I lived with Roslyn a hundred years, I would be no nearer to her at the end of that time than I am now. This being the case, I think the best

thing I can do is to try and make her happy in the way she desires. Duncan—confound him!—has won her heart at last; and he is so stupid that he does not know it, so I suppose I had better try and make the fact plain to his comprehension—but how?”

A question more easily asked than answered; so Geoffrey betakes himself to his adviser-in-chief—Lettice.

“I am always bothering you about something,” he says to her, apologetically, when he finds an opportunity; “but it is not about myself—at least not about myself directly—that I am going to trouble you now. It is about Roslyn. Tell me if you have observed any change in her of late?”

Lettice nods. “There is a change,” she says. “What do you think is the cause?”

“I would rather hear what *you* think. I am as clumsy in observation as in everything else, compared with you.”

“Oh, no. Such modesty does not become you—but of course a woman reads, or ought to read, another woman better than a man can. Well, frankly, then, I am sorry to say anything painful to you, but I think Roslyn has found out that she cares for Colonel Duncan—now that he has gone.”

“It is not as painful to me as you might think,” says Geoffrey. “When a man makes up his mind finally and definitely that there is no hope for him, he is a fool if he cannot submit to the inevitable. What good is it to tear one’s hair and cry out against the hardships of fate? I am a better philosopher than that.”

“I am glad to hear it,” says Lettice; “for indeed I begin to think at last that there is no hope for you.”

“I have known it for some time—long enough to learn how to bear it. Perhaps, after all, my love for Roslyn has somewhat of the brotherly character. At least I know that I was so tremendously disturbed over the idea of her marrying Lovelace, that *this* is a great relief to me.”

“By *this*, I suppose you mean the prospect of her marrying Colonel Duncan?”

“Yes, for he is a splendid fellow, and a great deal more worthy of her than I am. No, don’t look as if you thought me a marvel of generosity—for Lettice glances at him with admiring approval—“I am only not stultified by self-conceit, and when I see a thing I know it. Let us ‘come back to our sheeps,’ however, as the Frenchman said, and tell me what is to be done about Roslyn? I don’t want it to be a case like those forlorn lovers whom somebody wrote about:

“‘I was too proud the truth to show,
You were too blind the truth to know,
And so we parted long ago.’”

Lettice cannot forbear smiling. “I really do

not think that you are much hurt,” she says. “I fear I have been wasting a great deal of unnecessary compassion on you. But I don’t think any solicitude is needed about Roslyn and Colonel Duncan. He has been in love with her so long, that he is not likely to stop loving her now, and some day he will see the truth.”

“You would not give him a hint?”

“No, I certainly would not. It is too delicate ground to venture upon, and if you *were* mistaken, think how bad it would be!”

“I am not mistaken,” says Geoffrey, remembering well that day in the orchard when the truth came to him as a revelation. “But I will abide by your decision—especially as I don’t clearly see how I would set about giving the hint.”

“It *might* be awkward,” says Lettice, with a laugh.

When she laughs, Lettice is a very pretty girl, and so Geoffrey observes, looking down at her pure complexion, her delicate features, and clear gray eyes. What sound judgment she has, too, and what a sweet, unspoiled nature, in circumstances where many people would be embittered. This is what he thinks, in the pause before he speaks again.

“Well, I trust to your judgment. But I hope you will observe how things drift, and let me hear—I shall be going away soon, you know.”

“To your uncle, I suppose?”

“Yes, to my uncle; poor old fellow! He is awfully hippled living alone; and he wants me to live with him—keeps on writing about it—so I suppose I must go.”

“I think you ought to go,” says Lettice, with decision. “It is not much to give him a few years of your youth in return for his affection—to say nothing of the fortune he will leave you some day.”

“No doubt you are right—somehow you always are right—and I’ll go to-morrow. Nobody at home would bolster up my resolution, so I have put off my departure from day to day.”

“I did not mean to bolster up your resolution for such a speedy departure,” says Lettice, smiling—though she feels with something of a pang how much sunlight will go out of her life with this bright presence.

“If a thing is to be done at all, it better be done at once,” says Geoffrey, philosophically. “Never mind!” This consolatory ejaculation is apparently addressed to himself. “A few months will pass and then I’ll come back—to torment you less than I have during the past summer, I hope, Lettice, but to enjoy your society as much. And, meanwhile, you’ll write to me.”

Lettice is inclined to think that she will not, but somehow the words of refusal stick in her throat, and when Geoffrey takes his departure a little later, they have not been spoken.

Walking home with the glow of a virtuous resolution to animate his movements, he enters the grounds of Verdevale while the sun is sending a flood of level gold across them. Just as he emerges from the garden, he perceives Colonel Duncan entering the gate at the foot of the lawn, and he therefore strikes across the sward to meet him.

"We began to think we should have to send after you, Colonel," he says, gaily, when reaching him. "Do you feel as if Verdevale was a prison, from which you had escaped, that you have been so long in coming back?"

"I think you know better than that," replies Duncan, smiling. "But I have not left Clifton since I returned to it, until to-day."

He does not add what a struggle it has been with him to remain away, nor how like a foolish moth rushing into a flame he feels in coming back.

"Well, we have all missed you deplorably," says Geoffrey, "and I assure you, we feel as if we still had a right of jurisdiction over you. I am heartily glad you have come this evening, for I am thinking of going away to-morrow."

"Indeed! Where?"

"O, to my uncle, who has a most remarkable fancy for my society, and appeals to me in heart-rending terms to come and comfort his declining years."

"I am sorry you are going," says Duncan, smiling; "and I wonder that you are able to tear yourself away."

"I suppose you mean from Roslyn," says Geoffrey, who sees his opportunity and prepares to take advantage of it, despite Lettice's advice to the contrary. "But I don't mind telling you that the best thing that can happen to me is to go away from Roslyn. She looks upon me as a brother—I don't mean in the flirting sense, but really, you understand—and unless I want her to cease looking on me in any other light than as a tormentor, I had better be content with that. Honestly, I have not a chance with her—and I never have had."

"You may have, though," says Duncan, kindly.

The young man shakes his head. "I have given up," he says. "It is no great wisdom to do that, when one sees one has no chance."

They are near the house by this time—Geoffrey walking by the side of Duncan's horse—and he knows that if he is to say anything more definite, now or never is his time. "I'll risk it!" he thinks—and then he looks up quickly.

"Only one man has a chance with Roslyn," he says, "and he—must pardon me for reminding him that 'faint heart never won fair lady.'"

There is not time for another word, since Mr. Vardray advances to meet them at this moment;

and indeed Duncan is so much astonished that it is doubtful if he would be able to reply to Geoffrey's hint had he time to do so.

But this hint has opened his eyes, and by the aid of it he sees something in Roslyn's eyes when they meet, which without it he might not have seen or interpreted aright. The perception is almost overwhelming in its unexpectedness, and for the rest of the evening he is like a man moving, talking, having his being in a dream. He has no intention of making any opportunity to speak to Roslyn—he feels as if no time of waiting would be long now, with this strange, new happiness to ponder upon; but without any seeking, the opportunity comes, and he is not the man to let it pass.

It is the time for his departure, and he finds himself standing with Roslyn before the sitting-room fire, while Geoffrey has volunteered to go and order his horse. Both Mr. and Mrs. Vardray chance to be out of the room—and so, looking at the fair face before him, he feels that he must speak.

"Roslyn," he says, quickly, with the memory of Geoffrey's words in his mind, "it is said that faint heart never won a lady. Now, I have not a faint heart, but a very loyal and sore one—one that has tried to keep away from you, and has come back because the effort was beyond its strength. So, I break the promise which I made to you only the other day, and ask if you, who were so generous to a dying man, will be less generous to a living one? Life has been given back to me, as it were, but I am so ungrateful that I cannot feel as if it had any value unless you will share it. Once more—I promise you, for the last time—let me ask if you will not do so?"

There is an instant's pause—then Roslyn, who has in her "no cunning to be strange," puts out her hand.

"It is for the last time," she says. "You need never ask me again, for I can imagine no better happiness than to share your life. I found that out when we thought you dying."

"When I robbed you of a fortune by getting well—do you know that?"

"To give me the better fortune of your heart," she says.

(THE END.)

I REMEMBER a passage of one of Queen Elizabeth's great men, as advice to his friend. "The advantage," says he, "I had upon others at court was that I always spoke as I thought; which being not believed by them, I both preserved a good conscience, and suffered no damage from that freedom," which, as it shows the vice to be older than our time, so does it that gallant man's integrity to be the best way of avoiding it. —William Penn.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

(See *Steel Plate*.)

S. ANNIE SHEILDS.

It all happened when I was housekeeper up at Winston's, before, yes, quite a long time before, Miss Ethel was married. Mrs. Winston died the same week that I lost my husband, and Mr. Winston sent for me and offered me the place of housekeeper. I was like one of the family, too, always well treated, for Mr. Winston was a gentleman, if ever one lived.

I was supposed to take care of Miss Ethel some, too, for she was not ten years old when her mother died. But, bless you, between her governess and her music-master and drawing-master and French teacher and all the rest of them, it was little enough I had to do with her till she was past eighteen.

Then Mr. Winston said to me—and let me tell you Miss Ethel was the very core of his heart—

"Now, Mrs. Dare, I want you to teach my little girl all your nice housekeeping ways, and how to make puddings and pies. Some of these days, when she goes to a new home, I want her to make it as comfortable as you make this one."

Many was the merry morning we had after that, in the pantry, the linen closet, upstairs and downstairs, with Miss Ethel insisting upon knowing all the ins and outs of keeping house. A little at a time she took some control, too, and that was one way in which she became interested about Roger and Mary.

Roger was the coachman, a young fellow of two or three and twenty, and he had a little money that was left him when his father died. He owned a cottage, too, that was shut up after he lost his parents, for nothing would do for Roger but to be about horses, and Mr. Winston took him for stable-boy when he was only a lad. When his father died, Mr. Winston took the care of his money until he was of age.

He was a good-looking young fellow, industrious, smart, and capable; but Roger would stray off into Hilton sometimes, and come home the worse for liquor. We all tried to save him, and Mr. Winston himself would talk to him seriously; but the temptation came over and over again, and every time followed a fit of penitence and promises to do better.

Mary Perkins was the laundry maid, one of the prettiest, most modest girls you ever saw, with a sweet face and a profusion of waving brown hair. She was tidy and smart, just the wife to help a man along, and not pull him down, as many a one does who is all love to begin with.

I was awfully sorry when the servants all began to notice that Roger was "keeping company" with Mary, and I had many a talk with the girl, being older and having a motherly feeling for all the younger servants. They always seemed to

me more or less of a trust while I had them with me, and we very seldom changed. A new face now and then when one would marry or die, but for the most part the same men and women, year in and year out.

Well, as I was saying, I talked to Mary very seriously about the danger of marrying a man who had any love for strong drink. She would lift her shy brown eyes—her eyes always reminded me of the only fawn I ever saw in my life, they were just so brown and shy—she would look at me and say:

"But, Mrs. Dare, it is because I want to save Roger from that, that I am going to marry him. When he goes over to Hilton now, there are a lot of young idle fellows that meet him and coax him off to places where they drink and gamble; but when we are married, he will have his home to come to, his wife for company, and he will not go away from *me*, for any of his young men friends."

Miss Ethel was delighted at the idea of a wedding between two of our own servants. She declared it was like an English novel, and she bought nearly all Mary's wedding clothes, and coaxed Mr. Winston to let her add a lot of new, pretty furniture to Roger's cottage. I declare, the parlor was as dainty as a lady's dressing-room, with white muslin curtains, a new carpet, and a set of oak furniture with reps covers of crimson. She put pictures on the walls and vases on the mantel-piece, and covered the table with a cover she had embroidered herself.

We all went to the church, and Miss Ethel dressed Mary herself in white muslin with a square of soft white illusion over her hair that fell to her feet.

Well, everything went along pretty smoothly for the first three years. The first baby was named for Miss Ethel, and was just about smothered in the pretty things she made for her. Two years later Harry was born, and it was after that Roger began to go down hill so fast there was no stopping him.

You see the care of two babies, as, one may say, took Mary from her husband more than he liked. He was always fond of her, I will say that for Roger, and when he wanted her to walk with him or sit with him, and she couldn't leave the children, he would go off in a pet, and come back reeling with the drink.

Mr. Winston did his best. After he was afraid to trust Roger to drive Miss Ethel, he kept him on for Mary's sake, letting him do the rougher work in the stables. That made the man feel degraded, and he drank worse and worse.

Often he would be gone from the house for a week at a time; and we heard of his abuse of Mary and the children, for he grew brutal when he was intoxicated. I do not think Mary would ever have complained for herself alone, but a mother is a mother always, and she could not

stand by silent when Roger hurt the children. So there were fierce quarrels at the cottage, and when Bessie was born Roger was drunk for a week, so that Miss Ethel had the two older ones at the house for fear of their lives.

It was Miss Ethel really who made Roger go away, though, poor child, she meant no harm. But you see she always gave herself more blame than she deserved for having encouraged the courtship and wedding. Many a fit of crying I have seen her in after she came from the cottage, sobbing:

"Oh, Mrs. Dare, if I had only used my influence the other way Mary never would have married that brute."

It made her very good to Mary and the children, and there was never want at the cottage, let Roger act as badly as he would.

But when the drunken fit was over, at the time Bessie was a baby, Roger got one tongue-lashing from Miss Ethel I do not believe he's ever forgotten.

I was in Mary's room, for Miss Ethel took the housekeeping and sent me to nurse the poor woman, and I heard Roger come in, sober and maudlin penitent as he was always. Miss Ethel was walking up and down with the baby, a sickly little mite I never thought would live, and she just spoke out for once.

Of course Roger pleaded bad company. Bah! that always makes me sick, when a strong, healthy man admits he can be pulled by the nose by any body to make a beast of himself.

"Then go where there is no bad company," flashed out Miss Ethel. "You are only a torment and a burden here! Go try a new life, and see if you cannot find some manliness in you."

He just slunk away, without a word. But after she cooled down, Miss Ethel was frightened.

"Suppose he goes!" she said to me. "He is Mary's husband, and I had no right to send him from her."

"He'll not go far!" I said. "You make his home too comfortable for that. 'Bad shillings ever come back!'"

But I was half frightened, too, when a whole month passed without a word of Roger. Mr. Winston had inquired about him, for poor Mary was in a dreadful state. You would have thought he was the best husband in the world if you had seen how the woman fretted for him. I used to get downright provoked with her, but I never said a hard word, for she was so white and worried it was pitiful to see her.

After a month had gone, and we could not get any news, Mary plucked up a little heart for the children's sake. She put up a bill in the window for clear starching and fine laundry work, and there were plenty glad to employ her. Her ruffles and crimping were a perfect picture, and she never slighted an inch of her work. Of

course she had all Miss Ethel's white dresses and fine things, and everybody in Hilton or near there sent their clear starching to Mary. So she made a comfortable living, and after a time she stopped fretting for Roger, and made her happiness by watching the children.

They were pretty children, and good ones too. The two older ones went to school at Hilton, and Miss Ethel gave them prizes I do believe every time they spelled "cat" right. Bessie was nearly four years old, when one morning in December, just two days before Christmas, Miss Ethel was helping me, as she often did, about the mince meat and plum pudding, when there was a knock at the door, and—well you might have knocked me down with a feather—there stood Roger!

He was sober, that was certain, and he was dressed as clean and spruce as he ever was in his courting days. He was ashamed, but he looked Miss Ethel pretty squarely in the face, too, when he said:

"Miss Winston I've come back, but I'll not go near Mary or the children till you say I may. You sent me away, and you must send me back."

She was very pale, and her face was very grave, when she answered him.

"Roger," she said, "you know well why I sent you away. Can I trust you to go back! Mary has had a peaceful, happy life for four years. She is bringing up her children as a Christian mother should. Can you help her? Will you be to her a loving husband? Will you be a true father to your children? I dare not send you back to thrust them down again to the misery you caused them before. Can I trust you?"

"God helping me, Miss Ethel," he said, "I think you can. I've not touched liquor in four years. You see I would not come back until I had tested my own strength. I've been with a good man, Miss Ethel; not a gentleman who talked to me and tried to make me better as your father did, but a working man who had been through the fire himself, and who knew just how a man is tempted when he has once let drink get a clutch on him. He's sat by me all night many's the time for fear I'd steal away, and I've laid cursing him in my heart for watching me. But we got the best of the craving at last, and I've a letter Miss Ethel from the livery stable in the city where I've been working. I've been there day and night for over two years, and you see the foreman's written for me that I've never touched liquor in that time. There were plenty to coax me to drink too, Miss, and as much bad company as would ruin many an honest man. But I've been a praying man, I have indeed Miss, and I've kept Mary and the children in my heart all the time. I think you *can* trust me!"

"I will!" she said, quietly. "But, oh Roger, can you wait two days? I should like you to go back on Christmas Day."

"I'll do whatever you say, Miss."

"Wait here then till I speak to my father."

It was easy enough to make Mr. Winston do whatever Miss Ethel asked him, and before night Roger was back in his old room over the stable. I kept the servants from tattling and we kept him snug till Christmas morning, when Miss Ethel sent me over to the cottage to keep Mary from the front, as she drove into Hilton.

"Mary might not recognize Roger, with those wonderful side whiskers," said Miss Ethel; "but she ought not to have a shock. So you keep them all in the kitchen till I come. And don't dress the children up either, or she will suspect something."

So I went over, after I had put a great turkey, a basket of goodies and a bundle of toys in the carriage, and I found Mary very sad and quiet, with the children clustered round her.

"I miss Roger more on a holiday, Mrs. Dare," she said to me; "it seems so strange for him to be living and away from me. If he was dead, I could talk to the children about him, better. But when I think of him far away, with no home, no wife—" and here she broke down, and just as I was wondering if it was not my duty to tell her, Miss Ethel came in like a breeze. In two minutes she had Harry blowing a trumpet and Bessie on her lap, in ecstasies over a new doll. I went into the buttery to see what would be wanted for the dinner, but I could see, through the open door, Roger in his coachman's livery, coming up the walk with a turkey and a basket.

In another minute I heard a cry of joy from Mary, and then Miss Ethel came into the buttery, crying like a baby, but closing the door.

"If he breaks down again!" she sobbed, "Oh, if I am only bringing new misery to the house instead of happiness, what shall I do?"

"You are doing right now," I said. "You have no right to separate a man and his wife."

"God grant Roger may be strong!" she said.

And God granted the prayer. It is ten years since that happy Christmas, the merriest ever spent in the cottage, and there is not in all Hilton a pleasanter home or a more contented wife than are found under Roger's roof.

Miss Ethel was married the same winter that Roger came home, and lives in her old home, for Mr. Winston could not give her up.

I've not been housekeeper at Winston's now for some years, not since I had inflammatory rheumatism and got crippled like, but still I live there, and Miss Ethel often comes to me to ask my advice in her pretty way, just because she don't want me to feel as useless as I am.

THE unknown is an ocean, and conscience is the compass of the unknown; thought, meditation and prayer are the great mysterious pointings of the needle.

"THE WHOLE TRUTH."

BY EMILY READ.

It was a commonly received opinion with us that Esther Randall had outlived any very great interest in life. Whether it were from her own assertion, or from her living entirely alone, or from her quiet manner which bordered on indifference—from one or all of these reasons—I never looked to Esther for either a tragedy or a comedy. I know most people think neither happens to us in middle life; but that has not been my experience, which is that we are never too old for fate to play us a prank, or for sorrow to touch us roughly.

We had woven a little love-tale for Esther; for what woman who has reached the shady side of forty is ever without one? It would be unnatural to suppose a pretty woman in all those years should find her heart only a blood-pump for physical uses. Yet as no two of our romances agreed, I felt sure that the reality was something quite different from our imaginings.

Most of Esther's life was spent away from our village; and though she returned before a gray hair could be detected in her glossy braids, she always declared herself old, and that she had come back to the old homestead to settle down for the rest of her life.

She was prone, also, to sharp little speeches on all love-making; and though a favorite with our few marriageable men, in some way she repelled them from any serious attention, and I never heard her name mentioned in connection with any man's.

Living alone, Esther paid the full penalty of her independence, yet I never heard her complain of loneliness. Her house was a popular one, and she was regarded with general friendliness; yet no one was intimate with her until by an accident I became so.

It was an early spring day, which stirs the sap in the trees, and life in most of us. I always have a desire to be a child on these days, with a proclivity for mud pies or marbles; or a man with idle hands, empty pockets, and a convenient street corner. It is too early for gardening; and a woman has no excuse for lounging in the street all the morning. Nevertheless, I had done a good deal of this lounging in a respectable way, covering up the fact by joining any acquaintances who chanced to cross my path, and walking with them to their destination. Esther Randall was the last one to fall in my way. She was going to mail a letter, and I walked with her to the office.

She stopped a moment after she had dropped the letter into the box, and inquired when the mail closed. I thought every one knew when the trains left, and answered a little shortly:

"At five."

"In two hours!" Esther remarked, slowly, as if the calculation had been laborious.

A little while afterwards she interrupted me in some interesting remarks I was making on the state of Mrs. Felton's window-blinds, by asking if it were possible to recover a letter after mailing it.

"I believe it is against the law, but I fancy you would have no difficulty. Shall we go back and try?"

"No," she answered. "I only wondered if it could be done."

Later in the afternoon I was passing Esther's house. She was at the parlor window, in the act of lowering it.

"Did you take your letter out of the mail?" I asked, stopping a moment.

"No," she said. "I left it to its fate." Then as if suddenly bitten by the spirit of hospitality, she added: "Do come in and take tea with me."

Seeing I hesitated, as I always do when requested for my sociable society, she added: "It will be a charity on your part. I am miserably restless this evening."

"Let me go home for some work. That disagreeable distich about Satan and idle hands always oppresses me. I will surely come back," I promised.

An hour later we were sitting together in Esther's parlor, in the twilight, waiting for tea. Wishing to cheer Esther, who was uncommonly silent, I chattered like an English sparrow. I do not think she listened to half I said to her. Once I was surprised by her asking me à propos of nothing:

"Miss Antoinette, do you think you could refuse a request made on a death-bed?"

"I cannot tell. It would be difficult. I would not like to be tried, if it were something very unpleasant," I answered, with hesitation.

"And it would be harder if you might be suspected of being unforgiving," she added.

After tea, when the parlor was cheerful with light, I brought out my work. Esther laughed at my bit of crochette. "Such a silly device to fool Satan with," she said. "Why, you will only entangle him in such a make-shift. I can better deal with the crafty serpent with my empty hands."

"Ah, be careful, my dear!" I pleaded, with bated breath. "Do not mention him too recklessly. One can never tell how or when he may appear."

Esther laughed. "Are you afraid? Has he a fancy for respectable single women? He belies the masculine sex if he has."

Just then the door-bell rang with a loud peal. I fancy it was the suddenness of it, that startled us. I was the first to speak. "It must be Norah. I had no idea it was ten."

"It is only nine," Esther said, looking at the mantel-clock.

We heard Jane go to the door and open it; and we listened for voices, but heard nothing. We, or at least I, was growing nervous in the silence, when Jane opened the parlor-door, and brought into the room the queerest little figure in a brown cloak.

"Please, ma'am—" began Jane, in evident perturbation at the strange arrival.

"That is right, Jane; only, I did not expect her to-night," Esther explained, and then added, under her breath, "My letter was too late."

Esther had given her chair a little turn, and sat for a moment or two looking at the child, who returned her gaze fearlessly.

"You are Lisette?" asked Esther, at last.

"Yes; and you are Aunt Esther?"

She was wonderfully self-contained for her years—she could not have been over six—for most children would have been frightened at strangers. But this little mite seemed incapable of any such weakness. I fancy the name of aunt recalled Esther to the fact that she was giving the child scant welcome, for she drew her to her, and kissed her on her forehead. Such a light kiss, it might have been dropped on a stranger. Then she untied the cloak, which, with its hood, enveloped the little one.

I can never forget the surprise I felt when the cloak fell to the floor. The child's nationality no one could have guessed, unless that she came from Elf-land. I do not know which was the quainter, herself or her dress. A pair of thin legs in light pink stockings; tiny feet in pink slippers; a silk dress of the same shade and color, ruffled to the waist, reaching barely to the knees; dark hair, frizzed and banged, until the small face, with its dark preternaturally bright eyes looking as if out of cheveau-de-frise. All the appointments of her costume were perfect, even to the little pink fan fastened to her waist. If she had been a doll, dressed to show the fashion, or a tiny ballet-dancer, she could not have been better gotten up; and yet there was a grotesqueness about the dress as of a well-pointed sarcasm. I do not think a woman would ever have dreamed of putting a child in such a guise. Even the positions the little one took were fantastic. The china in the cabinet attracting her attention, she stood before it on one foot, or rather on her toes, the other foot, as well as her arms, stretched out to preserve the poise. How she could keep the uncomfortable position, I could not imagine, though I have seen a ballet-dancer do the same when waiting for the applause to end after a successful pironette.

I acknowledge the child fascinated me; but I felt as if she were uncanny. I glanced at Esther. She, too, was gazing at the little one. If she had been a toad, I do not think Esther's face could

have shown more aversion. My look seemed to recall her, for she rose quickly, and taking a Dresden shepherdess from the cabinet, she held it out to the child to bribe her to come to her. She need have run no risk with her costly toy, for the child came at once, leaning fearlessly on her lap as she examined, with indifference, the china. Esther did not caress her, not even stroking her hair into order, which I was longing to do.

We could not sit forever silent, and it was impossible to speak of anything but the child, so I ventured:

"I did not know your brother had left a child." An obvious remark, since the little one had called her aunt.

"Did you not?" returned Esther.

"She is a delicate little one," I went on.

"And an absurd one. I hope she will improve in both particulars."

Just then Norah rang, and I was not sorry to get my shawl.

For a while there was a good deal of excitement in our little circle at the appearance of this small niece of Esther's. None of us remembered hearing that Harry Randall had left a child, though we all knew he had married in New Orleans, where both he and his wife had died of fever. Every one was anxious to see the little one, though no one ever did in the remarkable guise she arrived in; and I must confess, in ordinary clothes she was nothing extraordinary.

Esther did not seem to take to Lisette at first, whether from lack of fondness for children, or because she was, as it were, forced on her, I cannot say. Perhaps I would not have noticed Esther's coolness, if I had not witnessed the meeting.

In the winter I think little Lisa took every known infantile disease; and Esther patiently nursed her through them all. It made her a perfect prisoner, for almost every one avoided the house, especially the young mothers. I alone was Esther's constant visitor, and of course went as often as possible, to keep her in contact with the rest of the world. But I could see very well that Esther was fast losing her interest in it. The child was drawing her, as children can. Lisa could not bear Esther out of her sight, and Esther liked the thralldom. The secret was, this middle-aged woman had never been entirely necessary to any life before, and the child's love was the sweetest flattery.

For two years Esther Randall lived a life totally different from anything she had experienced heretofore. She, whom we thought beyond all change, showed a frivolous interest in apron and sacque patterns, discussed with eagerness all infantile concerns, and took violent fancies to silly young mothers whose children Lisa made her play-fellows.

It was a pleasant June day, and I was sitting in

Esther's parlor, when Lisa came running in, breathless, to give a bewildering account of horses on their hind legs, elephants walking on ladders, tumbling men, and flying women, the like of whom could never inhabit our globe. Esther was fairly puzzled.

"It is the advertisement for a circus," I explained. "There is a square of absurd pictures by the market-house, to the delight of every child, and to the confusion of all natural history, as well as to the detriment of the serious worshippers in the church near by. Of course, Lisa, you will go to the circus. If Aunt Esther will not take you, I will; so you are safe to see the clown."

Every one in the village goes to the circus. We all say it is vulgar, and that we disapprove of the clown's jokes; yet, all the same, we go; for the children's sake, we say, for there is only one woman in our village who boldly sets aside the little folks, and declares she goes for her own amusement. For the rest of us, we usually go in a crowd, as that puts us at our ease, and gives us an air of respectability.

Esther had a strong repugnance to the amusement; but Lisa was full of going, and of course she had her way, I aiding and abetting her.

It was a very poor, tawdry affair—the poorest I ever saw; and Mademoiselle Aurora, who was to perform the most remarkable feats, was late in appearing. We were very weary of our narrow, uncomfortable seats, and Lisa leaned against Esther listlessly. If there had not been so many people to disturb, I would have gotten the child away by the very smallest of bribes, she was so weary. But a flourish of drums put new life into us. From behind a gay calico curtain a woman in pink bespangled tarletane—not-many-yards-to-the-dress pattern—sprang out, as it were, upon us. She came with a rush, bounding over some bundles that seemed put in her way; and then, poised on one foot, her arms stretched out, she, I can scarcely say stood, facing us. She kept her uncomfortable posture so long that there was noisy applause, and I was relieved when she stood on her two feet again. She was a good rider, and did some uncommon feats; but through the whole of her performance, I was puzzling my brain in trying to think where I had seen her before; for from the first moment she stood before me, I felt convinced I knew something of her. She evidently had the same conviction of me; for, having once to stop in some one of her performances, facing me, she began blowing kisses from the tips of her fingers, in a rapid, marked way that could not fail to draw attention. I saw a look of intense annoyance at the woman's impertinence come into Esther's face.

"Let us go," she whispered; "the whole thing is unsufferable."

"We will only make a disturbance," I whispered back; "it cannot last much longer."

We got in the very midst of the crowd, in going out, so made slow progress. Esther was impatient, and Lisa half smothered. Seeing a door near, which no one had noticed, I signed to Esther to follow me, and opened it. We slipped into an impromptu entry with an outer curtain; a private entrance, no doubt, for the circus actors. In a moment more we would have made our escape unnoticed; but unluckily Mademoiselle Aurora came suddenly on us from some unknown depth. Even then she would have only seen our backs, if I, who had made myself the leader, had not paused in the pleased assurance that much which I had taken for flesh was stockinette. Fancy my surprise when this Mademoiselle (who looked fully forty) fell on her knees before little Lisa, and clasped her hands as if she had suddenly determined to say her prayers.

"Ah! my little Babette, my angel!" said, with stage effect; "have you come? I knew no one could keep you from me. See! will it not be fine? You will ride. Who shall teach you but myself? And you will dance, my fairy; and those who see you will clap their hands and throw you such pretties. And you will like it, little one, oh, so very much!"

It was as if she were offering sugar plums to the child with her wheedling voice; yet she frightened Lisa, who hid her face in Esther's skirts. As for Esther, when I saw her face I was dumfounded. Never was there such indignation, passion, fiery wrath, as blazed out in her eyes—"How dare you speak to the child in that way?" she asked.

The woman rose to her feet, her eyes gleaming wickedly.

"Who has a better right?" she asked. "Why shall I not teach her, if I have a mind to? Do you think I cannot do it?"

She came very near to Esther, putting her face as close as she could, and speaking in a taunting, insolent manner. Esther raised her delicately gloved hands, I thought to strike the woman; but instead she took her by either shoulder and turned her out of her way. I marveled as much at the strength Esther's indignation had given her, as at the woman's cowardice: for she had an opportunity to make an unpleasant scene. I could not imagine why Esther was so violent; for after all it was only a bit of acting on the woman's part, as she could have no possible influence over Lisa.

We walked home in perfect silence: even Lisa had nothing to say of her long-looked-for delight, the wonderful circus.

When I was sitting alone in the twilight, I had a sudden vision of Lisa in her pink dress, the night she came to Esther. After all, the circus woman's desire to make a dancer of the child was not a bad one: she would not be difficult to train.

It was a week after the circus, and we had quite forgotten it, when I happened to come from a visit to a poor neighbor, at an hour when the streets of that part of the village are generally deserted—the dinner hour. As I stood on the steps a moment, I saw Esther and Lisa coming up the street. One seldom saw Esther without the child. I stopped to watch Esther as she walked slowly on the other side of the street. Evidently she did not see me, and just as evidently she also failed to see the circus woman, who was approaching her with a look of wicked triumph in her face. If there had been a street to turn down, or an acquaintance's house to go in, I would have called Esther's attention to the woman. As there was neither, I stood helpless, watching them.

Lisa must have caught sight of the creature first; for I saw her draw back, and then cling to Esther as if frightened. It was strange what a repugnance the child had for Mademoiselle Aurora. So the two advanced to an inevitable meeting, Esther as cold and haughty as a queen, the circus woman smiling and making gestures to Lisa, who watched her with a frightened, fascinated gaze, such as a bird might give a snake. I crossed over the street hastily, so that I might be near Esther: still, neither of them saw me.

Just then the foreign woman barred Esther's way, standing before her.

"So," she said, "you have brought little Babette again to see me. But you take too good care of her. She will not dance the better for being fat. I have been waiting so long, and I thought—well, no matter what I thought. This place is stupid, and I wish to leave it."

Though it was to Esther she was speaking in this insolent way, she was looking at Lisa, who was shrinking away from her. If there was any link to bind them together, nature was slow in revealing it. Suddenly the woman dropped on her knees before Lisa, and offered her everything she could think of that would attract a child, if she would come away with her; but she only succeeded in frightening the child even more than before. Then, clasping her hands as no doubt she had been accustomed to do in her vulgar acting, she made an appeal to Esther, in a high, shrill voice which might be heard a square off—

"Have you no pity?" she cried. "Is it because I am poor, you take the child from me? Ah, that is it: you rich people think we have no hearts. Or—" finding Esther immovable—"is it because of her father?" she added, a peculiarly disagreeable leer coming into her face.

"Do not mention her father," Esther said, with disgust.

All the while, the woman had been gaining an audience, and her evident acting had made an impression upon them. It was marvelous where

all the people came from: though they were mostly mothers, some with babies in their arms, others showing they had suddenly put aside their household work, as they still bore in their hands some tokens of it. As for the boys, they cropped out as if by magic. They always do, if there is the least excitement. How they manage to know so quickly, I can not think. To them it was all fun, and they jeered at the woman, whose violent gestures and odd dressing laid her open to their rude criticism.

"I say, isn't she a stunner?" cried one.

"Silks have riz," echoed another.

"And so have roosters," and there was a simultaneous crowing from all, in derision of the feathers that garnished her hat.

Rude as they were, the boys would not have been so audacious if the woman in her fury had not tried to punish them. They ducked in and out under her arms, twitching at her dress, not always escaping the blows aimed at them.

It was impossible for me to get near Esther, who was completely hemmed in by the little crowd, and there was no use in trying an appeal to the women. Most of them were strangers brought from the city by the new factory. The woman's voluble appeal to them—her child kept from her maternal arms—had great effect; and these mothers, whose progeny cheerfully raised themselves in the gutter, were ready to weep briny tears for her.

"Take the law on her," suggested one, with a decided brogue. "It's conveniently near." And in truth we were just before the magistrate's office, where no doubt the speaker had found a ready recourse in a matrimonial emergency.

The idea was received with acclamation; and Esther was drawn with the crowd into the Squire's office. Resistance would have been a scuffle; besides, with Lisa clinging to her, Esther was helpless. She had never moved her right arm, which was around the child, not so much for a support, as an earnest of protection.

The small mob surged into the magistrate's office and I with them. Used as Mr. Brown was, to this surging and jamming, when the excitement was over a wife-beater, or some poor drunken body, he checked—us, I suppose I might say, testily."

"Quietly, quietly, my good people. I'll have to turn you all out, if you are not more orderly. Why, bless my heart, Miss Randall! I can't say I'm glad to see you here."

Loudly and volubly the foreign woman pressed her claim for poor frightened little Lisa. She had evidently been drinking, and excitement had increased the effect. She had been cheated of her child; first by her husband who had stolen her from her, and then by Esther, the receiver of the stolen goods.

There was much that was pure pathos in her

story, even if she did manufacture it. Of her husband's falling in love with her when she was riding in the ring; of his after disgust with her life, and making her give it up; of her loathing for what he called civilization, and her escape back to the circus with her child; of his taking Babette from her, and then her hunt, never successful until the eventful afternoon a week before.

So rapidly did the woman tell her story, and with such a decided accent, that slow, methodical Mr. Brown, whose mind was full of child-stealers, and ingenious ways of raising money, could only make out her absurd claim on little Lisa, whom he had known for two years as Miss Randall's niece.

"The child is yours, is she?" he asked, tartly. "All I can say is, you have been a long time finding her. And I never heard that Harry Randall married a circus-rider, eh, Miss Esther? Is that likely? That will be news to the town."

"Her brother's child! Is that her lie?" asked the woman, roughly. "If she said her sweetheart, she would be nearer the truth."

"Keep a civil tongue," said Mr. Brown, severely. "You've undertaken a serious business. Child-stealing goes hard on folks in our State. I have my eye on you, my good woman. If Miss Randall says the child is her brother's, who are you to gainsay it?"

"Says! Any one can say," the woman answered, sullenly. "You are fond of swearing folks. Let her take her oath on the Bible."

There was a decided murmur of applause from the crowd, which Mr. Brown sternly checked: nevertheless, he caught at the idea.

"So she will! So she will! We have a Bible here, and something behind it for those who swear falsely. You won't mind the trouble, Miss Randall," he added, lowering his voice. "It's the best way of getting rid of her; and I'll add a warning that will settle the matter."

No wonder Esther hesitated. I wondered at Mr. Brown; but men are so stupid in an emergency. Just then the woman took little Lisa by the shoulders, and shook her, not altogether ungenerally.

"Do not cry, my little pigeon. You will soon be with your own mamma. Do you not hear? The proud lady cannot keep you."

"Will you move, please? Mr. Brown wants me."

It was Esther's voice, clear, and ringing as a bell; and on the Bible Mr. Brown held out to her, she swore distinctly that Lisa was her brother's child.

I never saw any one so completely abashed as the foreign woman. She stared in stupid silence at Esther. I almost felt sorry for her; her bravado manner so completely deserted her. After all, children are difficult to identify; and there may have been some likeness in Lisa which

had misled her. But there was nothing misleading in Esther's oath. If the woman had been fully sober, she would not have had the impudence to gainsay it; and if she had, who would have believed her?

"Now, Miss Randall, please go through the door there into the parlor. I'll soon get rid of these people," whispered Mr. Brown; and then in a magistrate's sternest tones to the subdued, crest-fallen foreign woman: "You, my good woman, you must get away from here. We have very convenient lodgings for the like of you. I'll be sure to let you try it, if you are not off in the first train."

I followed Esther too quickly to hear the end of Mr. Brown's exordium. She had taken Lisa on her lap; for the child was always excitable, and she had been dreadfully frightened.

"So you were there, Miss Antoinette," said Esther, with no surprise in her voice at seeing me. "It would have been hard for my poor little Lisa to be a circus-rider. She had a narrow escape."

"No escape at all. Mr. Brown would never have permitted such an abomination. I would have murdered the woman myself, rather than have let her touch the child. You were unduly frightened, my dear." And then, suddenly recalling that Esther had been wonderfully cool and self-possessed, I added, hurriedly: "I had no idea we had a Solomon in our midst. I shall always respect Mr. Brown for his ready wit in thinking of that swearing."

In the late autumn, Lisa took cold. She was never a strong child; and Esther grew anxious. At last the doctor gave me a hint, and I insisted upon helping in the nursing. With all our watching and tenderness, little Lisa did not linger long; and I wondered at Esther's calmness at the end. "It is well with the child," seemed to her one comfort. I wondered if her own mother would have grieved differently.

"She has never missed a mother's love," I said, half to reassure myself.

We had done all the necessary offices for the child, and together were keeping that saddest of all watches, looking for an utterly new day to dawn—a day when something was to be missed from our lives.

"Do you think a mother's love the strongest?" Esther asked.

"It is the most self sacrificing, is it not?"

I do not know whether I really heeded my own question. We are so apt, even on solemn occasions to respect stale platitudes; and I was thinking more, as I stood by the window watching a weird old moon rising over the level Jersey shore, of how many sad ones watched the same moon rise, not only over our river, but over all the world. Esther came to my side, and pressed her forehead against the glass, as if to cool it.

"Do you think Lisa's mother would have done more for her than I, Miss Antoinette?"

"No," I answered, quickly. "I think you did everything well."

She did not answer for a moment; and then asked abruptly: "Had you ever a temptation to do a sin of all others you loathed? A temptation so strong, it seemed cruel to resist it?"

"No," I answered; "I have been peculiarly fenced in. Nothing extraordinary has ever come to me. I think for that reason I would feel all the more sympathy for those less fortunate than I, just because I am ignorant of the atrocities I am capable of."

When Esther spoke again, it was in a low voice, such as one would have in a confessional.

"Lisa was not Harry's child, but that woman's who claimed her. Her father sent her to me from his death-bed; sent her after I had refused to take her, fearing her mother's blood in the little one. He warned me of her fate, body and soul, if I let her mother take her. Could I let my little Lisa go, then, Miss Antoinette? Was not her soul worth more than mine? I did not dream that I could be tempted to tell a lie: we Randalls always boasted so of our integrity; and yet I never flinched in swearing one to save the child. As if sin were ever a necessity. Lisa would have died as pure and sweet in her mother's arms as in mine."

To me, this has been one of many of life's mysteries: why this little Lisa was sent to Esther Randall, unasked, unwished for, to stir up in her quiet life sorrows she thought buried, happiness only to last so briefly, a child's love to gladden, sin for, and then to lose, making that part of her life she could least afford to struggle in, unrestful and solitary. What the great purpose was, who can say; or whether Esther missed it?

And then to think—after all, Mr. Brown was no Solomon.

THE SKATERS.

BY GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

The air is crisp and pure and clear,
With merry voices all awake,
Alive with laugh and words of cheer,
On Winter's crystal lake.

Now here, now there, as swallows fleet,
In countless curves the skaters scud,
And weave their webs with winged feet
Upon the frozen flood.

All seem to speed as though a prize
Were to reward the swiftest flight;
And glist'ning ice and steel and eyes
Bewilder with their light.

Health-roses bloom in beauty's face,
And hearts with joy expand;
And manly strength and maiden grace
Glide happy hand in hand.

MISS MARTHA'S MISTAKE.

BY FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

Miss Martha Bailey—known throughout Roseville simply as "Miss Martha"—sat by one of the windows of her cozy sitting-room, putting the last stitches into a flannel skirt for old Mrs. Bodley, who suffered terribly with the rheumatism, which was not improved by the weekly scrubbing she gave the offices in the brick block on Main street.

Miss Martha had just sewed a stout horn button on the waist belt, and was about to fold the skirt up, smiling at the thought of the old woman's delight when she should receive the gift, when the hall door opened without the ceremony of a preceding knock, and a neighbor, Mrs. Marsh, came in.

"You ought not to sew by twilight, Miss Martha," she said, as she entered the room; "you'll ruin your eyes. But that's not what I came to say; Mrs. Norcross died an hour ago."

The smile faded from Miss Martha's face, and her eyes grew humid.

"Poor woman!" she said, in her low, sweet voice. "So she has gone at last. She suffered a great deal."

"Yes, and she was glad to go. But she had every attention, in spite of being a stranger here. Doctor Edgecourt visited her every day, and never charged a cent, I know; and all the neighbors sent things to eat. Cancers are terrible things. She was a mighty patient woman! Poor soul! But now," with a sudden change of tone, "what's to be done with Eva?"

"Has she no relatives at all?"

"Not one. She is too refined and pretty to do housework, even if she was strong enough, which she isn't. She can't go to the poor-house, of course, and she hasn't a dollar—there's to be a subscription to pay the burial expenses."

Miss Martha stood smoothing the flannel skirt with her white, thin hands, her face wearing an expression of deep thought mingled with anxiety. Once she opened her lips, as if to speak, then hesitated and closed them again. Ought she to make this sacrifice which seemed urged upon her? It would be selfish not to do so. She raised her head, and said in a firm, sweet voice:

"The girl must come to me, since there is no one else to take her. I have plenty for one—I can make it enough for two by exercising economy."

"That's just like you, Miss Martha! I knew you'd make the offer. The girl has got a first-rate education, and she can study up enough to take a school by next fall. Of course, you won't want her around after you are married."

A deep flush came into Miss Martha's naturally pale face; she dropped her eyes, and turned

away from Mrs. Marsh, with some murmured excuse about making the flannel skirt she held into a bundle to be sent away.

The neighbors agreed that Eva Norcross could not have found a better home than she had at Miss Martha's. The little cottage stood in a large garden, well-filled with fruit trees and shrubs. In the summer it was gay with flowers of many varieties, and sweet-smelling honeysuckle wandered over and nearly concealed the fence and front piazza. Miss Martha had lived in the cottage with old Hannah for twelve years. For three of these years she had been engaged to Doctor Tom Edgecourt, whose practice was as yet too small to enable him to marry. He was a year younger than Miss Martha, and this fact often stung her very keenly. She sometimes stood before her looking-glass, and attentively studied her face, wishing she was twenty instead of thirty, and had the bloom of ten years before. Her hair was still glossy and abundant, her eyes still bright; but the plumpness and bloom of early girlhood had fled forever. Occasionally she wondered if Tom would always love her, and tortured herself with imagining it a sacrifice for him to marry her. Would not a young girl suit him better? She started like a guilty thing when Hannah's tap at the door, or call from the hall below, interrupted these meditations. She was ashamed of herself that she thought so much of her departed prettiness, and the difference between her age and Tom's. Yet she could not drive away her harassing doubts, nor would she try to set them at rest by speaking of them to Tom. She was shy and sensitive, and so was he; and they were both very proud.

Eva Norcross found her new home a very quiet, but not an unhappy one. She was gentle and timid, and did not care for the society of girls of her own age. She liked nothing better than to lie in an easy chair all day with a book, or some embroidery in her white pretty hands, which Miss Martha was never weary of admiring. The dead mother had indulged her one child, and never taught her to make herself useful. There was no need for her to be active in the cottage. At the outset Miss Martha had told her that she would be required to do nothing but study, Hannah being fully competent to do the entire work of the small establishment.

"You must educate yourself to teach," Mrs. Marsh said, one morning, as she came into the cottage in her abrupt way, and found Eva embroidering a cushion. "You can't live on Miss Martha all your life. Next fall we will try to get you to the district school at Dodd's Corner."

Eva shuddered, and grew a little pale, while the work fell from her hand.

"I have heard that the children at Dodd's Corner were very rough with the last master," she said in her soft, slow voice.

"A woman might have more influence with 'em than a man," said Mrs. Marsh. "Anyhow, it won't hurt you to try it a spell. Miss Martha," as that lady came in from the kitchen where she had been making "quaker" for old Mrs. Green's cold, "You must get the doctor to give Eva some strengthening medicine. Yellow-dock tea would put new life into her."

Dr. Edgecourt called that afternoon for a moment, on his way to make a professional visit, and Miss Martha told him what Mrs. Marsh had said.

The young man sat down by Eva and took her hand in his. Miss Martha watched him closely, wondering if he noticed how round and white was the wrist on which he pressed his fingers.

"She is not sick," he said; "all she needs is fresh air and exercise," and then he proposed that she should wrap up and get into his sleigh at the door, and drive with him to the house of his patient, two miles away.

"Can't you go too, Martha," he asked. "We will crowd you in somewhere."

"I do not care to go," she said; and Tom thought her manner rather cold and depressing. He did not urge the matter, for he was easily wounded, and never asked her a second time to grant him a favor. He was not a demonstrative lover, perhaps because Miss Martha never encouraged caresses. She did not think it modest or womanly to do so, yet she often caught herself wishing that Tom would be more affectionate. They had been engaged for three years, but had seen comparatively little of each other, owing to Tom's studies and poor patients—of which there were many—and they had never grown familiar as is the case with most lovers.

Miss Martha watched the couple drive away. Tom bent to arrange the buffalo robe more closely about his companion, and said something which made them both laugh, and Miss Martha turned quickly from the window with a pain at her heart. The girlish face framed in the fleecy wool of the black hood was so very lovely! Would he mark the difference, and regret—

She took up her work, and began to turn down a hem; but she could not drive away the haunting thoughts which tormented her.

"Three years!" she murmured. "It is a long engagement; and I have heard it said that men are not patient waiters. I wonder if he has ever wished to be free again."

The ride proved of much benefit to Eva, who was brighter and gayer for days after. Seeing this, Tom took her with him frequently, never thinking that he was causing his betrothed pain by so doing. He came oftener than ever to the cottage, playing chess and cribbage with Eva at the centre-table in the evening while Miss Martha sat by with her sewing, and wished she was Eva's age.

"Do you think I will stand any chance of getting the school at Dodd's Corner, next fall, Dr. Edgecourt?" asked Eva, one evening.

"You surely don't think of applying for it!" cried Tom. "Why, the children are little heathens. They throw ink bottles and spit-balls at the teacher, and swear like troopers. No, no, we must not let you go there."

"I must work for myself," the girl said. "I can not consent to remain dependent on anyone."

"Wait until next fall comes before you begin to worry," Tom said. "It is only March, now, and something better may turn up in the next six months."

Eva, as was her custom, left the room as soon as the game of chess was over. Tom always had a few minutes alone with his betrothed before leaving the cottage.

"I am so tired of boarding," he said, when after some unimportant conversation, he rose to go. "I wish I had a home," and he sighed.

Now was Miss Martha's chance to say something tender and cheerful; but the words refused to form themselves on her lips. She was very shy, and lately she and Tom had seemed to be drifting very far apart.

Tom looked at her a moment, as if expecting her to speak; but as she did not do so, he turned almost angrily from her, a dark red flush of wounded pride dyeing his frank, fair face. He wished he had not uttered that longing for a home.

"O, I forgot to tell you," he said, as he reached the hall door, "that my brother Arnold is coming to Roseville to-morrow. He has some affection of the head, and wants to put himself under my care for a month or two. He will leave his law business entirely in his partner's hands. Poor Arnold! He has other than physical troubles! There's an old saying that women are at the bottom of all mischief, and men are such fools sometimes! Good night, Martha;" and the hall door closed loudly.

For some minutes Miss Martha stood where he had left her, one hand bearing rather heavily on the small hall-table. Could he only have known what stress she laid upon his careless words! She mechanically repeated over and over the last sentence he had uttered, and remembered the bitterness of his tone. Then she walked slowly into the small parlor again, and dropped on her knees by an easy chair, burying her face in the soft cushions.

"I am no longer young," she said, in a hoarse choked voice. "He sees his mistake now that Eva is here to point a comparison. And yet—how *can* I give him up! How can I offer him his freedom? Could I live on without the hope I have held so close to my heart for nearly three years? But I must decide. Not now. I will

wait—just a little while—to be *sure* it is true that he has ceased to love me.”

Eva noticed that Miss Martha was very pale and *distrain* the following day, and was not looking her best when Arnold Edgecourt came with Tom to call. She had never seen this brother before, but he was so like Tom in every way that she liked him at once. He was, however, more a man of the world than Tom, and while Tom's face wore a look of frank, good-nature, Arnold's was clouded by an expression of melancholy and discontent. This, Miss Martha ascribed to those secret troubles of which Tom had spoken, and she wondered if some woman had jilted the handsome lawyer.

Several weeks passed by, and Miss Martha was no longer her former bright, cheerful self. She did not know what it was now to be without that sharp pain at her heart, and the estrangement between herself and Tom seemed to grow greater every day. He withdrew more and more into himself, and she made no effort to restore the old, pleasant relations between them. She watched him closely, and saw that he seemed annoyed and distressed at Arnold's decided attentions to Eva. Once she heard him remonstrate with his brother, but Eva's name was the only word she caught distinctly. She thought Tom jealous, and afraid that the girl's heart would be won from himself.

“It must come,” Miss Martha would murmur to herself. “I must offer him his freedom. Why cannot I be brave and do it at once? He loves Eva, but he is not free to win her, and Arnold's attentions to her pain and trouble him. But how can I give him up? I will wait just a little longer.”

Thus from day to day she put off the evil hour in which she was to see her dearest hopes crumble to dead ashes. She shuddered when she thought of spending the rest of her life without Tom's love.

One evening the two young men came by invitation to the cottage to supper. Miss Martha sent them into the garden to smoke, while she, with Eva's assistance, was busy laying the table with the best damask and china. Presently she went into the parlor to get from the old cabinet which stood between the windows some silver spoons which had belonged to her grandmother. The shutters were closed, but the windows were open, and the low murmur of voices came to her ears. She knew the brothers were just outside on the rustic bench, and she was about to close the cabinet and speak to them when she heard Tom's voice uttering words which seemed to fall on her heart like drops of molten lead:

“It is a great mistake for a man to engage himself to a woman older than himself. He is sure to repent it soon or late. I was a fool, and now that I love Eva with all my heart, as I have confessed to you, I wish the other was in Guinea.

And what am I to do? My honor binds me to her—confound it all!”

Miss Martha did not wait to hear Arnold's answer. She walked slowly and falteringly from the room, and went upstairs to the spare chamber, where she locked herself in.

The young men wondered why supper was so late; but just as their patience was entirely exhausted, Eva came to call them, and they went in to find Miss Martha already seated at the head of the small table laid for four. She made no excuse for the delay, and the supper was so excellent that the young men forgot all about their vexation.

The evening passed very quietly, Miss Martha evidently making an effort to be entertaining; and seeing this, Tom and Arnold left very early, the latter, as Miss Martha noticed, having hardly spoken to Eva since supper. She thought this was out of respect for his brother's feelings, which had so lately been revealed to him.

The next day Tom was surprised in his office by the appearance of old Hannah, who quietly laid a letter on his desk, and went out again.

The young doctor's face grew very white as he read what Miss Martha had written. Without explanation or excuse, she requested that their engagement might be at an end, and said that as it would be better that they should not meet for a while at least, she was going to an aunt's in another town to stay several months. Eva would remain at the cottage with old Hannah.

For some time Tom sat gazing at the letter as if turned to stone. Then he touched a lighted match to it, and watched it burn away to ashes.

“That is over,” he said aloud. “I have been expecting it. I have seen it in her face, and yet I had not the courage to ask her about it.”

* * * * *

It was a sultry July day; the railroad journey dusty and fatiguing, and Miss Martha was very glad to step out of the cars at Roseville. She walked slowly up the dusty road leading to her cottage. It was nearly three months since she had left home, and during that time she had neither written nor received a single letter. She had not given Eva her address, and no one knew where she had gone. She had wished to cut herself loose from the past, hoping to forget it, but she had not forgotten, and her heart had not lost its dull pain. Recollections of Tom stung her as she saw the familiar streets and stores. Perhaps he and Eva were married.

“You don't mean to say that's *you*, Miss Martha,” cried a familiar voice, and Miss Martha paused beneath the shade of a spreading elm as Mrs. Marsh came hurrying towards her. “Well, you've come too late. Love laughs at locksmiths, you know. Its all over—Eva's gone off with him, and they're married by this time, I haven't a doubt.”

Miss Martha staggered back, and put her hand over her eyes. The shock it was to her to hear of Tom's marriage showed her, to her mortification, that all hope had not been crushed from her heart, as she had thought.

"I—I—expected it," she stammered.

"Well, it's more than any one else did. He went off soon after you left, and no one thought to see him again. But back he came yesterday, and eloped with Eva late last evening. O, it was wicked; it was scandalous; and the whole story is all over town. I wonder now if you know about Miss Somerby?"

"No," said Miss Martha, white to the lips.

"Well, it seems he was engaged to this Miss Somerby, a rich old maid. She is mad enough at being jilted. Somebody telegraphed to her father, and he was here this morning to learn the facts of the case."

"What! Tom engaged!" cried Miss Martha, in amazement.

"Who said anything about Tom? You must be wandering in your mind. It is Arnold Edgecourt I'm talking about."

Without another word—without the slightest excuse—Miss Martha broke away from the detaining hand of the friendly gossip, and almost ran down the street. When nearly at her own gate, she rushed blindly against somebody, and looking up with a hurried excuse, saw—Tom.

"Martha!" he gasped, forgetting for the moment in his excitement the gulf between them. "You have heard it all! I can see it in your face. Come right in; you look really ill. I did not know you cared so much for Eva. But the scandal will all die out, and I know Arnold will be good to her. He sent me a telegram saying they were married in Brierly early this morning. He was to marry Miss Somerby next month; but he never loved her—he was tempted by her enormous wealth."

By this time they had reached the cottage and gone into the little, darkened parlor, where the shutters had been carefully closed by old Hannah to keep out dust and flies.

"Tom," said Miss Martha, laying her hand on his sleeve, "can you ever forgive me? I see everything very plainly now. It was not you I heard say a man was a fool to engage himself to a woman older than himself. Your voice and Arnold's are so much alike, and I did not know of his engagement;" and then she told all she had heard when she had gone to the old cabinet for the spoons the evening of the supper.

"Martha, my dearest," said Tom, in his manly way, "I never loved any woman but you. I did not know you were older than I, for you never spoke of your age, and it would have made no difference to me anyhow. I thought of Eva only as a child, and knowing of Arnold's engagement, of which he had forbidden me to speak, it dis-

tressed me to see his attentions to her, for I saw she was learning to love him. That evening in the garden I gave him a long lecture, and pointed out to him the harm he was doing the girl. He promised to see her no more; but though he went home a few days later, he corresponded with her, and ended by eloping with her yesterday evening. I did not imagine for an instant that you thought *me* in love with Eva. We both labored under a mistake, Martha. I noticed your growing coldness, and thought you were becoming weary of your engagement to a poor village doctor. You did not seem to care for love-making or caresses, and I could not, of course, wish to force my affection upon you."

"I was wrong, Tom; but I do love you dearly;" and then, as he took her in his arms and pressed her to his heart, kissing repeatedly the soft cheek, on which there was now no lack of color, she added, softly, "and our engagement need not be of longer duration, Tom. You hesitated to marry me while I had so little and you nothing; but you will not hesitate now that I am rich. Yes," as he glanced at her black dress, "My aunt is dead, and she left me forty thousand dollars. I have suffered enough for my mistake, and what is mine is yours, dear Tom."

And Tom's tender kiss gave cheerful assent to all she said.

TRUST NOT A FLOWER.

BY ESTELLE THOMSON.

This is all that is left of a summer gone by—

A single white daisy she wore in her hair;
But well I remember the thrill at my heart,
When I saw she was wearing my humble gift there.

Do not flowers have a voice? Do not lovers reveal
The emotions too deep for their words by their
spell?

So I plucked my white daisy my secret to bear,
And sent it to her whom I long had loved well.

O, tell her, sweet daisy, that she is my fate,
My one love, my darling I'll woo as my wife;
My sunlight, my starlight, the sole hope that cheers,
The bright ray that guides my lone journey
through life.

Did it never repeat the fond secret it bore?

Did my fair lady fail to interpret aright?
For she gave me one glance where I worshipped
afar,

And pledged to another her heart's love that
night.

I keep the white daisy she wore in her hair.
Another was wiser in love-lore than I;
He told *her* the secret, nor trusted a *flower*—
This is all that is left of a summer gone by.

THE habit of discerning good qualities in others
is a source of diffusable happiness.

"CINDERELLA."

BY GLENNA.

The scent of honeysuckle, roses, and mignonette, wafted up by a drowsy summer breeze, ravished me through my sense of smell; and, borne by the same breeze, there saluted my sense of hearing the sound of a voice singing in a high-pitched, old-fashioned key, the words:

"This world is but a fleeting show,"

and I knew that my Aunt Patience, in the sitting-room below, was viewing disconsolately the vanities of this world, and the proneness of youthful minds to yield to their allurements.

The song proceeded with solemnity befitting the sentiments, while I engaged myself in vigorous, albeit surreptitious, preparations for a visit to Alma Dentley's party that very evening. My solicited, and I may add sternly-refused, permission to attend said party had doubtless led to the train of thought and song that reigned below. It had also served to render me desperate enough to resolve upon an attendance without permission; and in pursuance of this resolution I was making pale pink satin and white lace bows for the adornment of my Swiss and lace dress, forming slippers and gloves into a small, easily-transported bundle, and otherwise making myself ready.

Perhaps, before I proceed further in this account of my own duplicity toward my worthy aunt, it would be well for me to introduce myself, and bring forward whatever I can toward the palliation of my conduct.

I, Bernice Bramleigh, was born in France, and had lived in that sunny, delightful country until my twelfth year, at which time my mother's death occurred. Then my father returned to his own home, America, and after placing me under the charge of my Aunt Patience, his only sister, returned to the land which, for love of my mother, he had made his home for so long.

After the newness of my surroundings had worn away, and with it a great deal of my timidity, the discoveries that Aunt Patience and I made were, I must confess, not agreeable. My aunt was an eminently proper, Christian woman, whose education had been strictly Presbyterian—a woman set in her views, and conscientious in her every action regarding them. I was wild and untrained, having inherited from my French mamma certain airy ways and a love of pleasure that my aunt insisted on styling frivolity; and so my aunt and I were mutual trials.

With conscientious, undeviating firmness, she endeavored to do her duty by her brother's child, and train me to what she deemed a girl should be; and by every impulse and individuality, rather than by any desire or intent upon my part, I tried and disappointed her. Not being able to understand why things so widely different from those I had known in my childhood as right

were enforced by my aunt, I, even while yielding obedience, chafed under each restraint; and faithful courses of catechism, long overseams, and ditto moral lectures, failed to subdue what was more natural than wicked.

My father, heart-broken and desolate, remained on the Continent, paying only brief and occasional visits to his home; he believed—and rightly, too—that I was in good hands. His long, loving letters and beautiful gifts came like bright spots of sunshine in my childhood and girlhood.

Under my aunt's careful and judicious management I grew up strong, healthy, and rosy, for not a precaution to insure my physical well-being did she neglect, any more than she did for my spiritual. In the first she was blessed with complete success, but in the second I fear her reward was diminutive.

As time went on, I attended the seminary near our home, during my years of school life there finding many congenial friends, whose confidence and affection I fully enjoyed, and with whom I entered into many a forbidden frolic.

And now I shall return to the day when Aunt Patience had said, "*No*, Bernice, you cannot go to Alma Dentley's party this evening. I hear they are to have dancing there. If Alma's mother can reconcile it with her conscience to allow anything of the kind, I cannot allow you to attend it." And I had rushed upstairs with my seventeen-year-old heart and mind strongly set upon the forbidden pleasure.

I had thought of it so long, the fear aunt would refuse making the desire all the stronger—longed and dreamed of it—till I could not give it up. And so it was that while the woman of forty-five sang of "fleeting shows"—to whom all youthful desires, all youthful pleasures and emotions had come and gone—the girl of seventeen, with heart throbbing with expectancy, made hasty preparations for the most fleeting of shows with trembling fingers—because to her the joy and newness, as well as the pain and sorrow, were yet to come.

Six times struck the clock below, proclaiming that the hour of tea was near at hand; and up the stairs came a summons to me, in reply to which I descended to the cool dining room, and thence to the kitchen, where Mary, the maid of all work, was making preparations for tea. In those preparations I joined with a zest that delighted my aunt, without awakening a suspicion within her heart of the reason, and accepting my proffer to attend to the setting of the table, the rare old china of which she seldom trusted to the hands of a servant, she did—what I had earnestly hoped she would do—went into the sitting-room, leaving me free to open fire upon Mary.

Fortunately Mary had a strong admiration and sympathy for me, and I found an easy conquest.

Not holding Presbyterian views herself, and enjoying the country dissipations which she was wont to frequent, Mary was quite overcome with the romance of my going to the grand ball at the great house of the village, and readily promised her assistance; and, what was of more importance, promised to enlist the services of James, our man, who entertained an affection for her, and also shared her admiration for me.

My plan, a daring one, was as follows; Aunt Patience retired early, and after she was safely in bed I was to dress, and with Mary's assistance descend to the kitchen, and thence to the barn, where James would have the carriage ready, and would drive me to Colonel Dentley's. Mary, who slept in the kitchen, would admit me upon my return.

Tea-time came, and I tried to eat with my usual appetite, but the food was more than distasteful to me: I could only choke down a few berries and some cake, and even that became an impossibility when Mary, passing behind Aunt's chair, signaled to me that James consented.

With every nerve quivering with excitement, it was only the sternest of necessities that enabled me to sit quietly in my chair during the hour that followed, answering—sadly at random, I fear—my aunt's remarks; and great was my relief when, at an hour even earlier than was her wont, she signified her intention of retiring. After bidding her good-night, I sped up to my own room and drew forth my dress, with every possible feeling of contrition smothered by excitement.

It was half-past eight. I had over a half hour in which to make my toilette; and since mine was no fine lady's wardrobe, it was ample time. At last Mary came up with the information that Aunt was asleep; and, lighting the lamps of my toilette table, I commenced to array myself, with Mary standing by, an admiring if not impartial critic.

Have I told I was dark?—or rather my hair was almost black in its intense brown, my eyes dark, and my complexion comparatively pink and white; my eyes, which were large and expressive, gave to my face, which otherwise would be babyish, a rather startling effect.

Then, when the lamps were lighted, and the curtains closely drawn to prevent a gleam of light shining out, when I stood in the full blaze of light before the glass, the question which all day had been vaguely haunting me, rose up and held me in stern perplexity. My hair: what should I do with my hair?—neither curl, braid or puff had I to add unto it, or to assist in forming it into a presentable coiffure—nothing but a heavy profusion of curls, and they falling only a little below my shoulders.

Deep thought came and drew a straight line

down the middle of my forehead: and then my natural invention came and smoothed it away.

I always dressed with a certain individuality, which, although unlike every one else, was not glaringly peculiar: "the girls" were pleased to term it my "Frenchiness." Now, I combed all the curls high up and pinned them into a twist that can only be described as indescribable. It did very well, however, and with several curled ends falling carelessly here and there, was quite a picturesque coiffure, to which two pale pink roses, fastened among the curls, added much and quite satisfied me.

Then I donned my dress, which—crowning vanity over which my Aunt would have despaired—I had bereft of the sleeves, putting in their place deep pleated thread lace and loops of pink satin, rendering my princess dress, with square-cut neck, quite a respectable evening dress. Last but not least came my exquisite corals, palest pink set in Etruscan gold, which my father had sent me from Naples.

When all was completed, I viewed myself with much complacency, and amid Mary's rapturous compliments, prepared for my ignominious exit through the kitchen. Having reached the carriage in safety, and being beyond a doubt upon my way to the ball, I was disposed to laugh triumphantly. Just then the possibility of discovery mattered very little to me, and there was a possibility of discovery, though but a slight one. The guests would almost entirely be of families from the neighboring towns and cities, G—being only the Dentleys' country place, and there would be none of Aunt Patience's friends present.

Upon my arrival in the dressing-room, I was greeted with both rapture and surprise.

"Bernice," cried Fannie Glenn, "how *did* you get your aunt's consent to sacrifice all your hopes of a blessed immortality, by coming to a dance."

"Hush, Fan," I cried, "and all of you," for they were clamoring for an explanation; and I told them all about it, amid shouts of sympathetic laughter.

"The blessed witch," cried Fay Ashleigh, "we might have known she would do something desperate; and just see that toilette, 'Frenchier' than ever."

"Alma will be so glad," said Callie Hart; "she told me she was dreadfully worried for fear you couldn't come; she knew your aunt's prejudice against dancing. She wants you for a particular reason, 'ma belle';" her brother Dare has come all the way down from New York, to—well—to attend this ball, and *perhaps* meet the little girl that he was so charmed with at Commencement last May, whose very vigilant auntie prevented his being introduced."

"Callie, do stop," I interrupted, "you are positively too ridiculous. Which brother is it, girls?" Here I had a cringing knowledge that I did

not need to be informed of a feature of Dare Dentley's handsome face.

"Wicked flirt," exclaimed Fan; "there, you're blushing to your very finger-tips; don't you try the guileless again, Bernie, you can't do it yet; now come and go down with mamma and me."

The rooms, which were exquisitely decorated, were pretty well filled when we entered, and our progress to the end of the parlors, where Colonel and Mrs. Dentley stood, was slow. Alma was near them, and by her side, I saw at the first glance, was her brother, the gentleman who had been frequently in my thoughts, and whose exquisite bouquet I had carefully treasured since Commencement day.

"There he is, Cinderella," said Fan, "there is the Prince; ah, he sees you—those roses have fixed his gaze."

"I am not at all certain," I return, "your forget-me-nots may be the attraction."

"Not I: it is fore-ordained that Cinderella shall catch the Prince. How about your slippers—are they securely fastened?"

By this time we reach our hostess.

"Bernie," said Alma, contemplating me in amazement, "can it be you in the flesh? I am so glad, dear: I didn't dare hope to see you."

"How do you think she accomplished it?" asked Fan, every blonde curl on her head expressing mischief.

"Oh, Fan, don't; you will certainly ruin me"—for I saw an interested look on Dare Dentley's face, and I was for the first time filled with a sense of the impropriety of my conduct.

But Fan proceeded unabashed, "Alma, the dear child, came very much like Cinderella in the fairy books, only the godmother didn't assist her; she ran away after the godmother was asleep."

By this time I was scarlet, and wished I had not come. What would Mr. Dentley think of me?

"Now she is trying to look repentant," pursued the little torment, "but you needn't try; you know you are glad, you wicked child."

Fan was just my age.

Alma laughed but drew me close to her, saying, "I am glad you did it, Bernie, for I wanted you here so badly this eve:" then, "allow me to introduce my brother Dare to you: Miss Bernice Bramleigh—Dare Bentley."

To describe the ball and my enjoyment of it, is impossible; suffice to say it was moments of swift, fleeting enchantment; an enchantment in which all my inherited French nature seemed to find its natural air and live and breathe, in which every thought of my wickedness in deceiving my aunt was lost. I flirted, and laughed, and talked, and Dare Dentley hardly left my side. I had faithfully promised James to return at half-past eleven; but it was twelve instead before I thought of the time, and said, "Ah, I must go."

"Hurry," said Fan, who was near, "or the clock will strike, Cinderella."

A few moments after, when I had made my adieux, and with Mr. Dentley still in attendance, was going down the long avenue to where my faithful James awaited me, my escort said, laughingly:

"Are you afraid of your wicked godmother, that you insist on going so early?"

Then the first shadow fell over my happiness, and I said, very seriously:

"Mr. Dentley, I shall never forgive myself if my conduct and Fan's remarks have given you a wrong impression of my aunt. She is very good and kind to me, and I shall be very much ashamed of my wicked disobedience to-morrow, though I cannot find it in my heart to regret it to-night."

"You certainly cannot expect *me* to regret it," he replied, gravely. "I have heard much of your aunt from my sister Alma, as well as of yourself, and"—smiling at me, "I hope to make her acquaintance soon, and if possible win her good opinion."

Then he stood, so handsome in the moonlight, watching us drive away.

After I had reached my room safely that night, and was sleepily putting away my things, I discovered to my consternation that in the bundle I had hurriedly put together in the dressing-room, there was only one of the pair of slippers I had placed there, and I began to think retribution for my sins had commenced even that early. My lovely French slippers had been my particular vanity, and I wondered how I could account to Aunt Patience for the disappearance. Resolving to have James go over the road early in the morning in search of it, I put the mateless slipper away in its box and retired.

My aunt doubtless was surprised at my unusually good behavior all the following day, for my conscience had commenced to give me reproachful twinges whenever I thought of my disobedience. James at my direction had gone carefully over the road, but failed to discover a trace of my lost property, and altogether I felt as all sinners ought to feel, miserable.

I brightened up that afternoon, however, when Alma and her brother called to invite me to a croquet party, an invitation which, as there was no dancing, my aunt permitted me to accept; and Mr. Dentley, who completely won her by his dignified bearing and deferential air, was graciously accorded permission to call for me.

"A very nice and well behaved young man," she remarked after they had gone. "I have no objection to your accepting his escort, Bernie."

And so it was, through those lovely summer months, Dare won Aunt Patience's confidence, and gained for me many privileges I never otherwise would have enjoyed; and the days passed

happily, swiftly by, with picnics, boating and parties, while I, through the enjoyment of it all, was unconsciously learning what was to make me a better and truer girl and woman.

"Cinderella" had become quite my nick-name, for Fan never neglected an opportunity of teasing me, and Alma, and even Dare, called me by it occasionally. Whenever I was reminded of the occurrence that led to it, I had the grace to blush and feel very much like a naughty child, at which they were vastly amused.

It seemed to me that all the good things were to be crowded into that brief summer, when a letter came from papa announcing his immediate return. I did not know till long after, that a letter from Aunt Patience had suddenly awakened him to the fact that his "little girl" was a child no longer, but I was principally engaged in dreaming in those days.

My awakening came one morning just before Dare's departure to New York—a basket of exquisite flowers directed to "Cinderella," and under the mass of fragrant bloom I found a long-lost white slipper, with a note in which "the Prince" claimed me for his own; and I took note, slipper and all, straight to my Aunt Patience, and telling her the whole story, asked her forgiveness.

I am married now, and look back with sorrow upon many of my girlish frolics, among which is one that causes my husband and some of my friends to teasingly address me as "Cinderella;" but, though I would warn my girl friends against a similar course, I can not find it in my heart to regret the escapade that won me "My Prince."

RELICS.

When the last tender words are said,
And we are parted from our dead,
With loving care we hide
Relics of her that died.

A lock of hair; some faded flowers—
The token of lost happy hours;
The dainty little glove,
Whose hand clasp'd ours in love.

Fond letters, breathing from the heart,
That nought but joy could e'er impart;
A locket, or a ring—
Sacred, each trifling thing.

All these in grief we put away,
And cover from the light of day—
These, with the by-gone years,
We consecrate with tears.

Some day, when life has older grown,
We'll view the treasures o'er alone,
And each shall speak once more
Of her that went before.

• HE is richest who is content with the least; for content is the soul of nature.—Socrates.

A METHODICAL MISTAKE. A PARLOR COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

BY CHAS. STOKES WAYNE.

Characters.

CAPTAIN JACK D'ALROY, *one of the victims,*
aged 25.

DICK MAYTHORN, *in love with the one that made it, aged 20.*

MAY MAYTHORN, *his sister, another victim, aged 16.*

EMMY TRAVERS, *the one that made it, aged 18.*

Time—Summer; Costumes—as worn at the seaside.

SCENE.—*A parlor in a seaside hotel. Sofa on left, table and chair at right. Writing materials on table. Curtains at back, parted in the middle to form entrance. Discovers EMMY TRAVERS seated by table, holding up two addressed envelopes.*

Emmy Travers. There they are now, all done up and addressed, and I'm sure they'll raise a breeze—and a breeze would be very refreshing this warm weather. Dear me! it all comes of leaving some one else to do what you ought to do yourself. But then one may go back farther still, and say it all comes of getting angry. What's the use of getting angry, anyway? I never get angry. Emmy Travers always manages to be jolly, no matter what happens; and now I'm going to have some fun. These envelopes contain a mistake—my mistake—but oh!—ha! ha!—there's method in my mistakes.

(Exit MISS TRAVERS between curtains at back.)
(Enter MAY MAYTHORN at side entrance.)

May Maythorn. I wonder what can have become of Captain D'Alroy! He's nowhere about the piazzas, and it's much too warm to go to the beach. I expect he's in that horrid billiard room, smoking. He's there half the time, and yet he raves about his love of ladies' society. I don't believe a word of it. He's a flirt, that's what he is, and I'm doing wrong to let myself care for him. He's engaged to Fanny Fairfax, but now he's made her angry; and no wonder, for the way he danced with me at the hop Saturday night must have been provoking. But she gets angry so very easily. She's angry at me about it, and I'm sure it wasn't my fault. He asked me, and I couldn't refuse him; he's so handsome and so charming—O here comes some one; and it's a man. If it is only he! O bother! it's Dick—and smoking, too.

(Enter DICK MAYTHORN at back, with cigar in his mouth.)

May. Dick, don't you know better than to smoke in the parlors? There is a smoking-room,

and there's plenty of fresh air to smoke in outside.

Dick Maythorn. My dear sister, pray don't excite yourself; I'm not going to stay long. I was looking for Miss Travers; have you seen her?

May Maythorn. No. Where have you been all the morning?

Dick. Knocking the balls about.

May. Who were you playing with?

Dick (mischievously). O, Charley Montague and several other fellows.

May. Was—was Captain D'Alroy playing?

Dick. Yes, he was there a little while. By-the-bye, did you hear his engagement with Fanny Fairfax was off? She threw him over, you know, because he danced with you so recklessly at the hop, Saturday. Poor fellow! He deserves it, though. An engaged man ought not to flirt as he does.

May. I don't believe it. She's only too proud of him.

Dick. It's a fact; 'pon my honor it is.

May. Well, he's well rid of her, if it is so. She's not nearly good enough for him.

Dick. Oh, he's no angel. I know a little more about him than you do. Ladies are no judges of gentlemen's conduct.

May. Now don't be severe. Men can't be expected to be saints. Do have some charity.

Dick. Very true—

May. Stop! It's against the rules! "Pinafore" was tabooed at least six months ago.

Dick (turning to go, then stopping). Oh, I came nearly forgetting. Here's a letter for you. (*Reading.*) "Miss May Maythorn." By-the-bye, when do you propose to change that name?

May. When I find one that suits me better. (*Taking letter.*) Thanks.

Dick (going). Well, don't make it D'Alroy. I wouldn't take any girl's leavings if I were you.

(*Exit DICK MAYTHORN.*)

May (holding up letter before her). Who can it be from? Why, it hasn't any stamp on it; it's a drop letter. (*Feels it inquisitively.*) It's got a card inside. I wonder what it can be! I know: a complimentary ticket for the hop at the Sea View. Yes, it must be. (*Sees the handwriting.*) But they never send them in envelopes like this, and that's not the usual handwriting, either. O, what can it be? Well, there's no use trying, I can't guess it, so I'll open it. (*Tears open envelope.*) Now I'll shut my eyes, and (*shutting eyes, draws out photograph, and holds it up before her with the face to the audience. As she does so, Emmy Travers appears between curtains at back.*) now I'll open them. A photograph! Whose can it be? Who would send me a photograph, I'd like to know? (*Turns it.*) Captain Jack D'Alroy, as I live. O, what shall I do? He really does care something for me. (*Sitting down*

by the table.) Isn't he a darling! Just look at him. Such eyes! O, dear me, they'd steal any girl's soul away. And look at that mouth, and that mustache. Dear, dear—a girl couldn't be angry at him for kissing her. She might pretend, but she couldn't in reality.

Emmy (aside). O, this is too rich; I must go hunt Dick, and show him what a little fool his sister is. (*Exit EMMY TRAVERS.*)

May. I don't believe he ever did love Fanny Fairfax. She's not a bit pretty; her eyes are much too large for my taste; they're too black, too, and the whites too white. Whistler might paint one of them, and call it an arrangement in black and white. And then, she's too stout—her waist is marvelous—I hardly see how Jack ever got his arm around it. You darling man, you do love me a little, don't you? (*Kisses photograph rapturously.*)

(*Enter CAPTAIN JACK D'ALROY. He discovers her kissing photograph.*)

Captain D'Alroy (aside). O, there she is. The darling little creature. What! Is she really in love with some fellow after all? Just look at her, how she's making love to that bit of pasteboard. By Jove! I'd give something to know who it is, the little coquette. Not a minute ago I received a photo. from her, sent apparently in answer to my remark last evening on the beach, that I should like to be where I could always gaze on her lovely face. Shake, old boy, you were right—"Frailty, thy name is woman!" (*Clears his throat noisily.* MAY, who has been gazing lovingly at the photograph, is much confused, and hurriedly thrusts it into her pocket. He speaks to her.) Good-morning, Miss Maythorn; I've been looking for you everywhere; in the breakfast-room, in the summer-house (MAY rises), on the beach, high and low, far and near.

May (confusedly). And here you were all—I mean, and here I were—I was, all the time. (*Aside.*) He's evidently come to propose. Oh, I'm so nervous. (*Sitting down on sofa.*)

Capt. D. Not all the time. You weren't here fifteen minutes ago.

May (telling a little story). No, I was watching you playing billiards through the billiard-room window.

Capt. D. (Aside.) The deuce she was! (*Aloud.*) Were you, really? Yes, I did stop in there a few moments.

May. Very long moments, I fancy.

Capt. D. But remember, Miss Maythorn (*sitting down beside her*), I have such a passion for billiards; I—

May. (Interrupting.) Then you can't be in love with your affianced, Captain D'Alroy.

Capt. D. And pray why not?

May. Don't you remember what Pope says?

Capt. D. I can't say that I do. I'm not up in the poetry of the pontiff.

May. (*Quoting.*) "One master passion in the breast, like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest."

Capt. D. Very good! But then—ah!—poets don't know everything.

May. Dont they?

Capt. D. (*Tenderly leaning toward her.*) No.

May. What don't they know?

Capt. D. They don't know *that I love you.*

May. (*Indignantly.*) Captain D'Alroy! (*Rises.*)

Capt. D. (*Rising.*) What have I done? You're not angry, Miss Maythorn?

May. (*Feigning to weep.*) You are making fun of me!

Capt. D. On my honor, I—

May. (*Interrupting.*) Don't swear (*throwing herself into a chair*). I am here alone and unprotected, and it is ungentelemanly of you to attempt to make love to me. Go away—I don't want ever to see you again. (*Weeping.*)

Capt. D. (*Troubled.*) Pray forgive me, Miss Maythorn—I will go. I intended no insult, I assure you. Once it was thought a compliment for a man to offer a woman his love; but now, unless he has money to be his advocate, love is an unwelcome visitor. I am going, Miss Maythorn, allow me to bid you good morning.

May. (*Hurriedly rising.*) One minute, sir.

Capt. D. (*Surprised, returning.*) Well?

May. (*Bashfully.*) Is it true that your engagement with Fanny Fairfax has been broken off?

Capt. D. (*Gladly.*) It is.

May. (*Turning away, and sitting on sofa again. Speaks very faintly and slowly.*) Then—I'll—forgive you.

Capt. D. (*Joyfully.*) You are an angel! (*Aside.*) She *does* love me, I believe.

May. (*Aside.*) Isn't he charming!

Capt. D. (*Slipping his arm around her waist.*) You will believe me, won't you? You know that I'm speaking the truth—that I *do* love you.

May. (*Suddenly springing up.*) Stop, sir! I will not allow such liberties—*here*. Do you remember the seat in the rocks under the cliffs?

Capt. D. Where we were yesterday? The place that we discovered—that no one knows of but ourselves? (*Rises.*)

May. Exactly. Suppose we walk down there and—see whether the tide has washed out the names we wrote in the sand. (*Laughing.*)

Capt. D. By all means. (*Taking her umbrella from table.*) Come along. (*Aside, as they exeunt.*) I wonder if she is making a fool of me.

(*Exeunt by side door. Enter EMMY TRAVERS through curtains, followed by DICK MAYTHORN.*)

Emmy. O dear! she's gone. You *should* have seen her. Indeed, Dick, she has it very

bad. She's desperately in love with your friend D'Alroy. She was raving over his photo. at an awful rate.

Dick. O, bother take him and his photo! My dear Emmy, I don't care a rap about him, or his photograph, or May, or any body. What do I care if she *is* desperately in love with him! That don't interest me. I'm desperately in love with you, and I want to get your promise to be my wife, before I'll listen to a word on any other subject. Do you understand?

Emmy. (*Standing by table.*) Don't talk such nonsense—I couldn't think of marrying a school-boy.

Dick. (*With an injured air.*) A schoolboy! O, Emmy, that's awfully unkind of you. College isn't exactly school. I'm in my senior year now, and when I graduate I'm going in for law, and then I'll be sure to make lots of money, and we can take a nice little house, and live very comfortably.

Emmy. Castles in the air.

Dick. Who said anything about castles.

Emmy. O, you know what I mean!

Dick. (*Laughing.*) Come now, (*Putting his arm about her and drawing her down on to the sofa,*) promise me.

Emmy. But I want to tell you about my little joke first. I have done such a very clever thing; I can't keep it to myself; I must share it with some one.

Dick. But I don't want to hear it. I've got such a big heartfelt of love for you, that I must share that.

Emmy. But it won't do to make love to me here; suppose some one should come in—and they're all the time in and out of this parlor.

Dick. Come away, then (*rising*). I know a jolly hole in the rocks that nobody will ever think of. I found it about a week ago, and we can be sure that no one will interrupt us there.

Emmy. You're an awful tease. (*Aside.*) The dear boy, he's a perfect little darling. (*Aloud.*) And you'll listen to my joke, too—my mistake—ha! ha! my methodical mistake—won't you?

Dick. Not till you've given your word you'll be Mrs. Maythorn.

Emmy (*rising*). I don't think I'll do it, but you can try to persuade me. (*Aside.*) Now for some fun.

Dick (*as they go out*). Trust me to make love! I can persuade her.

(*Exeunt DICK and EMMY by side door.*)

(*Enter MAY MAYTHORN and CAPTAIN D'ALROY through curtains.*)

Capt. D'Alroy. How any one ever found out that spot is more than I can tell. I was positive we'd have it all to ourselves; and to find those fellows down there smoking, it's confoundedly exasperating.

May. But there's no one here.

Capt. D. And the walk to the cliff and back wasn't wholly without interest, was it, dear?

May. Indeed it wasn't.

Capt. D. Come, now, sit down beside me. You've promised to be my wife, you know; and we're going side by side, henceforth, aren't we? (*They sit down on sofa.*)

May (*bashfully*). Yes.

Capt. D. (*looking lovingly down at her.*) And only to think how near I came losing you? By jove! I ought to go and thank Fanny Fairfax for setting me free.

May (*looking up at him doubtfully*). I shall always be afraid that you *do* love Fanny; that you only asked me to spite her. O, Jack! do you care anything for her?

Capt. D. Care for her! You have quite driven her from my heart. I have been longing to take you in my arms for ever so long. Every time I saw your round white arms I said to myself, "I'd give all I'm worth to feel them about my neck." Every time I looked into your pretty face I grew hungry to taste those "ripe red lips" (*leaning down and kissing her*), and yet I don't believe I'd have taken the courage—it looks so awfully mean, you know, to be thrown over one day by one girl, and to propose the next day to another. I'm sure I shouldn't have felt up to it this afternoon, if you hadn't given me that little encouragement.

May. (*Astonished*.) Encouragement! Did I encourage you? Could you see that I was in love with you? O, I *did* try so hard to hide it.

Capt. D. What did you wish me to understand by it then? (*Smiling*.) When a young woman does such a thing, a man must needs think she has some *little* regard for him.

May. But what did I do? (*Puzzledly*.) I'm sure I don't know what you are talking about.

Capt. D. It's no matter. I suppose you only meant it as a mark of friendship, but I took it to mean a little more. I daresay I was a little vain, so we'll say no more—

May. (*Interrupting*.) But we *will* say more about it. You are talking in riddles, and I want you to explain yourself.

Capt. D. What a temper you have. (*Smoothing her cheek*.) May, my darling, your memory seems very short. I'll give you a gleam of light, see if you can follow it up. Do you remember anything about a *photograph*?

May. (*Looking down and speaking slowly*.) It was very good of you to send it to me; but I'm sure I didn't let it make a dunce of me. I didn't presume upon it, did I?—O, Jack! *Did* you see me?

Capt. D. (*Looking puzzled*.) See you? Of course I saw you. I see you now. I don't think I saw you presuming, though. I'm sure I sent you nothing to presume on. But don't bother

about it. I don't think any the less of you because you did it. I shall have it framed in gold by Tiffany, and always carry it *here*. (*He puts his hand inside his coat and draws out a photograph.*)

May. But you did send me something, and I sent you nothing. (*Drawing photograph from her pocket.*)

Capt. D. What did I send you?

(*MAY holds the photograph up before him.*)

Capt. D. (*In surprise*.) Where did you get it?

May. Surely you ought to know. It came in an envelope, and was left in the office for me.

Capt. D. (*Aside, gladly*.) And it was that she was kissing. Then she does really love me. (*Aloud*.) And it was because you received that from me that you sent me this, was it? (*Holding up the photograph before her.*)

May. (*In surprise*.) How did you get that?

Capt. D. Do you deny sending it? If you didn't, pray who did?

May. I'm sure I don't know. I wouldn't have done such a thing for worlds. How could you think me bold enough? But you *did* send me this, didn't you?

Capt. D. On my word, I didn't.

(*Footsteps and laughter heard outside*.)

May. (*Whispering*.) Some one is coming. Had we not best go out? (*Rising*.)

Capt. D. (*Rising*.) Come this way. The sun's not so warm now; we'll go for a stroll on the beach. (*Exit CAPTAIN D'ALROY and MAY through curtains at back.*)

(*Enter EMMY TRAVERS and DICK MAYTHORN by door at side.*)

Emmy. I think those fellows are horrid. The idea of their finding out your hole in the rocks! Why must men have all the sweets of life to themselves?

Dick. I don't know *why*; but they do, that's a fact. I've a good-sized sweet here. (*Putting his arm around her.*)

May. (*Peeping through curtains and whispering to CAPTAIN D'ALROY*.) O! I say! here's our Dick making love to Emmy Travers. Let's watch them.

(*CAPTAIN D'ALROY and MAY watch from behind the curtain.*)

Emmy. Now stop it. I've given you my promise, and you must let me tell you my story. (*She sits on sofa, DICK beside her.*)

Dick. But you won't get tired of me in a month or so, like Fanny Fairfax did of Jack D'Alroy?

Emmy. No, to be sure I won't. But then she isn't tired of him. She loves him just as much as ever; but she likes to play with him, you know.

Dick. Then it serves her jolly well right, if Jack never speaks to her again.

Emmy. Now, do be still. Ha! ha!—O dear! such jolly fun!

Dick. But it's no fun at all; it's very serious—'pon my word it is. A man don't like to be trifled with by any girl.

Emmy. Will you stop talking? I want to tell you this little joke I played. How I made a mistake, you know—a methodical mistake.

Dick. Well, what was it? I daresay it was something clever!

Emmy. O, it was! You know Fanny Fairfax and I are great friends, and so she told me all about her row with Jack, and about a squabble she had with your sister. Well, this morning I was looking over her album, and there I found the photographs of both her adversaries. "Good heavens, Fanny!" said I, "what are you doing with these? Why don't you send them back!" "Forgot all about them," she said, and asked me to do it for her. Ha! ha! ha! you may imagine I did it. But *how*, do you think?

Dick. I'm sure I don't know. Left them in the office, I suppose.

Emmy. O yes, but I made a *mistake*. I sent them wrongly; reversed them, you know; sent Jack's picture to May, and May's to Jack—ha! ha! ha!—wasn't it a lark?

Dick. Surely you didn't do that; it was rather hard on all parties, wasn't it?

Emmy. It was awfully jolly.

Dick (*looking very solemn*). But only think! it puts them all in such a bad light. It makes Jack seem to be making love to May, and May—yes, confound it all—it makes May seem to be making a very bold bid for Jack. It *was* awfully wrong of you, dear!

Emmy. Now don't begin by scolding me.

Dick. I'm not; but (*rising*) I'm going to look D'Al. up, and explain it to him. I wouldn't have him think May quite such a girl as that.

Emmy. O, don't tell them. (*Enter CAPT. D'ALROY, with MAY on his arm.*) It can't do any harm, a little joke like that.

Capt. D. Quite right you are, Miss Travers. It *has* done no harm. It has done a great deal of good.

May. It was very kind of you, Dick; I never knew you were such a good brother before.

Emmy. O, how mean of you to listen!

Capt. D. Since we were the interested parties, and were puzzling over the riddle that you have just solved, I think we did perfectly right; now, don't you?

Emmy. O, I'm not angry at you for it. I never get angry.

Dick. Nor I. I'm too happy to be angry. May, dear, here's your new sister.

(EMMY and MAY laugh at each other and curtsy.)

May. And Dick, dear, here's your new brother.

(DICK and D'ALROY shake hands warmly.)

Capt. D. What a happy family!

Emmy. And it all arose from a *Methodical Mistake*.

EMMY TRAVERS.

CAPT. D'ALROY.

DICK MAYTHORN.

MAY MAYTHORN.

[*Curtain.*]

FUN FOR THE FIRESIDE.

A HELP TO MOTHERS.

NO. 24.

Planting the Christmas Tree.

JESSIE E. RINGWALT.

The beautiful commemoration of the holy day of Christ's birth has been long represented by the manger, with the mother and child; and above this has grown and blossomed, instead of the stately palm-tree of Asia, the hardy pine of Northern Europe. Welcomed into the domesticity of home, its branches were laden with gifts for the children, and it became the bright centre around which revolved the frolics of the reunited family; while above all still hovered the Christ-child, with its silent monition, and the angel yearly reannounced the good tidings of the Gospel—"Peace on earth, good will to men!"

The German, bringing his wife and children to seek a new home in America, brought the Christmas tree, as a portion of his household, and the custom has been introduced widely throughout the land.

The tree is by some persons made to be a matter of great elaboration, and all the appliances of wealth are lavished upon its adornment; but under such cultivation it only becomes another article of luxury, and loses much of its distinctive character as the family shelter, planted for the delights of childhood and the reunions of age.

The preparations are often surrounded with great mystery, the tree being planted and trimmed by the older members of the household, while the fiction is maintained that the gifts and ornaments are prepared by unknown and mystic ministers. This pretty fancy seems to have originally belonged to the tree; but in our utilitarian age children generally refuse to believe that St. Nicholas descends the chimney on the night before Christmas, with his pack upon his back, and repudiate with disdain, as a fable, that the big seed-cake ever comes through the keyhole.

To this opposition many parents surrender at discretion, and take the children into confidence throughout the whole of the arrangements; and the fun of the fireside centres round the tree from its planting to the final touch of ornamenta-

tion, secrecy only being preserved upon the matter of the distribution of presents.

Very handsome and expensive evergreens are sometimes used, and occasionally even preserved from season to season, growing in tubs that can be moved into the house for the holidays. When the children are the principal actors in the fun, it is, of course, much better that the tree should be inexpensive and readily supplied. Almost any can be used, cedar, pine and spruce being the most popular; the prickly holly with its bright berries serving as a beautiful wreathing for doorways, windows, picture-frames, and looking especially well so arranged around chandeliers that the light shines through the branches.

The largest trees are frequently set in a framework of timber to hold them in place, but any of moderate size can be conveniently planted in a small tub or large flower-pot filled in with fine coals, which compact firmly about it and keep it steady. Some green paper can be readily pasted over the tub, so as to hide unsightly crevices, and some moss laid over all. A little garden or farm at the foot of the tree, such as has been described as fabricated out of paper, furnishes the children much pleasing amusement; and mosses, minerals, shells and toy animals, make a fine landscape, with scraps of evergreen for trees, and some looking-glass or silver paper for a lake or river. A house on a mossy mound with a few dolls, woolly sheep or chickens disposed on the declivity, are regarded as a great achievement; while a fence cut like palings out of paper, manufactured from tiny twigs, or a wall built of small pieces of stone, will furnish to a child an amount of gratification utterly inexplicable to the grown-up mind.

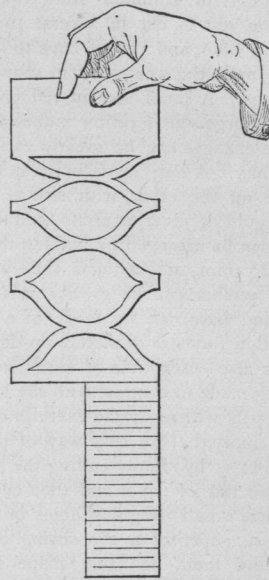
To increase the genuine fun for the fireside, the children should be encouraged to manufacture as much of the trimming as possible.

Most effective and easy of preparation are long paper chains, that can be fastened at the top of the tree, and allowed to drop in irregular festoons from branch to branch. A very simple chain is made by taking a long strip of paper, two and a-half inches in breadth, and doubling it sharply down the middle. Then cut alternately from each side of the strip, always taking care not to cut quite to the furthest edge of the strip. When the strip is unfolded, there will be seen a delicate chain of fragile loops, as shown in Figure 1.

The paper for this purpose should have the same tint on both sides; but a very handsome and stronger chain can be made fabricated out of the high-colored papers, that are tinted only on one side. For this take a strip of paper four inches in length and nearly one in width. Fold it sharply a little inwards from each edge, so as to make a narrow band entirely concealing the blank or untinted side of the paper. Touch one

end of this band slightly with paste, and slip it neatly within the other end, pinch these ends

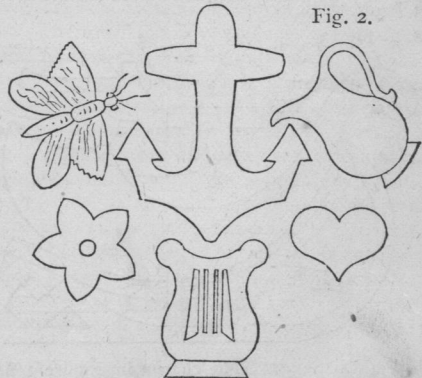
Fig. 1.



firmly together, and a strong loop or link is finished. After folding the second band in the same manner, slip it through the first link before pasting, and they will be interlocked. Long links are more speedily prepared, but short links look better, and when made of crimson, deep blue or gold, they will well repay the labor expended, and can be preserved for use from year to year. Strings of popped corn are frequently used as festoons, and cranberries also serve the same purpose.

At the top of the tree, where the ornaments should be light, paper flowers, such as roses and chrysanthemums, look well. Stars, hearts and other shapes cut from bright paper, and threaded on long strands of yellow or red wool, can be festooned among the branches with excellent effect.

Fig. 2.



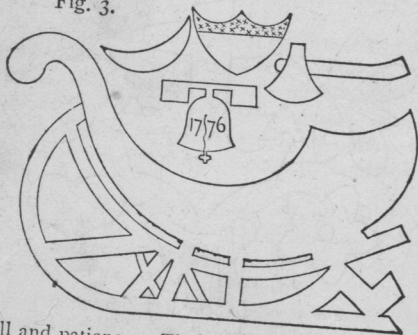
The shapes given in the diagrams 2 and 3,

such as stars, hearts, crescents, harps, anchors, axes and pitchers, although very simple, can be greatly varied. A pattern of each should be carefully cut in common stiff paper. If, for example, a star is cut in several tints, such as scarlet and blue, and pasted back to back, it can be strung upon the tree so as to show both sides as it swings. A small star in red pasted in the centre of a large star in yellow makes a gay effect, and these changes can be greatly varied by a little ingenuity. A harp made in green on one side and blue on the other, with strings of narrow strips of gold or silver, is pretty, and a further alteration can be arranged by making the base of a contrasting color, or placing a little picture upon it. The pitcher can be greatly varied—a rim, handle and base can be made of a contrasting color, with a tiny star or picture on the side. The anchor is also susceptible of variation, the upper part being made to contrast with the lower.

A butterfly will repay the exercise of considerable ingenuity, but an easy way of producing a good effect is by simply cutting the entire shape out of one tint of paper and then cutting in the wings some small irregular holes or spots. Behind these, paper of a contrasting color can be placed, and then the same shape with varied punctures can be pasted beneath to show both sides, it can be tied upon a twig, as if poised for flight. If several butterflies are shaped exactly in duplicate out of various colors, a neat effect can be produced by cutting them apart between the front and back, and pasting the two parts in contrasting colors together.

Stars and hearts of a variety of sizes can, however, be urged as producing the greatest show with the least expenditure of time and labor, as they can be pasted upon each other in a great variety of contrasting effects. A few half moons in silver or gold paper, threaded upon a string with such stars increases the variety of color. An axe with golden head and scarlet handle can be quite thrilling; the liberty bell and shield require more

Fig. 3.



skill and patience. The chariot in Figure 3 has been very much admired, with a body of gold

upon crimson runners, and two small heads at the top to personate the happy occupants.

Another very simple ornament is made by placing a piece of paper four inches by five around a stiff shred of common paper, and pasting the edges so as to retain it as a roll. Fringe the ends, place a bright band of contrasting color around it near each end, and a star in the middle of the side; then swing it to the tree by a handle of paper folded like one of the links of the chain.

The fourth diagram is intended for a sledge appropriate to the season. If the side pieces and back are all turned upwards and wheels attached, it is recognized by childish eyes as a hay-wagon; but with the sides turned down and back up, it serves satisfactorily for a sleigh. To economize the scraps, it is well to cut any small square, fold it three times as described in making paper roses, then cut a curve at the top and an indentation at the side, and upon unfolding, find a neat little design suited to ornament some larger figure.

All the patterns given have been quite successfully made by small children, and with a small supply of colored papers the little fingers can be soon taught to furnish an effect of bright decoration that cannot be equaled without a considerable expenditure in the gay trifles prepared by the toy-makers. If carefully taken care of, only a few additional novelties will be needed in subsequent years; but above and beyond all money

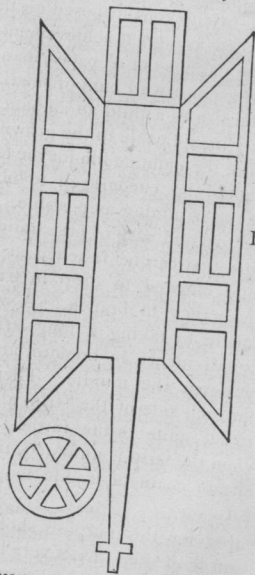


Fig. 4.

valuation, will be found the store of fun for the fireside during the long December evenings, when old and young can exercise their ingenuity and taste in uniting in these pretty manufacturers, laying up a fund of bright memories to be recalled in after years, when the home circle may be perhaps dispersed forever.

WHITE CHRISTMAS.

BY INO CHURCHILL.

"Kittie Clover! just as sure as you are living your soft little song of a life, it snows!" exclaimed gay Josy Fisher, rushing in upon her friend like a small whirlwind. "As I came up this tiresome road, I felt two flakes on my cheek, and one on my nose. Grandpa has been prognosticating for three rheumatic days, and Uncle John's tri-weekly 'Times' says: 'clearing, cloudy, verging to colder, snowy weather, may be expected, and falling barometer.' What would you have more in the way of signs which were never known to fail in the driest time? So, Kittie mine, prepare. We are going to have a grand sleigh-ride to Southford—start about noon, have a supper when we arrive, and wind up with a long, merry dance home by moonlight. Won't that be glorious? Tossed up in a hurry, like the old lady's rolls, and sure to come out 'light as a puff.' It's to be a 'straw-ride,' you see; the boys are going to get two great crates, each to be drawn by four horses, so that we can be pretty well stowed in for warmth and fun. Everybody is going—our set, I mean. My two brothers, all the Dixons and Carters, the Hammonds and Wilsons, Ed and Joe Barlow, and—and—Charley Allen. I volunteered to notify all the girls. We are to meet to-morrow in our barn to fit up the crates, see who is to go with who, and to make general arrangements. Grandpa says, if we will be 'kind o' keeful', we may make a fire in the old rusty stove in the corner, to warm our hands and noses by while we work.' So you are duly warned that if you fail to go, you will lose more fun than you can make up during the rest of your natural life."

"Oh, Josy!" laughed the bewildered Kittie, her eyes beginning to sparkle, "do take breath. Suppose it does not snow; the ground is bare enough now."

"It will," interrupted Josy. "It's *got* to, all to-night and most of to-morrow, clearing off just in time for the paths to get broken by next day noon. There are dreadful things resulting from a *green* Christmas, Kittie Clover, as you ought to know; so this is to be the finest and whitest the sun ever shone upon."

"Oh, it's *Christmas* you are going?"

"Why, yes—just hear the child; is not that what I've been saying? Now, come over to-morrow. Good-bye. I've got miles to travel, with the prospect of getting ankle-deep in snow-banks."

"I wish I was growed up," lisped little May, Kittie's five-year-old sister, who had been an interested listener. "Won't it be pleasant, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, very pleasant," said thoughtful mamma, a smile on her comely lips.

"Do you think Benjie would take me out on his sled?"

"Yes, if he has not laid other plans; if he has, I will take you myself."

"Oh! oh! I'd rather have you to play with, mamma, than anybody, 'cause you are so nice."

"And I shall like it, too, Chickee; you know papa will be away."

"Chickee," cuddled up in the smallest possible space on her high stool close to the window, strained her blue eyes watching for snow-flakes, which, after a while, began to come lazily down, like fairy feathers afloat for a holiday.

"Oh! oh! them's comed, Kittie," said the little witch, shouting with glee.

Kittie patted the fat cheek, she felt so happy and bright, while hurrying through with her evening work. "Come, pet," she said, catching up the delighted child; "I'm going with chickies to roost."

Down on the frozen earth all night the fleecy coverlid settled, and when Kittie sprang from her cosy bed, and threw up the sash to greet the morning, the bluff old frost-king right plentifully powdered her hair, as though she were a belle of the olden time.

"Them's comed, sure enough," she cried, in delight; and before she was fairly downstairs her brother, who was at the interesting age of thirteen, had her floundering in the snow, rubbing her cheeks with a will. Laughing and scrambling, she escaped him at last, running into the breakfast room with ruddy face and beaming eyes. Mamma smiled; she was proud of her pretty, gentle girl.

It is amusing to observe the change the first snow produces in the country village. It so quickens everything. The long-unused implements for path-making are ferreted out, sleighs are dragged down from the barn-loft, harnesses are oiled, and accompanying bells "rubbed up." The blacksmith's shop is the centre of hurry and confusion; horses and oxen must be speedily sharp-shod, while news and gossip are briskly interchanged. Farmers have been waiting for this. There will be more frequent market-days to the nearest city. Next winter's wood, which all summer has been seasoning in the forest, must be hauled down on the great flat sledges. Boys, too, come out of comparative quietude; sleds are pulled from unheard-of places, and thick boots are rendered thoroughly water-proof. There is coasting to be indulged in, forts to be builded and bombarded, mock battles to be lost or won, and whatever else young blood run riot might suggest.

How it snowed! How Kittie, riding down on Ed Barlow's sled, pelted her charioteer with the snow she grasped as she sped along, and how he paid her off with a resounding school-boy kiss as he landed her safely within Grandpa Fisher's barn!

She was welcomed with a shout, and pressed immediately into service.

Perhaps my readers—city bred—may not understand all the intricacies, real and implied, by the term “straw ride;” or, if they did, would scarce approve of frolic at the price of strict formality. Great crates—such as are used for packing crockery—are procured and fastened securely upon sleigh-bodies or sledges; the open wicker work is firmly interlaced with straw, and straw thickly strewn upon the floor, then cushions are placed cosily about; so, with the high straw walls excluding the cold air, an opening only forward toward the road, and upward toward the sky, with magical moonlight and wildering motion, a merry party, merrily inclined, may challenge the realm of comedy for fun.

Busy hands were at work that day, and chattering tongues kept time. Josy Fisher “died a laughing” for the hundredth time. Ralph Dixon’s head was a very porcupine of bristling straws. Indeed, straws were everywhere, and Grandpa Fisher’s barn came nearer to conflagration than ever in its history before.

A slight cloud had come over Charles Allen’s face, just as Kittie arrived, which grew deeper and darker as the hours went on; but no one seemed to note, in the general scramble and mirth—such creatures of the hour and circumstances are we.

Just as the work was completed, the snow ceased, and the setting sun shot up a few rays of dazzling glory.

“Jo—Josy—Josephine!” exclaimed Kittie, “your prophecy has come true.”

“I hold my honors reverently,” quoth Josy, clasping her brown hands together, as they all stood for a moment, looking toward the flaming west.

“Good-bye; and all hail for to-morrow,” cried young Barlow; and before Kittie was aware of his intention, he had her on the sled, bound for her home. She was conscious of a little uneasiness, which increased rather than diminished during the evening hours; and when she had dreamed her dreams, and fairly opened her eyes on Christmas morn, she knew that she had slept but fitfully. It was not because of anxiety regarding Santa Claus, for papa had thoughtfully left for her a tippet and fur-trimmed hood, which for daintiness becomingness was nice and white as any ermine; neither had there been doubts for the fineness of the day, since the glittering winter stars had winked at her all night; and the morn, now it had come, was a pæan—a poem—a promise of Paradise. So she took on her lips a song, and flitted about with her mother in the home preparations; but now, nearing noon time, she went to her room with a growing feeling that she should not make one of the pleasure party. Well, at any rate, she had a lovely time yesterday—or

thought she had in its passing—but who wants to weigh out sugar and spices, and have no taste of the cake? She tied on her warm cloak and new tippet, and donned her hood, and stood as pretty a specimen of pinky whiteness as one would wish to see. Their house was situated on a hill; from her elevated window she could see the great sleighs were moving about; they had each taken separate streets, gathering up the girls, till finally they met at some point on the main road, and struck off together. The horses shook their flag-trimmed heads, setting the bells a-jingle; she could hear and see for a moment, and then all was gone, like a flash of light and a sound of joy. Her heart had beaten with alternate fear and expectancy; but now it dropped like a leaden ball! They had gone without her; and the bitter tears welled slowly up.

What should she do? Down their own home hill in the back yard mamma and Chickee were sliding—pretty mother, scarce forty yet, and happy, rosy sister. They had expected to do without her, and she *could* not stay at home. She threw up the window and looked out, her eye taking the sweep of another hill, not far distant by air-line, though to reach its summit involved somewhat of descent—a run along the level road, and then a rather tedious climbing. In a lonely house at the very top of this hill had lived a Mrs. Goberlin, for two years or more—“Granny Goblin,” the rude boys called her, declaring her uncanny. She was a stern, soured woman, past middle life, and had repelled all friendly approaches with quick disdain, though she looked at every one with eager, questioning glance, as though she would wrest from them whatever knowledge they might possess of her or hers; and she sat of a Sunday in her obscure pew in church, as if a-hungered for some crumb of comfort or drop of healing. Those who deemed her not too well supplied with worldly goods would occasionally send her gifts from garden and store, which met with but grim acceptance.

With recurring persistence, Kittie’s eye and thoughts seemed to wander toward this house. “Ridiculous!” she exclaimed, dashing away a tear that was about to congeal on her cheek.

“Well, why not?” she said again aloud, as the thought again pressed itself, “they say the lone woman is sour and cross; perhaps she is unhappy. I might go on homœopathic principles—‘*similia similibus curantur*’—only I am not cross, but so disappointed.” And the sobs came thick and fast.

“Oh! I must stop! Benjie will be home to dinner soon, and mother will come in. I will go to ‘Granny Goblin’s; there must be a bond of sympathy between us;” recalling to her mind how two months ago, when her freshly-ironed white dress hung out doors for an airing before being donned for the party, the strange woman

came in and almost demanded it of her—"she had dreamed dreams, and had need of it"—and she, not knowing what else to do, had let it go, and worn her less-becoming cambric. Benjie said it was wanted for a "ghost robe." Now, when she herself had come metaphorically against a wall, her thoughts had turned in this unwonted direction. Here she broke down again. She was but eighteen, and had been so happy and hopeful!

It was trying to encounter the quick eye of affection, as she went down to the home-room.

"Is it not late, my dear?" asked her mother, "I thought you were to go at twelve."

"Yes, mother, they have gone without me." Benjie gave a prolonged whistle, and Chickee's lips began to quiver.

"How did it happen, my child?"

"Don't ask me now, please; but help me to be brave," gasped Kittie, a suspicious tremulousness in her voice. "I have decided to spend the afternoon with poor lonely Mrs. Goberlin."

Ben gave a groan. Her mother could not help smiling. "On the plan of the freezing traveler, who restored warmth and life to his own body by vigorously rubbing his fallen companion?"

"Somewhat so, mother."

"Then you shall have part of our dinner; one of the chickens, some good slices of turkey and beef," said the wise mother, preparing the basket.

"A hunk of chicken-pie," supplemented Ben.

"And pudding with plums in it," piped Chickee.

"Yes, indeed," said mother. "Now, Kittie, toast your feet well, and Benjie will draw your baggage up. I see the snow-plow has made a fine path."

"Pile on," says Ben, "you can ride yourself to the foot of Goblin hill, if you'll walk up."

So off they went; and in less than twenty minutes, Kittie stood at her neighbor's door, basket in hand.

"Wish you joy with the old vinegar-jug," said Ben, calling, as he sped away, "can't come for you till ten o'clock—going off coasting with the fellows on Round Hill."

It was with some trepidation that she knocked; and a kind of blank dismay fell upon her, when she found that neither her presence or her contribution were desired.

"I was coming in," ventured Kittie, timidly.

"What for?" asked the woman.

"To keep Christmas with you, if I may."

The woman stood considering a moment, and then, in a dull, apathetic way, said:

"Come in," with a mutter to herself—"one day more or less, will not matter."

The house was comfortable enough, Kittie found, though utterly barren of all such decorations as adorn most houses. A large bundle in one corner of the room, seemed the only thing

that had not grown to the floor, though the fire in the small stove sent forth a grateful heat.

Kittie felt embarrassed and awkward, as if she had trespassed, maybe, upon the sanctuary of a heart which knew but too well its own bitterness. How should she overcome the heavy atmosphere, and rouse the woman to anything like pleasure? For, now that she had really looked at her, she saw that the staring black eyes had lost their half-expectant, eager expression, in a settled sullenness.

"Let me play I am your daughter, and set the table right nicely for you, and we will dine together."

"Who said I had a daughter?" almost demanded the woman, a sudden glare lighting up her sad face.

Kittie did not reply; but went on with her work, really interested in having the table look well. "Come, mother," she said, "I'll move up your chair. I want you to taste a bit of every nice dish. If you and I are lonely or heart-sick to-day, we will try and forget"—here she choked.

"You are good," vouchsafed the woman; "this tea is strong and warming;" and she ate and drank with a relish. This was Kittie's reward; yet she could not help thinking of what was to have been, and the merry repast the girls and boys were just now sitting down to; but she must not think—that way lay repining, and a burst of tears. So she chatted pleasantly of the local news, and the doings round about, getting no answer to be sure, but her own voice was better than silence. She lingered at the table as long as possible, and made grand pretense of clearing away, but that was over at last, and she must perform sit down. How dreary it was; and how altogether strange that she should be here; if only her companion would speak, or get out her knitting! But the clock kept ticking, and the evening deepening, and the glittering beams of a moon near its full lit up the out-lying snow to ghastliness.

"Don't you want to go home?" asked the woman, at length, glancing uneasily at the bundle and at the time.

"No, no" (she absolutely dared not); "my brother will come for me at ten. I will sing," she said, commencing a Christmas carol; but it died on her lips for want of aliment—there must be brilliant lights and festive wreaths and pervading joy for that. Then she tried "The Sweet Bye and Bye," drawing sweet comfort therefrom, as she sang it over and again. The woman had drawn near, and was listening intently. "We shall meet on that beautiful shore," came the refrain.

"You think we shall?" was asked.

"Yes."

"And not here? Do you think we shall meet here?"

"Yes, oh yes," answered Kittie, absently, thinking perhaps of her own dear interests.

"Oh, bless you! Heaven bless you for coming." She rose then, and lighted the candles, putting one, as if by habit, in the room opposite. A strange room Kittie saw—all in white; the bed, the scant drapery of the window, the toilet furnishing, and even the carpet, was spread over with spotless cloth; it looked like a death-chamber, and some kind of a white robe lay across the couch. It gave the young girl a shudder, as the candle burned low and the moonlight gleamed in. How *should* she endure the remaining time? The eight o'clock train had but just come in; she heard the whistle as it rushed by in the distance. All life and bustle and joy were passing by that lone habitation—none stopping. How strange it would be to come to such a desolated plain on her own life journey! Ah, but there was a sound of approaching footsteps. Oh! what a relief; her brother must have come. There was a moment's hesitation outside, then the door quietly opened, and a girl of some twenty-three years stepped in, neatly dressed and softly spoken.

"Mother," she said, half in apology, half in appeal.

The woman started up and sprang forward, but seemed to check herself, as she exclaimed "Martha!" in a tone of reproach, rather than of welcome.

"Are you not glad, mother?" almost wailed the girl.

"Why went ye away? I would ask," said the mother, by her stern will quenching the fond light that *would* leap to her eye.

"Because of your husband, mother! I *dared* not stay, and I *could not* tell you. Do not ask me now. Neither could I apprise you of my whereabouts, lest, since he stood in my father's place, he might claim the authority to bring me home."

"Hush, child; he is dead."

"I know, mother, and would have come to you; but you left your home, to go no one knew whither. I have but just found a clue that I followed out, it seems, to success."

"How know I where *you* have been—a wanderer over the face of the earth?—or with what color you have come?"

The girl drew herself up; she looked like her mother then—the proud light gleaming straight from her eye, like the beacon-star flashing out on the sea. But she said no word, except, handing out a note—"You will believe this."

The woman took it, and read aloud:

"I, Joseph Ramsey, minister of the gospel, by the grace of God, do hereby certify that Martha Johnson, has been in my house since June 10, 1876, a beloved and cherished member, and is soon, by the will of heaven, to become the wife of my only son."

There was no gainsaying such a statement.

"And your *soul* is white? You will come into this room? I made it for a test when I dreamed you would come. You dare enter it, with God's eye upon you?"

"Yes," she said, stepping within the little white chamber, with unshod feet, and uncovered head—coming forth with the white robe upon her, her hands clasped over her heaving bosom, and her eyes softly radiant. She forestalled in thought, perhaps, the moment when she should come forth a bride.

"My child! my child! my own, own child!" cried the strange mother, hugging the sweet girl to her fond, hungry breast. "My child, you have come; and yet I almost had not been here. I had come to despair, and was going, when this early night fell, to be a wanderer over the cold, barren world; and I complained, in my folly, of the Lord, that he had sent me a hindrance."

"In the sweet bye-and-bye we shall meet on that beautiful shore"—she began; the song seemed to her so new and so dear. And Kittie, seeing that she was unneeded, unheeded, quietly put on her wraps and went out. Oh, how still and white was the earth in its silver sheen!—and she all alone in the whiteness. She was not afraid now. She had been heaven-directed—was heaven-protected. Oh! what had been this day to her—this Christmas day—its purposes unfulfilled? Meditating still upon the fact that all our great influences are indefinable, she had reached the foot of the hill and was about turning the corner to the level road, when she almost ran against some one who exclaimed, "Kittie!" in utter amazement—"Kittie, I thought you went on the sleighing party!"

"But I didn't, you see," said Kittie, coming suddenly down from the upper skies. "I thought *you* went, Charley."

"Well, I didn't either, you see. Why did you not go with Barlow? He asked you, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"You let him kiss you, Kittie."

"I did not. I never dreamed that he was going to," said Kittie, her pretty lips quivering.

"Would you have gone with *me*, Kittie, if I had asked you?" with a new tenderness of tone.

"Yes, Charley."

"All right," said the happy fellow, "are you warmly wrapped?—we'll go now. Just step within the post-office till I come back." And off went Charley, returning in a twinkling with a dashing sleigh and a warm shawl for Kittie.

"I went and told your mother," he said, "so here we go."

And over the slippery road for miles and miles they sped, meeting the gay party just started for return. There was a shout and a laugh and much saucy raillery.

"We thought you were in the other sleigh," said Joe Fisher.

"And we thought you in theirs," declared Dick Hammond; "and here you come all of a sudden, in the very last act, like a prince in a fairy tale."

With that they went on, Charley artfully bringing up the rear with his fancy cutter. The dainty-stepping horse, too, seeming to be understand the situation, as it took but one hand to hold him.

There never was such moonlight before; or such melody of bells; or so warm a night in winter, Kittie thought, as tucked up in the sheltering robes, her head on Charley's shoulder, she looked toward the benign stars, and cast her horoscope. There were no desolate plains or barren peaks—only flower-decked meadows.

"Oh, mamma!" she said, at home again, her arms around her mother's neck, "Charley *loves me*—and—and—"

"And wants my daughter for his little wife! Is that it?"

"Yes, mother." And, taking her sleeping sister close to her heart, she whispered, "Chickee, Chickee, this is the very *whitest* Christmas the sun ever shone upon."

Before the year, so near its end, had quite passed away, Kittie was invited to a simple wedding at the house on the hill; and the next day "Granny Goblin" and all had gone away to a congenial home. But no one ever knew, not even Charley, of the broken threads and rent ties that haply, but for her, had not been joined.

Afterward, there came from a far-off town to Kittie, her own white dress, and with it a filmy heap of costly lace, that might be for a token of Christmas white—White Christmas—or for a gentle maiden's bridal veil.

OUR AUNT'S GHOST STORY.

BY A. WESTON.

"Now, Auntie, tell us a story—do, please!"

"Yes, yes," echoed several voices.

"And won't you tell us something about yourself, this time, Auntie?" said a fair-haired young niece, who had settled herself comfortably in a low seat directly by her aunt's side.

"About myself!" said the old lady. "Well, you must let me think a while first."

We all knew what that meant, and remained silent, hoping that at last this great-aunt, of whom we were all so fond, would tell us something of the part of her life that had always been a mystery to us.

I wish I could describe that aunt of ours; but I dare not attempt it, for I should do the old lady an injustice. Suffice it to say that she belonged to the old school, as it is now called; and that, while being courteous and polite to every one, she possessed a certain dignity of manner that commanded respect; and that all who were

so fortunate as to know her for any length of time, learned to love her. Her costume was ever black silk—and such black silks as she wore! I have never seen such dresses on any other person, and conclude that she must have added to the dress, instead of its adding to her appearance. The laces she wore at her neck and throat were the finest and most delicate I have ever seen; and she only wore one ornament—a diamond pin with a pendant, the back of which held a painting on porcelain. She was still beautiful; and the soft white curls that clustered round her face were the admiration of us all.

I have said that a portion of her life had always been a mystery to us. It was a portion of her life abroad, when she was a young girl. She had traveled a great deal, and had spent much of her time in England; and although she told us much of the people she had known and met, and the places she had visited, there was one period of her life abroad that she always avoided; and we were too fond of the old lady to question her on the subject, fearing it was an unpleasant one to her. And yet we always hoped, as we did on the night I have mentioned, that she would some time of her own accord speak of it.

I have often wondered at her patience in story-telling; for as long as I could remember, she had lived in the same old-fashioned rambling house, where there was ever one of her young relations staying with her, and no one ever remained with her long without coaxing her into story-telling. I think in time the old lady became so accustomed to it, and so fond of it herself, that she would have felt hurt had she not been called on.

At the time I speak of, we were all staying with her. By all, I mean all the young people with whom she could readily claim relationship. It was the Christmas holidays we were spending there, at the earnest solicitation of our aunt, who knew she had not many more years of life before her, and wanted, while she was well and strong, to have us all with her for a while. We had spent one of those grand old Christmas times, such as is never forgotten in a lifetime; and day had succeeded day, and evening had gone after evening, and still we had seemed to have no opportunity for story-telling; and yet somehow it seemed by tacit consent to be understood that New Year's Eve was to be devoted to story-telling; and now it had come, and proved to be just the night for such an amusement. The rain pattered on the window-shutters and dripped from the cornices and corners of the house; the wind howled round the house, and made a rushing noise as it passed on down the street. But if the exterior aspect of things was dreary, the interior was not. In her own particular chair sat our aunt, in her own particular place in the old

fashioned drawing-room, while the rest of us were seated as suited us best—some near the fire that burned so brightly in the wide, open fireplace, and some further off in the shadows of the room—for we had, with one consent, decided to have no light in the room this evening but that of the fire; and so we sat and waited for our aunt to begin.

"Something about myself," she resumed thoughtfully. "Perhaps it would be as well for you to reconsider that, for the only thing suggested to me in regard to my own life is suggested by the night and the storm outside; but it is a sad story in many respects, and not the kind to brighten up a merry Christmas party. Suppose I drop myself this evening, and tell you something more enlivening."

But we assured her that we preferred to hear of her own life, even if it proved to be a sad story; and so at last she consented to tell what for years we had been hoping to hear.

"I warn you," she said, looking down with a smile into the face of the fair-haired niece who had asked her to tell about herself, "that there is a ghost in my story."

That only roused our interest the more, and there was an attentive audience, as our aunt began.

"I must go back," she said, "to the time when I was quite young. You all know something of our ancestors—who they were, and how they so distinguished themselves during the infancy of our country's independence, that it is now considered an honor to have their names appear in the family record of any American citizen; but we knew less of the influence such things exert than is known now; and when I gave my affections wholly and entirely to Richard Weston, I did not know the extent of the honor, it was afterwards impressed upon me, I had conferred upon him.

"I had other suitors, for—you will not consider me vain for saying so now—I was considered very beautiful, and a beautiful woman unfortunately always attracts admirers, independent of what other qualities she may possess. I had other suitors—yes; but I cared for none of them as I did for Richard. We had been brought up in the same village; the same school had known us both, the same pleasure parties, and in the end the same views and ideas of life were entertained by us both. We were young, too young for an engagement, our parents decided; but we were contented to wait—for Richard had his way in the world to make, and until he was able to have a home of his own, he was willing to wait. With that end ever in view, he worked hard, and was astonishing even his employers, when the first disturber of our peace, Richard's uncle, made his appearance. He was a man of means, who had made his money away from home, and after an

absence of ten years returned to find his relatives all gone but one sister with a large family. Richard was the oldest child, and his uncle immediately conceived the idea of making him the heir to his large fortune; but he wished first to see more of him, and proposed taking him abroad for a while, before establishing him in business. It was a chance such as few young men had offered to them in those days; and though it was a terrible trial to us to think of being separated, we looked hopefully into the future, believing that it would be the means of bringing about what we then conceived to be our life-long happiness much sooner than we had anticipated.

"The uncle was disturbed when he first found out how matters stood between Richard and myself, and would have separated us finally, then and there; but Richard was firm, and refused to accompany him or accept a cent of his money, if in doing so he was obliged to give me up. There was, for some little time, a series of entreaties and remonstrances, which ended in a compromise. Richard and I were to be separated for two years, only hearing from each other at long intervals; but if, at the end of the two years, we still remained of the same mind, we were to be married, the uncle providing us with a home and sufficient to support it till Richard had an assured income from his business.

"Although the idea of the separation was not a pleasant one, we accepted the situation, and looked forward to the future with all the hopes youth is able to entertain in regard to it. I shall never forget that parting, my dears. I thought Richard would never let me go; and he looked at me as though he would fain magnetize me, so that I would follow him when he left. It was Christmas day when we parted, and for two months I lived on one remark he had made before leaving.

"Remember," he said, as he held my hand tightly between his, 'two years from to-day I come to claim you as my wife; and if you should not be here, I will find you, if I have to travel to the ends of the earth.'

"For two months I lived on his words and the remembrance of his looks at parting, and then I was suddenly roused to think of the all-important present. God, in His ever-wise providence, saw fit to deprive me at once of both father and mother. They were victims in a stage-coach accident, and I was left alone in the world, for my near relatives had dispersed and gone to new homes; and in those days, when letters came seldom, and were a long time on the way, it was no uncommon thing for families to become separated and to lose sight of each other for a time. It was in this way that I knew not how to find my absent relatives, and it was considered a fortunate circumstance when Lord Draver, who was visiting America with his wife and their

motherless and afflicted grandchild, asked me to live with them, and help instruct the child while they remained in the States. Occupation was good for me, and I consented at first in the hope of being able to forget myself and my trials. Afterwards, when I found out that, through the rascality of my father's partners, I was almost penniless, I was glad to accept the position they offered; and when, the child having become fond of me, they proposed that I should accompany them to England, I consented at once, feeling that it did not matter what became of me, or what I did during the two years Richard was away.

"I left my home with very little regret, for my great desire was to be where I could forget the events of the past few months; and yet I gave little thought to what might be before me in my new home. Anything seemed better than the ever-present reminder of past happiness, and yet—but I will not anticipate my story.

"My new life proved for a while the diversion I had longed for. It was like a story to me, and I, young and full of life, was charmed with my surroundings. My home was in a large old family mansion that seemed to me, at first, like an enchanted castle, in which I was constantly losing myself. It had its picture-gallery with its long lines of portraits, and its remains of old suits of armour, handed down from time immemorial; it had its long galleries, its wide staircases, and its turrets and towers. In fact, my dears, it was one of the houses you hear described constantly now—a model English house, where guests came and went as it suited them, and where no money was spared that could add to the comfort of those under its roof.

"My rooms were by those of the little afflicted one, and looked out on the front lawn; and they were also near those of Lady Draver, who had won my love by her kind thought for me. But I had almost forgotten to tell you that the house had its haunted chamber, which is never wanting in an old English home. At first I had no dread of this room, but afterward I learned to tremble if I had to pass or enter it after dark—but again I am anticipating, and have told you nothing of the young Earl, who plays an important part in my story.

"He was to me, at first, the least important person in the family; and I took little notice of him, save when compelled to do so, for instinctively I disliked him. When the newness of things had worn off, I had more leisure to examine and study the different members of the family; and to my surprise I found that the Earl, who had been genial and good-natured in America, was gloomy and retiring at home. He shut himself up in his own rooms a great deal of the time, and allowed his son to have full sway and be virtually the head of the house.

"This son had a violent temper, and his tone of command was at times almost terrifying. I think it must have been that that caused him, when quite young, and while his older brother was alive, to be called the 'Young Earl,' a title that never left him, even after his father's death. Between father and son there was little that was congenial, and yet the father never distrusted the son as much as he deserved. The loss of his first born had been a sad blow to the old man, who had found in him a congenial spirit; and the disappointment in his other son made him restrained and unlike his real self when in his presence. If he had taken more notice of what was going on around him, things might have been different for me.

"As I said before, I was young and beautiful, but I was not inordinately vain. My love for Richard was my safeguard during a time when love of admiration might have proved my ruin. Yes, my love for him was so deep and true that at first I did not notice the admiration I excited everywhere; and when I did, it failed to have the effect it might otherwise have had.

"I was the companion of the future Earl's motherless child, and consequently attended her everywhere, for her affliction was a sad one, a shortening of one limb that caused her to walk lame. She was an interesting child to me, but not particularly attractive to strangers; and it never struck me that when she was sent for and petted and driven about, it was for the sake of having me appear. No, I was not vain enough for that, at first, nor did I think, when the young Earl scowled on us one day when we had been out with Lord Alderfield, and forbade me to let his child drive again unless he was with her, that I had anything to do with it; but from that time I noticed that he disliked Lord Alderfield, and would never let him approach us, if possible. And it was Lord Alderfield who opened my eyes to much that they had never seen. He offered me his hand and heart, and I believe his warmest feelings of affection accompanied the offer. I respected him, and told him enough of my own life to show him that it would be useless to press his suit. He then asked me if I would allow him to mention a portion of what I had told him, trying to convince me that it might save me much annoyance, as at least half of the unmarried men who had ever visited Grandfield were ready, at the slightest sign from me, to offer me what he had just done. I told him he was at liberty to do so, if he thought it would save me annoyance, but I believed his imagination had called forth an exaggerated state of affairs. I shall never forget the way in which he turned suddenly, after he had started to go, and said, in a strange, excited way:

"Does the little one's father know about Richard Weston?"

"I do not know," I replied.

"Then promise," he said, eagerly, "that you will never tell him, no, not even if he comes to you as I have done to-day."

"How dare you!" I cried, springing up and looking at him with flashing eyes. "Do you think I would listen to him for a moment? Do you even think he would stoop, as you have done, to offer a poor penniless companion to his child the position in his house that his wife would occupy?"

"Even if he is proud, as you believe, it is not improbable that such may be the case; and if it should—yes, I believe that much of his anxiety on his child's account lately has been a subterfuge. Should his jealousy ever be roused, he would stop at nothing to accomplish his end, and he would be a dangerous rival for any one. Take my advice, and do not let him know what you have told me; but if you ever get into any difficulty here and need a friend, you have only to send to this address," and he handed me a card, which I took, mechanically, feeling too indignant at the idea of having the young Earl for a lover, to thank him. The idea of his ever asking for the place that Richard had in my affections was most repulsive to me, and I almost felt as though it would be an insult to Richard himself; and it was with a shudder that I turned, when my companion left me, to go to my room.

"Imagine my horror at that moment when I looked up and saw the future Earl confronting me. His face was flushed as though he had been drinking, but his tone was quiet as he said, meaningly:

"It does not look well for you to be alone with my guests. Excuse me if I request you to compose yourself in your own room, for a while, and then bring my child to me. Hereafter, also, I would advise you to have less faith in the undying affections of a man who professes everything."

"He said nothing more, as he stepped aside to let me pass; but he quietly took from between my fingers the card I had just received, and tearing it across gave it to the winds. I did not make my appearance before any one until the following day, and then Lord Alderfield was not among the guests.

"For some time after that the young Earl had less to do with me than formerly, for which I then thanked him, not knowing how well he understood my nature, and how he was trying to win my respect; for I believe he thought if he once had that, all else would be comparatively easy. And in a certain way I did begin to like him better, and think that his guest had slandered him. But it was only partially that I overcame my first repulsive feelings; and sometimes I would involuntarily shudder when I happened to be near him in the presence of his parents.

"But a terrible trial awaited me, for which I was wholly unprepared. Lady Draver called me to her room, one day, and while preparing me in a measure for what she had to do, read me a letter that she told me her husband had received that morning from America. It purported to be from some of the Weston family, asking him to break kindly the news of Richard's marriage to me. He had, they said, succumbed to the charms of a beautiful young American girl whom he met in Paris, and with his uncle's consent they had been married.

"I shall never forget the feeling of faintness that came over me for me for a moment, before I took in the whole of the horrible tale; and then I sprang up and cried wildly that it was false, and they would kill me if they told me such things any more. I was beside myself; and it was not until I had tossed about all night long, and had made up my mind that I would believe nothing they had to tell me until the two years were over, that I could feel calm and collected. I had written Richard a long letter, before I had left America, but I had never heard from him; and although at times the terrible idea came to me that he might be dead, I never thought of doubting him, and I would not do it now.

"The young Earl still kept aloof, but his mother took occasion to tell me of his anxiety when he heard of the letter and its contents; and I was assured that he begged to have me kept in ignorance of the whole thing until the Christmas holidays, which were near at hand, should be over. He had walked the floor of his room all night long, after the receipt of it, and was in distress at the idea of any one in the family being in such a state of unhappiness. He wished I had been wise enough to have confided in him long before, that he might have inquired into the the affair before it was too late. All this and much more I was told by his mother, and I believe at that time both she and the Earl believed it all themselves, and never for an instant doubted their son or believed him to be acting a part. He never offered me any direct or outspoken sympathy, and yet I could tell that he wished me to understand, by his looks and actions, that he would serve me if I would let him; but it had a different effect from what he intended, and disgusted me, who did not want his sympathy, and felt it almost an insult to Richard. It made me, too, summon all my pride, and appear the gayest among the gay, during the time preparations were being made for the holidays.

"I hoped that when the house was full of company I would be forgotten and allowed to do more as I chose; but, alas! I found my duties becoming more and more engrossing; for when I was not with the little one, I was required to be with the grandmother, who, her son said, needed some one to be with her while she was entertain-

ing. In that way I was brought constantly in contact with the guests of the house, and treated like one of the family. To me they came for instructions in regard to the entertainments that had been previously planned, and with me they consulted in regard to plans for the future. Fortunately for me, the fairer sex, knowing my position in the family, did not for some time dream of me as a possible rival, which made my position much pleasanter than it might have been.

"Among the guests there was one I instinctively shrank from; nor could I conceal my dislike from the object of it. He was a monomaniac on the subject of scientific investigation and discovery, and he and the young Earl were closeted together for hours in a species of laboratory they had fitted up for temporary use. In a certain way he afforded amusement for the other guests by experimenting before them; but to me there was something uncanny—I can express it in no other way—about what he did, though his mysterious flames and changing lights were very beautiful to look at. I hated to see him smile, for to me it was, before I knew more of the man, a wicked smile.

"It was not until after his arrival, that the attentions of the future earl struck me as being more than my position called for, and from that time my misery increased. His attentions were just such as I could not resent; and yet, in accepting them, I knew they meant more than appeared on the surface. The day after Christmas he offered to make me his wife. He would be willing to wait for a time, he said, until my grief over the conduct of my former worthless lover had subsided, and I could give him more of my love. O, how I despised him! and yet I felt perfectly helpless—a stranger in a strange land—with no one to turn to for advice; for he had begged that I would not acquaint his mother with the knowledge of his disappointment. I thought I was miserable then; but the future had a sadder trial than that in store for me.

"It was a source of annoyance to me to see the dejected manner and air my would-be lover assumed when conscious of my presence; but what disturbed me more than anything else was the looks I saw exchanged at times between him and the chemist—I call him a chemist, because I know of no other title to give him, and yet I do not think he deserves to be classed with others of that calling; for I am convinced he used his knowledge of the science in no worthy way, but made his money by working on the imagination and feeling of the superstitious or ignorant. During the first part of his visit he had declared himself to be in a certain way able to look into the future for others, and he begged to be allowed to do so for some of the guests; but they were either too timid, or they cared more for the present than the future, to accept his services in that

particular. At any rate, he was obliged for the time to leave them in ignorance of the extent of his powers in that direction. He was particularly anxious to have me listen to him, assuring me he could satisfy my mind on some points that he could see were worrying me. Then I suspected that he knew about Richard and his friend, and I shuddered whenever he came near me.

"But the horror of that Christmas time was reached on New Year's Eve, when Mrs. Tracey, a cousin of the future Earl's, assured the guests that she had just heard of a legend connected with the Ghost Chamber that was new to her; indeed, her cousin had told her of it himself, and said he firmly believed in it and was willing to put it to a test himself that very night. She told the legend—some story about a second wife in the family, who made such an unkind step-mother that the ghost of the first wife walked up and down—up and down in the haunted chamber for years; but the step-mother was seized with remorse before death and solemnly swore that she would prevent such a marriage in the family again, and since then it had only been necessary for a widower to enter that room at the dawning of the new year with the woman he wished to make his wife, to satisfy himself as to her worth. If she was all that was to be desired, the ghost of the cruel step-mother would appear and smile upon her.

"During the recital of this, I was sitting near Lady Draver, and I became convinced from her manner, though she said nothing, that it was a legend she had never heard; and I made up my mind it had been invented for the occasion, and that there was more in it than appeared. I instinctively trembled when the ladies of the party, some of whom would gladly have taken the position of a step-mother in the family, consented to test the truth of it. I did not think of being in any way connected with it, until the chemist gave me a curious, searching look, then looked at his friend and left the room, to be followed shortly after by the future earl. Then it struck me that the whole thing was a vile plot of some kind, and that I was connected with it. O, how I longed to fly! but I could not without attracting notice, and so tried to collect my thoughts, that I might escape at the first favorable moment. But the time went on, and I saw no way of going until half past eleven, when we were all requested to adjourn to the room adjoining the haunted chamber. It was while we were on the way there that I slipped aside and flew along the corridor we had just passed; on and on and around two sides of the house I went until I came to another corridor that led to the picture gallery. Fortunately for me, the key was in the lock, and I entered the long gloomy room that almost gave me the shivers in the daytime, and now, in the dead of night, seemed like a tomb. At another time I am sure

I should have fainted, but now I had but one thought, and that was to get out of the reach of that horrible chemist.

"I groped my way to an old suit of armor in a corner, and with trembling fingers began unfastening it. How well I remembered the day the Earl had showed it to his grandchild, and had explained the way in which it was worn! I had thought then that it would make a capital hiding-place, but I had never dreamed of using it as such. It rattled as I touched it, but I was fearful of being discovered and quieted my fears until I had climbed into the old suit of armor, and felt comparatively safe for a time. But then fears of another kind beset me, and I constantly imagined the pictured forms about me were coming to life. Perhaps one of them would even come and claim the old suit of armor! Every time I moved, something about it would rattle; and when, after what seemed ages, I heard voices, and a light was brought into the gallery, I was afraid to breathe. They were searching for some one. Yes, they were searching for me; and those who had entered the gallery were the chemist and the future earl.

"I fear she has escaped, after all, and I have had all my trouble for nothing. Perhaps she suspects," said the chemist.

"Nonsense!" was the reply, "she can't suspect; and I tell you she shall be mine, if not in one way, in another, if it takes years."

"They came to the corner where I was, looked behind the armor, and then one of them touched it, and, O, how it rattled! I gave myself up for lost then, but to my surprise they turned away, and I was soon left alone again. The next morning I was found on the floor by one of the servants, but I never remembered when I left my hiding-place.

"For several days I remained in my room, and when I was able to go about again, the chemist had disappeared.

"From that time my life became unbearable, and I ended by telling Lady Draver everything. She did not look at things quite in the same light that I did, but she promised to do what she could for me. It would not do for me to leave without another home to go to, and she wrote to Richard Weston's mother to know if there was any place in my old home where I could stay until I could find another position. I waited and waited, but no reply came, and I was convinced that either the first letter or the reply had been detained by a member of the household. I even accused him of it; but of course I had no proof, and he became hurt and indignant at the idea of being unjustly accused by one for whom he would give up his own life at any moment.

"At one time I became so desperate that I started off one night to leave the house, not caring where I went or what became of me; but I was discovered, and told it was useless to attempt

to leave in that way, as there were those about who cared too much for me to allow it.

"I knew then that escape was out of the question, and that it would do no good to write; and all I had to hope for was the appearance of Richard at Christmas. But how to stand it all till then was what troubled me, and at last I decided to take the attentions of my lover more quietly, hoping he would then tire of paying them; but he was vain, and believed I was at last giving him my affections.

"Christmas came, and with it the usual visitors, and among them, to my intense disgust, was the chemist. He became even more odious than before, and I boldly spoke of it to my lover, who said he should leave the house at once, as he did not propose to entertain any one who was disagreeable to me. The chemist was then suddenly called away on business, and expressed great regret at being obliged to leave so agreeable a company; but, although it was a relief to have him out of sight, I felt very sure his departure was only a feint, and that he was still in the house.

"Christmas came and went, but Richard did not make his appearance; and I began to feel wretched indeed when the New Year drew near. New Year's Eve came, but it was decided that all the guests should accept an invitation to a dance in the neighborhood, so I was relieved from all fears in regard to a repetition of the event of a year ago. I was to stay at home with Lady Draver; and when we had seen them all depart we went to her sitting-room, where I was to read to her until bed-time. I forgot to say that Mrs. Tracey was confined to her room with a severe headache, and was unable to accompany the others.

"Before we had settled ourselves, she came over to Lady Draver's room and begged to be allowed to stay there for a while, as it was so lonely in her room. She complained of suffering very much, and would not leave until a late hour, and then begged me to accompany her to her room. I started along one of the corridors, but she pulled me back, and asked me to go the other way, as it was shorter.

"You do not object to going the other way when you are not alone?" she said; "and I feel so dizzy."

"I did object to going that way at any time, for it led through the haunted chamber; but I was not going to be a coward, so I followed her. But at the foot of a small flight of steps she sank down on the ground, and said, in a loud, excited tone of voice:

"Quick! my salts; they are on my dressing-table."

"I sprang forward, up the steps and into the haunted chamber, without a thought. I left the door open behind me, but after I entered it

closed, and I was in utter darkness. I groped my way for a moment, and did not think of fear until suddenly a light appeared; and looking in the direction from which it came I saw a woman. She was all in white, and her face was as white as the robe she wore. I do not know now why I did not faint or cry out; but I stood as if rooted to the spot, watching the woman as she seemed to float in the air—for her feet did not touch the ground—when suddenly I was startled by these words in my ear: ‘Can you doubt now that you are meant to be my wife?’ And looking round I saw my tormentor holding out his arms, as if to take me into them. Then it was that I gave a scream that rang through the house, and rushing out of the room, tore down the steps like a hunted animal, only to be picked up, as I was falling, by the strong arms of Richard Weston.

“All that night and the next day I was only conscious of having Richard by my side again, and I would moan and toss about whenever he left me. Even when I was better and able to talk, they would not let me do much of it, and it was some time before I understood how it was that Richard happened to be there at the time I fell.

“It seems that my friend, Lord Alderfield, had heard a few months before something of the affair of the previous New Year’s Eve, and immediately took it upon himself to discover Richard and his uncle. He proved a true friend to Richard, while the uncle was in a dying condition, for just before Christmas he died, and then they started for England; but Richard was taken sick on the way, the care of his uncle being too much for him, and they were again detained, only reaching the little village near us late in the evening of that horrible day. Richard was still weak, and they were obliged to rest a while, and would even have stayed until the following day, having heard that the guests had gone away for the night, had they not also heard through one of the servants, who had taken that occasion to imbibe pretty freely, that his master had returned secretly to the house, and he guessed he and the other man there would try it on the old ghosts again, as they had been doing for a week.

“That roused Lord Alderfield, and he told Richard more than he had told him before, and they hurried on, Lord Alderfield’s presence insuring them an entrance to the house, and his knowledge of it taking them to the proper place just at the right moment.

“Those were very dark days, my dears, but the sun came out at last, and Richard and I were married as soon as I was strong enough to leave, Lord Alderfield giving me away. And now, my dears, you have heard the account of a portion of my life I never speak of. I hope it has not been too sad for you.”

“No, no, Auntie!” said the fair-haired niece, “but did you ever find out what the ghost was?”

“No, dear, not certainly. I have sometimes thought it might have been the effect of some peculiar light on a piece of statuary; but there are so many jugglers’ tricks now, in which floating heads or headless bodies form an important part, that I suppose it could be very readily explained by some of them.”

“And what became of the young earl? I do not see how you could stay in the house with him for a day.”

“I did not. The earl of course became cognizant of what had happened, and immediately asserted his authority, and forbade his son to remain in the house an hour longer; nor was he allowed to enter it again until I had left it.”

“What became of him afterwards?”

“He married his cousin, Mrs. Tracey, who had so kindly assisted in beguiling me into the haunted chamber.”

“Did Lord Alderfield ever marry?”

“Yes.”

“And did you ever see his wife, auntie?”

“Yes. I visited them once in England, and was god-mother for one of their children, who was named after me.”

“Auntie, how long did your husband live?”

“Just two years, dear; but they were very happy years, and then my little one was taken, and I was left alone in the world again.”

“Why did not Lord Alderfield come for you after that?”

“Lord Alderfield was married before he knew that I was alone. This pin that I wear was the present Richard brought me that New Year’s Day, and the pendant was a wedding present from Lord Alderfield. The pin contains the pictures of Richard and my little boy, and the painting on porcelain in the back of the pendant is that of my god-child, who is now married and has children of her own. There is a place left in it for my picture when I am gone, for the pendant goes to England then.”

“To Lord Alderfield?”

“No; to the grandchild, who is named after me.”

“What a pity you did not marry him after your husband died! but I’m glad you did not marry him before, instead of Richard, for then we would not have been your nephews and nieces.”

“And so you see, my dear, Our Father knows best what disposition to make of our lives in this world; but hark—there are the bells welcoming the New Year; and the moon is coming out, as if to show that there is light after the darkest night. And now I wish you all a very happy New Year; and should it be the last we are to spend together, I can only hope your lives in the future may have the many bright spots mine has had, without the sadder ones.”

So saying, she bade us good-night, and it was the last New Year's Eve we spent together, for before another one came, she had left us, and the old house was desolate.

MY SHIP.

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

When my ship comes in with its cargo gay,
Which I've been looking for many a day,
There'll be silken dresses and costly lace,
And pictures to brighten this dull old place,
And jewels will flash, and the red gold gleam,
While pleasure flows on in an endless stream;
And music and mirth, and, oh such a din!
As soon as ever my ship comes in.

When my ship comes in with its precious freight,
For which I watch on the shore, and wait
To catch the first gleam of its sails so white;
Oh, I wish ere this it had loomed in sight!
It shall bring rich gifts for the old and poor,
And the sick and suffering, I'm very sure;
I shall not forget, oh what love I'll win,
As soon as ever my ship comes in.

But long have I looked for a fluttering sail,
While the sea grows rough and a burdened wail
Sweeps over the breaker, white foamed, flecked;
Oh, what if my golden ship is wrecked?
Through tear-dimmed eyes I can catch no gleam,
What if its coming is all a dream!
And doubt like a thief creeps stealthily in,
And tauntingly asks, will your ship come in?

Oh, childish heart, to stand dreaming there
Of costly service and treasure rare,
To idly watch and to muse within,
What thou wilt do when thy ship comes in.
So the day slips by with its crowded care,
And thou of its burdens takes no share,
When a cup of cold water more love would win
Than all thy rich gifts if thy ship came in.

VALUE OF BOOKS.—What appreciative reader can sufficiently value books—those silent friends that develop new beauty at every turn? The more life embodied in the book, the more companionable. Like a friend, the volume salutes one pleasantly at every turn of its leaves, and entertains. We close it with charmed memories, and come again to the entertainment. The books that charmed us in youth recall the delight ever afterward; we are scarcely persuaded there are any like them, any deserving equally our affections. Fortunate if the best fall in our way during this susceptible and forming period of our lives. Books are to be valued for their suggestiveness even more than for the information they may contain; works that may be taken in hand and laid aside, read at moments, containing sentences that quicken our thoughts and prompt to following these into their relation with life and things. We are stimulated and exalted by the perusal of books of this kind.

THAT BIG, BROWN-EYED, STUPID GIRL.

BY FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

Harvey Ford enjoyed the beauties of nature quite as much as if he had been an artist, or even a city man who saw the open country at semi-occasional intervals, instead of a small farmer who lived on the outskirts of Bangor, and had never been in any larger city than that. Therefore he was quite content, this charming evening in mid-August, to let his horse walk leisurely homeward, while he permitted his eyes to wander about and enjoy the soft beauties of field and forest, of trim farm-houses, of winding streams, and of wooded hill-tops empurpled by the autumn haze, with the level beams of the sinking sun gilding it all.

Old Dick's leisurely footsteps attracted the notice of a solitary pedestrian just ahead of him; as is the custom of the country, Harvey Ford nodded an affable "evenin'" to the young man, who in return politely lifted his hat, and advanced to the side of the carriage.

Dick was in the habit of halting a dozen times whenever he gave his master an airing, for the Fords knew all the country-side, and had a ready word for every one; so now he deliberately stood still to give this stranger a chance to give and take the news.

"Beg pardon for stopping you," began George Carroll, courteously; "but I fear I have lost my way. Am I on the road to Bangor?"

"Well, you be," answered Ford, slowly; "but it'll take you a powerful long time to get there if you haint got no hoss but Shank's Mare."

Carroll laughed, more at the quizzical tone than at the words, as he answered:

"I hope it isn't far; I have already walked from Kenduskeag."

"Jee—whittaker!" exclaimed Ford. "Why, man, you've walked a good ten miles already! Whatever possessed you to take this road? it is ever so much the longest. You have seven miles before you—here, jump in! I'm going as straight to Bangor as old Dick'll carry me."

Carroll accepted the hearty invitation, after a trifling demur, and then explained to his wandering auditor how he came to be a foot. Pedestrianism was one of his latest hobbies, and having gone to Kenduskeag in the stage, just because he happened to take a fancy to the name of the little town, he had resolved to walk back to Bangor, but had misunderstood his directions.

"You don't belong in these parts?" Ford presently asked.

"No. I reside in—" answered Carroll, naming a well-known city.

"Got any folks up this way?"

"No; I don't know a soul in the State. I am waiting in Bangor for some friends who are to meet me here, and then we go to Moosehead Lake

together; they were to have been here yesterday, but instead of seeing them, I received a letter saying that they would not leave—they are in St. John's—until Monday; so here I am, alone, among strangers, and with nothing to do for five whole days."

"Where are you stopping?"

"At the Bangor House."

"Good place. But I hate hotels! Give me home cooking any day! There haint any hotel in this State that's got half as good a cook as my wife, if I do say so! And you'll agree with me, I guess."

"How the dickens am I to judge of his wife's cookery?" queried Carroll of himself.

The rest of the drive passed very agreeably to Carroll, who enjoyed his new friend's quiet humor and fund of anecdotes relative to the owners of various houses which they passed.

Presently old Dick quickened his pace to a brisk trot, and brought up in front of a neat white house with quite a dash.

"Here we are! Jump out, friend, and have a bite of supper, and then I'll drive you down to the Bangor House."

Carroll was quite taken aback by this unexpected hospitality, but its genuineness compelled its acceptance; exchanging names with his host, he soon found himself following Ford, in a cheerful, well-lighted dining-room and was introduced to "my wife," "my mother," and one or two "sisters, cousins and aunts." Any way, there were six women present who all called Ford "Harvey," and when they were once more mixed up Carroll could not tell "t'other from which."

His long walk had given him an appetite and he was glad to see that he might indulge it with benefit to himself and satisfaction to his hosts; for each lady positively beamed with pleasure when she had persuaded him to taste a new dish, or be helped a second time from one which he had already honored.

"If Mr. Carroll is a stranger here, like as not he's never been to a bean-bake," was a suggestion from one of the six women, which seemed to Carroll to be apropos of nothing whatever; certainly it had no connection with the previous conversation.

"Sure enough! That's a good idee, Huldy!" cried Ford. "Some of our folks up to Sunk Haze are goin' to give a bean-bake to-morrow, Mr. Carroll, and a lot of us are goin' up there in Young's big coach. I guess you'd enjoy it; so if you're willin' to go along with us, we'll call for you at eight in the mornin'."

And at eight o'clock the next morning, one of the most exquisite days that ever dawned, a large old-fashioned red stage-coach, laden inside and out with men, women, children and baskets, drew up before the hotel where Carroll was awaiting it.

"Seein's you're a smoker, mebbe you'd like to

set outside 'long with Young and me," suggested Ford, and consequently Carroll had a fine post whence to observe the surrounding country.

Four spirited bays whirled the heavy coach easily on, through a long covered bridge, up hill, down hill, across level country, past well-tilled farms and through lonely forests, always keeping the blue Penobscot in sight, for twelve good miles. Then the team halted in obedience to Ford's cry.

"There's the place, Young! That bit of pine woods to your left!"

And from the "bit of pine woods" came its nymphs and dryads, merry children who clamorously welcomed their young companions, (these latter swarming down from the top of the coach in a most reckless manner before the horses had fairly stopped,) joyous girls hardly less voluble in their greetings to the aunts, cousins and uncles; and, a trifle more sedately, a few gray-haired seniors brought-up the rear.

Carroll was duly presented, and, for some reason unknown to himself, seemed to be especially committed to the care of a quiet, sweet-faced girl who seemed to be "cousin Isanna" to every young person present; it was not until afternoon that he learned her full name, Isanna Brewer.

A bean-bake is a Maine "institution," and is only one name for a long picnic; for it involves camping out—camping out in a pine woods on a bright moonlight night in August! The beans are cooked in a large iron pot, which is buried in a trench full of live coals; of course the fire must be fed at intervals, for beans need at least twelve hours' baking; so a tent is pitched near the little clearing where it will be quite safe to kindle a fire and the host (on this occasion Jared Stinson, Ford's second cousin and Isanna's uncle) has no trouble in getting recruits to share his night's watch with him.

Carroll had not anticipated any great pleasure from this bean-bake. What, he asked himself, could there be in common between him and a few farmers' families? When they had thoroughly canvassed the weather, of what could they talk so that he might at least pretend to a civil interest?

But Isanna Brewer could converse—not chatter, but exchange intelligent ideas; she had read the last new novel and the most recent poems. Huxley and Tyndall were not unknown to her; art and music were so well known to her that Carroll was not surprised to hear that she had gone to school one year in New York. In short, Isanna was an accomplished lady, who would do honor to Carroll or any man who might make her his wife.

Of course George Carroll, young and impulsive, fell in love with her; when he returned to Bangor that evening it was with the full intention of keeping an engagement which he had made to visit Isanna at her home in Milford the next

day, to go under her guidance to the Indian settlement on Oldtown Island, and then go to a "grand rally" (an important gubernatorial election was soon to take place) at night.

"Didn't expect to see me so soon, did you?" cried Senator Carroll, cheerily, as George Carroll entered his own room that evening.

"No indeed," answered George, not *quite* so heartily as if he had never seen Isanna. "What occurred to change your plans?"

"Oh, Governor — telegraphed to me to come on at once; there's to be a political meeting at Milford to-morrow night and I am to speak in place of Q— who is ill."

"That is the meeting we are going to," thought George, as he made some suitable answer.

But Senator Carroll, George's uncle and almost father, never cared to hear any civil nothings, so he continued:

"I hardly thought the Leonards would be willing to change their plans so quickly, but—ah! George, you're a lucky fellow! Lily Leonard is as pretty as a picture, and worthy even to be your wife."

"Oh nonsense, uncle Andrew!" replied George with a blush. "I agree with you that Miss Lily is very charming, but—"

"Well? Out with it, what is your 'but' in such a case?"

"When I marry I want a companion, not an exquisite doll—a woman who can talk as well as smile, do as well as dream," answered George, earnestly.

His uncle looked at him in genuine surprise, then asked;

"Who is she? Where did you meet her?"

George blushed furiously and stammered:

"Oh—I—I—can't a fellow talk generalities once in a while?"

"No use to question him now," thought Senator Carroll, and pursued the subject no further, but began to discuss the political outlook.

George, greatly against his will, sent a telegram to his Milford friends, explaining his enforced absence that day and promising to see them in the evening.

When Senator Carroll and his friends (including Lily Leonard) entered the large school-house where the Milford "rally" was held, they found it crowded with the beauty and fashion of that town and its out-lying hamlets; for in Maine these political meetings are respectable and orderly, the men realize that their wives, mothers, sweet-hearts and sisters are there, and act and speak accordingly.

George recognized the Stinsons, his bean-bake hosts, and took advantage of a pause—while the local band played "Hail to the Chief" in honor of the Senator—to go and speak to them.

"I assure you I regretted *very* much that I was obliged to remain in Bangor to-day," he said to

Isanna in a low tone. "If my uncle had not found fifty things for me to do I should certainly have come."

"You resemble Senator Carroll very strongly," said Isanna.

"So every one says; he and my father were twins, which may account for it."

"Is that pretty young lady—the one with the pale green bonnet—his daughter?"

"No, the tall man talking to Mr. Stinson is her father; she is Miss Leonard."

"She is very beautiful," said Isanna, honestly, though with a pain at her heart.

"Yes," and the indifference in Carroll's tone was not feigned, "so is a picture, or a statue, or a doll."

But for these words, Isanna would never have suggested to her uncle that the Carrolls, including Lily, might enjoy a visit to the Indian Island, and (if they were city folk) to the saw-mills. So hospitable Mr. Sunson invited the Carrolls and their friends, a dozen in number, to spend the next afternoon in Milford and see these sights.

It was Senator Carroll's policy always to conciliate voters, therefore he accepted with his customary urbanity; this presupposed George's attendance and enforced Lily's, for Miss Leonard had noted George's conversation, and had resented his leaving her side for such a purpose. "Who is this country girl?" she thought, and eagerly accepted the chance of finding out who she was, and what she was or might be to George.

More beautiful than ever looked Lily Leonard when she entered the Stinsons' plain but cheerful home the next day. The costume chosen by her for this occasion was of Worth's own devising; and, being intended for a fashionable garden party, quite threw into the shade any garments seen in Milford for many a day.

And how the stolid Indians stared at this vision of beauty, as Lily trailed her delicate blue silk skirt along the one street that runs through their island! Lucky was it for the purity of those skirts that there was no dirt but mother earth in that street! The brown-skinned children stopped their play to gaze on her as she passed on, and the women tried to take notes; for these Indians are quite civilized enough to dress very finely on high days and holidays.

But Isanna, in her simple dress of brown cashmere, was so attractive to George that Lily could not get a word or a look.

"Oh, George," said she sweetly, in sheer desperation, "I am *so* weary, pray give me your arm."

Isanna tried to make conversation, but in vain; then she discreetly dropped behind.

No, Lily wouldn't even step inside the hospitable Indians' doorways; she had no desire to see them weave baskets, and she preferred the fresh air; the houses smelt horrid, she knew the

people weren't clean; couldn't George take her down to the river-side, where the boats were? Of course George could, but he didn't want to. Suddenly he was seized with an inspiration: turning to Isanna, he said:

"I presume this is an old story to you?"

"The island? Oh, yes; I've been here a number of times."

"Then, unless you care to remain, will you show us where the boats are? We, Miss Leonard and I, are tired, and we can sit in the boat and rest."

So Lily's feigned fatigue resulted in throwing George yet more closely into Isanna's society. This vexed her; had she loved George it might have been worse, for then grief would have been mingled with vexation; but it was George's social position that she coveted, not his heart.

"He is certainly fascinated by this country girl," she meditated, "and unless his uncle interferes he is quite Quixotic enough to marry her. Fancy *her* the mistress of Senator Carroll's elegant home; fancy *her* dispensing his hospitalities to native and foreign dignitaries in Washington next winter!"

Carroll himself seemed to think of no incongruity in such a future; or, rather, he never thought of his uncle's social glories as being in any way his own. For years his aunt had been a confirmed invalid, and consequently his uncle had never given any large entertainments, either at home or in Washington; so he had no suspicions that he was a "catch" because he was the Senator's favorite nephew.

"Senator," said Lily, very sweetly, "who is this young lady to whom George is so devoted?"

"I am sure I haven't an idea."

"Do *you* find her so fascinating?"

"*Her!* pray, to whom do you refer?"

"Don't you know, really? I wonder where your eyes have been! I mean that big, dark-eyed, stupid girl whom we saw to-day at Milford—what *was* her name? Hosanna, or some such outlandish title."

"Isanna—Isanna Stinson?" The Senator had a wonderful memory. "You don't think he can fancy her?"

"I do; I am sure of it. Unless *you* are captivated by her, too, I advise you to take George away as soon as possible."

"I fear he will not be so easily taken: the Carrolls are a determined race."

"As you please! It is nothing to me" (of course not!); "but I could not help giving you a hint. I daresay she is a notable housekeeper—her hands look like it; an untiring seamstress, a wonderful cook, and all that; but—well, such accomplishments are not highly appreciated in society."

"But are very important."

"Undoubtedly! but how will the French lega-

tion appreciate them? Will they help you among your constituents? Mrs. G—— is not domestic, but she is very delightful."

Senator G——, Carroll's colleague, was said to owe his present eminence solely to his wife's winning ways and adroit, unsuspected social electioneering. Carroll had more than once praised her abilities.

"I must speak to George," was his reply.

He did speak; he spoke earnestly and at length, and was horrified to find that George was thoroughly in love with this comparative stranger; no arguments would move him, no coaxing do more than induce him to absent himself from Maine for two months, to see if his new love was as earnest as he fancied.

And in exactly two months, when chestnuts were bursting their prison-houses, when every hillside was resplendent in countless tints of crimson and scarlet, lemon and orange, russet and brown, George Carroll suddenly and unexpectedly made his appearance in Milford, and wooed and won his bride.

Had Lily Leonard been there, she would doubtless have been amazed to see the calm manner in which the Stinsons viewed this proposed elevation of their niece. Indeed, they did not appear to see that there was any condescension on George's part; King Cophetua was not once alluded to by them.

Senator Carroll always preserved appearances, so he wrote a congratulatory note to his future niece; but to George he bemoaned the young man's folly, at the same time assuring him that Isanna would be kindly received, "for in spite of her rustic birth, she is a good sensible girl, I presume—she looks like it—and will soon acquire the little graces so absolutely necessary to my niece. A course of French, music, and dancing, will fit her for next winter, for I suppose you will be married in the spring."

Though George resented this condescending patronage of his future wife, he knew that his uncle meant well, and was, from his standpoint, making a great concession in not forbidding the banns.

"How will you like to live in Washington?" asked he of Isanna, one day.

"It is very pleasant there in the winter, while Congress is in session; but one gets *so* tired of it—the dressing, dancing, calling, and receiving—by the time Easter comes."

"How do you know?" he laughed.

"Why, I was there two winters; didn't you know it? I was visiting my mother's brother, uncle Jermain, who was then Senator from——; his daughter and I were at school together in Paris, and after papa's death, I went to live with uncle Jermain; but I always have spent my summers here."

"Where is Senator Jermain?" asked George,

partly for the sake of saying something which would hide his desire to laugh; he was thinking of his uncle's suggested "course of French, music and dancing."

"He has been practicing law in New York ever since he left Congress, three years ago."

George thought he had a fine joke on his uncle, but unfortunately, it was spoiled by Isanna's uncle Jermain, who met Senator Carroll one day, and said:

"Which of us old uncles is most to be congratulated? You are to gain a very lovely niece, and as for me, George Carroll is the very husband I should have chosed for Annie."

"Annie?"

"We call her Annie; Isanna is so prim."

"Is she your niece?"—Senator Carroll could hardly speak, he was so surprised.

"Yes, and my ward. As good as she is talented, as rich as"—

"Has she property? George didn't know it."

"I dare say not; but her father left her about a hundred thousand dollars. Oh, she is a jewel! Wait until you see her at home."

Now-a-days Lily Leonard quite forgets that she ever scorned "that big, brown-eyed, stupid girl;" she very readily accepts every invitation to drive with Mrs. George Carroll, whose rich brunette beauty and elegant, but quiet-toned garments, are so good a foil to her own pale coloring and showy draperies; and never loses an opportunity to say:

"Yes; isn't she elegant and queenly? And so lovely at home! I knew her before her marriage, so I can speak from longer experience than any of you."

ALL-SAINTS' DAY.

BY LUCY WALTON FLETCHER.

'Twas All Saints' Day in November,
I sat in my cushioned pew;
The church was a marvel of beauty,
And all things were fair to view.
For down through the costly windows
The sunlight, in mellow rays,
Fell softly o'er priest and people,
Assembled for prayer and praise.
The altar, with flowers radiant,
Crimson, and purple, and gold,
Of service, loving and tender,
A beautiful story told.
And soon from the sweet-voiced singers,
What waves of harmony roll!
Chanting the grand Te Deum,
In strains that fill the soul
With visions of glory and beauty,
Of Jesus, the Crucified One,
Exalted, a Prince and a Saviour,
To sit on the great white throne,
With saints and apostles surrounding,
And prophets, a goodly array,

And "the noble army of martyrs"
Praising him night and day.

Then rose the priest in the chancel,
Reading in tones subdued,
Of the "hundred and forty-four thousand"—
That white-robed multitude
Which John, in his mystical vision,
Saw standing before the throne,
The ransomed whom no man can number,
Out of great tribulation gone.
As the priest went on with the story
Of matrons, mothers, and sires,
Of maidens, and old men hoary,
Who "glorified God in the fires"—
Singing His praise in the dungeon,
Chanting His love at the stake;
Buried alive in blind fury,
Welcoming death for His sake—
I thought, as I sat and listened,
O, God! can such things be?
Have I the faith of the martyrs?
What have I suffered for thee?
Could I face the rage of lions,
Or go to the rack undismayed?
If tempted like them, could I suffer
For Him who my ransom paid?
My faith is so weak, dear Master,
Such test I could never bear;
The cross of the martyrs outweighs it,
Their crowns I shall never share.

Just then the clear voice of the reader
Rang out in exultant tone,
"My grace is sufficient for thee,"
Sufficient for every one.
To the feeblest who trust in his mercy,
I come with a message from heaven:
Look not with dismay to the future,
As thy day, so shall strength be given.
We sit in our "ceiled houses,"
And worship our God at will;
The role of the ancient martyrs
Is not for us to fulfill.
We must *live* to His glory, brethren,
Be noble, unselfish, and true;
There's a cross for each one to carry,
And work for each one to do.
It may be that active service
To some feeble saint is denied,
For him there are lessons of patience,
And lusts to be crucified.
Let each in his sphere be faithful;
It may be in toil and sorrow,
Who bears the cross for his Lord to-day
Shall wear a crown on the morrow.

A WELL-ORDERED home is a paradise on earth.
No other earthly pleasure is equal to the calm contentment felt at the family fireside. The excitement of even successful business is attended with vexation; the enjoyments of travel are associated with fatigue and danger; the pursuit of fame is distracting; and even the pleasures of knowledge are combined with bitterness. But the happiness of the fireside is unalloyed.

→*WORK DEPARTMENT*←

DRESSMAKING AT HOME.

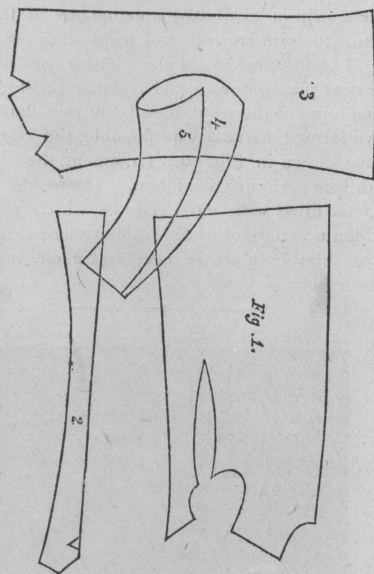
The pattern we illustrate this month is for a child's dress bodice, aged six years. It is impossible to give any directions about the number of inches required for the different parts, as children vary so in size. The best mode of getting a correct pattern is to measure an old bodice or the child, and then proceed to cut the pattern from the diagram. The bodice is cut out and then sewed together, as described in the large bodice for lady. This is, of course, open up the back, and finished down with a hem upon each side, and buttons and buttonholes; the sleeves are trimmed with a cuff. The pattern consists of—

Fig. 1. Half of front and side-piece.

Fig. 2. Half of back of lining.

Fig. 3. Half of back for material.

Figs. 4 and 5. Upper and under halves of sleeve.



The front and side-piece are quite plain, but the back is folded vertically. We give the shape of the lining, as that is the exact shape of the bodice; and the material must be folded on to it, the folds being indicated by the notches in pattern. The only trimming consists of a folded scarf, placed across the front, and fastened behind about ten inches from waist, with a large bow. The folds must be arranged upwards, in about five or six. Three yards of double-width material, or six of single width, will cut this dress. If plain, the trimming can be of cashmere colors, or if preferred, silk of a contrasting color to that of the dress goods.

FIG. 6.—DOLL.

Doll dressed in the costume of Bavarian nurse girl and baby. Open sleeveless bodice and very full skirt of black velvet, trimmed with broad cream-colored braid, edged with scarlet; a feather

Fig. 6.



stitching of the latter color is worked on the shoulder-straps. Long muslin apron and chemisette trimmed with lace and embroidery; the bodice is strapped across the chemisette with crossed lines of scarlet cord. Low shoes, with stockings of black and scarlet. Pointed cap of black velvet, trimmed with red ribbons and gold coins. Baby in long white robe of muslin, trimmed with lace and pale blue ribbon.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED NOVELTY PAGE FOR LADY'S EMBROIDERED VEST.

(See Front of Book.)

The vest, of which the correct size is given, is made of black velvet or satin, and is embroidered in flowers in their natural colors in silks. The ordinary crewel-stitch is used to work them. These vests are very fashionable, and can be made of the material of the dress, or of some contrasting color, whichever fancy dictates. Our model is intended for a black silk or satin dress.

FIGS. 7 AND 8.—ORNAMENT FOR CHRISTMAS-PARTY SUPPER TABLE.

Any handsome, bright-colored vase may be used for this purpose. The wire foundation to hold the fruit, shown in Fig. 7,



may be easily made: make two circles of wire about twenty-four inches in circumference, join together with straight pieces of wire, fix eight pieces of wire ten inches in length to the lower circle, collect and twist them together to form a stem. A wide Bretonne or Valenciennes lace is fixed to upper circle, and the wire frame is placed inside the vase so that the lace falls gracefully over the



Fig. 8.

edge. The inside of the wire basket is filled with moss, and the fruit, either fresh or crystalized, is piled high over the moss, mixed with bright-colored sweetmeats.

FIGS. 9 AND 10.—CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A YOUNG LADY.

The stand is of polished wood, in the centre of which is fixed an iron pin six inches in height; this pin must be passed through a cardboard-box measuring four inches in length, two in breadth, and one in height. To fix the

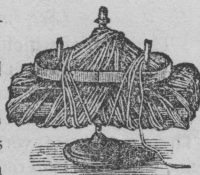
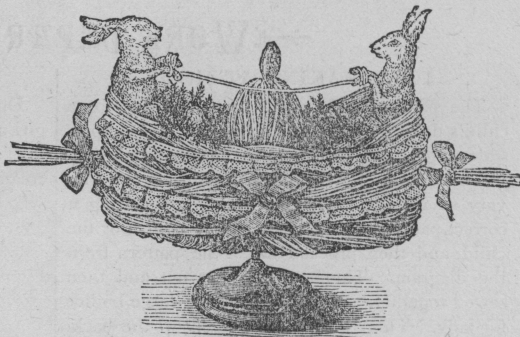


Fig. 9.

Fig. 10.



box firmly on the pin, tie it with cotton; a strong darning-needle is fixed at each end of the box. Place a ball of Cyprus wool on the centre pin, and above the ball a bright-colored bead, to keep it in place; pass five knitting-pins through the box, and tie them together at each end with bows of blue ribbon; take some more Cyprus wool, and wind it over the box, as shown in Fig. 9. Now, take a strip of cardboard nine inches in length, join it to form an oval, and wind the wool over it. The little rabbits of chocolate or composition are next placed one on each darning-needle; continue to wind the wool round the box until you have formed, as nearly as possible, the boat-like shape shown in Fig. 10. Ornament the outside with lace and bows of ribbon. The inside of the boat is filled with moss, amidst which may be hidden a variety of useful little articles, such as a silver thimble in a case, needle-case, embroidery-scissors, etc.

Fig. 11.

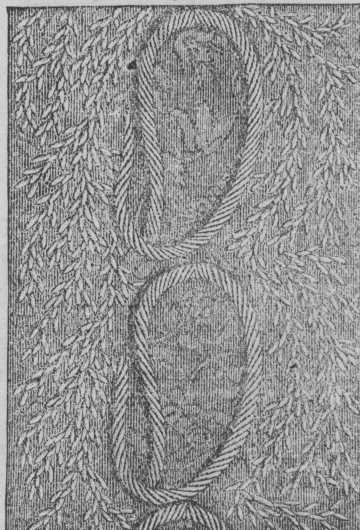


FIG. 11.—DESIGN FOR BORDER FOR DRESS.
(See Fashion Department, Figs. 30 and 31.)

FIGS. 12, 13, AND 14.—DOLL'S PAVILION,
SUITABLE FOR A CHILD'S CHRIST-
MAS GIFT.

For the foundation, which forms also the floor of the pavilion, cut a hexagon (measuring six in. on each side) of stout cardboard, or it may be of wood made by a joiner, and cover it with dark green cloth, which must be cut in six sections to fit evenly, and glued to the foundation. The frame-work, which is shown in Fig. 12, is made of thin laths of wood, the six upright pieces measuring fifteen inches in height, and the horizontal pieces five inches; they must be fixed together by small brass tacks. As will be seen from illustration Fig. 12, only three of the sides are covered in; these three walls are made of cardboard, covered on the inside with pale green paper. The windows must first be drawn with pencil, then cut out with a sharp penknife and scissors in a kind of lattice pattern; the lines on the card which represent bricks are drawn with pencil, or a fine camel's-hair brush, and brown water-color paint. The door must also be painted with brown.

Fig. 12.

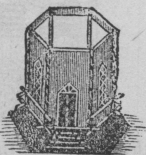
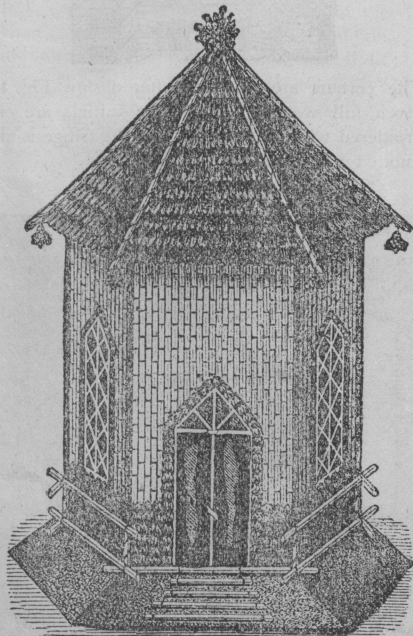


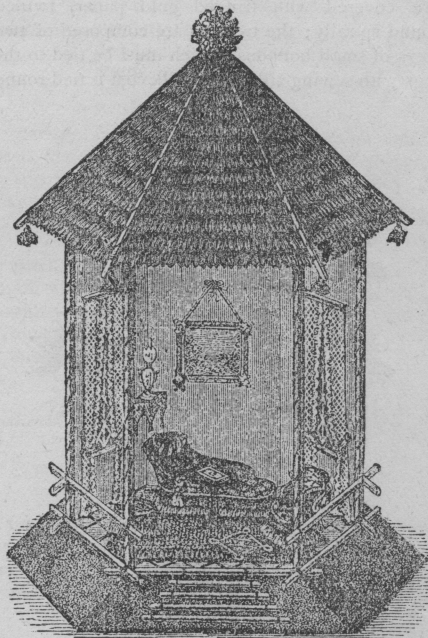
Fig. 13.



leaving white lines to indicate the panels and fanlight (see illustration Fig. 13). The upright posts at the back of the pavilion are covered with brown paper, wound round spirally. The roof is made of cardboard, with thin laths of wood covered with brown paper, the same as the upright posts at the back of the pavilion. The cardboard

is covered with rows of bright-colored paper, put on slightly full, and the edges cut in notches; at the top a bunch is formed of these, and the same at each of the ends of wood. It is papered inside to correspond with the sides of wall. A rug

Fig. 14.



or carpet covers the floor; a set of furniture, curtains for the windows, small bracket, foot-cushion, and ornaments, complete the room. These can be bought at a toy-store, or made at home.

Fig. 15.

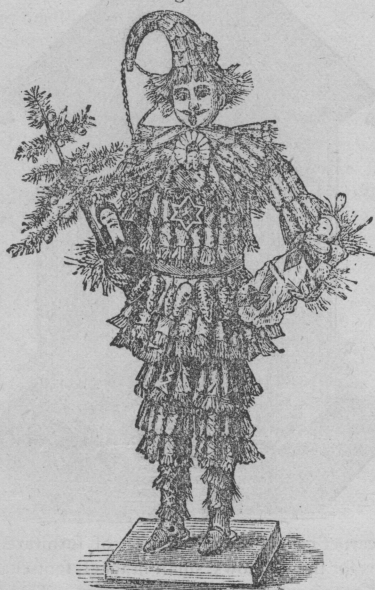


FIGS. 15 AND 16.—ORNAMENT FOR
CHRISTMAS-TREE.

This ornament is easily made; it is suitable for a Christmas-tree. Procure a wooden doll about eighteen inches in height, break off the

arms, make a hole through the shoulders, through which pass a stout wire, covered with wadding, then with pink silk; this takes the place of the arms (see design Fig. 15); the loose coat must be made of some bright-colored silk, edged with gold paper, cut at one edge to form a fringe; the legs are covered with fringed gold paper, twined round spirally; the trousers are composed of two rows of small bonbons, which must be tied to the legs with sewing-silk. The silk coat is tied round

Fig. 16.



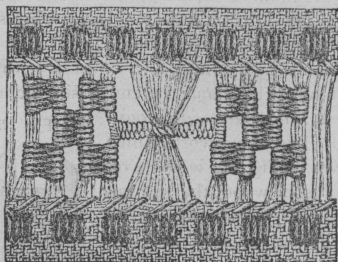
the waist with a piece of ribbon, from which are suspended gilded cones, the fringe of the coat falling over the last row of bonbons as a flounce. Another row of bonbons is fixed round the body, the sleeves and collar being composed of bonbons of a smaller size. Father Christmas holding a tree is placed in one arm, and a baby doll in the other. A golden cornucopia forms the cap, with fringed paper for the hair; it is ornamented by a gilt chain. A fancy star or some little trinket is suspended from the neck.

FIGS. 17, 18, AND 19.—DETAIL OF NIGHT GOWN SACHET.

The inside bag is made of blue silk, or if a strong case is required, blue sateen may be used, and the sachet may be of any size most approved of. The upper case is *écru* linen, which is cut two inches and a half longer than the bag on account of the fringe, which is raveled out and knotted. The flap is pointed, and fastens

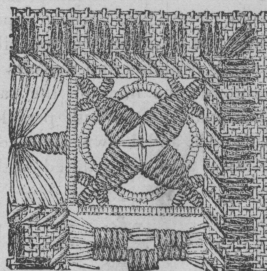
at the back with buttons and buttonholes. The hem is headed with open or drawn work, the

Fig. 17.



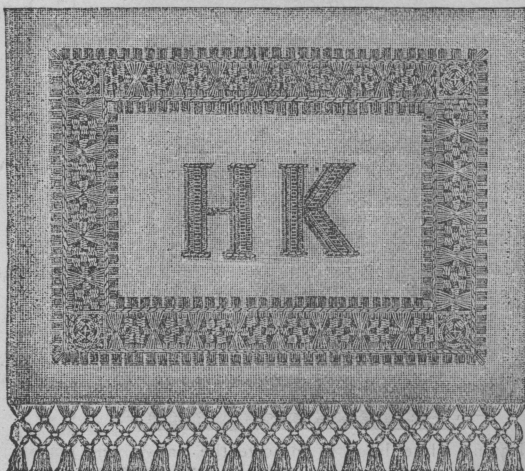
threads of the linen are drawn and embroidered with blue thread, according to design Fig. 17.

Fig. 18.



The corners are executed after design Fig. 18, given full working size. The initials are embroidered with blue thread, and the fringe is also knotted with blue.

Fig. 19.



AN acceptable present to a clergyman is a sermon cover of satin or silk, quilted, edged round with a silk cord, and his monogram worked on the outside. A few pieces of elastic should be sewn inside, to hold the leaves or sermons.

RECIPES.

APPLE FOLLY.

Ingredients.—Whites of two eggs,
One cup of sugar,
Three sour baked apples,
Vanilla.

Beat together a little the whites of the egg and sugar, flavor the inside of the baked apples, put to the eggs, and beat till quite stiff. Serve with cake.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.

Ingredients.—One peck of lime,
Two ounces of cream tartar,
Teacup of salt.

Slack the lime with hot, soft water; when cold, add salt and cream tartar. By this rule eggs will keep a long time in a cool place.

MOLASSES CAKE.

Ingredients.—One cup of molasses,
One cup of sugar,
One cup of sour milk,
Five cups of flour,
One tablespoonful of butter,
Two teaspoonfuls of soda,
Two teaspoonfuls of ginger.

Mix molasses, sugar, butter, and spices, till they are lighter color than when you began; add milk, then soda dissolved in a little hot water, lastly flour; beat very hard for five minutes; bake in shallow pans. Try it warm for tea or lunch, and you will soon repeat the experiment.

FRENCH FRITTERS.

Ingredients.—One quart of milk,
One quart of flour,
Ten eggs,
Teaspoonful of salt,
Yolks of three eggs,
Whites of three eggs.

Boil half the milk, mix the other half with the flour, and thicken the boiling milk, let it cool, add the salt, when cool add the eggs well beaten, half a cup more flour, the yolks of three eggs, the whites beaten separately and stirred in. Fry as other fritters, in hot butter; these are very nice for breakfast, or for dessert served with sweet sauce.

QUICK CAKE.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour,
Three-quarter pounds of sugar,
Six eggs,
Teaspoonful of soda,
Teaspoonful of cream tartar,
Teacup cream or milk,
Season to taste.

Beat the yolks of the eggs with the sugar; cream half pound of butter, and add to the sugar, with half pound of flour; beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, and add them with the other half pound of flour, to milk in which the soda would be dissolved. Mix cream tartar in flour dry; have your cake-pan ready, hurry it into the oven, and bake quickly.

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MAITRE D'HÔTEL BUTTER.

Ingredients.—Two ounces of butter,
One lemon,
Sugar,
Salt,
Parsley.

The parsley should be free from moisture, and minced fine; mix with the butter, lemon juice, a little sugar and salt, stir thoroughly and quickly; and keep in a cool place.

POTATOES A LA MAITRE D'HOTEL.

Boil small potatoes in salted water; when done, drain off all the water, place them in the vegetable dish with a large lump of the butter. Cover the dish, and keep it where it will be warm enough to melt the butter; then serve.

CORN CAKES.

Ingredients.—One quart of meal,
Four eggs,
One pint of milk,
Half pint of water,
Tablespoonful butter.

Beat the eggs thoroughly, add the milk, water, stir in the meal a little at a time, melt the butter before adding, add a little salt. Bake on a heated griddle. Very nice served with fried liver, for breakfast.

OYSTER PIE.

Ingredients.—Puff paste,
Oysters,
Cream,
Butter,
Two eggs,
Cracker crumbs,
Pepper,
Salt.

Roll out the puff paste, and cover the pie dish. Fill with bread crusts, and cover with puff paste. Bake till the crust is done.

Stew the oysters with the cream, butter, pepper, and salt. When done, stir in very quickly, while on the fire, the two eggs well beaten, and one tablespoonful of cracker crumbs. Lift the top crust of the pie, empty the crusts out, pour in the oysters, cover, and serve very hot.

INVALID CAKES.

Ingredients.—Three cups of coarse wheat bran,
Three cups of sifted flour,
One full teaspoonful of cream tartar,
Half spoonful of soda,
Seven spoonfuls of butter,
Milk.

Mix the cream tartar dry with the flour, and work in the butter, then the bran; dissolve soda in a little milk, and add enough milk to roll out in cakes a third or half an inch thick. Care must be taken that they do not burn, and yet bake thoroughly. To be eaten at every meal by invalids in place of common flour bread.

LEMON CREAM.

Ingredients.—Four lemons,
Pint of water,
Three quarters of a pound of sugar,
Seven eggs.

Peel the lemons, which must be large and fresh, and steep them in the water for twelve hours; then strain, and add to it the sugar; then the strained juice of the lemons and the beaten whites of the eggs and the yolk of one; boil this over a slow fire, stirring constantly till it thickens like cream. This is a nice filling for tarts or Washing-ton pies.

EEL SOUP.

Ingredients.—Three pounds of eels.
Two quarts of water,
One onion,
Crusts of bread,
Mace and pepper,
Carrot and herbs.

Boil these till the fish is tender, then strain it off; toast some bread a delicate brown; cut in dice-shape, and pour the soup on it boiling hot; put in a few bits of the carrot; add a cup of rich cream, with a teaspoonful of flour rubbed smooth in it—this should be added just before taking from the fire.

BAKED GOOSE.

Ingredients.—One goose,
Bread crumbs,
Sage,
Onions,
Mashed white potato,
One egg,
Pepper.
Salt,

When a goose is drawn and ready to stuff, boiling water should be poured all over it, inside and out, to remove the strong, oily taste. Mix the bread, chopped onion, sage, mashed potato, pepper and salt, well together. Bind with the egg well beaten. Stuff the goose; put in a pan with a little water, and bake *very* slowly for three hours.

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Three quarters pound of grated bread,
One half pound of fresh beef suet,
One half pound of chopped apple,
One half pound of chopped raisins,
One half pound of currants,
Four eggs,
One pint of milk,
Cup of sugar,
Salt-spoonful of salt.

Mix these ingredients all together, and boil in a bag or pudding-boiler four hours; eat with rich sauce.

HOP YEAST.

Ingredients.—One quart of water,
Hops,
Spoonful of sugar,
Spoonful of salt.

Into a quart of water in which potatoes have been boiled put a pinch of hops, boil a few minutes, strain, and stir in the sugar and salt; let this cool, and when only blood-warm add half a cup of yeast; it soon foams like beer, and will keep well in all temperatures. Put nothing in the yeast but the above ingredients.

TURKEY WITH OYSTERS.

Ingredients.—Cold turkey,
Oysters,
Cream,
Butter,
Pepper,
Salt,
Onion,
Nutmeg,
Bread crumbs.

Cut cold boiled or roasted turkey into very small pieces; butter a deep crockery dish, and cover the bottom with the meat; add a layer of oysters, a few shreds of onion, pepper, salt, nutmeg, a teaspoonful of cream, and some pieces of butter; put the layers of meat, oysters and seasoning alternately until the dish is full; cover with a thick layer of fine grated bread crumbs; put pieces of butter over this, and bake in a moderate oven one hour.

ENGLISH MINCE PIE.

Ingredients.—Three and one-half pounds of chopped beef,
Three and one-half pounds of suet,
Three and one-half pounds of raisins,
Three and one-half pounds of currants,
Seven pounds of chopped apples,
One pound of citron,
Two pounds of sugar,
One ounce of nutmegs,
Four quarts of cider,
One pint of golden syrup.

Mix these ingredients all together, and let them stand over night before using; then bake in puff paste. To our taste, the proportion of suet is too large, one pound being ample to secure rich pies. This mixture can be kept in stone jars for a year, adding a little good brandy, and salt.

POTTED BEEF.

Ingredients.—Two pounds lean beef,
Saltpetre,
Quarter pound of butter,
Pepper and salt,
Cloves and nutmeg.

Rub the beef with saltpetre, and let it remain over night; then salt with common salt, and cover with water; let it remain four days; dry it with a cloth, put it in as small a pan as will hold it, cover with a common paste, and bake five hours in a cool oven; when cool, pull off the fat and stringy part, and beat the meat very fine with the butter (warmed) and spices; pack in small jars, and keep in a cool place.

JELLY CAKES.

Ingredients.—Three eggs,
One cup of sugar,
One cup of flour,
Teaspoonful of baking-powder,
Jelly.

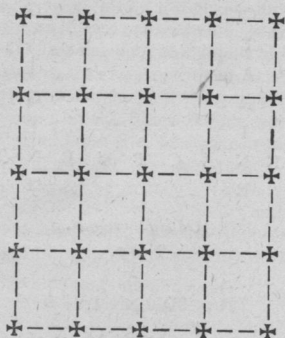
Beat to a cream the eggs and sugar; gradually stir in the flour, into which has been sifted the baking powder. Bake in a shallow, oblong pan. When cool, cut in squares; split each piece open, and put in the jelly; then frost the top, and sprinkle with colored sugar. If for a child's party, write the name in colored sugar of each child to be invited.

HOME AMUSEMENTS AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

PUZZLES, ETC.

CASEMENT PUZZLE.

Each star represents a letter, and the casement consists of five words read horizontally, which are repeated by the perpendicular lines.



The upper horizontal expresses a fragment.

The second horizontal expresses to raise.

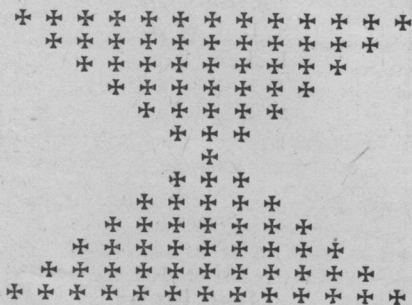
The third horizontal gives the name of a bird.

The fourth horizontal means an incident.

The lowest horizontal means the marks made by a blow.

HOOR-GLASS PUZZLE.

The central word extending downwards will be found very seasonable, as it furnishes the name of one of the dearest delights of the year's last hours.



Reading sideways the words signify—

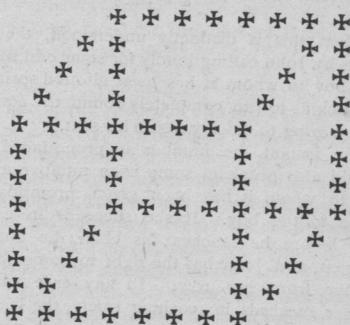
1. Fortifications.
2. A mineral.
3. A guard-house.
4. To surround with soldiery.
5. A builder.
6. An American Indian.
7. A letter dear to printers.
8. A general name for the human race.
9. A domestic utensil.
10. A body of cannon.
11. An official of the Church.
12. Composing a whole out of its parts.
13. Fragantly.

A CUBE PUZZLE.

All the straight lines extending across and downwards consist of eight letters, and the angles of five.

The upper line gives the name of a vehicle in common use.

The line extending downwards from the initial letter of the upper line, names the person who furnishes an important part of the properties of the theatre.



The line descending from the finals expresses an urgent request.

The word uniting these and completing the upper square is a building used for the manufacture of the sweetest of all products.

The topmost line of the lower square is a commemorative edifice.

The line downward from the initial letter of this word means disposed to pity.

The line dropped from the final is that part of a church which extends at right angles with the main building.

The word uniting these two, and completing the second square, signifies one learned in many tongues.

The angle connecting the initial letters of the top lines of both squares expresses the extreme of excellence.

The angle connecting the finals of the same lines is an incident.

The angle connecting the initial letters of the lower lines of both squares means belonging to the country.

The last angle completes the figure, and names a compound commonly used to produce fermentation.

ENIGMA.

The sweetest name a lady wears,
That means the burden she oft bears.
Transposed, it shows the armed array,
Which causes her most dire dismay.
Remove the end, you then will view
A needful part to her and you.
Again transposed, you'll see the deed
The second must do if it succeed.
But next invert, and a weapon view,
Used in old times, but not the new.

GAMES.

JOHN AND JOAN; OR, ODD AND EVEN.

This active game is adapted to a frolicsome Christmas gathering of boys and girls. A boy and girl are first selected as leaders, the former being named John and the latter Joan.

All the girls of the company are then seated in a row, with Joan at the head, while the boys sit facing them in a row at a little distance, headed by John.

These leaders then proceed to name their followers, giving them each a number; thus Joan grants to each of her damsels an even number, while John bestows on each of his company an odd one.

When this is distinctly understood, the game opens by John calling loudly for some odd number. The boy to whom it has been allotted springs up and begins to run completely round the company, endeavoring to quickly regain his seat.

The instant the number is pronounced, Joan should also proclaim some even number, and the girl to whom it has been given promptly gives chase to the boy. If she succeeds in catching him before he reaches his chair, he must pay a forfeit, and Joan has the right to name the next runner from her row. In any case when the runner succeeds in reaching safety, the leader of the same line must be allowed to again name the runner.

This game makes a hearty pastime for out-of-doors, the players standing in line instead of sitting, and can be just as readily adapted to either boys or girls alone.

FICKLE FORTUNE.

As an amusement for the social meetings of the Christmas holidays, this game makes a pleasant variation upon the old standard favorite, "I love my love." It is, in fact, a dramatized version of it, and will furnish considerable opportunity for merry mimicry and lively action.

The Leader of the play is first provided with a ball or some other light object that can be tossed conveniently from hand to hand among the players. The company is then ranged compactly at one end of the room, to give sufficient space for the dramatic action.

The game is then begun by the Leader saying, in effect: "Fortune is always fickle, and comes to each in a different form," then assuming some dramatic attitude or comical grimace to suit the occasion, exclaims:

"My fickle fortune came to me thus—awfully angry, or affably artful, etc. Suiting the gesture and expression to the words, the Leader paces the room in dramatic style.

In closing this performance, the Leader tosses the ball to any one of the company, giving the name of any letter of the alphabet, which must be immediately personated in the same manner.

Fickle Fortune can thus come to each one in turn alliteratively thus: Balefully blundering, or blissfully bashful; courteously cruel, or comically crazy; dancing delightfully, or drooping dolefully, etc.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

A Frame Puzzle.

```

      A      I
      C      N
    I      C      T      I
      D      I      M
    E      N      O
  T      E      N      Y
    C      E      G
    T      L
    A      I
    R      G
    I      E
  E N A C T M E N T
    E      T
  
```

Odd Diamonds.

No. 1.

```

      A
    A      N      T
  A      N      S      O      N
      C      O      D
      N
  
```

No. 2.

```

      W
    R      E      B
  W      E      B      E      R
      W      E      B
      R
  
```

A Half-Square.

```

  S      L      I      M      E
  L      I      N      E
  I      N      N
  M      E
  E
  
```

Charades.

No. 1.

Sup-port.

No. 2.

Musk-et.

Square Words.

```

  C      O      A      L
  O      G      L      E
  A      L      O      E
  L      E      E      R
  
```

Rebus.

Canton.

An Accretion.

Are, care, scare.

An Abstraction.

Spray, pray, ray, ay, y.

Cross-Word Enigma.

Crecy.

LITERARY NOTICES.

From CASSELL, PETER, GALPIN & Co., New York:—

A SERIES OF CHARACTER SKETCHES FROM CHARLES DICKENS. Being facsimiles of Original Drawings. By Fred. Barnard.

A portfolio containing six most admirable and beautiful pictures of some of Dickens' most popular characters. This first portfolio has life-like representations (we had almost said portraits) of Alfred Jingle, Mrs. Gamp, Bill Sikes, Sidney Carton, Little Dorrit, and Pickwick. More varied types of character it would be difficult to imagine; but a masterly hand gives us with equal fidelity the good natured countenance of the genial Pickwick, the low brutality of Bill Sikes, the touching pathos of lonely little Dorrit in her attic room, Mrs. Gamp's selfish, over-fed face and figure, the sublime self-sacrificing expression of Sidney Carton, and the easy-going, semi-respectability and careless jollity of Alfred Jingle. The portfolio makes a desirable and beautiful addition to the works of the great author.

LITTLE FOLKS' BLACK AND WHITE PAINTING BOOK.
PICTURES TO PAINT.

Two pretty books for the holidays, which will not only interest children for a time, but will furnish them employment for many rainy days. The pictures to paint have pretty models to copy, and offer much attraction to little folks.

From BRADLEY & Co., Philadelphia:—
THE LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE, or in The Home of the Presidents, being a complete history of the social and domestic lives of the Presidents, from Washington to Hayes, 1789-1880, by Laura C. Holloway. Profusely illustrated.

A collection of biographies, each with a life-like portrait, of the wives of the Presidents of the United States, written in a graceful, pleasing style, and making a most interesting volume. It is very handsomely bound, and will add to the beauty and interest of every home library.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia:—

LIVY, by W. W. Copes, M. A., Fellow of Hertford College, and reader of Ancient History in the University of Oxford. One of the series of classical writers. Edited by John Richard Green.

We have already expressed our opinion of the great value of these small volumes of classical literature, offering as they do, a complete knowledge of the general scope of the classic writers, to those who have not time or opportunity for the study involved in their works. This volume of "Livy" comprises chapters on Livy's life as a literary man at Rome, a general estimate of his characteristics, the age of the Kings, and a condensed and interesting account of the history of Rome through its destruction by the Gauls, the Semnite War, the First and Second Punic War, the first war with Macedonia, and the wars in the East. No student's library should be without these clas-

sical primers, as they are easily handled and studied, and invaluable as books of reference.

From JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal:—
DRESS AND HEALTH, or how to be strong; a book for ladies.

A book which places the "dress reform" question in a clear, common sense light, without any of the extravagances that made it ridiculous to many. It treats an important subject with careful consideration, giving much information from the pens of distinguished physicians, and offering suggestions that can be easily adopted, without any violent changes or overstrained effects. The cuts give patterns, easily followed for many of the most important garments adopted by the advocates of the "reform," and the directions accompanying them are simply and clearly written.

From WILLIAM S. GOTTSBERGER, New York:—
THE HOUR WILL COME, a tale of an Alpine Cloister. By Wilhelmina von Hillern: from the German by Clara Bell.

A story of life in a monastery, full of such suffering and horror, from the working out of a *curse*, as seems wholly out of place in the cells of a Christian institution, but giving a powerful picture of the self-sacrifice and devotion of the early church devotees. It is written with great force and interest, though it is painful to read from its very intensity.

From the LUTHERAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY, Philadelphia:—

BERTHA'S CORONET; or, the House on the Heights. By Harriet B. McKeever.

A story of German life, and the noble self-devotion of "Bertha," who wins her "coronet" by noblest deeds of goodness and charity.

THE JOURNEYS OF LUTHER, and their important relation to the Work of the Reformation. Founded upon the German of Friederich Kohler, by the author of "Fifty Years in the Lutheran Ministry."

A most interesting account of the travels of the great Reformer, his trials, dangers and sufferings in his adherence to the great principles that make his life of such deep lasting importance to the Protestant Church. It is written in an easy, pleasing style, and must find many readers.

From AMERICAN BOOK EXCHANGE, New York:—

KARL AND THE QUEEN OF QUEER LAND.
By Mrs. E. T. Corbett.

A juvenile book of humorous poems, full of nonsense in its most attractive form, woven together in a charming fairy story. We heartily commend it to Santa Claus when he does his Christmas shopping.

MUSIC RECEIVED:

From GEO. D. NEWHALL & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
COTTAGE BY THE LANE. Song and Chorus,
by Jno. M. Jolley.

LITTLE SWEETHEART, SMILE AGAIN.
Song and Chorus, by Wm. T. Keefer.

LEAVE ME NOT IN SORROW, DARLING.
Song and Chorus, by Jno. T. Rutledge.

HOME, A Tyrolean Song, by Chas. Heywood.

→*OUR ARM CHAIR.*←

NOVEMBER, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not answer correspondents through the BOOK. All communications requiring an answer must give name and address, and have a return stamp enclosed.

Wishing all our friends a "Merry Christmas," we hope to add to their pleasure by the contents of our Christmas number. Many will doubtless recall their own kind-hearted impulses, when looking at the picture from Mr. Darley's gifted pencil, and to which they will find a story in the magazine.

The latest winter styles are most profusely illustrated to suit all tastes and all purses. Cloaks, bonnets, fashionable lingerie, and children's costumes, with a great variety of other details for a lady's wardrobe, are given. The diagram sheet is a novelty of fashion—a sacque with a hood—very much worn, and very comfortable, as well as stylish.

Embroidered vests being universally adopted for handsome dresses—both dinner costumes and evening costumes—we give a full sized pattern in the Novelty pages for working one. Colors may be varied to suit the fabric used, or the taste of the wearer; but the design is one of the most graceful we have seen, and is very beautiful when handsomely worked.

The Work Department and Fun for the Fireside will be found full of suggestions for Christmas gifts and Christmas trees. The peasant doll is a dainty gift for a little girl.

In our Literary Department will be found stories and poems by favorite authors, full of sparkle and interest. Ino Churchill contributes a charming Christmas story, and there are others from the pens of "Glenna," Frances E. Wadleigh, Emily Read, one of the authors of "A Rosebud Garden of Girls," Florence H. Birney, Charles Stokes Wayne and other talented authors. "Roslyn's Fortune" is happily decided; though we part from her with regret.

Housekeepers will find hints for new Christmas goodies in our Recipes; and the little folks revel in new games and puzzles.

In addition to all our usual valuable matter, we shall, during 1881, give to our readers every month a complete original novel, written by the most popular authors of the day. Our list of contributors embraces, Clara F. Guernsey, Author of "The Ivory Gates." Robert C. V. Meyers, Author of "Miss Margery's Roses." Marion Couthouy, Author of "Papers for Girls." Thomas S. Collier. Mrs. E. B. Benjamin, Author of "Glenarchan," "Hilda and I," "Brightside," etc. Mrs. M. M. Sheffey Peters, Sue Chestnutwood. Emily E. Read, Author of "A Rosebud Garden of Girls," etc., etc. Augusta De Bubna. James B. Marshall. Margaret Vandegrift. Estelle Thomson. Marian C. L. Reeves, Author of "Old Martin Boscowen's Jest." Harriet B. McKeever. Ella Rodman Church. Esther Serle Kenneth. Caroline A. Merighi. E. T. Corbett. Florence H. Birney. Frances E. Wadleigh. And many others.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

For Dyspepsia and Nervousness.

The late WINSLOW LEWIS, M. D., the distinguished physician of Boston, said: "Having in my own person experienced those ills for which the Acid Phosphate is prescribed, I, having found great relief and alleviation by its use, most cheerfully attest my appreciation of its excellence."

MAYOR BEATTY'S NEW OFFER.

Mayor Beatty, in this number of the GODEY, makes an announcement for the Holidays, which it will pay our readers well to read and consider, especially his advertisement offering an elegant square grand piano, with all modern improvements, at the marvelously low price of \$297.50. See his advertisement on 2d page of cover. The Mayor's reputation as a manufacturer is well known in every home in this country, his enterprise having made his name a household word.

A highly esteemed old subscriber in Minneapolis, writes to us under date of October 1, 1880. "So far as my knowledge extends, you are remarkably careful in sending your book to your subscribers. And I can add still further, that to the extent of my knowledge, your book is considered much the best Fashion Book published; and therefore, I selected it as the most acceptable present that could be made in that line."

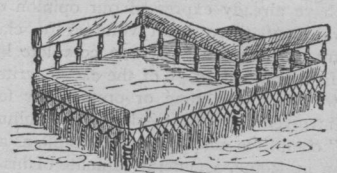
WE have received from Australia and London remittances to pay for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOKS as Christmas presents. It is impossible to find a more appropriate and valuable offering to a lady for the holidays than a year's subscription to this popular magazine, not only affording delight to the fair recipient, but keeping her constantly reminded of the donor.

HINTS ON HOME ADORNMENT.

No. 35.

There is ample scope for the exercise of ingenuity and the display of originality in house furnishing at the present time, as rooms are no longer filled with articles all of one pattern and color; still there must be a leading idea or general tone carried out—"a likeness in unlikeness"—or rooms will present an outré or helter-skelter appearance. The old style tête-a-tête chair has been revived, and is made either in shape of a letter-S or Z. See Fig. 1. It

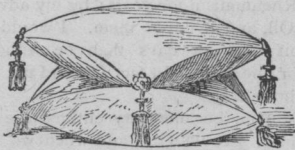
Fig. 1.



is a picturesque and comfortable piece of furniture and in a large room should stand near the middle, and not against the wall, as a sofa usually would be placed. The only wood work which shows in the frame of such a chair is the little railing, and this should be ebonized. The pins measure five or six

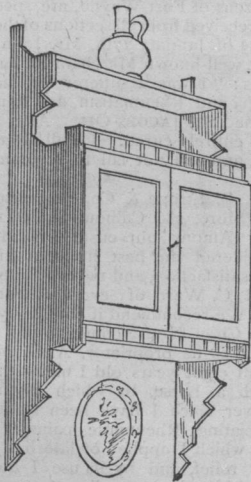
inches in height. The bed or wooden trough of the frame, which holds the springs and hair, measures 3 feet, 4 inches in length, 20 inches in width, and when tufted and covered, the seat measures 18 inches in height from the floor. A novel form of seat for a parlor, called a "quarrel," is made to represent two cushions one on the other; one is horizontal, the other rests diagonally across it, and both have tassels at the corners. See Fig. 2. If

Fig. 2.



one has sufficient material for covering and hair for stuffing, two separate cushions may be made and then joined together; if not, a wooden box 14 inches high and 18 inches square will make a good foundation. Satin is the handsomest material for the covering of the cushions, and sometimes they are made of contrasting colors; one cushion of green, and the other of chestnut brown, or one of gold color and the other gend'arme blue. Wall cabinets are now very popular, and they are useful and ornamental articles, which can be of home manufacture. Fig. 3, shows a simple and pretty form for one. They are used as receptacles for curiosities, rare bits of china, or books. The doors should have beveled plate glass in them and the wood is finished in its natural color, or ebonized if preferred. When it is to be used to contain articles which are not ornamental, the doors have panels of

Fig. 3.



canvas on which flowers are painted in oil colors. Panels of wood, with inlaid or painted figures on them, are also handsome. Unmounted photographs of statuary, when carefully cut out and glued (only on the very edges) on black velvet, serve to place behind the glass doors of such a cabinet when the contents of the cabinet are not to be shown. A

pretty decoration for a corner is made by tacking a piece of garnet satin on the wall, so it will hang in graceful folds, and suspending against it a pitcher of dark olive majolica, containing grasses, rushes, and pressed ferns. The satin is of American manufacture, not expensive, and the pitcher is held by a ribbon of the same color passed through the handle and tied in a careless bow knot which hides the nail supporting the pitcher. E. B. C.

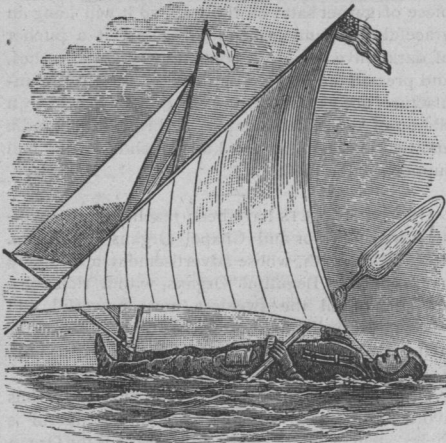
GRAND RESULTS have been reached in the manufacture of Parlor and Chapel Organs by Messrs. Marchal & Smith, whose advertisement appears in our columns. Beautiful Organs, with a rich combination of all the sweetest, most powerful and pleasing musical effects, are sent to every home for trial. Prices are made so low that all can buy. Terms are such that satisfaction is secured to all.

Organs go direct from factory to purchaser, thus avoiding all agents' commissions; and so liberal is their system of sales that the purchaser has the Organ for fifteen days in his own home before he takes any responsibility.

For twenty years this enterprising firm has been successful in securing the friendship and favor of every one who has purchased an instrument from them. Having been instrumental in perfecting the Organ, and making it beautiful, and pure, and sweet, and in bringing it within the reach of all, they richly deserve the great success which is making the name of Marchal & Smith known to the remotest hamlets of our country, and extending their fame to other lands. Try them; you will like their beautiful instruments, and you can try them without taking any responsibility.

DURING 1881, we have promised our readers a delightful and original novel, by a popular author, complete in each number of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. But we wish to impress upon our subscribers that this is an *addition* to the book, as we will still give all the old features and departments, embracing Steel Plate Engravings of beautiful and original subjects; large Diagram Patterns of children's and ladies' dresses; large Mammoth Colored Fashion Plates; choice vocal and instrumental music; short stories, poems, and sketches; our Popular Novelty Pages in colors, fashion and artistic home work, illustrated by numerous engravings; Architectural Designs for beautiful homes; Recipes for family use; Chit-Chat on Fashion; and Our Arm Chair.

VARIOUS hypotheses have been made by scientists as to the cause of phosphorescence in the sea. It is now generally agreed that it is due to little microzoa, which live in the sea-depths and rise at different seasons to the surface. There are different species. Their substance is a diaphanous jelly. In the tropical seas they are seen in perfection. The whole broad surface of the sea is a blaze of light. Tongues of liquid fire dart from below the prow of the ship as it plows along; and the wake of the vessel seems like a line, somewhat whiter and more beautiful than the normal condition of the sea before it was disturbed.



[From the Daily Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

PERILS OF THE DEEP!

CAPT. PAUL BOYTON'S HAIRBREADTH
ESCAPES. "A LIFE ON THE
OCEAN WAVE."

SEVERELY SHAKEN BY SAVAGE SHARKS.
SUCCESSFUL SHOOTING OF
SPANISH WATERFALLS.

THE SWELL SWIMMER'S SIGNIFICANT
STATEMENT TO A SEA SHORE
SCRIBE.

LIFE PRESERVER AND HEALTH PRESERVER.

Special to the Inter-Ocean.]

NEW YORK, July 24.—The world-renowned swimmer, Capt. Paul Boyton, in an interview with a newspaper correspondent at the sea shore, related the following incidents in his experience in various parts of the world.

Reporter.—"Captain Boyton, you must have seen a large part of the world?"

Capt. Boyton.—"Yes, sir; by the aid of my Rubber Life-Saving Dress, I have traveled over 10,000 miles on the rivers of America and Europe; have also been presented to the crowned heads of England, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Spain, and Portugal, and have in my possession forty-two medals and decorations. I have three times received the order of knighthood, and been elected honorary member of committees, clubs, orders, and societies."

Reporter.—"Were any of your trips accompanied by much danger?"

Capt. Boyton.—"That depends upon what you may call dangerous. During my trip down the river Tagus, in Spain, I had to 'shoot' 105 waterfalls, the largest being about eighty-five feet, and innumerable rapids. Crossing the Straits of Messina, I had three ribs broken in a fight with sharks; and coming down the Somane, a river in France, I received a charge of shot from an excited and startled huntsman. Although all this was not very pleasant, and might be termed dangerous, I fear nothing more on my trip than intense cold; for, as long as my limbs are free and easy and not cramped or benumbed, I am all right. Of late I carry a

stock of ST. JACOBS OIL in my little boat (the Captain calls it "Baby Mine," and has stored therein signal rockets, thermometer, compass, provisions, etc.), and I have but little trouble. Before starting out I rub myself thoroughly with the article, and its action upon the muscles is wonderful. From constant exposure I am somewhat subject to rheumatic pains, and nothing would ever benefit me, until I got hold of this Great German Remedy. Why, on my travels I have met people who had been suffering with Rheumatism for years; by my advice they tried the Oil, and it cured them. I would sooner do without food for days than be without this remedy for one hour. In fact I would not attempt a trip without it."

The Captain became very enthusiastic on the subject of ST. JACOBS OIL, and when we left him he was still citing instances of the curative qualities of the Great German Remedy to a party around him.

[Fort Wayne, (Ind.) Sentinel.]

WILL WONDERS EVER CEASE?

No matter how great one's experience, there is always something yet to be met with which calls forth our astonishment. Newspapers now and then, as well as the public in general, find this to be so. A case in point are the investigations instituted by the "Chicago Tribune," "Times," "Cincinnati Star," and other papers in regard to the rather remarkable claims advanced in favor of an article which has been placed before the people by means of the press and otherwise. In every instance these editorial investigations have resulted in a complete triumph for the article named.

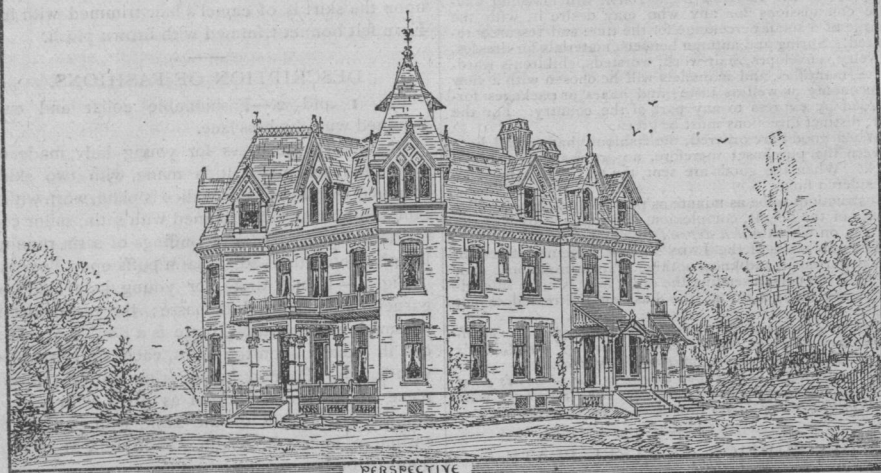
The claims made regarding it were not only fully sustained, but scores of prominent and influential citizens were everywhere found, who, from personal experience and observation, accorded their enthusiastic indorsements. The following extracts from letters of citizens of Fort Wayne, are specimens of testimonials received from all sections of the country.

Under date of January 17th, Mr. John G. Fledermann, the well-known Merchant Tailor in Union Block, writes: "I was a sufferer for many years with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, and found no relief until I tried ST. JACOBS OIL. After using two bottles I was entirely cured. I shall always keep it in the house, and will not fail to recommend it to my friends."

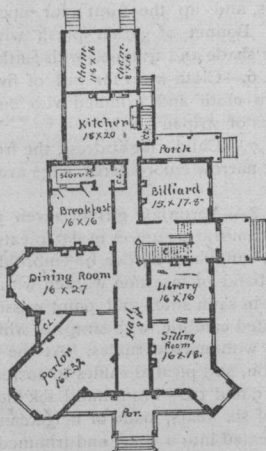
Messrs. D. B. Strobe & Co., proprietors of the Depot Drug Store, 286 Calhoun street, made this statement: "Among our customers ST. JACOBS OIL is considered the best liniment known. It always gives satisfaction, and never disappoints. It cured Mr. H. C. Ward of severe Rheumatism in three days. We recommend it constantly."

The Globe Chop House comes to the front with these remarks by its proprietor, A. Geisman, Esq. "When about eight years old I met with a serious accident with a horse, by which my skull was fractured; ever since I have been subject to the most excruciating Rheumatic pains. The ST. JACOBS OIL which I applied of late has given me almost total relief, and by its use I hope to be entirely cured in a short time."

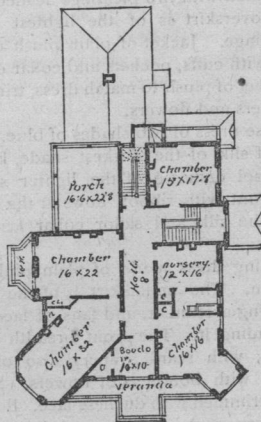
Messrs. Boyer & Campbell, of Watertown, Ind., write: Mr. J. W. Walker, of this town, suffered with Rheumatism for fifteen years. After trying a great many remedies without experiencing even relief, he was induced to use ST. JACOBS OIL, which completely cured him. He states he feels like a new man. To those wishing to get rid of pains, we would say, here is your chance "to strike oil."



PERSPECTIVE



+ FIRST FLOOR +



+ SECOND FLOOR +

SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

DRAWN expressly for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, by Isaac H. Hobbs & Son, Architects,
520 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

The above suburban residence is designed in the ornate Gothic style. It was drawn for, and will soon be erected by, W. P. Robertson, upon a very liberal-sized corner lot in Jackson, Tenn.

The building is of large dimensions, and is to be constructed of brick and sandstone. The interior is to be supplied with all modern conveniences. It is intended for a first-class residence,

and will cost about \$15,000. The interior is finished in hard wood; the work throughout in all the details is Queen Anne Gothic.

Hobbs' Architecture, a book of one hundred and twenty-three designs, will be sent to any address upon the receipt of thirty-five cents. Drawing specifications, etc., carefully executed at moderate charges.

FASHIONS.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent application for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice.

The publishers of the *LADY'S BOOK* have no interest in this department, and know nothing of its transactions; and, whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the *Fashion Editress* does not know.

Orders accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, are to be addressed to the care of the Godey's Lady's Book Publishing Company (Limited).

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editors nor the Publishers will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Visiting dress of purple plush and satin and plush damassé. The front of the underskirt is composed of alternate puffs of the two materials; the back is trimmed with two pleatings headed with a puff. The overskirt is of the lightest shade trimmed with fringe. Jacket of plain plush of the darkest shade, with cuffs, pockets and collar of the damassé. Bonnet of plush to match dress, trimmed with satin, feathers and flowers.

Fig. 2.—House dress of two shades of blue. The underskirt is of silk of the darkest shade, kilted. Polonaise of wool damassé of the lighter shade, turned up in front with ribbon bows at the sides, cuffs made of the silk, and sailor collar fastened with ribbon bow.

Fig. 3.—Evening dress made of plain pink silk and striped satin. The underskirt is of the plain silk with a pleating around it, and fans of lace and pleated silk heading it. The front breadth is of the striped silk, with scarf drapery also of the striped, fastened with bouquets of flowers. Short apron overskirt trimmed with duchess lace. Basque bodice, low square neck, with vest of the striped silk, and white lace trimming neck and sleeves; bouquet of flowers on left side, flowers in hair to match those on skirt.

Fig. 4.—Dinner dress of gendarme green silk. The underskirt is trimmed with two narrow pleatings, and a flounce of white satin embroidered in silk, headed by a puffing. The overdress is trimmed with the same kind of ruffles. Basque bodice cut square neck, trimmed with the white embroidered ruffles to match the skirt, elbow sleeves trimmed to correspond, bouquet of roses upon the left side of square neck,

Fig. 5.—Walking dress of two shades of elephant silk and camel's hair. The underskirt is of the silk plaited; the scarf drapery upon the skirt is of figured camel's hair, fastened by a bow in front. The smock wrap is made of plain camel's hair, has a

gathered yoke and sleeves, is trimmed with lace and ribbon bows. Bonnet of plush of the two shades.

Fig. 6.—Dress for child of five years, made of brown plush and écu camels hair. The underskirt is of the plush, the jacket and scarf drapery upon the skirt is of camel's hair trimmed with fur. Écu felt bonnet trimmed with brown plush.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Figs. 1 and 2.—Fashionable collar and cuff, trimmed with duchess lace.

Fig. 3.—House dress for young lady, made of pale blue cashmere; it is made with two skirts trimmed with satin; the bodice is plain, worn with a belt and bow at side trimmed with satin, sailor collar bound with satin, and puffings of satin running lengthwise on the bodice, satin cuffs upon sleeves.

Fig. 4.—House dress for young lady, made of garnet cashmere and damassé; the underskirt is trimmed with plaitings, there is a double overskirt cut in points upon the sides, each skirt trimmed with fringe. Pointed bodice trimmed with shirred piece of the same material as dress, with vest of damassé satin, cuff of the same with plaiting of cashmere below it. Satin ribbon bow at end of point of bodice.

Figs. 5 and 12.—Front and back view of Dubarry mantle spoken of in *Chit-chat*; it is made of heavy black silk with satin ribbon bows in back, upon sleeves, and up the front; fur upon sleeves and neck. Bonnet of garnet plush with crown of a lighter shade and trimmed with feathers.

Fig. 6.—Cloth wrap for girl of five years, made of écu cloth and trimmed with cuffs, collar, and pockets of striped plush.

Fig. 7.—Child's night dress, the front laid in box pleats, narrow embroidered edge around cuffs and neck.

Fig. 8.—Apron for girl of seven years, made of white cambric arranged in flat pleats and trimmed with a vandyked border of embroidered cambric, and a band of insertion worked with red and blue thread in satin stitch and point russe. Waistband of pleated cambric, with straps of white embroidery edged with narrow ruffles. At the wrists, edging, insertion, and pleated ruffles to correspond.

Fig. 9 and 10.—Front and back view of dress for child of six years, made of beige camel's hair; it is box pleated into a yoke, and trimmed with two narrow pleated ruffles. Sash, cuffs, and collar of brown damassé; over the sash are straps to keep it in place, also of the damassé.

Fig. 11.—Apron for little girl, made of fine linen trimmed with a row of insertion and lace.

Fig. 13.—Shawl costume for lady, made of two shades of heliotrope; the underskirt is kilted, the overdress has three points, one in front and one on each side, and draped in the back. Pointed bodice, with cuffs and collar of the border.

Fig. 14.—Suit for lady, made of plaid cloth, myrtle green and madras colors; the underskirt is cut bias and is a double kilt, the overdress is looped with satin ribbon bows. Deep jacket bodice with pipings of green satin and bows of satin ribbon. Dark green plush bonnet trimmed with ostrich feathers and a bird of gay colors.

Fig. 15.—Fur beaver bonnet of an écreu tint, trimmed with ostrich feathers, satin ribbon, and a jeweled bug.

Fig. 16.—Purple plush bonnet trimmed with a band of silver fox fur, satin ribbon, and bunch of pansies.

Fig. 17.—Bonnet of navy blue velvet, trimmed with satin ribbon and damask roses; the brim is bound with pale blue plush.

Fig. 18.—Morning cap for lady, made of lace and mull muslin. The crown of this cap is cut out of mull muslin, seven inches square (after it has been pleated), and graduated to the sides to about four inches. It is sewn on to a straight piece of muslin, twenty-four inches by five, which is rounded at each end. Then trim the muslin with lace, arranging the latter in pleats at the back. The front of the cap is then turned back, *in revers*, as shown in the illustration, and loops of pink satin ribbon are sewn upon the crown.

Figs. 19 and 20.—House dress in cashmere colors upon a black ground; the underskirt is trimmed with two pleatings. The front of overdress is made entirely of narrow ruffles fuller in the middle, and trimmed with satin ribbon bows; the back is formed of pleatings, the basque bodice extending down and forming an overdress with ribbon bow fastening it. The front and around the back of neck has a vest of shirred satin; the same trims the sleeves.

Fig. 21.—Front view of lady's mantle, made of black cashmere trimmed with fringe and passementerie.

Fig. 22.—Lady's mantle made of black Surah; it has a sleeve with a point falling below it trimmed with fringe and ribbon bows.

Figs. 23 and 24.—Front and back view of lady's mantle, made of black satin lined through with cardinal; it is gathered up in the back and at the wrists to form sleeves, and is trimmed with jetted lace, and a deep collar of jet network and fringe.

Figs. 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29.—Fashionable handkerchiefs. Fig. 25 has the entire handkerchief of madras colors with white corners. Fig. 26 has stripes of gay colors upon a white ground, border of navy blue with white corners. Fig. 27 has an openwork hem with vine in colored embroidery above it. Fig. 28. A border embroidered around it. Fig. 29. A border of blue and white, with white stars embroidered upon blue in the corners.

Figs. 30 and 31.—Cashmere costume made of olive color with palm bordering, embroidered with silk of various colors. The demi-long skirt is bordered with two kiltings, and the front is crossed with two gathered scarfs, the lower one being embroidered with a deep border, the detail of which is given in the Work Department. In the upper one the border is laid on horizontally instead of perpendicularly. The bodice has a border of the same embroidery each side of the front, and a similar piece is inserted in the centre of the back of the basque. The foundation of the embroidery is printed cashmere of Persian design, and silks of different hues are used for the feather and satin stitches.

Fig. 32.—Silk umbrella with handle of wood

with an English pug dog's head at the end of handle and a smaller one at the top.

Fig. 33.—Silk umbrella with gold handle and bow of ribbon fastened with gold cord.

Figs. 34, 35, 36.—Fashionable hood for traveling ulster; it is made of the same material as the ulster, and lined with Sultan silk. As will be seen in illustrations 34 and 35, it covers the head completely, and is fastened under the chin with a buttoned strap. When not worn over the head it forms a finish to the ulster, as shown in Fig. 36.

Fig. 37.—Fashionable collar made of black satin embroidered with jet beads, and finished with a jet fringe, and satin bow at the neck.

Figs. 38 and 42.—Collar and cuff of fine mull muslin covered with embroidery.

Fig. 38.—Dress sleeve made with two crosswise puffs divided by shirrings. The cuff is made of lengthwise puffs with lace at the top of them.

Fig. 40.—Fashionable dress sleeve with rufflet at the arm hole; the bottom of sleeve is cut wider than an ordinary coat sleeve.

Fig. 41.—Brooch in the form of a fan made of silver engraved.

Fig. 43.—Suit for child of seven years, made of gray cashmere; the dress is all in one, with pleats in front and trimmed around the bottom of skirt with pieces embroidered in colors, a double collar embroidered in the same manner. Hat of gray felt trimmed with plush and feathers.

Fig. 44.—Suit for child of five years, made of brown camel's hair; it is made in the princess style half way down the skirt, when the front is kilted, and the back laid in box pleats; a scarf fastens over this in front, a round cape comes down upon the shoulders. Beaver hat trimmed with feathers.

Fig. 45.—Dress for little girl of navy blue serge, made in the princess shape with a box pleating trimming the front and sides of skirt; the front of skirt is also trimmed with folds of satin put on in points and finished with bunches of loops of satin ribbon. The back of skirt of dress is in a triple box pleat, the back of waist being trimmed with satin to form a basque above it.

Figs. 46 and 49.—Back and front view of walking suit for girl of eight years; the underskirt is made of claret-colored cashmere box pleated, the coat is of claret-colored plush piped with satin, and satin vest of a lighter shade. Deep collar of white linen trimmed with lace. Claret-colored plush hat trimmed with satin and feathers.

Figs. 47 and 48.—Walking suit for child of six years, made of myrtle green camel's hair; the coat is gored and piped with satin up each seam, around the cuffs, cape, collar, and pockets; satin buttons trim it to correspond. Cottage bonnet of white satin trimmed with feathers and ribbon.

The diagram pattern is of a lady's sacque with hood, which is a very fashionable shaped out door wrap for general wear. The pattern consists of five pieces, viz., one front, half of back, upper and under parts of sleeve, and half of hood. The jacket is fastened straight down the front, and the hood should be lined with either striped or plain Surah, as there is quite a *furor* at present for these gayly-lined hoods. The sacque itself can be made

of cloth, cashmere, or silk. The toque or hat worn with it generally is made of the same material as the lining.

CHIT-CHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

As the cold weather advances cloaks grow longer; all of them have either satin of a contrasting color as a lining, or one of fur; the outside is of heavy damassé or silk with but little trimming, while the inside is most gorgeous in its lining. We give several designs in the fashion department for cloaks for the winter. Another handsome model is the Dubarry mantle, similar to Fig. 12, Fashion Department. It has a shoulder piece, which comes down in front, and at the back half way down to the waist, and is finely shirred. To this the mantle is fastened on in flat pleats both in front and at the back. Behind the pleats are held in at the waist line under a flowing bow of ribbon; in front the mantle falls quite loose, and is fastened under long drooping loops of ribbon. The sleeves are formed out of the side pieces and are looped up over the arms with similar loops. The back of the mantle is turned up in the middle, so as to show the lining, in a deep revers, which slants off sharply at the sides. This model is handsome in black armure silk, with the shoulder piece, ribbon trimmings, and lining in black satin. More *prononcé*, but still in good taste, it can have colored trimmings and lining, the latter in such shades as dark red, violet, prune, or capucine color; or it can be made in beige and seal brown, or in gray and dark blue or bronze.

The Directoire is a more simple style of cloak, with plain shoulder piece and long loose fronts, the back slightly fitted to the waist. It is made of black silk or cashmere, and more or less richly trimmed with passementerie, jet and black lace.

Very pretty indoor jackets are made in the casaquin style, moulding the waist and coming down low over the hips. A new model for the casaquin or basque waist is the plain square basque in front, with the back-pieces continued about two inches lower down, and edged with lace or fringe, while all the rest of the outline is finished plain. The sleeves have facings trimmed to match with this back part. The front is trimmed from the neck down to the waist line with a lace quilling.

This casaquin is made of brocaded wool or silk material of pekin, velvet, or *mervilleux* satin to wear with any skirt. It is also, however, frequently made of the same fabric as the dress. In that case the skirt is trimmed down the front, and pleated or draped at the back. When the whole bodice is not of the figured material, all the trimmings are, the collar, facings, cuffs, and other effective appliances; while upon the skirt the same appears in panels, tabs, or simply in bias bands, forming headings to the flounces or other trimmings, which are of the same fabric as the dress.

Almost all dresses are made with a short skirt, even indoor costumes, and evening dresses, unless the lady greatly prefers a train, or in case of dresses of great ceremony. Many ladies study which is most becoming to their figures, as ladies of somewhat stout figure look much better in a long skirt,

especially in the house. Out of doors this is immaterial, as skirts, if long, have to be tucked up into short ones, unless they are to be left to trail in the mud and become unfit to wear.

Morning dresses are usually made long. They are mostly composed of a deep jacket, loose in front, semi-fitting behind, called a *matinée*, and which can be worn with any skirt.

As the season advances, the *cameleon* fabrics, shot of two colors, become more popular, and are used both in wool and silk fabrics. One of the favorite styles is dark blue shot with red; another is chocolate and bright pink. Bronze and old gold and seal brown and orange are also much approved of combinations. These *cameleon* fabrics are made up into complete dresses, trimmed with self-colored plush or velvet of the darker shade of the two.

For instance, a dress of bronze and old gold, shot camel's hair cloth. The underskirt is trimmed with one flounce, gathered on with a heading, and edged around the bottom with a band of bronze plush, from under which shows a narrow fluting of old gold satin. The second skirt comes down into a shawl point in front, over the flounce, and is draped up behind into a narrow tournure; the shawl point in front is edged with a band of bronze plush. The bodice is also continued into two shawl points, overlapping each other in front, and trimmed like that of the second skirt, with plush. A similar band of plush encircles the waist, and is finished in front with a long, flowing bow of double-faced old gold and bronze-color satin ribbon. A large square turned-down collar, also edged with plush, is fastened with a similar bow. The tight sleeve has no revers, only a band of plush, which is continued on the outer seam, about half way up to the elbow. The underskirt of this dress is short, with a fluting of bright-colored satin peeping beyond the edge, which takes the place of the *balayeux*.

Another style of dress is of dark blue cashmere. The skirt in front is trimmed from the bottom with five gathered flounces, each divided one from the other by a band of Turkish cashmere in a variety of vivid colors. A scarf of the cashmere, edged with the same multi-colored fabric, divides the skirt from the deep basque of the casaquin bodice, and is simply crossed over the back with a bow of dark blue satin ribbon. The skirt itself is draped up in a series of puffs, and finished at the bottom with one flounce similar to those of the front of skirt. The casaquin bodice is trimmed with a collar and long tapering revers of Turkish cashmere. The long tight sleeves also have revers to correspond.

Collars are being made immensely large; for morning wear they are not altogether white, but scalloped out and embroidered with red, black, blue, etc. This, well and tastefully selected, gives much harmony to the *tout ensemble* of the toilet. The cuffs are either plain or pleated, but always matched to the collar. Very pretty, also, is the deep sailor collar in surah of two shades of color, either plain or figured, fastened with a loose bow of the same. It is worn with a high-necked dress, either of the same or of another color, provided the colors if contrasting are selected with care.

For those who do not fancy these large collars, there are low-throated linen collars, with a point each side and flaring behind; these are worn by young ladies. High linen collars are worn very close indeed, and are made quite straight, with a stud button at the top of the collar, and a second stud lower down.

The white bows for the throat are long enough to reach to the waist, and are made of irregular wide loops, pointed handkerchief ends, and shirred puffs of silk muslin or else of soft mull. The Breton and Languedoc laces remain the most popular choice for these cravat bows, but the novelties are Alençon laces, point fleurette, and the Vermicelli laces.

The wide mull scarfs which are so fashionable, that pass around the neck inside the collar, not outside, are from a fourth to a third of a yard wide, and are tied to form one drooping loop and two ends. A row of insertion, either of embroidery or Valenciennes, is across each wide end, with a hem on either side of it, and gathered lace at the edge. Irish point or Church lace is very effective for these ties, and another fancy has Madras plaid Surah set in the ends and button-hole scallops on the edge. Square handkerchiefs are made similar to these, and can either be used for pocket handkerchiefs or morning caps. Squares of light blue, rose, or lavender surah are imported for similar purposes, and are edged with Vermicelli lace.

A mammoth bow of very wide satin ribbon is now worn on the left side just below the waist line. This gives a pretty finish to many simple toilets, especially when worn with a lace or muslin fichu both of which are so very fashionable at present. Three wide loops and two short ends form this square bow. The embroidered fichus that were worn so much during the summer have become so common, that lace trimmed fichus are preferred for more dressy occasions. These are usually trimmed with real lace, duchess and valenciennes being the favorites. The shapes remain very much the same. Still later shapes have Directoire collars of muslin or of surah, and ivory satin bows hold lace pleatings that are irregularly set upon the flat collar.

New breakfast caps are fanchons of mull, or else butterfly bows held by two pretty rosettes of loose loops of satin ribbon. The gold dashed India muslins are also used for caps. Butterfly bows and rosettes of satin ribbon, with drooping ends to fall on the low coiffure, are worn by young ladies in preference to the broad Alsatian bows which have so long been popular.

The muffs we illustrated last month made of plush and velvet are very popular as the season advances, and are the decided novelty of the season. They are most frequently made of plush to match the hat or bonnet, are made in soft pocket shapes, and are trimmed with birds, feathers, and laces. They are very handsome made of black, white, or red plush. They as well as all muffs are larger than the muffs carried last season.

As the season advances, it is found that combinations of materials are as universal in bonnets as in dresses. Plush is the most used of any fabric; there are smooth plushes and rough plushes, these differ as greatly as do the fur beavers and the glossy

smooth beavers. The novelty of the season is the striped plush, which has the pile indented to form ridges, and sometimes a line of gilt is between each plush stripe; this is especially pretty in white, black, and red plush. The striped plushes are used for crowns when the trimming is smooth plush, or *vice versa*; it is also very becoming for lining brims, and is used for binding the edges of brims, and also of strings of satin ribbon. In combining materials the only rule is that one color must be preserved, though various shades of that color may be used; the contrasts of color are found in the trimmings.

Feathers are the trimming most used; they surround the crown, or else pass down one side of it, and fall below the back to droop on the low braided coiffure that now rests on the nape of the neck. Short ostrich tips droop over the front of brims, and some fall low on the ears. Crowns are made up entirely of feathers; and there are pheasant feathers of natural and artificial shadings. The more carelessly the ostrich feathers are posed, the more stylish they are. Heads of birds and breasts admit of stiffer arrangements, and are made to cling to the seam that joins the brim to the crown.

The beaded trimmings in the way of crowns and laces for brims are very popular. Jet, gold, amber, and purple beads are very much used; but the greatest novelty is the large faceted beads in cashmere colors for dark bonnets, while silver and pearl beads cut in facets like diamonds, and of larger size, are used in rows on white and black plush bonnets. Among other new ornaments are serpentine coils of gilt, like the bracelets now worn. Through these are put scarfs of Surah or plush. Another novelty is the tiger's claw, with natural looking fur, and gilt or silver claws. Large hair-pins of gilt are stuck about, and there are clusters of smaller pins of gilt, silver, or pearl, with oval heads, thrust as if at random in the loops and the knots of the trimming. When plush is used for trimming it is cut in a wide scarf, and laid in fluted folds around the crown, with sometimes a large bow on top, or loops on the sides. Ribbons are used in broad widths similarly to the arrangement of the plushes, and the strings may be either ribbon or plush; they are one yard long, and are equally fashionable tied in front, or in one long looped bow in the back falling over the hair. The laces most used are either plain Brussels net beaded, or stitched in, in Vermicelli patterns with gilt; or else Spanish lace is used in thick and rich designs.

The bonnets are small, but many persons prefer those a trifle larger, with the front raised slightly from the head to disclose the plain but rich lining of plush, which extends to the back of the brim. Other bonnets go to the extreme of size and are genuine poke bonnets; these are usually worn by very young ladies. The medium-sized bonnets, with handsomely lined brims, promise to be the most popular. They are worn back on the crown of the head, resting on the low braids of the coiffure, and they show the smoothly parted front hair to becoming advantage. Flat, broad, or slightly rounded crowns are on the more youthful looking bonnets, with well-defined hard crowns on those for older ladies; but the latter are made shapely by

the graceful trimmings of plush that drape the space between the brim and crown, or else by soft bands of feathers.

The new round hats rival pokes in their quaint shapes, and are confined to very young ladies, as they are worn back on the head, and no longer shade the forehead and protect the eyes. One of the most novel is the Abbe hat, a flat, broad, shovel-shaped hat, with low round crown, and brim rolled up all around; but higher on the sides, and not close enough to the crown to interfere with the scarf and plumes that serve for trimming; this is worn back on the head. Another pretty hat is in the shape of a pastry cook's cap, and is called by some the Polish cap, by others the Scotch cap. Very small Gainsborough hats are shown, and these now have the plumes on the right side instead of near the left side, which is turned up. Most coquettish of all is a flaring hat that has a single indentation in the brim a trifle toward the left side. This is made up in the new tiger plush, and in shaded plush, with the entire bonnet of one fabric, even to the mammoth bow on the top. The dark rough fur beaver hats, with brim rolled up all around, are very becoming, and these, with the small feather turbans, complete the variety in round hats.

There are many times when people are glad to be able to make one dress serve the purpose of two—when it is not only from motives of economy that such power is desired, but personal convenience often dictates the transformation. We will presume that the bodice of the dress in question is a square-cut one, as generally speaking, what will close a square-cut bodice will be equally available for one cut *en cœur*. We shall further presume that it is black, since this is always the best to have when the double purpose is in contemplation. Now, the very easiest way of closing such a dress is as follows: Make a square of black Spanish lace, measuring three-quarters of a yard. Double this in half diagonally, so as to get a triangle, allowing the point of this triangle to fall low down in front; cross and pin together the ends at the back. If you then put on your bodice, the front will be completely closed, and every one will imagine the lace to be part of the dress. Then, as only very fair people can stand unrelieved black round the neck, the majority of people had better sew some *crêpe lisse* on to a narrow piece of black ribbon, and pin this round inside the black lace.

HINTS UPON THE DOINGS OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

Christmas parties have rapidly gained in favor in the past few years, and they are now extremely fashionable. These parties usually take place on Christmas Eve, and can be very elegant, or merely a gay and happy reunion of family and friends, as the wishes and tastes of the giver determines. The first requisite after inviting your guests is to consider the subject of what gifts you have to prepare—for the principal feature of these parties is the Christmas tree from which each person present receives a gift, either a trifle or something handsome, as the relationship or wishes of the hostess may decide. The house should be decorated as

profusely as possible with evergreens, and appropriate devices made from greens, and mottoes adorn every available space. The tree should be in a different room from the one where the guests first assemble, and after the tree has been placed firmly in the centre of the room, the lower part should be well banked up with moss, in which fruits and flowers are arranged, or else a miniature park can be arranged, with lake, upon which swans are seen slowly gliding along, drives and walks with shrubbery adorning them, the tree in the centre. This can very easily be arranged at a trifling cost, and adds very much to the general effect of the whole, which is a matter always to be considered in an arrangement of this sort. Next proceed to dress the tree, strings of colored balls, red berries, colored candles, lady apples, Christmas cards, if possible, one for each guest present, ornaments made from paper, toys for the little folks, and gifts for the elders; if the latter are heavy they will have to be placed low down upon the tree or else upon a table at one side, with the name of each guest attached to the article, no matter how trifling, as this makes the assurance that the gift was especially designed for the person receiving it, and makes it of far more value. Some one of the family, or intimate friend of the family, should represent Santa Claus, dressed as nearly as possible like that venerable old man, and the guests having been invited to the room where the tree has been prepared (which should be as bright as possible, with lights both upon the tree and all around the room), he shall prepare and deliver to them a short address appropriate to the season, and then proceed to give each one their gifts, making some remark to each as he hands it to them; if the person truly enters into the spirit of the entertainment a great deal of amusement can be derived from both the giving and receiving of the gifts. Innumerable pretty little trifles, suitable for both ladies and gentlemen, can be made up at a very trifling cost, and we this month give several articles in the work department, that are intended for this special purpose. After the gifts have all been distributed, the guests should be invited to supper, which may consist of all cold dishes, or be much more elaborate and have all the hot delicacies of the season. If it is possible, it is much more homelike to have all the guests seated, have the table as elaborately decorated with greens, holly and flowers as possible, and try to arrange it so that each lady present, upon leaving the table, may have a small bouquet handed to her of holly and flowers. If there are many children present let their table be set separate from that of the older portion of the company, and with lighter food, and they will enjoy it much more than if constrained to keep quiet in the presence of their elders. After supper, games and conversation continues, in which all join, none being too old on this glad festival to join in the sports of the youngest child present. The sports continue until the hour when the Christmas morn is ushered in, with the glad tidings which is brought to all mankind, and with wishes for a bright and merry Christmas to all, the glad good-nights and good-byes are spoken. Wishing our readers one and all a merry Christmas, we bid them farewell for the present year, hoping that they who have so kindly followed us month by month, will all, and many more, join us in the opening year.

FASHION.